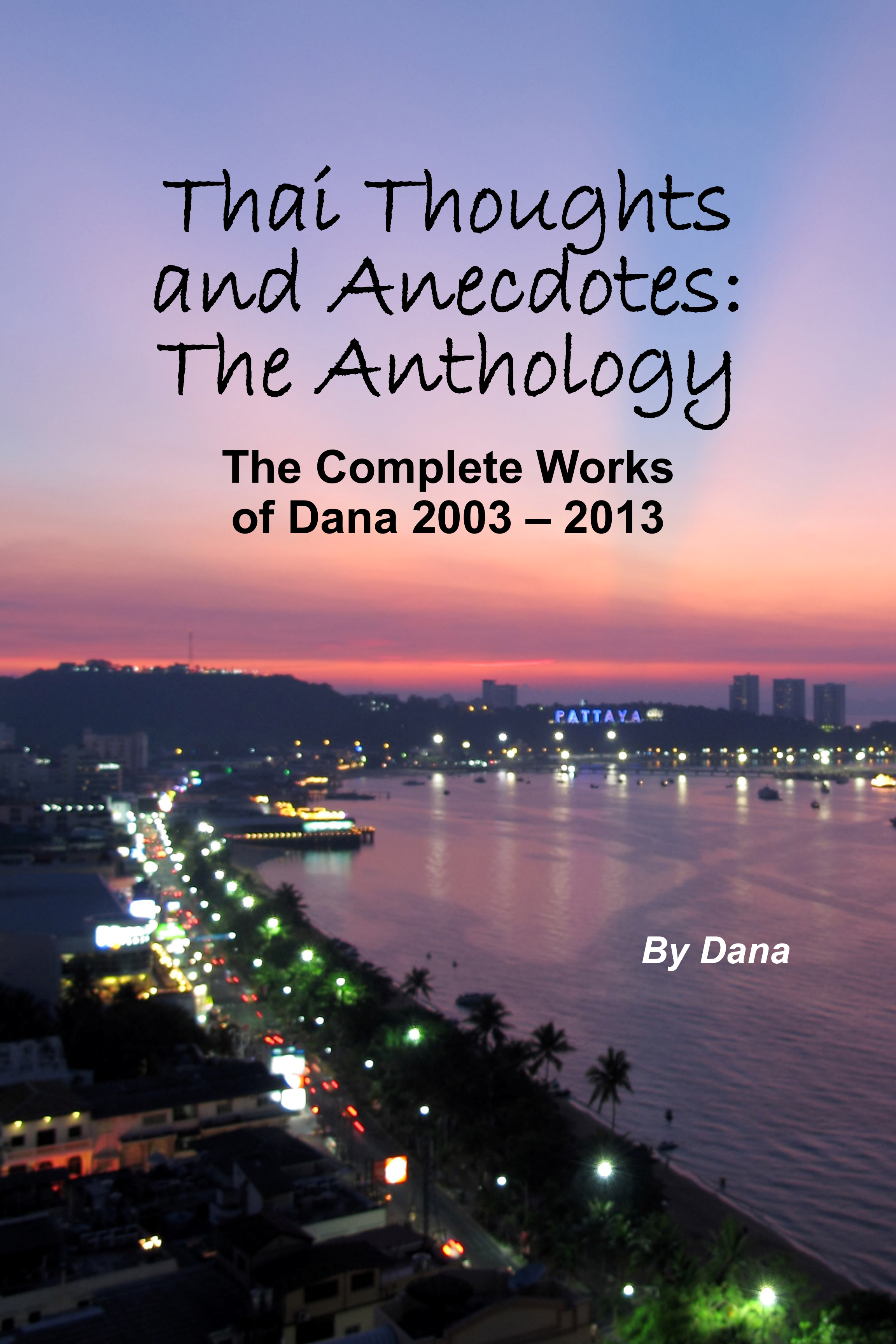

Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes: The Anthology

The Complete Works of Dana 2003 – 2013

By Dana

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Front Cover: Pattaya Hotel View, 2010
Back Cover: Bar Girl from Isaan, 2009

Introduction

> *"In this paper we establish exponential Landau damping in analytic regularity. The damping phenomenon is reinterpreted in terms of transfer of regularity between kinetic and spatial variables, rather than exchanges of energy; phase mixing is the driving mechanism. The analysis involves new families of analytic norms, measuring regularity by comparison with solutions of the free transport equation; new functional inequalities; a control of nonlinear echoes; sharp scattering estimates; and a Newton approximation scheme. Our results hold for any potential no more singular than Coulomb or Newton interaction; the limit cases are included with specific technical effort".*—C. Mouhot and C. Villani

Well, of course: I mean really, who doesn't know about this stuff? Silly really to even write it down. I could have extemporized on this when I was fifteen years old. But none of that here Dear Readers and Dana fans. Just an anthology of Dana writing unproofed and unedited.

Here is another example of the kind of writing you are not going to be able to access using this anthology:

> *"VR (virtual reality) is reverse Calvinism—predestination posing as free will. In that sense, VR may be as old as the Massachusetts Bay Colony, a new consumerist form of metaphysical redemption."*—Norman M. Klein in Art issues, Sept-Oct 1991: 28

Wow, and I really mean that. Wow. Only thing is, I have no idea what this guy Klein is going on about. I tend to side with the Australians who find that most ideas can be communicated by using the words mate and roo and dingo. Lucky the dog this Klein kat walks who does not even have to pretend he knows what his master is saying. Imagine being this guy's wife? Or one of his kids? Deadly. Honestly, some of these smart people need to be stabbed with a spear to let the gas out. Well, good news; none of that here. Just simple words and simple ideas for simple fun. Smiles that do not have to be explained.

The unproofed and unedited part makes me grind my teeth and blurt out at spastic and sometimes public moments, but that is my problem and there is nothing that can be done about it. So, for example: if you see 8pm when it should be 8 p.m., just go with it. If you stumble across AA Hotel when it should be A.A. Hotel, just slide on by. Pretend it is your Thai girlfriend talking; and you can happily ride the bumps on the way to looking down her shirt. OK, this is Thailand and she is Thai so there is probably not much to see; but you get the idea. My defence for all of the stupid little errors? Ah, I got nothin'. Just stupid, I guess. In the crucible of white hot writing creation I must have ... OK, just stupid I guess.

Anyway, an anthology is a fancy name for a list. The list (this list) is arranged chronologically (first to last) rather than by themes, arrest warrants, or Pulitzer prize nominations. Reason? Yes, reading from the beginning allows you to see the development of this cult of Dana and allows you to see and have fun with the development of a cast of characters. There is no TT&A Part 13. That was a parody written by someone else and he is still alive because I have not been able to track him down yet.

This anthology represents a ten year period of writing and a longer than that period of adventures and misadventures in the Kingdom. Based on the original material, seven books are in the first draft stage and ready for a publisher's rudeness, indifference, ignorance, and stupidity. Send money. The books are:

Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes:
A Western Male's Experiences In Thailand

Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes: Book Two
On The Road To Poona

Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes: Book Three
Boardwalk Follies

Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes: Book Four
She Was A Thai Woman On A Motorbike

Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes: Book Five
Quiz Show

Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes: Book Six
It's A Mystery

Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes: Book Seven
A Time And A Place

I hope you enjoy using this anthology as a key to a door that will open on experiences of corruption, filth, violence, sex, lying, thieving, miscommunication, incompetence, broken dreams, indifference, cultural stupidity, and 50,000 watt smiles from ladies that were kryptonite to my Superman.

Thailand is one of the few places where you can be walking down the street behind a woman and hear yourself say in your mind or hear yourself say out loud:

NO ASS, NO BREASTS; UNBELIEVABLY SEXY

Thai women are a graduation course for men spoon fed by their cultures that only voluptuousness counts. I spent many happy nights at the Electric Blue Bar on Walking Street in South Pattaya starring at an eighty pound wonder that disappeared if she turned sideways. Never say never. Eighty pounds on the scale and a thousand pounds of sex. No ass, no breasts, not many years; and a tsunami wave of sex that bowled me over in the surf of her sexual power as if I was a child's plastic toy. I always tipped her but I never asked her out. I wasn't man enough and I knew it.

I hope you have fun with this anthology. It will allow you to look in on a time and a place that deserves to be remembered.

Dana

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1. Dana’s Thailand

13/5/2003

How The BG Cellphone Changed The BG-Farang Relationship

It used to be that when you and your bar-girl were together, it was just you and her; hopefully discovering things you have in common, enjoying each others company, perhaps starting down a road of adult intimacy and reward. Today when you are with your bar-girl, you are also with whoever decides to call her; her husband, Thai boyfriend, Farang boyfriend, children, girlfriends, and family. The courteous thing for her to do when these calls come in would be to say, “I’m busy right now, I’ll call you when I can.” But no Thai has ever said this. EVER! So you, the person who is paying for all of this; sit there, or lie there, or stand there next to her while she talks and talks and talks and screams and laughs and giggles and talks some more on her cell phone. All in Thai. Eventually, it will occur to you that you could get this rude feminine bonding discourteous bullshit in your own country and save the airfare. Below is an example of something that happened to me:

I once picked up a knock-out in the lobby of the Nana Hotel. Between midnight when we got to my room and 7 AM the next morning, her cell phone rang SIX times! And she answered it six times, regardless of what we were doing (I’ll leave that to your imagination). Apparently, anybody who was calling her for any reason at all, even a wrong number, was more important than me. The third time it rang, around 1:30 AM, she got up and got dressed and left. She was gone an HOUR! When she returned she explained that her girlfriend had had too much to drink and needed help. I should have paid her off then and there but I did not. I didn’t because she was blistering hot looking and because I am an optimistic fool.

The next day we met in the lobby to go visit a temple. I asked her as a courtesy to both of us if she could please turn off her cell phone. She turned and looked at me as if I was CRAZY!

As has been amply recorded on this web site the Thai bar-girl / farang relationship is bumpy enough. This latest new bump in the road is just about the last straw for me. In October I will be returning to visit a woman named Wan in Pattaya. It will be our 3rd time together. She is 36, a little overweight, a little slow, and no exotic beauty. But she does NOT HAVE A CELL PHONE!

It’s Nature

If you read all the Thai-net sites, reader submission sites, and anecdotal info sites like an actuary seeking data from which to draw conclusions; it would be easy to draw up a list of what to DO and a list of what to NOT DO regarding Farang-Thai relations. Essentially, all the information is known and it is all publicly available. So if that is true; then why do we smart, educated, worldly, logical, clever Farangs keep making the same old mistakes with women who are not worth our time!?

I’ll tell you why. It’s because our libido and our male needs which are the result of 10,000 years of evolution, plus our conscious will; can always be trumped by the sexuality of an Isaan-Stunner. It’s an uneven contest. We can never win. We aren’t supposed to win. It’s evolution. For evolution to rumble on they must always win. And they always do. We are being raped by THEM. It’s nature. So relax. Enjoy it. Of course they are trash. Of course they are not our equals. Of course they are liars, cheats, weasels, and thieves. But what’s the alternative? Are you honestly going to tell me that if I put you in front of the G-Spot bar, or the Rainbow bar, or the Bottoms-Up bar, or the Temptations bar;

that you won't go in. Of course you'll go in. You can't help yourself. And once inside, you'll be happy. And you won't want to be anywhere else. So relax. Stop analyzing. IT'S NATURE!

Kangaroo Pouches

One of the hazards of picking up girls cruising the streets (Sukhumvit Rd., Nana parking lot, Pattaya boardwalk, etc.) is that you can't see what you are really going to be presented with once you get them in your room. Women who look fabulous in clothes can be downright frightening naked. I've actually had battles and wrestling matches with half naked females trying to re-dress them and get them out of my room. While they are tearing off their clothes hoping that once naked my libido will kick in; I'm bent over double trying to put their feet through the holes in their underpants and dress them.

If I just want to pound meat, I'm not too particular. That's what the light switch is for (God bless Edison). If I'm there and if she's there and if she wants to earn the money; then that's usually enough. EXCEPT when they have a Kangaroo Pouch! If you are a man and you don't know what a kangaroo pouch is then you are a lucky man. Quit now while you are ahead. Swear off any further sex and become a hermit. Because the first time I saw one I nearly fainted. Then the battle started to dress her and to eject her. I'm a small man and many times these women were bigger, taller, and heavier than me. These were hotel room BATTLES!

A kangaroo pouch is what some women have left after giving birth. Some women give birth and then they get their figures back. Sure they have stretch marks but you could still bounce a coin off their flat, tight stomach. Other unfortunate women, however; are left with a huge, ugly scarred mass of disfigured flesh that tumbles out of their shirts and over the top of their pants like a kangaroo pouch. A more unsexy disfigurement of the female anatomy is not possible to imagine. Combine this with stretch marks, unhappy looking breasts, and a vagina big enough to put your foot in; and you are not a happy sex tourist. You are a frightened sex tourist. You have made a mistake. You have picked up a woman with a Kangaroo Pouch.

Mystery

I submit that most of what happens between a man and a woman falls into the category of mystery. In other words, nobody really knows what is really going on. The Farang is educated and wary and thinks he knows the game. The woman is calculating and has a plan. But the result is usually a surprise to both of them! Let me give you a personal example:

In October I’ll be returning to Pattaya and I’ll be visiting with a woman named Lek for the third time. The first time I met her she was such an incompetent bar girl, that I left the bar without barfining her. She is not young (36), not sexy, not good at make-up, not flirtatious or fun, not a good dancer, and she is overweight. You guessed it; the next night I went back for her. And I found out that she was a lousy prostitute. You couldn’t get her legs off the bed with a crane. But I liked her. I don’t know why. It’s a MYSTERY.

I assumed that she was quiet and reserved and non pro-active because she was ‘DEEP’. Maybe there was character there. Maybe she was the ONE! The second time I went back to Pattaya to visit her; I found out that she is not ‘DEEP’ - she is just a stupid, aimless drifter with barely any brain activity. But I like her. It’s a MYSTERY.

The Subject is Exhibitionism!

If you are a first time visitor to Thailand and it is your first time at the Nana Plaza, and your first time in say the Rainbow bar;

you might think that all the girls are exhibitionists. It sure as hell doesn't look like Scotland, or Nepal, or Estonia, or Tasmania. The girls are certainly all exhibiting themselves. But the difference between exhibiting and exhibitionism is everything. They are exhibiting themselves because it is a condition of their employment. If they don't do it, they don't eat. But if you can step back mentally in the bar and cast a more objective eye on them you'll see:

1. They can't dance and they don't care.
2. They almost never make eye contact with you and they don't care.
3. Many of them are losing their figures and they don't care.
4. If the men are not looking at them, they don't care.
5. They have no real interest in the world of sex, and they don't care.

The common thread here is that THEY DON'T CARE! These low-spark provincial farm girls don't know what they are doing and they don't care. That's why you can get them for so little money. They are not worth much. They are prostitutes but they don't want to do anal sex. They are prostitutes but they don't want you to kiss them on the lips. They are prostitutes but they only know one position. They are prostitutes but they don't want to put it in their mouth. Please! Stop the Music! Get a Grip! Grab the reins. This is bullshit. I go into the bars to feast my male eyes on the most beautiful women on this planet. But more and more for sex I pick up a slag off the street because it is a lot cheaper and I don't hear the word NO so many times. I'm paying for SEX! If these bar girls had to be prostitutes in a competitive, market based business environment; they' d all have been fired for incompetence and for indifference. The only reason they have these jobs and they get any money is because of the weird genetic anomaly known as the Asian female. Only in Asia can you hear yourself say, "No ass, no tits - unbelievably sexy!"

BUT, to the exhibitionist; caring is everything. They care (wish) to be seen, noticed, looked at, and appraised. It is their reason for being. Nothing else gives them more pleasure.

I can remember three noteworthy exhibitionists in my non-transvestite bar visits.

1. In Pattaya I once sat next to a couple. He was a Farang and she was a naked Thai BG exhibitionist who was sitting on his lap. Her feline movements, sexually provocative behaviour, arched back, and trembling shoulders were riveting. She would not have received more pleasure by being taken back to his hotel room because it would not have been as public. She was receiving her maximum pleasure right then and there. She was an exhibitionist.

2. Another time I was in the Rainbow 1 Bar I believe, and I saw a show that I would have paid $100 to see again. In the back, between the stage and the wall was a floor to ceiling post with a mirror on it. Posing in front of this mirror, surrounded by people, was a naked Thai bar girl. She was one of the most statuesque, fabulously feminine, sexually arresting, and gloriously beautiful women I have ever seen. And what was she doing? She was arranging her hair. She would arrange her hair and then decide that it wasn't quite right and then take it down. Then she would put it up again in a new and different way and play with it and then take it down. And on and on and on and on and on and on. You would have thought that men would have been hitting on her. But they weren't. We were all too stunned. None of us could move, or even talk. I think we also realized that that isn't what she wanted. What she wanted; was to be an exhibitionist.

3. And lastly, I was once in a Patpong bar fairly early (about 6). There were more girls than customers and more girls were coming to work. The girls would come in the front door and then go to the dressing room so that they could take off their street clothes and put on their costumes. In the back there were about 6 girls sitting and chatting and I was sitting there also. A woman came in for her shift, only instead of going to the dressing room to change; she walked to the back corner of the bar, stood knee to knee with me, and stripped NAKED! That's an exhibitionist.

You might visit 200 bars before you see an exhibitionist. When you do see her, don't ruin it. Don't speak to her. It isn't pick-up time. Just watch her. That's what she wants.

Indians

Because I have much of my wardrobe custom-made, I have done business with many Indians in many cities in Thailand for many years. In all cases, I have found them to be a race apart from the average Thai. They speak at least 3 languages well (Indian, Thai, and English). Many of them speak more than 3 languages. And they speak the languages correctly. They are well educated. Many of them travel with regularity to Europe and Australia and the U.S. on business. They are cosmopolitan. Their businesses and their lives almost never come to ruin because of drinking, or drugs, or adultery, etc. They understand the value of discipline. They can tell time. They understand that when you agree to meet someone at a certain time; that that is a contract. Civil discourse and civil society, and civilization in general can not be possible when people do not understand and respect contracts. The Thais will never be globally competitive until this simple idea dawns on them. And the Indian tailors in Thailand understand and endorse and implement the concept of customer service, a concept completely unknown to Thais. I understand that their business practices can sometimes be a little ‘sharp’ and bear watching. But I expect that. And I understand that I am ultimately just a another customer from a far-a-way place. But I expect that. At least they are not lying to me, they can tell time, they honor their appointments and their promises, and they want my future business. I have to laugh at all the well dressed nose-in-the-air Chula Thai girls graduating with degrees in Marketing. I’ll bet not one of them could verbally articulate or write 3 logical sentences about the business value of customer service. And this is why Thailand will never be a great nation.

The Indian tailors and the Indian community is an old (Thai is partly Indian based) and integral part of Thailand, but they never get a mention.

2. Where To Next?

20/5/2003

If the Thai government does shut down the Farang sex industry; Where to Next? Cambodia? Manila? Kuala Lumpur? Don’t say it will never happen. If the government had the will to do it, they could do it instantly. Of course, they wouldn’t shut down the Thai sex industry; but that doesn’t do us any good.

And let me emphasis, that for me; the emphasis is on sex. I don’t go to bars to see girls in outfits, or to drink with my friends, or to watch soccer matches, or to ‘have a good time’. The artist bars and the Soi Cowboy bars don’t usually get my money. I want to see naked women and I want to have sex with them. Period.

In the last 2 years Nana Plaza has had less and less nudity and the women are less and less attractive, physically and mentally. It is the same in Pattaya. And a lot of bar owners are trying to get my money by offering ‘entertainment’. I don’t fly half way around the world, entailing expense and inconvenience and risk, for ‘entertainment’. The shows offered at men’s’ clubs in Montreal and Atlanta and Dallas are 100 times more professional and more entertaining than anything the Thais have to offer. The girls have agents and careers and schedules and choreographers and set designers. And a point-of-view. They are professionals. Their make-up and costumes and acts are simply fabulous. Many of them have taken acting, singing, and dancing lessons. By contrast, the sad sacks doing the Bangkok shuffle are pitiful. And they think I’m some gee whiz country bumpkin who is going to overpay them because I have never seen a naked woman before. If you go to the so-called shows in the 2nd floor bars of Patpong - you can’t wait to leave. Twice, I’ve had to fight my way out of these childish dumps. They wanted more money for the ‘show’. They should have paid me for my wasted time.

In terms of men's club entertainment, the Thais will never be competitive. The girls lack the will, the discipline, the imagination and the drive to be really good at anything. They are basically unemployable. Hell, most of them can't even show up for work on time. They have to be threatened through a penalty procedure to do the right thing. This is how you train animals. That just leaves nudity and sex. Most of them are also horrible at sex. Just because a girl has knee-high boots or stretch marks doesn't mean that she is a sexual athlete, or even sexually interested. Can you imagine if the bars had to obey Western style truth-in-advertising laws and post at the door the number of girls that hate men, or are lesbians, or are sexually incompetent, or who are sexually neutral? But I'll accept the compromise. Give me a selection of naked Thai women and I'll play the game.

Don't say that what I am talking about (a shut-down of the Farang sex industry) can't happen. As far as I am concern it very well, jolly well could happen, and the writings on the wall.

Consider a combination of seemingly non-related social things happening at once:

1. The World Bank placing 'social behaviour' restrictions on loans to Thailand. There's no dance like the money dance and the people with the money play the tune.

2. The U.N. highlighting negative 'social behaviour'.

3. Travel agencies owned by and run by women recommending other more politically correct countries.

4. Sensational, negative media stories about Thailand's 'problems'.

5. Pussy whipped, hypocritical Thai politicians using the issue to get votes, attention, or influence.

6. Chula girl graduates and upper class Thai females discovering bonding and feminism that they convert into vote getting and influence peddling.

7. And lastly, traditional Thai racism used to bludgeon the easy target: Farangs.

I'm pretty much committed to the idea that the party is coming to an end. As Thailand continues to make more and more stupid economic and governmental mistakes, it will eventually dawn on them (just like the Japanese and the South Koreans) that integrating themselves responsibly and competitively in the global community is their only hope. That will be the death knell for fun in Thailand.

So where do we go next guys? Any ideas?

3. Thai Logic

20/5/2003

When I visit the LOS I often stay at the Nana. I like the location and I like the hotel. As a hotel quest you get a breakfast coupon every morning that entitles you to a free breakfast. The breakfast is buffet style and of course it comes with coffee or tea. If you have a companion with you, her breakfast would not be free.

One morning myself and my companion from the night before went to breakfast. The waitress asked my girlfriend if she was having breakfast and my girlfriend said "no". The waitress asked me if I wanted any coffee and I said,

"No, not for me - but you can bring it and give it to my friend."

Now, if you are new to Thai logic (?), you don't know where this (she'll have no breakfast, just give her my coffee) is going. But if you have been to the City of Angels in the Land of Smiles before, you know exactly where this is going and I won't disappoint you.

When we got up to leave, I was presented with a bill in full for a complete breakfast for my girlfriend! To the Thai mind the coffee sitting in front of my girlfriend constituted 'breakfast' and a billable item. I know 12 year olds that would not make this mental mistake. In no other developed, or even minimally courteous country would this have happened. If you lead a pro-active busy life in Thailand where you are mixing with Thais daily, this sort of thing can happen daily. Thai's are so ignorant they appear to be retarded and they are so greedy they make Nigerian diamond smugglers look like angels.

When I first started visiting Thailand and I was presented with this nonsense, I used to use my abundant sales skills, and diplomacy skills, and social skills. and smiling charm, and logic to get the problem corrected. I was never successful. Not once.

Apparently, no Thai individual or Thai business person or Thai employee has ever made a single mistake ever. It is apparent that no part of their public school education delivers even a glancing blow with the subject of logic and the concept of 'face' obviates them from having to assume personal responsibility or admitting an error, and honor and dignity are not words in the Thai dictionary. In addition, Thais do not have the stamina and the patience that business negotiations require. If a customer business employee interface lasts more than a minute; then away goes the smile to be instantly replaced with violent-contemptuous-racist behaviour. This is the real Thai personality in the land of fake smiles and the longer you persist in trying to get civil discourse and civil behaviour, the closer you are to jail. This is why I don't respect Thailand and why I don't like/trust Thais. It isn't a country. It is more of a combination criminal conspiracy/amusement park. They have nothing but contempt for all farangs because they are racists and their solutions to many problems are violent solutions.

Thailand has no idea how these little things add up in people's individual and collective memories. If tomorrow they changed the laws and allowed farangs to own property, I would still never invest there. And in my own country I would never hire or trust Thais. And the individual and collective memories we build up affects other relationships and reactions also. For example: I sometimes wonder if there can be any Good Girls when the whole country is such a cesspool of ignorance and greed and illogic. Being a Good Girl isn't just a matter of being a good wife and mother. You have to be capable of thinking logically, like an adult. What separates us from the lower forms of life is that we can sift the facts without regard to emotion or whim. To successfully mate in a busy, competitive, modern world you have to be able to think. Thais inhabit a world completely divorced from modern behaviour. You can get Thai Buddhist monks (for

$ of course) to come to your house and 'bless' your new washing machine or your new car. That's not Buddhism. That's animism and paganism, but the average Thai is too ignorant to know even that. Hell, I'm a farang and I know more about their corrupt 'philosophy' than they do.

Well, fuck 'em. The price they pay for their behaviour and for the way they treat me is that I don't take them or their religion or their country seriously. Because they don't take themselves seriously.

And of course, you are never supposed to get upset or angry or raise your voice. Oh no, that wouldn't be cool. You are supposed to just bend over and take it up the rear. OK, I'm bent over and I'm taking it up the rear. It's called a vacation. I come here at great expense and inconvenience and not a little risk because parts of the experience amuse me. But my sweet revenge and guarantee is knowing that Thailand will never be a great nation and the Thais will always be the world's tuktuk drivers. That's the real reason I smiled when I paid full price for my girlfriends 'breakfast'!

4. Dana’s Thailand Part Two

25/5/2003

If Paedophilia Is So Bad

If Paedophilia is so bad (and it is) and the Thai culture is so superior and family oriented; then why doesn’t the Thai government dispatch police to every Isaan village and round up the fathers who sold their underage daughters down the river for gambling debts and whiskey money!? Line up these fathers and I’ll hand out the bullets. And don’t waste my time talking about culture and poverty and need. Victims of the Holocaust behaved with more human dignity and civility to each other. The reason the Burmese were able to turn the Three Pagoda Pass into an autobahn and invade Thailand at will over and over is because Thailand didn’t (doesn’t) have a sense of culture and sovereignty. Any Burmese punk with a spear and an elephant could conquer a village. In Vietnam in the late 60’s the North Vietnamese learned how to shoot down Helicopter Gunships with massed small caliber weapons fire. Now that’s stand and deliver. That’s a sense of sovereignty and pride and culture. They deserved to win. The fathers who sell off their little, trusting, innocent, barely cognizant and poorly educated, anxious-to-please girls (human beings) like buckets of dirt; don’t deserve anything, including my respect. Don’t even get me started on the mothers who allow this. So go ahead. Call me a Sex Tourist. Call me a Farang. I’ll wear it on a sign around my neck with pride. I’m a 100 million times more worthy than these fathers and mothers.

Now You Are Truly A Farang

You have had two glorious happy weeks with Noi, or Lek, or Wan. You’ve had picnics on the bed after sex, bubble baths, Thai : English dictionary sessions, and middle of the night conversations. One of you has gotten sick and been nursed by the other. Both of you wait for each other to come home. You've done beach and boating trips, elephant safaris, butterfly and orchid farms, and cooking lessons. You've been inseparable and childlike in your happiness. You fold into each other like water. You sleep together like two happy puppies. Your contentment with each other and the rightness of it all doesn't need words. The English speaking monk smiled at the two of you and asked if you were married.

Then three days into a trip to Chiang Mai, in the back of a taxi, her cell phone rings. Suddenly, she is transcendent, transformed, relaxed, innocent, real, and centered. You turn sideways in the taxi and look at her. There she is giggling on the phone, her eyes bright and her body happily agitated. She is laughing, whispering, listening. There is intense, squinty eyed girl talk. You can feel yourself drifting away as if your astronaut tether has parted, and now you are tumbling slowly away from the mother ship deep into space. It's over.

Now she's really happy! Before, she was only 80% happy. It's like a knife in the heart.

Now you are truly a Farang. Unloved. Unappreciated. Unneeded. Welcome to Thailand.

Now I Care

It's our third time together in a little over a year. Her name is Noi and I've lost my heart to her. I'm 53 and she is 27. Who Cares! She's an Isaan stunner with a smile that could run a power plant. She's a 40 kilogram perfect woman. In 10 years her curves will only go one way - she'll be shaped like a bowling ball. But I don't care. I'll still love her. She has stretch marks because she has had a son. But I don't care. I'm happy for her. At dinner she rearranges all my cutlery and the food on my plate. I don't care. I think it is charming. She has us riding in stinking hot, Calcutta crowded buses to save a few baht. I don’t care.

We are staying in the AA Hotel in Pattaya. One morning on the way to the elevator she makes a joke about me being old. In the elevator on the way down, I feel my insides crumbling like unsupported brick walls. My legs feel like lead. When the elevator door opens, I have to throw my feet forward to make my legs work. NOW I CARE.

I didn’t deserve this. This isn’t reciprocity. The abuse has begun and only I can decide how much I will take. I’ve now given more than I’ve received. The tide has turned. It’s over.

God, they hurt us so much and every man-woman relationship is like a ticking time bomb. And it’s never equal. I can speak about 50 Thai words and phrases, but I don’t know how to tell a woman she isn’t attractive as a female. Noi can speak almost no English but she knows enough to hurt me.

It’s over. I’m just a Farang. No matter how open and generous and loving and caring I am; I’ll always have toilet paper stuck to my shoe.

We spend the day doing the Ko Lan beach and boating tour. She wants me to buy her something. I’m surprised to hear my voice say ‘No’. Now I am desperately clutching at pride like a drowning man gripping a life preserver.

Next morning I surprise her with the words ‘Choke dee’ and put her on the minibus to Bangkok. It’s over. I’m a Farang.

You Have Taxi Money For Me?

It was our third time together and we had done all the things that couples do. We were both grownups. My intentions were serious. The word ‘forever’ was floating through my brain. We took a trip to Chiang Mai. On the fourth night she came to bed with all of her clothes on. Nobody comes to bed with all of their clothes on. I could have gotten up and thrown back the covers and taken off her clothes, but what would have been the point? So I lay on my half of the bed trying to puzzle it out. But I couldn't figure it out because some things just don't make any sense. The next day we get up and went to breakfast and then spent the day on an elephant safari. We look like a happy couple, but I can feel air going out of the balloon. That night she comes to bed with all of her clothes on, her back to me, and about two feet between us. I didn't say anything. But I'm in better shape this night because I know what I am going to do. In the morning I help her pack, take her to the airport, exchange her tickets, and walk her to the departure gate. At the departure gate waiting for the AIRPLANE she says, "You give me taxi money?" We aren't saying 'Good Bye' in a room at the Nana Hotel in Bangkok. I have paid her 1500 Baht / day for weeks plus all expenses plus gifts and I just paid for her breakfast, minibus, and airline ticket. She has 70,000 Baht in her purse. And she says to me, "You give me taxi money?" THEY'RE PROSTITUTES!

Bangkok Central

One of the attractions of living in Bangkok is that it is so central - to other countries. If you live in Boston, Ma. (USA) like I do; the idea of going to Nepal, or Bhutan, or Bali, or Manila, or Vietnam, or Singapore, or Laos, or Burma is really too big an idea. Lots of distances to be covered, and time and money to be spent, and plans to be made. So the trip probably doesn't get made. But Bangkok's central Asian location makes visiting other countries fast, fun, and easy. So if you live in Bangkok, don't go to Chiang Rai again. There isn't really anything there. Don't go to Chiang Mai again - it's an ugly city. Leave Phuket to the Europeans who think nudism is a philosophy. Leave Ayutthaya to the daytrippers. Go somewhere special. Go somewhere exciting. Nobody who has skied in Chile is impressed by Thailand's so-called beauty. No one who has stood atop Table Mountain in South Africa is impressed by Thailand's vistas. No one who has taken a train trip through the Swiss Alps is going to gasp at Thailand's natural wonders. Thailand doesn't have any natural wonders. Hell, it barely has any wildlife - it's all been eaten. If it were not for Thailand's lame sunny south coast with it's limestone formations and Thailand's smiling females - nobody would visit. But Bangkok does have a fantastic central location. So go to Jakarta, or Sumatra, or Calcutta, or Hanoi, or Hong Kong, or Kuala Lumpur. That's the way to get the most out of Bangkok, Thailand. And send me a postcard. I'll envy you.

5. You Can Never Visit Thailand Again

26/5/2003

“Dana - You Can Never Visit Thailand Again!” I don’t want to ever hear those words. If I ever do hear those words I’ll be disappointed. I’ll be sad. But I won’t be surprised. Someday it wouldn’t surprise me to hear a Thai immigration official at the airport inform me that I didn’t meet Thailand’s high standards for social behaviour and that I was banished from the Kingdom forever. Various stamps will be put in my passport and I’ll be escorted to the plane. I’ll be the only one with enough class to smile. As the plane takes off I know I’ll never see Lek, or Na, or Wan, or Noi, or Dao again. I’ll never again walk down the Beach Road in Pattaya on the way to Swensen’s. I’ll never visit the mountain-top Buddhist shrines in Chiang Mai again. I’ll never have shirts and suits made at my favorite Indian tailors again. I’ll never buy braised chicken breasts on Soi 4 in from of the Nana Plaza again. I’ll never feel the pizza oven heat (I love it) of April again. And there’ll be no more bars; worshipping at the altar of feminine beauty again.

How could this happen? How could something so traumatic and so life changing actually happen? How could I get thrown out of an entire country? Well, it’s really quite simple. It could happen to any one of us. It’s called a breakdown, a temporary paradigm shift in your brain, an aneurysm of consciousness, bad timing and your pride T-boning each other at the intersection of your life. Let me give you an hypothetical example:

I am checking out of the Parkway Hotel. I have been there for three days. The bill is for four days. I show them the date and the time of check-in on the invoice and I help them review the calendar and count the days. I am smiling. They refuse to change the bill. Now, what I should do is pay the bill as presented and chalk up the extra days billing to the Thai experience. Part of the daily 'grease' or extortion fee you have to pay to be in the country. That would be the smart thing to do. That would be the adult thing to do. That would be the best strategy. But it's like a website tracking the number of 'hits'. I'm the website and this hotel bill padding has now 'hit' number 1000. I have been cheated, weaseled, lied to, thieved from, and screwed 1000 times in Thailand! I stop smiling. It's over. I can't do this anymore. I have a breakdown. My consciousness and my brain shift forward into the next part of my life. I feel the elation of complete loss of control. I refuse to pay the bill. THE POLICE ARE CALLED! Everything happens in Thai. I'm a spectator to my own demise. It's like tumbling down a well. I can't touch the sides and I can't see the bottom coming up. I can feel my heart rate rising and I am being taken to jail. My medication is left behind in my bags. I have malignant hypertension. I will pray for death - a stroke is worse. At the jail there is a complete suspension of civil dignity. Behind their walls these sons of rice farmers feel safe. There is yelling, abuse, loss of dignity. It is childish. It is predictable. It is a train with no brakes.

Two days later I am taken from my cell and informed that this whole matter could be cleared up if I paid a 30,000 Baht fine to the police. I don't even have to think about it. I tell them to go fuck themselves. Suddenly, they understand English perfectly. I now seem to have their complete attention and they are being good listeners. I push all the chips to the middle of the table. More childish behaviour. More yelling. More threats. I'm not holding up well. My heart rate and my blood pressure are rising. I can feel the pressure in the backs of my eyes. Since my heart attack I've lost a lot of the courage that was issued to me at birth. But they got me on the wrong day and at the wrong time and I'm not paying the fucking bribe. If they had caught me at 'hit' number 11 on my first trip to Thailand, I'd have gone to the

ATM machine and withdrawn the money. If they had caught me at outrage number 315 or scam number 662; I'd have gone to the ATM machine and paid the bribe. But it's too late now. The wheel has turned. I've entered the next stage of my brief sojourn on Earth. I'm not bending over anymore.

The next morning I am 'showered' with a fire hose, dressed, make-up is applied to my face and arms, a hat is put over my blood-encrusted hair and I am driven to the airport. No one seems to know where my luggage or medication is. Then I am ejected from the country. Permanently!

If you think this is melodrama then you are not paying enough attention while you are in Thailand. If I see a policeman I go the other way. If I am patting an elephant I always make sure he can see me with his eye. They can kill you in an instant. If it looks like a bar girl is underage, I run. If I buy fresh fruit I wash it first. It's all laced with pesticides. I tip often and I smile. I watch for snakes near river banks. If a bar girl relationship starts to go south, I end the relationship immediately. If I'm being cheated I almost always pay. If I get involved in a social situation that has too much tension, I switch hotels; or move across the city. I try to be invisible. I avoid groups of young Thai males. But eventually, I know the whole experience could just implode. When that happens I'll be disappointed. I'll be sad. But I won't be surprised. I have already started to deal with this issue mentally. I'm 53 years old. Realistically, I only have another possible 20 years of 'dating' left under the best of circumstances. For me I'm on the final glide path and the runway is in sight. I've already started the research. If Thailand blows up; there's Cambodia, there's Jakarta, there's Vietnam, there's Brazil, and there is the Philippines. I'm a big boy. I'll adapt. I'll move on. Being in this place mentally and knowing this gives me strength.

If you see me sitting in an open air bar opposite the Nana Plaza with a drink in hand, you might think that I'm having some interior sexual monologue about some Thai princess in my field of vision. And you might be right. But I also might be sitting there thinking, "Let's see, what travel arrangements would I have to make to get to Angeles City, or Rio, or Cambodia?" I'm one step ahead of you.

6. More On Paedophilia

26/5/2003

Is it possible to be a pedophile and to not be a pedophile at the same time? Of course it is. IN THAILAND. Let me explain:

Your Isaan stunner gets off the bus in Bangkok. She is met by her girlfriend(s) and they take her to a bar in Nana Plaza. On the trip to the bar they coach her on what to say. At the bar she lies to the bar owner about her age (if he even asks), and she lies to the mamasan about her age (if she even asks). Her I.D. card is issued and of course it is a lie. She is now a ticking time bomb set to go off in any innocent farang's face. She is UNDERAGE.

Later on, you are in the bar. You meet her and you invite her to your place. She does not look or act underage. You have to assume the bar is a responsible employer. In front of the elevators in the Nana Hotel, she gives her I.D. card to the security police. They examine it and approve it. On the way up to your room you should be able to relax. You should be safe from charges of paedophilia if she is underage. You are not safe. You are in Thailand.

If a situation develops and the police get involved, she will immediately tell them that she is underage. That is what she was taught to do by the other girls at the bar. The onus of social responsibility now falls 100% on you. You are now a PEDOPHILE. No mention will made of how this happened. No investigation will be run. No attention will be paid to the circumstances. Her girlfriends have counseled her wisely. She gets to walk and you are going to a Thai prison. In my case I wouldn't live long. I wouldn't be able to defend myself. This is girl power at its most frightening. You are now an international criminal. You will lose your freedom and you will lose your dignity. You will lose your money, your family, your job, your passport, your standing in the community, the love of your children, and possibly your life. All because of some underage liar. If the Thais understood the concept of 'accident' your risk would not be so great. But if you look up the word 'accident' in the Thai dictionary you see the word 'farang'.

And how easy is it to be fooled? Very easy! People aren't like trees. You can't count their tree rings to know their age. Some people grow up and mature much much faster than others. Let me give you some examples:

1. I was once sitting at a table with friends at a Club Med resort on Paradise Island in the Bahamas. One of the wives pointed to a woman at the bar and asked us to guess her age. She already knew her age but she wanted us to guess. We all guessed that she was probably in her mid twenties, 24 or 25 or 26. She was 15! We misjudged her age by 10 years. That was 27 years ago but I still remember the way she looked. She was sexy, mature, sophisticated, and womanly looking. She was also a player. And she was a legal time bomb.

2. Personally, I once lived with a woman who was a grandmother at 32. She had gotten married at 14. She had her first child at 15 and her second child at 16 and raised them to successful adulthood. She was a very advanced human being at a very young age. Was her husband a pedophile? Apparently not because he married her. But if you are spending time with a woman you might marry; you are a pedophile.

3. To give you another example, I was once escorting a woman named Lek into the Nana Hotel lobby. She looked young so I asked her age. I always ask if they look marginal. In her fractured English I thought I heard the word 'seven'. Christ, I thought; this stunner is only 17! So I gave her taxi money and said "Choke

dee". I'm very careful. Later on I found out that she was really 27. I had misjudged her age by 10 years.

But no matter how careful you are regarding this issue, the odds and the charges are stacked against you. Everyone likes to talk about how dangerous AIDS is, but no one ever talks about this issue. Thailand is a very dangerous place for the nice man who just wants a woman's attention. Let me throw out an idea that I bet none of you have thought of. Suppose Thai politicians decided to use the Farang Pedophile issue to get votes. And they put underage undercover police (deputized whores) in the bars. You would get caught. The fact that it is entrapment and circumstantially and legally insupportable legal behaviour will carry no weight. It's Thailand. You are now a criminal. Be careful guys. I love you all. If she looks marginal; RUN.

7. Time: 3 Seconds

30/5/2003

Because I go to Thailand on vacation, and because the men in my life do not go to Thailand on vacation; I get questions. They are all the usual questions about the nightlife scene. One question I got the other day was, “How fast can you meet a girl?”. Here’s how fast:

My flight got in to Bangkok at midnight. I had been travelling 24 hours! I can’t sleep on planes, I have potential thrombosis issues in my legs I have to monitor and the experience always elevates my heart rate and my blood pressure, and the airline food and drink constipates me. After landing there are entry procedures, waiting for bags, currency exchange, waiting for a cab, and then the spooky night time sci-fi cab ride into the city. By the time the cab pulls up to the door of the Nana Hotel I feel as if I’ve been beaten with sticks, dropped off a cliff, and dragged behind a car. I am SICK! Under no circumstances am I mentally or physically equipped to even think about a woman. It is 1:30 in the morning.

The problem with this scenario, however; is that at 1:30 in the morning the Angels Disco which is in the hotel is in full swing. The Nana Plaza bars across from the hotel are getting ready to shut down (2:00 AM) and the girls are coming over to the Nana Hotel for disco and other action. In a word; the hotel lobby, disco, bar, parking lot, halls, and elevators are choked with the most beautiful whores in the world. You’re tripping over them. They’re everywhere!

I check into the hotel, the bellman picks up my luggage and my keys, and heads for the elevator. It’s a distance of 30 feet. Thirty feet and I’ll be safe; up into my room alone and sinking into a travel coma. I DON’T MAKE IT! Between the lobby front desk and the elevator, I make eye contact with one of the most beautiful, sexy, fashionably dressed, fun, provocative, 40 kilogram Isaan stunners I have ever seen. What I should have done is bury my head in my chest, break off eye contact, and follow the bellman into the elevator. But 10,000 years of evolutionary libido programming is too great for my conscious will. Instead, I smile at her and open my arms. She smiles back, tucks into me, and we step into the elevator together. The bellman doesn't even look surprised.

That's how fast you can meet a woman in Thailand. Between the front desk check-in counter and the elevator. Time: 3 seconds!

We didn't go 'boom-boom' that night. I was too tired. We didn't do 'yum-yum' either. I was too tired. And there is no way I could have done 'ow-ow'. But she helped me unpack my bags and she went out to Soi 4 and picked up some food. We had a picnic on the bed. Then we took a bubble bath together and she gave me a massage. We fell asleep in each others arms.

I'd made it. I was in Thailand. I was safe in my room. And I wasn't sleeping alone. Time: 3 seconds!

8. Business Is Slow In Thailand

2/6/2003

Yup. Business is Down in Thailand. The mean-spirited part of me would like to think that it is some cosmic retribution for the bad way that they treat us. But of course when I return, I'd like the place to be jumping. How down is business?

Well, it is worse now than it was in April when I was last there. In April the Nana Plaza would have looked great to a first timer, but I could see that business was off. Bars on the ground floor like the Rainbow were packing them in, but one floor up the G-Spot was slow. The Cascade on the top floor was empty. But you could still have a good time. As usual Bangkok wasn't so much a city as an urban aneurysm.

It's when you traveled two hours south to Pattaya that you noticed the difference. The place was DEAD! I took a beach and boating tour to Ko Larn. I've been twice before so I know what to expect. The beach was EMPTY! And off the Beach Road in Pattaya at least 10 of the large tour vessels were not even being used. I know April is a slow tourist month but this was exceptional. One night in a bar on Soy Pattayaland 2 there were 22 girls and two guys (I was one). This sounds like great odds but they were 22 BORED girls. They didn't even look up when I walked in. DEADLY!

And the service hasn't improved because business is slow - it's gotten worse! Sadly, this is typically Thai. I'll give you an example:

I ordered a coke in a bar in Soy Pattayaland 2. It never came. I waited and I waited and I waited and I waited. No one looked at me and no one came over and said hello. I was well dressed, had a fat wallet, and was wearing a gold nugget watch. I am handsome and fit. So clearly my business was not wanted. I left. As I was heading up the center of the road I heard “MR! MR!”. I turned to see a Thai woman running towards me. She caught up with me, gave me a lecture about not paying for drinks, and then presented me with a bill for 60 baht. I tried to explain to her that I didn’t owe any money because my drink didn’t come. But this was asking Thai thinking and logic to cross on the graph. Plus there was the language barrier. So I grabbed her hand so tight that she couldn’t shake loose and dragged her back to the bar. I know this was stupid but we shouldn’t have to check our balls and our humanity at Immigration when we enter the country. Inside the bar I gestured with my other hand as if to say “Where is the drink?” There was talk in Thai. People scurried. A coke (warm as usual) and a glass was brought and slammed on the bar. No Thais were smiling. I opened the coke so that they could not reuse it and poured it into the glass. I paid the 60 Baht bill and left.

I’d like to hear how this story was told by the Thais. Honestly, I believe they think we should just walk up to the bar entrances and throw in our money. The fact that we actually come into the bars and expect service and product for our money is a terrible imposition on them. And this is their behavior in the slow (really slow) season when every penny and every smile counts. It must be idiotically simple to grow rice, because if it required any brain power they would have starved by now.

So that experience kind of took the blush off the bloom for the night. I left the bars and went down to the boardwalk. There I found a woman who was past her prime but glad to see me and I took her home.

Business is Slow in Thailand!

9. Dana’s Thailand Part Three

28/7/2003

You Buy For Me?

The idiocy and the greed and the innocence of the Isaan-Stunners is so great that sometimes it’s comical. Sometimes it’s endearing (shoot me). Example:

I had been squiring an Isaan-Stunner around town. And everywhere we went she would say, “You buy for me?”. She couldn’t say much else but she could say, “YOU BUY FOR ME?” At least 10 times per day. I bought. I bought her jewellery and clothes and shoes and gifts for mama, etc. It was fun. She was a dud in bed, a personality disappointment, and had no concept of reciprocity or customer service. So why was it fun? Because of the way she looked. She was every boy and man sex fantasy dream I had had from age 14 to age 53. Just being seen with her, just having her by my side was exciting. I couldn’t take my eyes off her. When my arm was around her I was transported to another world. A happy place. But 10 times a day she would say, “You buy for me?” She was like a metronome. She was like a brainless parrot. It was as if you get to spend a week with Sophia Loren or Pamela Anderson. Who cares if they’re not great conversationalists. But 10 times a day she would say “You buy for me?”. She would say it without thinking or purpose. It was like a hiccup. It would just jump from her throat. Absolutely no thought. No filter between the brain and the mouth.

One day we were on our way to a Temple. To access Sukhumvit Rd. from a certain direction from the Nana Hotel you have to first go down a parallel side street. On the left hand side it has some nice looking apartment-condo buildings. Large expensive housing units that would make nice homes. I was asking the taxi driver questions about the apartment-condos. My honey bunny turned to me and said, “You buy for me?”

You gotta love’em. Sometimes they’re endearing (shoot me)!

On Transvestites

First of all; the reason so many male visitors to Thailand get ‘fooled’ by transvestites is because it is possible. It is possible to be fooled. The high-line, surgically altered, physically gifted transvestites you can see at the Nana or half-way down Walking Street in Pattaya are the most sexually provocative, fabulously feminine, gloriously beautiful women I have ever seen. Which brings to mind the notion that men can do everything better than women; they can even be women better than women!

I don’t know if this still goes on; but it used to be that every night around 12:30 one of these creatures would make the walk from the Nana Plaza—across Soy 4—and then up the parking lot of the Nana Hotel. She was of course heading for the Angels disco. And every night it was a real show to watch her make this walk. People would be waiting for her in the parking lot and in the lobby of the hotel. She would never be with anyone else. That would ruin the show—the effect—the drama. And what was the show? What were we all waiting to see? Simple! She was quite simply the sexiest woman any of us had ever seen in our lives. There were men from all countries and from all cultures waiting to see the Alpha woman. And this woman knew what she was. She knew she was at the top of the female sexuality evolutionary pile. And she walked like it. A lot of the physically gifted Isaan stunners you see in the straight bars lack the attitude of the sexually interested, confident woman. The are just vaginas with cash registers attached. The biggest sex organ is the brain. If you don’t feel sexy and if you don’t think sexy, then you aren’t sexy. Transvestites are all about sex.

So the next time you are mouthing off to your loser friends about how you are all man and you love sex; but you wouldn't mix it up with a tranny. Listen to yourself. You're full of shit. That's what the light switch is for!

$10.00 Glasses

Some experiences in Thailand just stay with you. I know this one will for me. If you go in Big Mike's Shopping Plaza in Pattaya you can cruise the aisles, escape the chaos and the noise of Beach road, look at the girls, and suck up the air conditioning. But I'll bet you never thought about buying glasses. Well, inside the front entrance on the right is a modern glasses shop. One day I went in to see about buying reading glasses. What the heck, maybe I'd save some dough. Once inside I was stunned. The entire staff was young, sexy, Thai women in high heels, nylons, garter belts, lots of make-up, and short-short-short-short skirts. Their skirts were so short they were airplane skirts (you could see the cockpit). Well, after being expertly sold (hustled), I bought a pair of prescription lenses and frames for reading. Cost $10.00!

After exiting the store, I walked past the glass display window that faces the corridor. A shop girl was squatting in the glass window rearranging items on the bottom shelf. Her skirt was up around her hips. And there displayed for all to see was her shaved pussy.

Service

During my last 10 day trip to Thailand I only had two sit-down meals in restaurants. That is typical for me. Each time was because I had a girl with me. Without the 'date' scenario I would have had no sit-down meals in restaurants! That would have been typical for me.

This is defensive behaviour on my part. The chances of receiving courteous customer service and the order being correctly prepared and correctly served in a typical small Thai eating establishment is between slim and none. And slim just left town. If you request (demand) what you are paying for, the chances of the social situation escalating wildly and at great risk to you are greater than slim. Slim just came back to town. In short, unless it is a known situation (places I've successfully dined at before), I never eat in restaurants. Between eating off the street, Swensen's Ice Cream, hotel breakfast buffets (no ordering or food preparation required), and purchasing things at Foodland or the 7-11; all my needs are met.

When I relate this strategy to people they like to tell me what I am missing. I reply that I know perfectly well what I am missing. I am missing having my heart rate or my blood pressure shoot up. I'm am missing blindness from burst capillaries in my eyes as I try to get them to bring silverware. I'm missing a brain aneurysm or a stroke or a heart attack because when I asked for ketchup the entire staff disappeared. I'm missing dealing with Thai racists who just want the money without providing goods or services. That's called theft. I'm missing social intercourse with low spark human beings who can't even pretend to care.

When I first started coming to Thailand I solved these problems by just giving up, and eating whatever they brought and paying whatever they charged. Those days are over. I'm on vacation. It's supposed to be fun. I come to Thailand with a need to eat and pockets full of money. None of the restaurants get my money. The man or woman sidewalk vendor gets my money (and tip). The food is fresh, the price is right, the service is fast, there is no bill padding or waitress attitude, and I can get a smile sometimes. Often Thais standing there waiting for their order will help me. No Thai in a restaurant has ever helped me. Hotel buffets get my money. There is no middleman (waitress) so this works fine. The Swensen's on Beach Road in Pattaya gets my money. They have the best customer service I have ever seen anywhere in Thailand. It would be called normal in the rest of the world. In fact, the experience is so positive, the establishment is so clean, and the service is so good; it's disorienting. You wonder if you are in Thailand.

When I started having relationships with Bargirls I thought this eating out situation might be solved. She would order. She would negotiate. Wrong. It turns out that BGs aren't anymore likely to receive the order prepared and served correctly. I also found out to my surprise that BGs aren't any better than me at negotiating with ticket agents or travel people or front desk clerks or retail sales people or catching and directing taxis and tuk-tuks. I once took an Isaan stunner to Chiang Mai. She said she had a hard time understanding the people because they spoke Lannan. We were only an hour north of Bangkok by airplane. Jesus! So my 'guide' was useless. So as usual I had to do everything, including ordering food and trying to rustle up cutlery, napkins, condiments, salt and pepper, water, menus, etc. You'd think I was Eisenhower trying to organise D Day in these joints. All I want to do is eat. I was once in a brand new salad bar franchise on Beach Road in Pattaya. The place was clean, the food was fresh, and the price was right. After I paid at the register I asked them where they kept the plastic silverware. Academy Award winners couldn't have produced looks of greater incomprehension and astonishment. Apparently, I was the first person in the HISTORY OF THE ESTABLISHMENT who had ever asked for silverware. You would have thought my space ship had just landed on the seaside boardwalk and I had walked in from Mars or Neptune or maybe Uranus. So I took my salad across the road and sat on the wall and ate it with sticks.

So anyway, there it is guys. That’s what I do for eating in Thailand. If you peek in at me some night in my hotel room and see me sitting on the bed dipping fried worms in a yoghurt cup, you know why. It works for me.

Beggars

The beggars of Sukhumvit Rd between Soy 4 and Soy 11 are a real conundrum to me. Intellectually, I know that giving to them:

1. Doesn’t benefit them much; all or almost all of the money is stolen by their keepers.
2. Endorses a system of graft and of greed and of meanness that is truly disgusting.

But I can’t help myself. The rolled in dirt amputees, mothers with children, spinal cord deformed, and others just can’t be ignored. At least not by me. If it is the end of the day and I am headed home towards the Nana, I empty out my pockets of any spare change. I always try to make eye contact, say something, and often touch them. It’s probably a wasted human effort. They probably hate Farangs too. But I do it. In the beginning, I used to be kind of on the fence about this. Until I saw the leper. He is usually around the Landmark Hotel. He has lost one eye and various parts of his digits, hands, feet, and face to the disease. He is filthy. His flesh is rotting and flies are eating his flesh while he sits there. He is always smiling. I give. His condition, his species connection to me, and his smile force me to reappraise my own life and attitudes daily. He earns the money. I give to him

A Finishing School

If you are like most men from highly westernized countries, Thailand can act as a finishing school in manhood for you. It can complete you as a man. I don’t mean as a sexual athlete, but in your head. Your attitude towards women. What do I mean? Let me explain.

If you are in my age group (53) and you grew up in say the United States, your notion of what constitutes a sexy, desirable woman was formed by the Playboy magazine image of women. For a woman to be attention getting she had to be a voluptuous, hour glass shaped siren. The notion was endorsed by all advertising media. So by the time most of us Western men were in our 20's and our 30's, the idea that more curves means sexier had successfully been pounded into our heads.

Then you get on a plane and you come to Bangkok. Holy Jesus. The first night you go to a bar and there are women on stage who a hundred times sexier than any woman that you have ever seen before and they have No Breasts! And some of them have No Asses. And some of them have NO Breasts and No Asses! And you can't take your eyes off them. You are transfixed, stunned, hypnotized, stricken. Hence the 'from another planet' analogy that all men use.

Congratulations, you have just started the finishing school for men—called Thailand! The next time some pasty-faced, lard bucket, Reubens figured Caucasian woman walks by you won't even look. You'll be looking at the woman behind her. The woman with erect posture, feline grace, perfectly fitting clothes, flat stomach, long fingers, soft brown eyes, happy smile, and painted toenails. All 40 kilograms of her. And you'll hear yourself say something you never said in the United States—"No breasts—no ass: unbelievably sexy!"

Congratulations. You've completed finishing school. You are a man.

10. Hiding Money

29/7/2003

When you are half way around the world there are three things that you need to avoid:

1. Ill health - being sick, or incapacitated, or hospitalized in a Third world country is a horror. Simple diarrhoea can take away your pride and your ability to defend yourself.

2. Police problems - all problems with Thai police are police problems. Intellectually I find the bribery system reprehensible and not in keeping with my obviously superior person. But Thailand is not an intellectual environment. So I heartily endorse the practicality of the bribery system and try to always have some 'grease' money on me.

3. Losing your money - you would think this would be obvious: but not one person in a hundred has really thought it out. We are so egocentric that we assume that we have value simply because of who we are. Wrong. Your value is directly related to how much money you have. Lose your money and you lose your value.

So here are some tips on how to hide your money in your hotel room. I know what you are saying: "I put all my extra money in the hotel safe in the lobby." Really! All your money? You put all your extra money in one place! And you really don't believe there is a master key to all those lock boxes? Suppose you put a fish in your lock box and after 10 days the whole lobby starts to smell like rotten fish. Are you telling me that they can't get into your lock box?! Of course they can! And that means a hotel employee who is trying to redistribute the wealth can also. And no you won't get your money back. So I spread my money around a little bit. That means some of it is in my hotel room.

When I get to Thailand the first thing I buy is a little screwdriver. It used to be that you could travel with jack knives or screwdrivers in your luggage but those days are gone. Off comes the back of the TV and in goes some Baht. Next I take down the hollow shower rod and in goes some rolled up baht. I got that idea from my father. The man was a genius. I may put it on his tombstone. Next I crawl into the corner of the closet and I pull up a corner of the carpet and under the carpet goes some baht. Next I take one of the chair cushions and remove the chair cover (there is always a zipper). Using the screwdriver as a knife I slash a nice slot in the foam seat and in goes some baht. You can put a lot of stuff in these cushions and never feel it when you sit down. Unscrew the bottom of the phone and in goes some baht. You can put baht inside pillows similar to the chair cushion routine. I've had little thieves sleeping with their heads on pillows of baht and they didn't even know it. But the best idea is the simplest and the most convenient. All window curtains all over the world are constructed the same. They roll up the bottom and sew in a giant hem. By cutting a few stitches in the corner of the curtain you have a convenient baht pocket. This is where I put my 'honey' money. I wait until their backs are turned or they are in the bathroom and then I quickly take out what I need. From their point of view the money just 'appears'. They never see me go to my wallet.

So there it is guys. Rob my wallet and credit cards. I've still got money. Clean out my hotel safe. I've still got money. Ideally, I always have enough in my hotel room so that I can get a cab and airfare out of the country. Remember, it is only a vacation if you know you can leave. If suddenly you can't leave, you are in Hell.

11. Nine Little Stories

TT&A Part 1 30/7/2003

1. Once around 2 AM at the Nana Plaza I just hadn't found anyone special. I'm a little picky and not all women find me attractive. I'm not a rapist—I really want to fall in love. So I was headed home empty handed. That's all right. Maybe a little less tension would be good. Maybe just collapsing and getting a full nights sleep would be good. So I'm OK with it. I'm happy. And I love the atmosphere between the Nana and the hotel. What others call seedy; I call exciting, fun, and home. I'm just about to reach the sidewalk vendors on the curb when I look up and see something I'll probably never see again. There before me, holding hands, and heading for the hotel; is a six foot tall transvestite and a midget. Because of their height disparities the tranny's arm and hand is reaching straight down and the midgets arm and hand is reaching straight up. They were holding hands. I started to imagine what the hotel room scene was going to look like and then I stopped. What difference did it make. Good luck to them both. I love this place.

2. Once I was in the mountains of Chiang Mai on an elephant trip through the jungle. Part of the tour went through a depressing, desperately poor village. Except for the cooking woks there wasn't even any metal in the village. These people were still in the Stone age or the Bamboo age; they hadn't even made it to the Bronze age. The women were in treestands trying to sell stuff to you that you had already bought in town at the Night Market and the incredibly dirty kids were chasing people down and begging. A peak inside the houses showed that they hadn't even stumbled across the technology of hooks. Everything was just thrown in a heap on the floor. And the dry season pounded down dirt was going to turn to a quagmire in the rainy season. So I'm up in my elephant basket thinking about how this is not

really an attractive lifestyle when I happen to notice a commotion on the ground. Two cats are going at it. The female is screeching but she isn't leaving and the male is pounding her like a tent peg. A little bit later on I hear squealing and my grinning mahout points to a pig corral. They are going at it like an A-bomb has just been released at 20,000 feet and there is only 20 seconds left to live. And lastly, I see rooster and hen fucking like there is no tomorrow. What the hell. Maybe this wouldn't be such a bad place to live!

3. I like to get up early. I used to make fun of my father for doing this and now I'm doing it. Some things are morning things. You've got to be up to see them. One morning I got up early in a small village near the Sangkhlaburi Reservoir. I strolled down to the main road. Not much to see. Dirt road. Mangy dog. Morning mists in the mountains. Refuse and garbage and trash along both sides of the road. Then I hear the far away sound of a motorbike. There is no other traffic. Just me and whoever is coming. She was a Thai girl on a motorbike. Sitting side saddle. Wearing a lemon yellow dress pressed against her legs and pink flip flops. Her long black hair was streaming behind. As she passed she gave me a 40 megawatt smile. I now she was a father's daughter but holy Jesus God she was a beautiful woman. And that's why sometimes it's good to get up early in the morning.

4. Here in Boston there is a local Thai who collects tribute from Thai restaurants. He makes the rounds once a week. He gets a free meal and then someone gives him a paper bag full of money. He came here years ago as a student and told everyone he had a connection to the royal family. He married a local woman so that he could get his citizenship papers. Then he divorced her. He never went back to Thailand and he never got a job. I think it stinks and I think he stinks and I think the Thai restaurant owners who buy into this nonsense are fools. And they all think

they are better than me because they are Thai and I am a Farang. What a world ...!

5. Sometimes it is just too easy—I check into the Parkway Hotel on Sukhumvit and 5 minutes later the phone rings. I figure it is the front desk so I answer the phone. It isn't the front desk, it is some Thai woman who just starts talking a blue streak. Finally I figure out that she thinks I am her boyfriend. Obviously. he has checked out without telling her. Now I am thinking fast. I tell her that I am a friend of his and that he had to go but he left a gift for her. If she comes over I'll give her the gift. I have a green silk bathrobe in the closet that I bought to give Noi at the Nana later that night. But Noi has just become plan B. Well, the blue streak comes over: I give her the robe, and we spend the afternoon bonking.

6. My girlfriend and I are watching an elephant show outside of Chiang Mai. It's pretty interesting. The elephants have done this a lot and like doing it and even the baby elephants are underfoot imitating their parents. The elephants are beating drums, and dancing, blowing on kazoos, etc. The show is well rehearsed and well presented; what could be more interesting. Just then my attention is drawn to a group of Thais and mahouts who are laughing so hard it looks like they might break ribs. Off to the side is an old retired elephant who isn't a part of the show. He's moving slow and has saggy wrinkled skin and his show days are over. And he is taking a giant dump. It looks like he hasn't taken a dump in a week. So much green stuff is coming out of his back end that it is forming into a little mountain. And it is still coming. And surrounding this mountain of shit are a bunch of German and Japanese photographers taking pictures. Nobody is taking pictures of the elephant show, but there is about $50,000 of equipment being used to memorialize this mountain of elephant crap. No wonder the Thais think we are all crazy.!

7. When I was in college my girlfriend's father died and she inherited parking lots and liquor stores in Manhattan. Suddenly she was rich. So she had a travel agent book her on a tour of Europe according to all the 4 star restaurants. Each to his own. If it was me I would travel the world buying hats and shoes. I love hats. So when I see the neat mahout hats that are offered in markets I want them. But Thais have small heads and the hats are tiny. More like for the children of westerners. Why can't the Thais figure this out. If they would just make the hats bigger they could double their sales. Oh well.

8. I'm starting to get my $100 bills exchanged at hotel lobby desks now instead of the currency booths. The exchange rate is not as favorable but the hassle factor is a lot less! The exchange booths (especially in Pattaya) are just getting stupid and ridiculous. If the bill has any defect of any kind including just being worn and tired looking because it has been in circulation they won't accept it. They only want the bills that are crisp and perfect and new looking. Aren't those the exact same characteristics that forgeries would have? I tried to explain their illogic to them once but it was hopeless. I'm intelligent, well educated, and well traveled. What contribution could I possibly make!? So if you have forgeries, go to a Thailand currency booth. They won't take my money—but they'll love yours.

9. The average Thai bargirl is a picture junkie. She loves to have her picture taken. And you like being a part of this also; so you will happily go through rolls of film taking her picture. And then you get the pictures developed, and then you get to look at them in the hotel room. So what you say! Well, when your little honey bunny is in the bathroom; have you ever gone through her purse? Do you know what you will not find? There are no pictures of her family (family is SO important in Thailand) and there are no pictures of her BABY. It's all about her.

12. Eight Little Stories

TT&A Part 2 31/7/2003

1. So it's 2:30 in the morning and I am too wired to sleep. So I leave the Nana, cross Soi 4, and end up around the corner on Sukhumvit. I'm just standing there. I got no plans. And then I hear it. The most wonderful sound in the world. "Sa Wa Dee Ka" You know the sound. The sound of a Thai female saying hello. The sound that can't be duplicated anywhere else in the world. The sound that we travel thousands of miles to hear. I turn around and there are two Thai girls sitting on the steps. Everyone is smiling. I go over and sit between them and put my arms around them. It seems they have a problem. They spent all their money at the Angels Disco and now they don't have enough money for cab fare to get home. "Well", I said: "I'm a rich American and I might have a solution to your problem!" (Yes, I really said that. It amused me to say it. So call the Feminist Police. I don't care!) Anyway, I turned to the one on my left who I rather fancied and suggested that if we went up to my room and did boom-boom for 500 Baht that they would have enough for cab fare. They didn't even pause but instantly starting talking in Thai behind me. Then they came back with a counter-offer. They didn't want to do that because the one that got left behind would get lonely. So their counter offer was that they would both come to my room, we would all take a shower together, and then they would both sit on the edge of the bed and …! I accepted their counter offer.

2. Sometimes it is just too easy. I'm checking into the Parkway Hotel and just to the right of the check-in counter is a woman sitting at a little lobby table. She is very attractive. She looks at me. I look back. She looks at me. You know the look. The look you don't necessarily deserve because you are not really that handsome or that rich. The look you NEVER get in your own

country. But often when you are checking into a hotel you have just gotten out of a cab, or off a plane, or a train and you are just dead-dog tired. Too tired, you tell yourself, for anything other than just checking in to the hotel. So when the check-in procedures were completed I picked up my bag and key, gave her another look, and went to the elevator. Ten minutes later there is a knock on my door. I open it. There she is. I'm tired. I'm so so tired. And in the part of town that I am in the women are like fleas, like locusts. I don't have to follow up on this. There will be another. OOPS! Too much time thinking. Now she is in the room. I close the door. I'm still not sure where this is going. I'm so tired. So I decide to accelerate the process to see what we got. I stand in front of her and strip naked. She knew what to do ...!

3. Some of the bars at the Nana are great and some of the bars at the Nana are really terrible. In almost all cases they are pokey little rooms run by Thais. And with an ignorance level that beggars comprehension these Thai owners and managers don't seem to understand that it would benefit their business to hire attractive woman. Fatties, porkers, elephants, the clumsy and unsmiling, stretch marks, shabby outfits, etc. If that is what you are looking for then go to these bars. Anyway, I went in to one of these places once and the hostess was really nice to me and whispered nice things in my ear. She was 42, had two grown kids, and her body was that of a 42 year old woman. Up on stage were half naked unsmiling girls. Later, after cruising all the other bars, I went back. The hostess smiled at me and whispered nice things in my ear. I barfined her. The expression on the faces of the stage girls was one of incredulity. They were stunned. But they still were not smiling at me. I took Na back to the Parkway hotel and we spent the night together. We slept together as if we had known each other for years. It was wonderful. I made the right choice.

4. Sometimes a different experience can cause you to alter an opinion somewhat. Let me give you an example: Buddhism has taken a little foothold in England. There are English people who have embraced the tenants of Buddhism and made it a central core of their life. They do not always get 100% acceptance from Thais, both lay and religious. I used to think that this was not only mean-spirited and unfair, and contrary to the teachings of Buddha, but also just completely unjustifiable and beyond understanding on every level. Then one day I was at the Wat Doi Suthep complex outside of Chiang Mai. My girlfriend and I were there getting interviewed by the monks, and have strings tied around our wrists, and walking around and around, etc. And on this particular day there were a lot of English lay Buddhists there. I guess they were making a pilgrimage or something. They were all wearing sarongs, and sandals, and fabric around their shoulders. And they were all huge. It seemed like they were all 6 footers. They looked huge, and clumsy, and bony, and out-of-place. Suddenly I could see them a little bit from the Thai's prospective.

5. Nothing is easier than dumping on the Thai taxis and the Thai taxi drivers. There isn't an easier target. Depending on your luck on any particular day you can be paired with the 'criminal', the 'retarded', the 'indifferent', the 'brainless', and of course the ever popular 'incompetent'. But I did have an interesting experience once. I flag down a taxi on Soi 4. I want to go to the Royal Palace. It's is going to be a long trip. I slide into the taxi and I am visually stunned by the interior. The driver has glued or pinned to every interior surface paper money and coins from his customers. There are examples of paper currency and of coins on the dash, the roof, the back of the seat, and the door sides. It is fantastic. And he is interesting. He likes his job and he likes his life and he likes his taxi. He speaks multiple languages and he can converse like a modern person. He knows how to get where I want to go

and he doesn't try to cheat me. I like him and I like the experience. He gets a tip.

6. I am finishing up with Lek. She is getting dressed and doing make-up. It is that awkward time after the deed and the money has been paid. She is doing something vaguely businesslike with her phone. And I say, "You are very professional." It was just one of those inconsequential, stupid things you say to fill the dead air space. She lights up like a candle. Big Smile. And then she says, "I business woman. I have guarantee." "Really," I hear myself say, "What is the guarantee?"

One shower, one boom-boom, one orgasm, one hour. Guarantee.

I now have her Email address. I look her up every time I go.

7. It's so easy to be politically correct and it is so easy to be wrong. I am in a village on the Burma border. The village is full of Burmese refugees that the Thai government doesn't recognise and won't help. And now the Burmese government won't take them back either. They can't leave the jungle. They can't even go into town. This has been going on now for three generations. So the isolation of these people is complete. It's like witnessing life 1000 years ago. I feel a little uneasy. It is so primitive and divorced from the modern world that it is spooky. Elephants have been brought in. We are going on an elephant tour through the jungle. There are mother elephants and baby elephants. And the children of the village are throwing baseball sized rocks at the baby elephants. And pulling on the baby elephants' ears. And trying to push the baby elephants over logs, etc. Oh, this doesn't look good. This looks wrong. This looks mean and cruel. This looks so politically incorrect. God, what stupid people. But this is my first exposure to elephants. And I notice after a while that these baseball sized rocks are bouncing off the baby elephants like ping-pong balls bouncing off cars. And the elephants aren't

running away. It's play. Understood by everybody. And the tour guide points out to me that the mother elephant is watching. If there is a problem, she'll solve it. I decide to just get in my elephant basket and shut-up!

8. I'm staying at a guest house on a lake. The construction of the buildings (rooms) is something that I have never seen before. All the walls and all the floors are round rocks set in concrete and then sealed with a clear sealant of some kind. It looks great, and it is cool, and it is obviously maintenance free, and it is attractive. But there is absolutely no place to hide money. Believe me; on the subject of hiding money in hotel rooms, I'm an expert. Gifted. And there is no way to hide money. I'm leaving the hotel for the day and I need a place to sequester my valuables. "No problem," says the hotel manager lady, "we have hotel safe here." So the next morning I go to the front desk with my travelers checks, credit cards, documents, passport, cash, etc. She shoves everything in a paper bag and throws it under the counter.

13. Six Little Stories

TT&A Part 3 31/7/2003

1. I'm at an elephant show with Chandee. I love elephants and I love elephant shows. So if you are my girlfriend we are probably going to go to an elephant show. The show is fun but she isn't too animated. She's Thai. She's seen elephants before. So she's sort of sulking. Then the elephants go away and they bring out an ox pulling an ox cart. Boring. I mean what have we got here. It's a box with a yoke plus two wheels and an axle. The ox looks like he couldn't spell ox and watching him pull the cart is like watching grass grow. Boring. An announcement is made. People can take an oxcart ride and have their picture taken. All of a sudden my sulker is up and leaping down the stands, pushing Japs and Germans and Danes aside. Under the fence, across the paddock, and slams herself into the cart. She turns and looks back at me as they take her for a ride. Boring. I just don't get it. Weren't there oxcarts in her village? She is smiling as if she just won the lottery. I go down to the fence and snap some pictures of her. Then I forget the whole thing.

A week later we are in Pattaya at the Pattaya Park Tower which has a restaurant on the 53 floor. She has me taking pictures of her at every window. She thinks that the view outside the window will be in the picture. I tried to explain that all that would be in the picture would be her posing in front of another window. But it was hopeless. So I took picture after picture of her in front of windows. She was beaming. Let's see, where have I seen that smile before? Then it hits me. Back in Chiang Mai at the Elephant Show. The oxcart ride wasn't about being pulled in a cart by an ox. It was all about having her picture taken. She's a picture junkie.

2. I'm staying at a lovely guesthouse on a hill overlooking a lake. It is very rural and very quiet and beautiful. It's a good place to go on the weekends to escape from the city and to get your heart rate to come down. It's my first afternoon there. I'm sitting in the sun/shade in front of my little cabin reading a book. It's been quiet. No one has been around. Then I start to notice young women. There is one on the veranda fluffing up cushions. There are three on the stairs to the shore sweeping with brooms. There is one setting a table. There are two on the lawn doing something. It's an invasion. It turns out that they are all high school girls and they have part time jobs at the hotel in the afternoons. Do I have to describe to any of the readers of this web site what Thai high school girls look like? And some of these little flirts are playing the "look at the man and then look away" game. I had planned to spend the afternoon visiting the temple at Three Pagoda Pass. I don't.

3. On my first trip to Pattaya I was booked into the Diamond Beach hotel for obvious reasons. On the way down in the bus I met an experienced guy who turned me on to the AA Hotel. He took me there, helped me check in, and got me a discount. This was one of the luckiest things to happen to me in Thailand. The hotel is simply fabulous in every way and a hidden gem. If you didn't know where to look you would walk right by the entrance. The only fly in the ointment is that the maids in the AA Hotel simply do not understand what the DO NOT DISTURB sign means when you hang it on your doorknob. They either knock on the door or just come right in. I have tried looking disgusted, perplexed, smiling, looking pissed, and showing them the card and explaining the meaning. It's a waste of time. If their inventory sheets for my room show that a towel has to be delivered or that the refrigerator is missing a Milky Way bar—they are coming in. And apparently they either have X-Ray vision or there are hidden cameras in my room—because they

ALWAYS come in when I am naked. ALWAYS. I was once so disgusted that I jerked open the door naked and stood there. She pushed past me, put some soda pops in the mini-bar, and then left. You'd think they were delivering plutonium. I imagine that when their inventory sheets for my floor are finally complete, that they notify the King at Government House. Room 6, floor 2 has his Milky Way bar. The nation is safe.

4. I like a little foreplay sometimes. Unless it is some short termer off the street, I still cling to the dream. Maybe this girl will like me. Maybe we will have something in common. With the language barrier it is a little hard to get a conversation going. Props help. You show her some stuff you bought. She shows you pictures of her girlfriends (boring). You go through the Thai-English-Thai dictionaries together. Etc. One day I thought it would be fun to have maps of the world and of Thailand. I could show her where I live and how I fly (get to) her country, and she could show me where she lives in Thailand. This would be fun. The perfect foreplay props. Where to buy them!? Now I am walking down Sukhumvit trying to puzzle out how to find these goofy items without it becoming too much of a hassle. I don't really want to be taking taxis all over town. It's too hot (April). And as God is my witness there near the Landmark is a Thai guy sitting on the curb with two maps for sale. They are big and they are laminated. One is of the World. And one is of Thailand. I buy them. Weird. Very, very weird.

5. I'm staying at the Vientai Hotel and I want to go to the Oriental. Geographically speaking they are very near each other. The Oriental is world famous and Thai famous and Bangkok famous. And any taxi driver will recognize the word Oriental now matter how badly mangled by a Dane or a German or an Aussie or me. This will be easy. Who said that? No, this won't be easy. It will be a fucking nightmare. I start out flagging down

taxis in front of the Vientai. Complete incomprehension. You would think I was asking to be taken to a crater on the back side of the moon. So I walk two blocks over to where there is a round-a-bout with a lot of traffic. This should increase my odds. Nada. Goose Egg, Nothing. Bupkus. Zero. I could walk to the hotel but no one in the taxi business ever heard of the world's most famous hotel in their neighborhood. I get an idea. I go back to the Vientai hotel and have one of the nice girls behind the front desk write Oriental Hotel in Thai on a piece of paper. Back to the round-a-bout. I show the paper and I show the paper and I show the paper to taxi drivers. You'd think I was asking a dog to decipher the Rosetta Stone. None of the taxi drivers read Thai ...! Then I get an idea so clever that I should receive the Nobel Prize for tourists. I go to a pharmacy and I buy a postcard that has a picture of the Oriental Hotel. The very first taxi driver takes me there.

6. We have all read about these big, big massage parlours where a man can receive lots of pleasure from a beautiful woman. It is an obligatory trip for a western sex tourist. I went. It was awful. The place was in Bangkok and it was one of the big places. I went in the afternoon but there were at least 35 women to choose from. The manager told me all the wonderful things that would happen to me. It's a big production with a nice sexual payoff. It's 3000 Baht. I pay. I'm in. I'm a player. Now I have to pick a girl. The problem is that I am short so I always want a short girl. Well, in the room the girls were in there was nothing to use as a point of reference. You really couldn't tell how tall the girls were. So I asked the manager to help me. He gets on the intercom and calls out a number. And here she comes. I nearly have a coronary. She is about four and half feet tall, shaped like an hourglass and half Thai-half Chinese. She is wearing a leopard skin dress and high heels. Her jet black hair is long. I haven't been near a woman like this in my entire life in the United States. Following her down

the hallway watching her naked rear twitch under the dress I am nearly catatonic.

So what happened. Nearly nothing. I didn't receive 95% of what I had been promised, or what I had paid for. And then she wanted a tip. She didn't get a tip. It turned out she was a man-hating lesbian who wanted to talk about her Japanese girlfriend. I went out afterwards to complain and to get my money back. And guess what? Nobody was around. The manager was gone. The front desk lady was gone. And the formerly smiley girls didn't know me. I left.

A few things here:

1. First of all these girls never pull this shit on their Thai clients because the Thai men don't take this crap and disrespect. We farangs are too nice and we aren't respected for it.
2. If I had had a good time I would have gone back over and over. This simple business concept is beyond the Thais.
3. I probably will not go to one of these big-production Thai bath houses again unless I get a good recommendation—preferably a particular girl. I would like to visit the bath houses in Pattaya on 2nd rd.—but I need something more than a promise from a manager.

14. The Men You Meet

TT&A Part 4 3/8/2003

It’s not just about the women you meet. It’s also about the men you meet. Once in the lobby of the Nana I found myself sitting across from an urbane, cultured, educated man. We got to talking. His name was Jim and he was from Chicago. Jim had been coming to Thailand for years. He also spent time in Angeles City, Philippines. He had a condo in Brazil. He was renting a house in Cambodia. He was on the road pretty much continually; rotating from house to condo to hotel. Sometimes he rented suites and set up photographer studios and took pictures of the girls.

The next day we shared a bus trip to Pattaya. He was taking some photos he had taken to the artists on Walking Street. The paintings would then be shipped to his condo in Brazil. He explained that the girls of Thailand were sexy, the girls of the Philippines were cute, and the girls of Brazil were erotic. I felt like an amateur. When we got to Pattaya he did me a favor and helped me check into the AA Hotel. I asked him why he pursued this lifestyle. He said, “I had a 2 year marriage and then I had a 7 year divorce. I decided it was Me Time.!”

* * *

Another gentleman I met was from Nepal. Nepal for Pete’s sake. Isn’t that the dirt poor country where they are eating snowballs and cherry sized potatoes? I mean who’s got enough money in Nepal for the airfare to Bangkok? I was in Pattaya and I was on the way to the Diamond Beach Hotel to check it out. I was going to get the staff to give me a tour of the rooms and the facilities before I made a commitment; blah, blah, blah. Mr Big shot. On the way up the steps to the hotel I see this 30ish guy, kind of foreign; just standing there with a look of benign happiness on his face. I ask him if he is staying at the hotel. "Yes he is." he says. I ask him what the level of service, security, etc is. He replies that it doesn't matter. Now the Diamond Beach Hotel is situated at the end of a soi that is packed with bars. The noise is deafening. It looks like Sodom and Gomorrah. I ask him why the level of service, etc don't matter. "Watch this." he says. He takes his wallet out, reaches in, and takes out a couple of Baht notes and waves them over his head. Instantly, three girls scream and run up to him. I go into the hotel and check in.

* * *

Once when I was a little green and new to the scene I went into the G-Spot at the Nana a little too early. They had not really opened up yet. The door was just open to let the girls in who were coming to work. The place was mostly empty. There were a few girls on stage, and there were bargirls and some wait staff. The airconditioning was on and blasting and without the compensating heat from 500 people it was cold as a freezer. And there sitting all alone at the bar was one single guy. I sat next to him. I turned to say hello and was startled. He looked wide-eyed, disoriented, in shock—maybe sick. It turned out he was from Scotland and this was his first trip away from Mom and Dad's farm, and his second day in Bangkok. And there wasn't anything in Scotland that looked like what he'd seen in the last 40 hours. The guy was disoriented. He was in shock. And he was one of the funniest guys I've ever met. We spent the next hour having giggle fits comparing the women of our respective countries to the beauties of Thailand. Normally, I don't drink and normally I don't go into bars to male bond. But I miss this guy.

* * *

I took Noi on a Beach and Boating tour to Ko Lan off Pattaya. We looked and acted like a couple. People remarked on it. We used to get special and nice treatment. Even young male Thais were nice to us. You'd think there would be some resentment towards me because I had one of their women. But even the least likely candidates for civility were nice to us. Part of the tour is that you get lunch. There is a shed with tables and benches. I was stepping over the bench to sit down to lunch when one of the tour guides taps me on the shoulder and says, "Not here." He had set up a special 2 place setting for Noi and I. We had our own waiter. We got treated special. He didn't have to do that. I got to talking to him later and found out he spoke 5 languages and traveled to many parts of the world. He had done 8 months in a monastery when there was a 'problem' in his personal life. He had a keen sense of how the different cultural groups (Indians, Danes, Aussies, Koreans, etc.) responded and how they had to be catered to. He was interesting, well spoken, intelligent. He was also wearing bare feet, shorts, and T-shirt. Normally, you wouldn't notice him or take notice. Just another generic, invisible Thai. It made me wonder what other interesting Thais I was missing out on.

* * *

I have a friend in Boston who helps me with my letters to girlfriends and other Thai-travel related issues. She is Thai and came here years ago as a Fulbright scholar. She now has two Masters degrees, a career, and an American husband. You can't imagine anything more the opposite of a Thai bar girl. One day she said that she had a good Thai friend in Pattaya and that I should look him up. She gave me his address and phone number and wrote out an introductory letter. It turns out he lives in one of the exclusive high-rise enclaves in North Pattaya. I go to visit. Just like my friend in Boston; he is civilized, educated, interesting, cultured. He was educated in Perth, Australia and his son now lives in Ohio. We spend hours talking. It's a shame to come here and just meet touts and tuk-tuk drivers.

* * *

It's afternoon and I am sitting at the bar at the Nana Hotel. Two seats down from me is an American ex-pat who is about 65 years old. He has been in Thailand for 40 years! I am so not in this guy's league it is not even funny. The TV is on and the news is eliciting comments from him about the Thai personalities and Thai politics and Thai current events, etc. This is really his country. But no one will ever really give him the key because he doesn't look right. The author, Christopher G. Moore, could learn from this guy. I would love to slide down two seats and introduce myself. I would like to listen and to learn. I'd like to be taken into his world. I 'd like to hear the stories. But I'm not qualified. I'm just a sex tourist. A short time adventurer. I don't have any social currency. Not even with this farang.

15. Sixteen Stories About Saying “No”

TT&A Part 5 6/8/2003

Years ago I signed a two year contract to work for a U.S. based construction company in Jeddah, Saudi Arabia. I was at that green adult stage where I wanted to please and be well liked. I said “Yes” a lot. Upon going through immigration in Jeddah myself and two associates were approached by five guys who said they had a taxi waiting and they would take our bags. We said “Yes”. They grabbed the bags and started running. Out of the terminal into the night. It was two in the morning. When we finally found them, the bags were locked in the trunk of the car. We had to pay a ‘fee’ to get them back. All this grief and money lost would not have occurred if we had just said “NO”. Following are some experiences of mine in Thailand where the best thing to say was (is) “NO”.

1. I’m in a bus about 6 miles from the Burma border. The newspapers and the TV have been talking about Burma/Thai cross border violence. People are shooting at each other. It is my first trip to Thailand. I am riding in the front of the bus because the view is better and the suspension is better. The bus starts to slow. I look up. I see figures darting and a tree across the road. The bus stops. A man steps through the open bus door and climbs the steps. He is holding a handgun. Words to the driver. The driver turns off the engine. The guy then stands up on the seat next to me. I notice he hasn’t got splayed toes and dirty sandals. He is wearing military issue boots. And they are shiny. He just stepped out of the jungle and his boots are shiny. He isn’t wearing a uniform. He isn’t talking. He steps down off my seat and walks VERY slowly up the aisle making eye contact with every non-farang. I’m thinking this is way too much tourist trekking adventure for me. His bus visit over, he leaves. The tree is dragged away. We proceed. I breath.

The next day I am in some no-name cross-roads market trying to buy ice cream from a vendor. The Thai next to me says something in English. I respond. We talk. It turns out that he was in the U.S. Air Force for 12 years and he has retired to his village. He invites me to his home. "Where do you live?" I say. He points three quarters up the mountain that rises right behind the village. High up. Remote. Isolated. There will be a shack on a dirt road deep in the jungle. I don't even know how to say "Please help me!" in Thai. I think of the day before. The guy on the bus with the gun. I say "No".

2. One day I'm walking down Sukhumvit and an attractive Thai woman falls in step with me. She's got painted toes and those black, strappy, sexy shoes I like. She's dressed and she's confident and she's a player. I'm interested. She's wearing a T-shirt with the sleeves cut off. Big sleeve holes. No bra. On no! I can see her breasts. STRETCH MARKS. That means stretch marks everywhere. I say "NO".

3. Noi and I are cruising the Night Market at Chiang Mai. It's more than and better than I expected. But to her it is just same-same. Then she spots the side street that is all food. This woman is four and half feet tall and about 40 kilograms. She eats like a shark, a beast, a machine. I've never seen anything like it. She spots a favorite item that is apparently hard to find in Bangkok. Fried worms. They come in very big cellophane packages. That's a LOT of fried worms. She picks up FOUR packages. I do a quick calculation. In no way do we have enough room in our (that means my) pack, and in no way can this sexy beast consume all these worms here in Chiang Mai, and most probably the other three packages are for her 'sisters' and of course I am paying for it. Additionally, she wasn't that great in bed last night. I say 'NO".

4. I'm in the Patpong Night Market and it is the usual bedlam. A person being chased could disappear in a second. A pretty street

vendor woman wants to put on my gold nugget watch just to “... see how it looks.” I say “NO”.

5. Toy and I hit the street in front of the AA Hotel in Pattaya. I have just paid her 1500 Baht upstairs. Across from the hotel is a little hair salon place. She wants to get her hair done. She holds out her hand for more money. I say “NO”.

6. Lek and I are going home in a taxi from the Golden Buddha. We are passing a park. There is a big national kite festival going on. I love kites. We stop. We walk around looking at kites. I take pictures of her posing in front of kites. It is hot. There is a Thai selling iced soda pops. He charges Lek 10 Baht. He asks me for 20 Baht. I say “NO” and give him 10 Baht. He takes it.

7. This is a no-brainer even for newbies. You’ve done the deed and the bill has been paid. At the door she turns and asks for taxi fare. “NO”.

8. I’m with Wan in Pattaya. Wan is from the Northeast and has the most dramatic skin reaction to the sun I have ever seen. If she gets direct sunlight not only does her skin darken but she gets two black patches under her eyes that make her look as if she had been slapped twice with a black paintbrush. Under NO circumstances is this woman going in the sun. Across from the AA Hotel is a vendor that sells women’s bathing suits. Wan has never gone swimming in her adult life and she isn’t going to go swimming (go out in the sun) for the rest of her life. She tells me she wants me to buy her three bathing suits, and she doesn’t want the sales girl to take them out of the packages, and she doesn’t want to try them on, and she doesn’t seem that concerned with size or color. Then it hits me. Tomorrow as soon as my minibus takes me back to Bangkok, these suits are coming back for a cash refund. I say “NO”.

9. Often when you have a travel service book you a plane trip to another Thai city they will also try to book into a hotel in that city. You pay them cash and they give you a voucher for the hotel. When you get to your new hotel you show them the voucher. You have paid in advance. Don’t do it. Because sometimes the new hotel doesn’t have a record of the transaction; etc, blah, blah, blah, blah ... You end up paying twice. Now when travel agents run this voucher thing past me, I just say “NO”.

10. This one is a pip. I don’t care how long you have been an ex-pat, this is a new one. I go to the Hog’s Breath bar in Nana to pick up Noi. We’ve done this a lot. I used to pick her up at the Bottom’s Up bar but she quit. So now she works at a different bar, Hog’s Breath. I pay the barfine at the Hog’s Breath and we leave. On the way down the stairs she says she would like to visit some of her friends in her old bar, the Bottom’s Up. So we go in and sit down. And after a few minutes she turns to me and says, “You pay barfine for me?” She wants (expects) to get barfines in both bars. I say “NO”.

11. If this has never happened to you; then you are either a rapist or the light is broken in your hotel room. You pick up a woman off the street. She looks OK. You are not looking for much. You just want to pound meat. And then she takes her clothes off. Holy fucking Jesus Christ she is horrible looking. You say “NO”.

12. You finally get to the God damned country after 30 hours of layovers and long flights. Then there is the immigration line, waiting for baggage, nothing-to-declare line, currency exchange, and taxi-cab line. You get in the taxi and you are off. Is it over. It’s just begun!. You have officially entered the war-zone. How you behave in the next 30 minutes will determine your character. At the very first toll booth the driver tries to pocket the extra change. I fight him for it. I’m like a terrier backed into a corner.

I'll die fighting in this cab right now rather than let this little fucker pocket my change. I say "NO".

13. I'm besotted with a woman so I am about to buy her a nice silver choker necklace in an expensive hotel gift shop. I don't bargain too hard because I am mentally unbalanced by my state of infatuation for this bar girl. I'll give it to her tonight in the bar. It'll be a big hit. The other girls will cheer and scream and Noy will smile and I will feel better than I have ever felt in my own country. This is great. Because I didn't bargain too hard on a high mark-up item I know there is plenty of profit in the transaction for the store. I ask them to gift wrap it. They tell me there is a gift wrap charge. I say "NO". They refuse to budge. I walk.

14. Wan and I have agreed that tomorrow we will go to the River City Shopping Center so that I can get some crocodile shoes and then we will go see the Golden Buddha which is something she wants to do. It's all arranged and scheduled and agreed upon. The next day she shows up late. Now there is no time for my shoes. And she shows up with a girlfriend. The girlfriend isn't smiling and I am not introduced. I get a taxi for Wan and I to go to the Golden Temple and the girlfriend automatically gets in. Apparently she (they both) thinks that I am automatically going to squire the girlfriend around on my 'date' with Wan and of course pay the bill. I get out of the taxi. There is a stand-off on the sidewalk. Finally I win. It is me and Wan, or nothing. Wan asks me for 250 Baht 'taxi' money so that her girlfriend can get home. I say "NO".

15. Noi and I are coming back from a day spent 'touring' around Chiang Mai. The tour guide has been great. What could ruin it? He asks us if we can detour to his child's school so that he can pick her up. In the euphoria of a happy day I almost say yes. But I have had many, many experiences with simple things going wrong and suddenly getting very complicated. I decide to keep to

the plan. I am the customer. We have paid our money and have a contract. It’s best to finish out the contract by just taking us back to our hotel. I say “NO”.

16. I go into the Rainbow 1 bar in Nana Plaza and see a woman that you almost never see in these bars. An Alpha woman. The reason you almost never see them is that they are barfined with two minutes of showing up for work and then they are gone. Their passport is stamped with trips to Denmark and Australia and Germany and Saudi Arabia and Hong Kong and Korea. They use the bar as a mail drop and payroll center. They are almost never there. I sit down next to her. I am temporarily blind. I am about to burst because I have stopped breathing. And I am coaching myself in my head. “Come on Dana. Act like a man. Speak to her” I finally manage to say “Hi”. She is no conversationalist. I am dirt. I soldier on. I ask to barfine her. She agrees (with the enthusiasm you feel about going to the dentist). It takes her so long to get dressed that I figure I’ve been stiffed. I’ve had to wait so long for her that I have turned the event into philosophy. “Even if things don’t go well at the Nana” I tell myself: “At least I’ll get to see her naked. That’s more than most men can even dream about.” Finally she shows. We leave the bar and start to walk out and across the street to the Nana. But before we get as far as the motorcycles at the entrance, she stops me and points upstairs. No BG at the Nana has ever done this to me before. She doesn’t want to go to my hotel room. She wants to go to one of the short-term rooms. I smile and try to ‘sell’ her on us going to the Nana Hotel. She isn’t having it. She points upstairs again. And she ain’t smiling. So, I get it. She doesn’t want to earn the money. She just wants to cycle me in and out as soon as possible. I know from experience that in that short-term room that I won’t get what I paid for and I won’t get a smile and I won’t have a good time. She’s picked on the wrong guy. I know too much. I turn to her and I say something to her that no man has said to her since she was fourteen years old. I say “NO”.

16. Thirteen Little Stories

TT&A Part 6 13/8/2003

1. I am standing in front of a huge mother elephant. This is only a good idea if she thinks it is a good idea. She could kill me in an instant. Everyone else has gotten up on their elephants by using a ladder for tourists. But I have been chosen out of the crowd to somehow climb up over the elephant's face. I get this a lot—being chosen for goofy things. I imagine it is because I am so capable and athletic looking. It's probably because I look stupid. Anyway, the deal is that I put my foot somewhere on her trunk and then I climb up over her face. I love elephants. If the mahouts and touts would meet me at the airport I would sign up right away. But I've also learned a few things. First, elephants look slow and ponderous; but they can spin on a dime. Second, they have big big smart brains. Whatever you are thinking, they are probably ahead of you. Third, when they strike it is your last surprise. Mahouts are killed with regularity. My mahout senses my caution and says, "No problem." I look at the elephant. She looks at me. I imagine scraping my foot across her mouth, or sticking my knee in her eye, or slipping at the top and grabbing for her ear. But I'm on the fence. I might do this. Then I look at her left eye. And all of a sudden I feel as if I can travel right through her eye, up the nerve bundle to the brain, and into her brain. And I can hear what she is saying to herself. And this is what I hear—"Go ahead you little stupid fucking puke; try and climb up my face. Go ahead, asshole; I dare you!" I walk around to the tourist ladder and climb up with the fat ladies.

2. I'm in a long tail boat going across a huge lake. We have to cross the lake in the early, misty morning and then go up a narrow river to a village. People are expecting us. The boats engine coughs, wheezes, and dies. It has run out of fuel. There isn't any extra fuel. We are in the middle of a watery nowhere.

The Thai driver curls up and goes to sleep. We drift. Forty minutes later, another boat appears. Fuel is exchanged. No one at the village has left without us. Thais have a different sense of time.

3. I'm in the jungle on an elephant tour. We are in extremely remote jungle near the Burma border, but the path is used regularly. I notice that the path has been burned off on either side. All the underbrush is gone. Just charred earth. This isn't agriculture. It seems senseless and time intensive. I can't get anyone to tell the tourist why this has been done. Then it hits me. Snakes. It is done so that everyone, elephants and people, can spot snakes. I am very happy to be in the elephant basket.

4. I go into a transvestite bar just 'to see'. I am green. Instantly, three gorgeous trannies grab me, throw me on a couch and assault me. Two pull down their tops and are rubbing their breasts in my face. The third has her hand in my pants. I start to get a hard-on. Now they want 1500 baht to 'do me'. It's all too much, too fast. I leave.

5. Elephants again …! I once read an article that circus elephants can't go up an incline more than 17 degrees. So the circus people have to make sure that in every city that they go to that the ramps into the arenas aren't more than 17 degrees. Well, I'm on an elephant tour and we come to a river. The river bank drops straight down. Down go the elephants. Up in the basket I have my feet planted on the front rail and my back arched over the back rail. I am almost vertical. On the other side the bank wasn't as steep but it was no pansy-assed 17 degrees either. I think these circus elephants have fooled circus management and they are probably having a big elephant laugh over it.

6. I go into the Royal Gardens Mall on Beach St. in Pattaya. They have a nice shoe store. They have nice crocodile shoes. They are

not custom crocodile quality but considering that it is a shoe store in a mall, the shoes are nice. Good price and I can't get them in the states. A stunning Thai girl asks if she can help me. I ask for my shoe size in a wide width. The Earth stops spinning. Incomprehension. Now I am pantomiming. She is getting that frightened look. Another piece of sex candy arrives to help. Still no progress. The manager comes over. A light dawns. The shoes aren't made in widths. One width, Thai width, only. I leave. Too bad. I'd have bought a lot of shoes.

7. Next to the Nana Entertainment Plaza in Bangkok, one of the most well known Red Light districts in the world, is a woman who sells magazines and newspapers on the sidewalk. She's got a big business. 95% of her customers are in the sex business. You go into the bars behind her and you buy your Viagra and antibiotics and condoms across the street. I ask her if she has any porno magazines. Porno with Thai models. She acts surprised and slightly shocked. I get the impression that I am supposed to feel that I thought, or did, or said something inappropriate. Please ...! Give me a Break ...!

8. I go to my first 2nd floor Patpong whorehouse. I'm a newbie. The place is horrible and slightly scary, the girls are not too appealing. One girl is sitting in the bleachers crying. I'm short and there is nothing for me. I have to leave the next morning. I won't get a second chance. Before this, I spent 8 days on a politically correct trekking tour where I couldn't even look at a woman or the feminist guide from Melbourne would call the police. I'm about to leave.

Then I hear a door shut and I turn around. Out steps an Isaan stunner in an empire waist dress and heels. Her breasts are spilling out the top. She's about 4' 8" tall. My vacation is saved.

9. I take Noi on a trip to Chiang Mai. I look into the all night train from BKK to Chiang Mai. It's 14 hours. I'll get a first class cabin. But wait a minute. If Noi and I spend 7 hours sleeping, there is still another 7 hours to account for. Too boring. Too long.

So instead I book us on a plane trip. It's only an hour. Noi has never been on a plane ever. Never taken off, never landed, never looked out the window and seen the Earth below. Never been exposed to all this wonderful miracle technology. I give her the window seat. Do you know what she liked the most? Do you know what made the biggest impression on her? Do you know what she found captivating? The seat-back fold-down table. She must have lowered and raised the seat-back fold-down table at least 15 times. And we think of marrying these children!? Are we nuts?!

10. I'm somewhere west of Kanchanaburi at a monastery. There is a cave with a Buddha. You can go in. Sitting in the cave off to the right is an elderly monk. He is smoking cigarettes. One after the other. Hour after hour. Year after Year. He isn't friendly, or accommodating, or smiling, or informational. He isn't even connected. He probably does an 8 hour shift. And when he isn't smoking cigarettes, he is chewing betel nut. His rotten, colored teeth are stumps. Betel nut is a narcotic. Cigarettes are addictive. This guy is a drug addict masquerading as a philosopher in orange. I decide I'm OK. I'll just stick to being me. I'll be a good, quiet, generous, open minded tourist. But I'll be a careful buyer.

11. Lek and I are in a tuk-tuk. Normally, I would never do this alone because tuk-tuk drivers are a criminal underclass that is tolerated by Thai society for cultural reasons. The Thais know how to use the service but no one else should. But Lek is doing the talking so I assume I am somehow protected and it will be OK. It is negotiated as a 20 baht ride. When we get to our

destination, I give the driver a 50 baht note. Now the game starts. He can' t find the change. But he has picked on the wrong guy. I have already lost interest in Lek so face is not an issue. And I am on vacation, so time is not an issue. I just sit back and wait. I can sit there until the sun goes down. I don't give a fuck. Eventually, this elderly guy finds the change. As I am climbing down he slaps me in the face. I don't retaliate. He knows I can't. Farangs have no rights. Not even the right to defend ourselves. Would he have done this to a Thai? Of course not, he would have ended up dead.

The experience reminded me of a recurring dream. There is a wonderful Civil War novel called Andersonville by Bruce Caton. It chronicles a civil war prisoner of war camp. The camp became a Darwinian theatre where the strong preyed on the weak. As soon as you entered the camp, the predators and the bullies would strip you of your clothes and possessions. Every day after that was a fight for life. One day on a given signal, all the weak and the wounded and the disenfranchised and the dispossessed rose up and beat the crap out of the bullies. It was a planned en mass uprising that completely changed the social dynamic. My recurring dream is that someday all the farangs rise up on a given signal, and beat the crap out of the Thai nearest them.

12. When you go to the Royal Palace you should buy a paper umbrella. They sell them across the street. Inside the walls of the palace is always suffering hot. And the glare off the buildings can be blinding. So everyone wears sunglasses. And by wearing sunglasses they deprive themselves of what they came to see. Part of the architectural wonder of the Royal Palace is the tiles and paints and gems(?) on the walls. With the reflection from the sun, the decorated walls are fabulous. But if you mute the effect with sunglasses you miss everything. Buy a paper umbrella.

13. I'm on a trekking tour. I don't really know where we are. We are waiting for a train that will take us to Kanchanaburi. We are in the middle of nowhere and it is blistering hot. We wait 3 hours. We wait under the shade of an outdoor restaurant. Lying on the benches. Panting like dogs. The train comes and stops. We scramble across tracks and sharp pea gravel and help each other on board. The train is unbelievably hot. No comforts. No fans. No air-conditioning. All the windows are broken. Nothing but bare steel. And it is slow. It ambles. Men walking to the hangman's noose move faster. But I start to get into it. Little things lose meaning. Time slows down. I can feel the warm steel on my bare feet. I even like the dirt. I am regressing. Simplifying. Stripping down to essentials. It is the hot season. The fields are bare and brown. You can't tell the tapioca fields from the other fields. It all looks the same. A woman comes by selling food. I buy a beer and some mystery meat on a stick. Sticking my head out the window is delicious, like a dog riding in a car. There are two Japanese girls on the tour. College girls. Virgins. They are sticking their heads out the windows and taking pictures of each other. I walk up beside one, put my arm around her waist, and smile for her friend with the camera. I can feel the girl's abdominal muscles cramp and flex beneath my hand. But she doesn't move. I can feel her yearning flowing into me. Everyone is laughing. I love being a tourist.

17. Five Short Stories

TT&A Part 7 13/8/2003

1. I am in a state of euphoria. I love elephants and I am going on an elephant ride and I am about to do the 'step-over'. The 'step-over ' is what you do to get into an elephant basket. Instead of ladders, this operation has built elevated platforms. They bring the beasts in next to the platforms, like trucks being brought in under grain chutes. The tourists are loaded from the top. You 'step-over' the basket rail to get in. It's me and two old ladies. The Thais are friendly and the sky is blue. What could go wrong.

My elephant is huge! Much, much bigger than all of the other elephants. I know that African elephants are even bigger than Asian elephants but this mother is huge. Dinosaur huge. Dominant huge. 'Ain't takin' no shit' huge. I'd like to see the big boy that could handle this honey bunny. Think of a Sherman tank with a vagina. And her baby is coming along.

This trip is going to be great. We amble along through the jungle for a while. It will be slow and dignified with time to pass the camera around to take pictures. The two old ladies and I will become friends. Then we stop and take an oxcart trip around a village. It will be even slower and even more relaxing with charming village children running alongside and smiling and laughing. Then back on the elephants. More slow ambling followed by a splashy scenic river crossing. Then home to the clearing and up to the disembarking platform. Minutes after leaving the loading platform, someone throws a cosmic switch and the program changes! The sky becomes grey and then black and then purple. Monkeys and birds shut up. Mama is flapping her ears but it's not 'cause she's hot. The hairs standing up on the back of her neck look like toothpicks. Then the heavens open up and down it comes. Not heavy rain. Or really heavy rain. Or raining ‘cats and dogs’ rain. It is pissing down. Imagine heaven full of ten million elderly men just pissing on you. The baby elephant stops screwing around and falls in behind her mother. Then the forks appear. Forks of lightening. Quickly followed by the sound of thunder. Cracks like bullwhips and the smell of ozone. And Mama takes off. No more ambling. She is running. The mahout sitting on her head is jabbing her behind the ears with his feet and sticking her in the head with his steel hook but it is a waste of time. Mama is going home. And it looks as if she is taking shortcuts. The path disappears. We are bashing and crashing. We burst out of a rain squall like a liner on the Grand Banks. Ahead is the village. Waiting are the oxcarts and the oxcart guys. Some are holding the noses of the oxen and some are squatting under the carts smoking cigarettes. One look at the tank with a vagina and they scatter like chickens. “Fuck the oxcart ride.” says Mama. We streak through the village. No begging kids today I guess. More jungle bashing and crashing. One old lady is crying. The other old lady is screaming. I am grinning. The mahout has his knees jammed behind the elephants ears and he is just hanging on. Up ahead is the river. Mama slides down the muddy bank and splashes in. Don’t close your eyes or you’ll miss it. We are across and she is pounding up the bank. You can smell the ozone in your nose and the whole world has gone black and white with the on and off of lightening flashes. The two ladies and me are being pounded to bits in the basket. I look back and can’t see the baby. Minutes later we burst into the clearing and she brings us up to the loading platform. As we are unloading, I see her crane her head and her neck and look behind her. The baby is staggering in.

2. It’s unbelievably hot and humid. Bangkok hot and humid. April in Bangkok hot and humid. And I am in Chinatown. The most hot and humid place in the most hot and humid city and in the hottest month. A place God sends people just to punish

them. It is so hot and so humid and so crowded and so stupid and so noisy and so filthy that it almost defies description. I figure the reason I don't see more people is because all the others have just killed themselves. I would. If you think I am exaggerating, do this the next time you are in Chinatown in Bangkok. Pick any main or side street. Your choice. You know; a typical street, where the shops are at the street level and the people live above the shops. Look up at the windows of the rooms and the apartments where the Chinese people live. Do you know what you will not see? AIR CONDITIONERS. That's right. These filthy, retrogressive humanoids are so cheap they won't even buy air-conditioners for their babies, and children, and families, and elderly, and sick. Now someone is going to Email me and tell me I am an ignorant Westerner who doesn't understand the greater world and these people's poverty. Bullshit. They've all got money in the bank. It is a point of pride with them. Their private or public bragging story. Their only accomplishment in lives that will be instantly forgotten. And like all Asians the world over they love to tell the westerners about their love for their children and their families. As if they had stumbled across the wheel of human emotion and meaning and love. As if somehow Asians had a special gift or desire or intent to love their families and offspring more than other peoples. Hey, I've got an idea. After you've had your firecracker holiday, and your new moon festival, and your blessing the chickens fiesta; why don't you have a BUYING AN AIR CONDITIONER FOR THE FAMILY holiday …!

3. I've got my free breakfast coupon and my 'long-time' honey bunny and I'm at the buffet at the Nana Hotel. And I am pretty full of myself. I hope everybody is looking at me and taking note of a real man. Yessiree, I spent the night with this woman who is next to me and we had sex. I am a real man. A couple of minutes later, I happen to look over Na's shoulder and I see a Frenchman

who appears to be about 60 having breakfast with TWO women. And I realize with a jolt that I have seen him having breakfast with two woman every morning this week. Suddenly I feel diminished. Because I have already looked within myself and taken inventory and I realize that I couldn't handle two women. Who is this guy? How does he do it? What exactly goes on? How does he do it? And if he can do this now, what the heck was he like when he was 25? Fucking Christ, there is always a bigger story. Always someone to burst your balloon. Then I spot Na playing with her food and I settle down. What difference does it make. Right now with Na here at the Nana hotel in Bangkok I am on the top of the Mount Everest of my life. That's all that counts.

4. Some moments are Magic Moments. Personal. Untranslatable to others. But meaningful to ourselves. One of my magic moments always occurs on the second day I arrive in BKK. I leave the Nana and start down Sukhumvit headed towards the crossover bridge. The heat and the humidity and the noise and the squalor and the people and the beggars and the women are all new and all familiar at the same time. I feel like I'm home. And I am headed for the bookstore on the other side of the street. It is small and crowded, but also complete and friendly. I used to buy cards for girlfriends there and the girl clerk would help me by writing lover's messages in Thai. I go in and I buy the Post and the Nation and a Thai picture book of some kind. I buy some Thai fashion magazines and Thai youth oriented magazines and some farang magazines. I buy the Pattaya Mail. I buy five or six paperback books by Thai based or Thai themed authors. I buy postcards and maybe a Phuket video. And then I stagger out of the store with all this stuff—this completely trivial tourist loot—in bags. And I am happy. I am back in Thailand. It is a personal moment.

5. I am staggering around the streets of Chinatown. I am doing this because I believe most of what I read, and every tourist book I read on BKK tells me that I should go to Chinatown. It is exotic. It is charming. It is unique. It is the Old World preserved. Blah. Blah. Blah. Well, I wish the faraway authors of these tourist books were here right now so that I could reach out and strangle them. Because the Chinatown that I am wandering around in is not friendly or accommodating, not connected to the planet earth in any meaningful or interesting way, and not remotely knowledgeable about how to display and sell goods. These people have been merchants for 500 years and have apparently learned nothing. I am trying hard to have a good time but I am not really having a good time. The only reason I don't leave is that I have been lost for the last hour. I am doing circles. Then I spot a store that looks interesting. It's display window is full of things that might interest me. I go in. It is a shotgun store. A blast through the front door would go right out the rear door. Sitting in the back room a woman is watching TV. She comes out. No hello. No smile. No head bob. No eye contact. Nothing. She is 30ish. Could be attractive. Dressed Chinese poor. You get the impression she has been wearing the same underpants for five years to save money. I start to look around. The place is stuffed with 'stuff'. The display cases and counter tops and walls and floors of this little shop are stuffed with stuff. I see something in a case I would like to see. She can't find the key. Undisturbed dust is on everything. She finds the key. But she can't get the door open because twenty-five other things are in the way. They have never been moved. It is a little jackknife. Now that I am holding it in my hands I can see that it is just junk. And the price looks as if someone is on crack. I ask to see something on the wall. She can't find the stepladder. It takes so long to get the item off the wall that I can feel my hair growing longer. Another piece of junk. I try to get to something I see on the floor in the corner.

Getting to it is like threading my way through a minefield. No help from old underpants. Then it hits me. I have a revelation. It hits me like a plank in the face. THEY DON'T EVER SELL ANYTHING. They don't want to sell anything. Nothing here is really for sale. This isn't really a store. She is just waiting in her patient Chinese way for me to leave. What was that place …! ?

18. Another Eight Little Stories

TT&A Part 8 15/8/2003

1. I'm on a trekking tour and we are visiting a Karen village in western Thailand. These people are refugees without status. They have a sad story. Through cooperative behavior they manage to survive. We watch a weaving demonstration, they dance for us, and then we visit the school. When I step into the school I am stunned. There so many, many children. This village is really a village in name only. Mostly it's just a hiccup on the side of the road. And EVERY woman is churning out kids on a yearly basis. There is no concept of responsible family or fiscal planning, no notions regarding birth control. It is dispiriting. My sympathy starts to wane. I show the kids how to make and fly paper airplanes. It becomes happy childish bedlam. The air is filled with paper airplanes and happy kids. We hand out fruit we have bought as gifts. Then I notice him. One of the children (a boy) has no pants. His mother didn't care enough about him to send him to school with pants. He is naked. The teacher doesn't care enough about him to get him some pants. Lots of kids. Not enough love. And there are way too many kids for one teacher. There is no teaching going on. The school is just a holding tank until mom and dad get home.

When I get home to the US I buy a large laminated map of the World and a large laminated map of Thailand and I ship them to the tour guide and the trekking company. I ask the guide to take the maps with her on her next visit and to please see that the teacher mounts them on the wall. And to show the kids where Thailand is and where their village is. And to mount the maps at floor level so that the children will have them at eye level.

On my next trip to Bangkok I stop into the organization's office in the Vientai hotel to find out if they put up the maps.

NOTHING WAS DONE. These right thinking, holier-than-thou, Greenpeace, politically correct, obnoxious simps hadn't done anything. And the kids still don't know anything. And the teacher still has nothing to teach. And the unloved little boy is probably still in class with no pants.

2. Across from where I stay in Bangkok is an ice cream girl selling that Italian ice cream. I'm hooked. I go out of my way to buy from her. The ice cream is fabulous. And as we exchange the money and the cup she tips her head and smiles. It's the smile I fly half way around the world for. The smile I never get in the US. One day I had my camera so I took her picture.

Now we fast forward a week. Noi and I have just picked up our photo album of pictures. We will look at pictures of ourselves in the hotel room. I have forgotten that I took the picture of the ice cream girl. In the hotel room, when her picture shows up; we are both surprised. I explain it all to Noi. There is no reaction. Twenty minutes later I am leafing through the photo album and the ice cream girl is gone. The picture is missing. I never saw Noi do it. Women should be secret agents. I never even saw her. Amazing.

3. I am in the entrance of the Nana Plaza and I see a small perfect woman in front of the Buddha. She is offering fruit and flowers and burning incense and her hands are together. I fall in love. I follow her up the stairs to the second floor. I'd have followed her over a cliff. I'd have crawled over glass with my ass on fire to get to her. I am naming our kids. She goes into the Cathouse bar. I order a drink. When my drink comes I turn around. She is in the arms of a drunken soccer lout. He is an ignorant pig and she seems content. My heart breaks. Why can't these stupid women see that I'm the one. I'm the man. I'm X marks the spot. I'm it. I'm the buried treasure. I'm their every dream. I'm their future! Do I have to know soccer scores and dirty words to get their

attention? I leave the bar. I go out to the soi to get some chicken breasts and some fruit. It's hot and dark and crowded and noisy and filthy. I stand there eating brazed chicken breasts and watermelon slices. I'm spitting seeds and smiling. I have already forgotten her. I love it here. When I finish the chicken; I wipe my hands on my pants and go into another bar.

4. Where I live in Boston every other person that you meet has more degrees than a thermometer factory. Harvard University is here and MIT and Northeastern University and Boston College and Boston University ... etc. Everyone is smarter than me and they don't mind taking time out of their busy day to tell me how smart they are. And a lot of them have studied Urban Development and City Planning and Infrastructure Analysis and City Social Dynamics, etc; blah, blah, blah ...! But not one of these Brainiacs can answer this question—The urban aneurysm known as Bangkok has eleven million people and no public restrooms. Where does everyone go to the bathroom? If you just take Sukhumvit from Soi 4 to Soi 23 as an example of any representative part of the city, the number of people on the streets is staggering. Which means that when you are outside on the streets, you should be overpowered by the smell of urine and of feces. I mean, people gotta go. But you are not overpowered by this smell. If there was any excess human despoilment the sun would cook it. It would be obvious. But even though BKK can be faulted for a lot of visual and audio and olfactory pollution, no one ever complains about this. Can anyone explain this to me!?

5. I am walking down Soi 11 on the way to my tailor's. You can't walk on the sidewalk because it is choked with sidewalk food vendors. So you are forced into the street. It is a narrow street and the cars go too fast. There is no room to make an error. I make an error. I am too much in the street. As a car goes by the

side mirror smashes into the back of my elbow. The force is so gunshot quick and great that it nearly throws my whole arm out of my shoulder joint. But there is no damage because my arm and elbow was moving forward at the time of impact. If my elbow had been moving back at the time of impact, it would have been smashed into a hundred pieces. Timing is everything. So now I have been christened. I have been struck in Bangkok traffic. I am slowly but inexorably moving up that curve from tourist to experienced tourist. Ahead on the curve is tourist who can say 100 things in Thai. Then Farang that gets cheated less often. And finally; OLD MAN. So if you are a newbie who just gotten off the plane, don't mess with me. I've learned how to squat without falling in; and I've been hit in Bangkok traffic. We are not equal.

6. I am walking down Walking Street in Pattaya and I am green. It is my first time. The girls in the open air bars are shouting out. It is early, about 9pm. Not too crowded. I step up to a bar. A woman serves me and starts to talk to me. Her name is Mel. She is really pretty. Her hair is long with tight waves, kind of Polynesian style. Her body is all curves. After a while I realize that all the questions that she has been asking me (Where you from?—Where you stay?—You on business or pleasure?—You single or married?—etc.) are the standard hooker questions. Boy was I a dunce. I thought she was just a bartender. I barfine her. 200Baht. We go to the AA Hotel. I am a little unsure. She could have so easily taken advantage of me but she doesn't. I'm kind of inept and not too experienced at this and probably a little boring, but she just goes with it. She is gentle and loving and I don't hear the word "NO". When we are done she asks if I would like her to stay the night. I am unsure of myself and unsure of the 'game' so I say "No". Boy what a mistake. As she is walking away from the hotel, she turns and smiles at me. I wave back and smile and the little hairs on the back of my neck stand up. That is

God's way of telling me that I just made a huge mistake. I had the biggest fish of my life in the boat and I threw it back. No wonder God visits so many plagues and woes on mankind. He is probably disgusted. If I am an example; we are unbelievably stupid.

Six months later I am back in Pattaya and I am a man on a mission. I have the nice front desk lobby lady in my hotel write out in Thai—"I am looking for someone named Mel. Do you know where Mel is?" I go to 20 bars and show the message to probably 100 girls and mamasans before I give up. She is gone. Letting Mel get away was the mistake of a greenhorn. God what a big mistake. I still think of her years later. She was the kind of woman you imagine you could look up every year forever. Age would have nothing to do with it. Every six months you would meet again. She would stand in the shower with her arms held high and her hands flat against the tiles. And you would wash her all over. And neither of you would be in a hurry.

"Mel, if you are out there. Please contact me."—Love, Dana

7. Twice a year I go to Thailand and I always start in BKK. And I always get some custom tailoring done. By now it has become a healthy amount of business. It is a ritual of mine. On the 2nd day of my arrival in LOS, I'm not good for much else because I still have travel illness woes, but I can at least get out of the hotel and stagger around from store to store. So my 2nd day in BKK has become a ritual. I go to the 7-11 and I go to the camera store and I go to the ice cream girl on Sukhumvit Rd. and I go to Bookazine and I go to the pharmacy and I buy some fresh squeezed orange juice on the street as well as some chicken and I look at some souvenirs and I go to my tailor on Soi 11.

Twice a year like clockwork I show up at this tailor shop. My individual tailor is always there. I have never gone to another tailor shop. I believe my tailor knows this. To get to this shop on Soi 11 you have to run a gauntlet of many other shops and anxious to please sidewalk tailors. All with a winning face and smile. But I am loyal. I soldier on and go to my shop. I am now also getting shirts made for my boss. I have had ties made. We have talked about suits. I am exploring the possibility of getting 3 suits made. One in blue goatskin. I show up with color samples and fabric swatches and ideas or pictures or drawings on how I want my shirts made. If it is ties, I have paper patterns. I am not by personality made for bargaining. They are making a profit. I have met my tailor's wife who offers me coffee. I know that one of the younger tailors is his son. I know that the old man in the office is his father. I am a familiar face. I am a good and reliable customer. I show up on time with the balance due.

And never once have I gotten a smile.

8. It is a hot, calm, sunny morning and the longtail boat is being loaded off the beach in South Pattaya. We have all signed up for an all day beach and boating and parasailing and lunch trip to Ko Lan. My girlfriend and I are there and a few other westerners from Estonia and Germany; but the majority of the people are Indians from expensive hotels. And apparently, not one of the Indian mothers or fathers or grandmothers and grandfathers has read the trip brochure. The women show up for a beach and boating and swimming and parasailing day in the full sari and shawl getup complete with bangles and bracelets and beads and jewels and painted hands and ringed toes. The men show up in business suits and shoes and socks. One guy has a briefcase. It is comical, maybe even a little sad. These people are just completely out-of-it. They have no idea what is going on. Getting them to wade out to the longtail boat and then climb the ladder takes more time than Eisenhower organizing D-Day. And they are completely inept in the boat. They appear to have no natural

internal gyroscopes or normal balance mechanisms of any kind. They move with the speed of a glacier. There are many conferences and much talking. They stumble and trip over every boat part that the boat has. A more unhip group of human beings it would impossible to find. Not one of them manages to get to their seat without looking like three-legged cattle. I am disgusted. And to think, these are the software geeks that are taking over the world. I don't get it. These people don't look like they could find a trunk on an elephant. Not one of them appears to even take notice of the beautiful maritime environment that we are in. They would be just as happy being loaded on trucks to go tour a sandal factory. I'm an expert boatman, a nature enthusiast, physically capable and aware; and not without my prejudices regarding other peoples and cultures. So before the boat even gets under way, I have already formed an opinion of these Indians, individually and as a group. The word IDIOTS comes to mind.

Eventually, we are loaded and off we go. Three quarters of the way to the island, the boat pulls up to a big barge and everyone is off-loaded. It is explained that here we will have an opportunity to go parasailing. Now, if you have never gone para-sailing; let me explain it to you. You let complete strangers strap you into a strange and uncomfortable harness and jerk the straps up into your crotch. There is lots of yelling and running around and people pushing you and dragging you, a hook is attached to the harness, and then a bunch of Thai hoodlums yell "RUN RUN RUN". Under the best of circumstances you are then jerked into the air. Or you are dragged off the barge like a tree behind an elephant. The fools and the risk-attracted actually open their eyes in the air and have a good time. The landing involves crashing into the waiting arms of men you wouldn't allow your daughter to date. Well, on this trip I was a veteran. I had done this twice before. I knew the deal. So when all the over-dressed, under-coordinated, risk-adverse Indians are off-loaded onto the parasailing barge; I figured none would do it. THEY ALL SIGNED UP. THEY ALL WENT PARASAILING. You could not have shocked me more if you fired a handgun off next to my ear. Grandmothers and wives took off in full sari and shawl splendor. It was astonishing. I looked on open-mouthed. I saw all the men flying around wearing their shoes and their socks as if they were going to a business meeting. I saw the briefcase guy go up with his briefcase. I saw very little children go up. The Thais sent someone up with them who sat in the harness above them. A real feat of athleticism. And I saw a grandmother and a grandfather go up who had to be in their 80's. I introduced myself to the grandfather and had a good time talking to him. He wasn't a geek. He was a regular guy. We watched his wife fly around. She had so much fabric flying around she probably didn't even need the kite. To him she probably looked the way she did the day he married her. I had a good time with these Indians that day in Thailand on that parasailing barge. And maybe I came away a little less prejudiced.

19. Don’t Just Say Goodbye

18/8/2003

The first time I saw Noi she was working as a door-greeter at one of the ground level bars in the Nana Plaza. I didn’t know anything then so I didn’t know that door greeting was a job that rotated through the bar girls. It never occurred to me that she was a prostitute. Standing across the plaza looking at her, I felt I was looking at the woman of my dreams. That’s a lot of dreams. I was 52. I walked across the plaza, leaned over in front of her, put my fist and my arm between her legs, and picked her up in my arms. I carried her into the bar. I sat down with her in my arms and introduced myself. That night she stood naked in front of me, my hands on her hips, in the bath tub. I was sitting in the tub. She stood up to lean over me and wash my back and my hair. Stick a fork in me; I was done.

Every night I would call on her. I would always have a gift. The other girls would scream and clap when I arrived. In the lobby of the Nana I would always stop in front of the mirror so that I could show her what a wonderful, natural couple we made.

The 2nd night before my departure the tears started. When was I going? When would I be back? Sitting up in bed counting days and months and trying to puzzle it all out using the Thai-English dictionary.

Six months later I was back. I hadn’t told her I was coming. How many men had she slept with in six months? Fifty …!? How many men had she chatted up in the bar? Three hundred … ? I went into the bar and the girls told me she had quit and worked upstairs at the Hog’s Breath. I go out and start up the stairs. She was sitting outside the bar with her friends. As soon as my head was visible, she INSTANTLY yelled out my name. DANA. I have never been so surprised and so flattered in my life. She flew into my arms. I was teary eyed. I bought her out and took her to Pattaya. I was so proud and so happy to be with her I thought my head would explode. I took her on all the tours and the shows. At night she would be wrapped in the towel, in the bathroom, hand washing my clothes in the sink and singing. I thought I had died and gone to heaven.

The next six month hiatus was a little more intense. There were emails and letters. I sent little gifts. A Thai friend of mine called her and talked to her when she returned to visit her mother.

Then the big day arrived. The third time. I had gifts with me when I went into the bar. She was up on stage dancing. She was expecting me. The whole bar was expecting me. When I stepped through the door the place erupts in cheers and smiles. I have never been so happy. You would think by now that I would know what she looked like. But the memories and the photos were not enough. Walking in and seeing her on stage, I was amazed at her beauty and her sexiness. Her time on stage over, she comes to me. There is no smile, no hug, no tear, no happy eyes, no impulsive happy childish behavior that lovers share, no kiss. Little hairs go up on the back of my neck. Something is very wrong. But I soldier on. I take her to Chiang Mai. The plan is that we will spend a week in Chiang Mai and then we will go to Pattaya and stay with her friend Bang. I have met Bang before. I like her. She has an English boyfriend. Noi says she will cook for me.

Only one day into our time in Chiang Mai and I know it is over. The air has gone out of the balloon. I am unloved. I am unwanted. On the last day I have the English speaking guide write out a good-bye note for me. When we get back to Bangkok, I show it to her in the lobby of the Nana Hotel. She doesn’t make a scene.

At about four o’clock in the morning I got up to go to the bathroom. I saw a piece of paper near the door. I leaned down and picked it up. It was from Noi. This is what it said:

> *“Hi Honey,*
>
> *I’m sorry that I send a letter to bother you. I’m very sorry that I made you angry me. Why don’t you talk to me and tell me what happen about us? Thank you for holiday in Chiang Mai. If I don’t have you, I never have a ticket to Chiang Mai. But if I know the result of our holiday, I would not go there. I’m very sorry honey. You know I love only you and I don’t have anyone for long time. We have known each other for 2 years. All the time we have good feelings for each other. Why you do like this to me? If you want to go to Pattaya alone, it’s OK. Just tell me. Don’t say just goodbye. I feel so bad. If you bored me and you want a new girl, please tell me. I know I don’t take a good care of you. If you want to go to the mall or anywhere, please tell me. When you say “Good Bye”, do you mean our relationship is over? I know I work here. I never thought I will be one of a girl who is left with someone after they make love. It’s so bad for me. Just tell me when you come here or go home? Don’t you care my heart ? I’m not worth for you anymore. All the time we send e-mail to each other and I hope many thing with you. But now you left me. I don’t know to say anymore. I’m very sad.*
>
> *Take care of yourself I wish you be healthy and long life as prayer in the temple. I still love you very much and forever. It’s a painful memory. Although beginning is happy but ending is so sad.*
>
> *From Noi who still love you.”*

Guys, I can’t type this out without it tearing at my heart. What do you think? Did I make a mistake …?

20. Six Little Stories

TT&A Part 9 7/9/2003

1. I've been in BKK for a couple of days and I have some spare time so I decide to head over to Asia Books and to Bookazine. I have a list of Thai theme authors that I am interested in. They are: Jake Needham, Stephen Leather, Christopher G. Moore, Dean Barrett, and Nicholas Meriwether. Hey, this is going to be great. I'll load up on my favorite authors. I'll have stuff to read in the bathtub and on rainy days and on the plane home and at home. I have enough room in my carry on bag for about 6 books. I'm a lifetime carnivorous reader. And I have enough Thai experience to get the references in these books. Then I see the prices. The books are very expensive. And they are paperbacks. I search all the books as if it is all a big mistake and if I keep gumming the issue to death that magically the prices come down. I can't believe it. Sure I can afford it. But that is not the point. I can buy the same books on the internet from Amazon.com for less money than right here in the bookstore of the author's hometown. I don't get it. I'm a pretty smart guy and economically alert but I just can't figure this one out. So I don't buy any books. Now I am not having any fun and I still can't figure it out. Later, I check the prices in a nice bookstore in the Royal Mall in Pattaya and it is the same story. Then I check the prices in the nice book store on the corner of Central road and Beach road and it is the same story. Who buys these books? What local would pay these prices? Later on I break down and buy two of these books. They are great reads. But too expensive. I still don't understand the economics of this.

2. Last year when I took Noi to Chiang Mai the travel agent at J.P. Travel in BKK got us reservations at the Chiang Inn hotel. When we arrived it was way more than I had bargained for. Guys in uniforms were opening doors for us. There was a piano bar

with a girl singer. But because of the exchange rate it was affordable and it has the best location in the city. But what it did not have was hot water. They have hot water at McMurdo Sound base in Antarctica for God's sake. They have hot water in yurt guesthouses in outer Mongolia. They have hot water at Everest base camp at 18,000 feet. But they did not have any hot water at the Chiang Inn in Chiang Mai. So down to the desk I go. Maybe it is just me. We'll go have a chat. When I get to the front desk I find out that it is not just me—no one in the huge hotel has any hot water. In response to hot water questions there is a front desk girl who says, "Hot water fixing sir—no problem." It does not matter what question you ask about the situation; when will it be fixed—will I get a discount off the bill—will it be fixed within the hour-the day-the week, etc.; the answer was always the same. This beautiful, charming, feminine piece of candy would tilt her head, make eye contact with you, smile, and then say, "Hot water fixing sir—no problem." Noi and I were in Chiang Mai for four days. No hot water. No discount off the bill. No explanation. If this happened at the Oriental hotel in BKK they would deliver a two hundred year old bottle of French wine as a compensation gift, discount the bill, and volunteer free liposuction surgery for your girlfriend. But not at the Chiang Inn in Chiang Mai.

Now we fast forward to this year. I arrive in BKK August the 20th and a couple of days later I make reservations to go to Chiang Mai. I want to check out the bar scene, and I want to look for some Burmese jade, and I want to go to Doi Suthep, and I want to ride elephants. I have the airport taxi driver take me to the Chiang Mai hotel. It's easy. On the taxi ride from the airport to the hotel I have this odd disquieting feeling. Then I remember the hot water issue from a year before. But hey, it's been a year. I'm glad to get there. It is really a nice hotel and the most centrally located for tourists. It is near the Night Market and surrounded by bars frequented by attractive women. I go in.

There are about 5 people at the front desk. I start filling out the registration card. I recognise the female clerk from one year ago. The fellow to my right is talking in German and he seems to be agitated about something. And then, as God is my witness; I hear the female clerk say: “Hot water fixing sir—no problem”.

3. I’m on a lifetime really strict diet. I have been for 18 years. And I don’t mean the kind of strict diet that you lie about; like people lied about their tennis game or lied about how many miles they ran. I mean at any time I can challenge any dietician anywhere and anytime to the ‘open the refrigerator door and look inside’ test. I will always win. But twice a year when I go on vacation I misbehave. For instance at breakfast at the Nana Hotel I will take 5 little strips of bacon. I feel as if I have just robbed a bank. And in Pattaya I like to get up at seven o’clock and go get one creme filled donut at Dunkin Donuts. That’s it. One donut. Carrying that one donut back to my room I feel as if I am transporting plutonium. So I’m up and out. I cross the street and I hit the boardwalk. It is another beautiful day and I’m feeling fine. There is going to be a creme filled donut in my life in about five minutes. What could possibly go wrong. Well, what I hadn’t planned on is that at precisely seven o’clock between Soi 8 and Soi Pattayaland 2 the freelancers also hit the boardwalk. They are more punctual and dependable than the atomic clock in Washington D.C. But I’m not thinking about sex—I’m thinking about my donut. Then I see her. And she sees me. I try to ignore her. But I sneak a peak. She catches me. She makes eye contact and shakes her hair. She is way ahead of me. Good. I’ll get the donut and turn around. Oops, she has turned around. She is heading for me. I feel like a slow moving ship that has spotted the telltale wake of a torpedo. I am done for. OK, I can handle this. When she gets up close there will be some reason to turn her down. After all, any freelancer that is cruising at seven o’clock in the morning has to be defective in some way. So I’ll make small

talk, tell her Mai Ow, and then get my donut. Then she is front of me. I'm grinning like a baboon. She looks good and her motor is running. There isn't going to be a barfine, or a condom, or ab nam, or the word "No". I test her. I put my finger in her rear and push. She nods her head. Fuck the donut.

4. It is Toy and our second night together. I ask her if she would like to have breakfast. OK she says. This will be great. I have a free breakfast coupon and I'll pay for her breakfast. It allows us to spend some grown-up civilized time together and it is a good and healthy way to start the day. Breakfast is mixed western and Thai food served buffet style. Toy is from Isaan. If you are an experienced girl chaser in BKK you already know where this is going. If not, read on. I take a plate and starting putting things on it. She just stands there. I give her a plate. She puts it back on the table. OK, here we go again. Another freaky woman. But I am not going to let anything spoil breakfast for me. We go to the table and I eat. She just sits there. I refuse to eat fast just to accommodate her. Finally, I am done. I start to put the cutlery down and fold up my napkin. I wipe my mouth. I start to lean forward and look at her in that universal body language that means "Let's go." And then she says, "Soup". That's it. One word. Soup. She could have said it 5 or 10 or 15 minutes ago. It is time to leave. Breakfast is over. Now she says it. "Soup" There is no soup, a fact that any person can plainly see. I review this for her. She says "Soup". And she does not want any old soup either, she wants Isaan soup. A waitress is called. There is a conversation. In Thai. Another waitress is called. Another conversation. In Thai. I can't figure out what is going on. So I call the floor manager and point to Toy. There is a conversation. In Thai. I still have no idea what is going on but at least three people are now on the case. The Earth stops spinning. Time comes to a stop. I lean back in my chair. The air is going out of my balloon. If I were involved in the same situation in France or Germany or Denmark or Saudi

Arabia or Japan I wouldn't be fluent in those languages either but I would at least be able to ascertain whether soup is or whether soup is not being prepared. Here I have no idea whether soup is or is not being prepared. Forget about linguistic subtleties I can not even figure out whether something is positive or negative. There is no simple thing that the Thais can not obfuscate and make impenetrable. That I think is when the dream died. I think that experience is what finally drove the stake in the dream of ever living or working or even retiring to Thailand. There are thousands of major and minor languages and dialects in the world and at least 40 major languages. I defy you to find another situation as stupid as this. Finally, the soup came. It was a huge bowl of Isaan soup. Then I had to sit there and twiddle my thumbs while little miss Isaan ate her soup. Breakfast took an hour.

5. It is Wan and I together again in Pattaya. I have written about her before. I won't repeat myself. I really like this woman. If I lived in Pattaya full time—who knows; maybe we would be a couple. Every night I pick her up at the All Girls Beautiful Bar at 10:30. We don't do too much. It's not an orgy story. We just sleep together. I'm 53 and she is 37. We have both left youth behind. But it is OK. When we go 'boom-boom' we fall asleep in each other's arms like two shot dogs. The next morning on the way down in the elevator she always asks me if I will be coming for her tonight. I always say "Yes" and then she smiles. Only this morning when she asks me I don't say anything. I only have one more night in Pattaya and I have decided I want to do something else. Some adventure. With the language barrier and the possibility of hurt feelings there is simply no way to say this. We go outside. She walks across the road to the vendor who prepares her milk and coffee in the plastic bag. She hangs the bag on the handle bars of her motorbike. I am dying. I don't know what to do. Finally, I lean in close and say, "Good Bye and Good Luck".

Then I quickly turn and walk away towards the beach road. I am fleeing. I feel terrible. She deserves better than this. I am treating her like a prostitute—which is exactly what I did not want to do. I am an idiot. I have screwed this up. Now she will never speak to me again ...!

"Wan, if you are out there and you are reading this—I am sorry!"

6. I am saying goodbye to Beer in BKK and on my way to Pattaya. I tell her I will be back in 4 days time and to meet me in the parking lot at 10:30pm. In Pattaya I pick up a nice freelancer and when we are done I tell her to meet me tomorrow morning at 7 and we'll do it again. She never shows. I am easy, certain money but these numbskulls can't plan anything 24 hours ahead. The next day I pick up a girl at eleven in the morning. When we are done I tell her to meet me on the boulevard at five o'clock and we'll do it again. She stiffs me. Never shows. So I have learned my lesson. You don't waste time making appointments with prostitutes. Back in BKK I know there is no hope in hell that Beer will remember an appointment that was made four days ago; so I go over to the bars and pick up Yoew. Yoew is like hitting the sexual lottery. Holly fucking Christ what a sex machine. At around 10:45 we are pounding, gasping, licking, and biting. The phone rings in my room. And it rings, and it rings, and it rings, and it rings, and it rings. It is Beer in the lobby. She kept her appointment.

21. Thaksin and Bikinis

7/9/2003

Well guys, I just got back from 18 days in Thailand. During my trip I see that Stick has posted a lot of material so I probably can't make too many new contributions. Basically, this is just a trip report and as usual it is personal.

Let me just start out by saying that I had a fabulous, unbelievable time. I fell 'in love' 26 times (some repeaters) and did not have a single bad experience. But boy oh boy have things changed in Thailand since my last trip 6 months ago. What it all comes down to is politics and the news is not good. Thaksin, the fellow who now runs Thailand has determined that the country does not need the income from the farang-sex industry. He is not wrong. The economics are on his side. In addition, there is a big international political summit being held in Thailand in October, and Thaksin is determined to present a squeaky clean image to the visitors. The result is that all girls, no exceptions; are required to wear bikinis and there are no sex shows of any kind. I don't know exactly how this was communicated to the bar owners, but the message was received with crystal clear reception by one and all. I was in approximately 60 bars in BKK, Chiang Mai, and Pattaya; and not one bar was violating the new rules. And not one girl was violating the rules. And the result for the bars and for the girls is an economic disaster. Bikinis are boring. The girls are bored because they can't display themselves sexually, the customers are bored because the girls are bored and boring to look at, and the bars are losing money. And the really odd part of this is that the bars are choked with girls. I never saw so many girls in my life in the BKK bars. But none of them are being barfined. Many of the bars I was in were empty or nearly empty, no customers. In two bars in Pattaya, when I walked in the girls on stage actually cheered and clapped their hands. Then they leaned down and smiled at me and shook my hands. I was the only customer. They had been dancing in an EMPTY room. On soi 7 and soi 8 in Pattaya almost every single bar had more girls than customers and at least 15 bars were just shut down. In Chiang Mai around the Tha Phae Gate-moat area there were at least 12 little bars. Only one was doing business. September is the rainy season and October is the big political summit. These bars and employees have to go through at least another two months of this. There will be fallout. Part of the fallout will be disappointed farangs who decide to go other places. In one sad sack bar in the Nana Plaza I actually caught myself wondering what the bar scene was like in Manila. And I never want to see another bikini again as long as I live. The bars have all gone out and bought the girls new two piece outfits. I must have seen 600 girls in bikinis. Enough already. How do I get to Manila?

And the girls have changed. All this since six months ago when I was last there. For the first time I saw girls lighting up cigarettes and smoking in the bars. No good. What is next? Changing their tampons in front of me. Picking their noses on stage. And the girls are now much bigger and much taller. Many of them are big and lumpy and tall. Whatever happened to the small, petite, feminine women with the flat stomachs and the wasp waists and the smiling eyes and the smiling mouths. I met one of these feminine sexual wonders in a bar at the Nana. I barfined her IMMEDIATELY ...! What followed was the best sex of my LIFE. For two nights I had the best sex of my life—I have to go back 17 years to even think of a sexual encounter that was remotely competitive with this woman. But this used to be normal. Not any more. And I saw white women on the stages. What's with that. I found it completely off-putting. I do not want to see Caucasian women in bars. I don't care if they give me a roll of duct tape and tell me I can do anything I want—that is not what I traveled half-way around the world for. What in God's name is happening here? Why are these unattractive women getting jobs in the bars? Some of the bars were so bad in the female department that I actually considered taking a trip to one of the cities in Isaan. There have to be some bars in Udon. No, this is not practical; but for me to come to Thailand and go into bars and see unhappy bored women in two piece bathing suits isn't practical either. Fortunately, none of this nonsense impacted on my sex life because I now am in a different arena regarding the sex scene. Except for the aforementioned girl and a tranny I picked up in the Obsessions bar, all my pick-ups were off the street. I just find it much much easier and faster and a lot less expensive. In Pattaya, freelancers start cruising the boardwalk at 7 am. On two occasions, I went out for an early morning donut and came back with a woman. What a country. What a happy man was I. So I don't really need the bars to make myself happy. I have sort of weaned myself off them for a number of reasons. The first reason I have changed venues is that the girls are now too smart-alecky. They have learned that some stupid first-timer or Japanese will pay them 4000 baht to dribble on their leg. Another reason is the barfines are now 600 baht. That exceeds my threshold. The girls usually just are not that good. With freelancers there is no barfine. Another reason is the bars are now so loud that you can not talk to the girls. I like girls. I like to talk to them. And I like to spend a little time finding out what I am dealing with before I make a commitment. You can not do that in most of the bars anymore because you can't hear what the other person is saying. On the beach, or the boulevard, or in the Nana parking lot you can actually have some sort of communication. And lastly, the music in many of the bars now is awful. It used to be that there were about six signature songs that all the bars played. They were the electrically exciting songs and sounds that instantly told you that you were back in a happy place. They were the right songs and sounds for the venues and the girls could dance to them. Now the stupid DJ's are playing music that the girls can't dance to and that doesn't communicate sex and happiness to me.

Thaksin is probably going to win this. He is not the run of the mill provincial with his hand in the cookie jar. He understands economics and the importance of borrowing power on a global scale. He will probably be elected again. Money is now starting to pour back into Thailand. On Sukhumvit Road where I stay, 55 building permits have been issued for new construction. It was so noisy around my hotel pool, that I had to wear ear plugs. If you doubt any of what I say, do this the next time you are vacationing in Bangkok. Go to the Bookazine or to Asia books and buy a copy of the Post and a copy of The Nation and all of the glossy magazines that report on the Thailand scene. Take them back to your hotel room and turn to the society pages in these newspapers and magazines. Look carefully at the faces of these rich and powerful and sometimes educated people. These are the people that run the country. None of them endorses the farang sex scene and none of them needs the financial run-off from the industry.

Well, there it is fellows. One man's experiences and opinions. I had the vacation of a lifetime—but the times they are a changing. Who wants to meet me in Manila?

22. The Sex Train Is Coming

TT&A Part 10 12/9/2003

1. Na and I have a history together. We have been together several times. She is a lousy prostitute. But she is sweet. Lovable. Innocent, believe it or not! I like the color of her skin. I like her face. I like her voice. I like the boyfriend-girlfriend experience with her. I flatter her outrageously. I tell her that she could be a model. I tell her that she could be an American movie actress. She doesn't believe any of it. She calls me 'sweet mouth' which means that I am a lying seducer who can't be trusted. She loves it. So do I. It is a lover's game that we play. The only thing that she is really good at is long, slow, lazy BJ's. They are so long and slow that we have conversations with each other while she is doing it. In a way, it is intimate. Almost like we are married. Afterwards, we generally have a picnic in the bed. I had run in to her by accident outside the Nana Hotel. I was really on my way across the street to the bars of the Nana Entertainment Plaza when she leaped out at me in the parking lot of the Nana Hotel. What a country. I've got woman leaping at me. So we go down Soi 4 to get some 7-11 junk food and some drinks and some brazed sidewalk chicken. I've noticed there is never any food overlap here. She can't eat the food I eat, and I can't eat the weird things she buys. So we always end up with an armful of food. Then back to the room. Now we are post-BJ and naked and in the bed eating. She is laying propped up with a pillow and I am sitting cross-legged beside her. I have put a pillowcase on her stomach and I am using her stomach and her flattened breasts as a table. Her breasts are covered with cashew nuts and M&M candies that I am having fun sucking up into my mouth. Life is a lot more fun when you leave maturity behind. I've got pretzels hanging on her nipples. Her stomach is covered with chicken and yogurt cups, and my soda and straw is between her legs. If this isn't happiness,

I don't know what is. My dick is dead from a BJ and I am eating chicken and candy off a naked woman. What could possibly go wrong!? Then she drops the bomb …! She wants me to give her 20,000baht. Now, one reason I have graduated to picking up freelancers is because I do not want to pay the 600baht barfine the bars require. And this chick wants 20,000baht. What for you ask? Well, it turns out that she has two friends in the 'business' that are working in Singapore and apparently they are making a killing. She wants to go join them. But a Thai needs to post a 20,000baht bond to get admitted to Singapore, and preferably should be coming into the country as part of a couple. I think I got that right. Anyway, here is her plan. We will pretend that we are betrothed to each other, I will take her to Singapore, and of course pay the 20,000baht bond. I'll stay with her two friends who will allow me to bonk them. She will pay me back. Then I can return to Thailand. So I get to go to Singapore and bonk for free. And people ask me why I like to go to Thailand for vacations! You couldn't make something like this up. Since lying is the number one social skill necessary in male-female relationships, I decide not to say "No" right away. Instead, I adopt the quiet demeanour of the thoughtful. I look as if the idea is interesting, possibly has merit, and that I might actually be considering it. That night she treats me like gold.

2. Before I made my last trip to Thailand I wrote a letter to Wan telling her that I was coming and that I would really like to see her again. I sent the letter TWO MONTHS in advance of my departure date so that she would have plenty of time to write back to me. No return letter. So I sent another letter ONE MONTH prior to my departure date and I included money for return postage and a self-addressed envelope. No return letter. Nothing daunted, my first night in Pattaya I go looking for her. I am wearing a T-shirt that I have had made that has a picture of the two of us on the front. I took a photo of us to a laminating

store and they put the picture of us on the shirt. It looks great. I go into the All Girls Beautiful Bar on Soi Pattayaland 2 and ask the mamasan if Wan is still working there. I point to her picture on the shirt. The mamasan says no and little else. One of the girls up on stage remembers me. She says that Wan is maybe now working at the Rodeo bar just down the street. I go into the Rodeo bar and point at the shirt. The mamasan says that she works there but that she has 'gone home'. Somehow, this mamasan's information seems suspect to me. Someone should do some research into how mamasan's brains work. I don't think they are like you and me. Anyway, I had remembered from April that Wan had told me that she might get a job on Soi 8. So off I go to Soi 8. I visit every single bar from 2nd road to Beach road. I order about 25 'cover charge' cokes, my shirt gets a lot of attention, but no Wan. The next morning I go to the tour director in my hotel, a nice woman named Anna who has helped me with goofy personal issues in the past. I have Wan's phone number. But I can't make phone calls in Thailand. The phone is like a shark or a horse. It senses my approach, it knows I am inferior to the task, and then it hurts me. So in Thailand I pay people to make phone calls for me. So for 50baht Anna calls Wan's number. There is a long conversation with someone. No Wan. I give up. I am beaten. I've thought about her and I for six months and now it is just not going to happen. I had imagined the things we would do together. We would go bowling, and we would go to the new aquarium, and we would go to the Buddhist temple on the hill and release 'good luck' birds. Now, none of that is going to happen.

Two weeks later when I got home, my concierge handed me a giant stack of mail held together with two big rubber bands. There on the top was a letter from Wan. She couldn't wait to see me.

3. There are only two days of vacation left and I am looking for a guarantee. Adventure and new experiences are fine but I only get to Thailand twice a year; and we are now in the 'can not waste any time' part of the vacation schedule. I am looking for a sexual guarantee. So I leave the Nana hotel and go across the street to the Obsessions bar. The Obsessions bar is a tranny bar. Honk if you love transvestites! It has the sexiest girls, the best music, the best sound system, and the best attitude. Trannies are all about sex and this place is rocking. I walk in and am instantly assaulted by three trannies. I don't really like this, but it seems to be written into the tranny code of ethics. Subtle they are not. It works out OK though because the one on my left is hot. She pulls down her top to show me her fantastic breasts. Her stomach is flat and her waist is small. She has an exotic looking face. I don't waste any time. I stand up, whip out 600baht, and tell her to go get dressed. Off she goes happy and waving the money to her loser friends. She has a man.

Very fast she comes out in her street clothes and she is smoking. Bare midriff, high heels, tight pants, exposed breasts, jewellery and makeup. She is about six feet tall in heels. I am 5'3". What a couple we made as we walked out of the Nana Plaza. She expects me to walk her across the street to the Nana hotel but I don't. Instead, I take a right down Soi 4 and then I turn right again onto Sukhumvit. After a block of walking, she looks at me questioningly. I make the walking sign with my fingers. I hold her at arms length and show her off to others on the sidewalk. I smile at her. I tell her publicly how beautiful she is. Now she gets it. I want to display her. I want to brag. Now she has a rocket in her rear, she is ramrod straight, her lips are smiling and her eyes are bright. She is jabbing the sidewalk with her heels and she is jerking and swaying her hips. Lookout—the sex train is coming. She is happy. A man is proud of her. We walk and walk, almost all the way to Asoke station. I finally stop her at a sidewalk vendor that sells stuffed animals, and dolls, and teddy bears to the bar girls. I buy her a stuffed dog. She is almost teary. A real man is treating her like a real woman.

She was a pre-op tranny. Her body was like an amusement park. It didn't matter where you looked or where you were, there was something to do. If you can think of it—we did it. She left mouth bruises all over my neck and almost sucked the chrome off the trailer hitch. Grinding her and jamming her just like a woman, her breath was coming in short, raspy gasps and bursts. Now it was time for the main event. Pulling myself up on my shins, I reached under her hip with both hands and turned her over. Now it is show time. Fuck the stuffed dog. Her long arms are spread and her talon nails are dug in. I take inventory. I feel fine and my lungs are clear. I've had a BJ two hours earlier, so there is no way I'm going to come. I'm a eunuch machine. A piston. I'm 54 going on 19. Earlier, I had dropped a 100ml bomb of Viagra and it is kicking in. You could model my dick at a tent peg convention. I ease in and start slow. There is no hurry. I'm up on my fists and my forearms are jammed into her ribs. Her head is turned to one side, she is clear-eyed, and she is breathing slow and deep. She is pacing herself. She can see the same thing out ahead of her that I can see. There is a long, clear sandy beach ahead of us. The sun is rising. And these two horses are going to run, and run, and run, and run, and run. No shame, no modesty, no wishing or hoping, no excuses, no condoms. Just SEX.

The next night I went back to the Obsessions bar. Telephone, telegraph, telewoman, teletranny. Nothing travels faster than gossip. Angie had told her friends everything. There were about twelve girls working the bar. Not all of them were interested in me. But four of them were interested in me and they were waiting for me. They knew the deal. They knew the rules. They knew what to expect and they knew what was expected of them.

They were players. They were ready. All I had to do was pick one. It was my last night in Bangkok. The last thing I remember is collapsing on the back of a sweaty, moaning woman and feeling like a shot dog. There is nothing sweeter than a guarantee.

23. Chiang Mai

TT&A Part 11 19/9/2003

1. I am checking into the Chiang Inn in Chiang Mai. Everyone is all smiles. Only one hour north of Bangkok by plane, the English language is almost non-existent in this big, modern, new, expensive hotel—but they are really good at smiling and the Thai experience. I expect to stay there four days. It is the off-season and the room rate is over 1000baht per day which is a little high. I haven't got the energy to bargain and it doesn't suit my temperament, so I just nod my head and say "Dee". Then they tell me that if another person shares my room, there will be an additional charge of 315baht. Excuse me?! Say that again. They repeat it. And smile one of those big Thai smiles. I don't say anything ... On the way to my room at the end of the hall I notice that the maids have left all of the doors open on the rooms that are made up but unoccupied. None of the rooms are occupied. Instead of a maid staff of 5 or 6 per floor, there appears to be just one maid; and I am the only guest in sight. The hotel is practically empty. The next morning when I go down for my complimentary breakfast, I notice that all of the buffet food tables are covered with cloths and there are no diners and there is no food in sight. The room captain informs me that I am only the third person to come, but that they will prepare an omelette for me. Clearly, this hotel is not meeting its expenses. And yet they want to treat any nice woman that I might meet as an automatic whore and make me pay an additional 315baht. The stupidity of this is staggering. No. Wait a minute. It is Thai. Let's see. I am required to pay a bar fine at the bar. Then I am required to pay a hotel whore fee. Then I am required to pay the girl. And of course she will ask/expect 'taxi' money. They ought to meet big, bad sex tourists like me at the airport with a red carpet, and a band, and dancing elephants. If challenged on this hotel-fine

policy for women quests—the hotel would say that it is in place to discourage the 'wrong kind of clientele and the wrong kind of behaviour'. But they'll take the money. I've got news for you Chiang Inn of Chiang Mai. As soon as you take the money, you are a flesh peddler. You are profiting from what you regard as prostitution. You are engaged in prostitution. Charging the fee and taking the money, doesn't make you different. It makes you the same. And the notion that a 54 year old man can't meet another nice human being of the opposite gender and share some intimate moments with her without them both being branded as social undesirables is just stupid beyond belief. It is another sad example of why Thailand will never be a global player. The Thais are just too retarded. You can call it 'culture' if you want; but the result is the same, no international people of power and influence will take Thais seriously. Nobody in this busy, competitive world has the time for this childish crap. And no I am not overreacting. I have a 55 year old Thai woman friend here in the States. She was a Fulbright scholar and now has two masters degrees. She is also a successful career woman, mother, and wife. Her husband is a US citizen. When she and her husband go back to Thailand to visit her family, and they are checking into a hotel; she is often treated like a prostitute. To her credit, she has matured a little since leaving Thailand many years ago. When she gets this bullshit in her own country, she rips their heads off. Her 60 year old husband stands at the front desk while she just screams at these mean-spirited retarded people. The other day I ran into her and I asked her when she was going back for a visit. She looked a little sad and said that she and her husband had decided to go to Florence and Venice instead.

The next day I had a driver take me to the Doi Suthep temple. This is a four hour excursion that is definitely worth doing. I recommend it to everyone. Make sure you are wearing long pants and make sure you have clear weather. The views from the mountain top are wonderful. I bought some jewellery, and a gong with cloth covered hammer, a lacquerware tray, and some postcards. But I am really just stalling and thinking. When I get back to Chiang Mai, my mind is made up. I check out of the hotel and for a 20baht tuk-tuk ride I transfer to the Montri hotel. It is a perfectly nice hotel with no hassles. They have a free airport taxi service and they only charge 518baht per day. That night I returned with a woman friend from a nearby bar. The front desk just smiles.

2. It is another beautiful day in Pattaya. I'm up at 7 and on the way down the street to get a donut and a paper. I love these early morning walks. And the retail shop girls are different. Completely different. They are the 'good girls'. The girl in the Dunkin Donuts store and the girl in the 7-11 are both angels. Fathers daughters with timeless dreams of love given and loved received. It is a nice change from the night- time girls. It gives you hope. On the way to the donut store I meet Diptra. She is cruising. I am an idiot on vacation. It is a match made in heaven. I forget the donut and take her back to the AA hotel. After I have said good-bye to her, I go back out for the morning ritual of donut and paper. On the way down the boardwalk, I meet Faha. We go back to the hotel. Christ, it is tough to get a donut and a paper in this town. By noon I have already had sex with two great girls and I am not even trying. I make an appointment to see Faha again at 5. She has lots to offer. She is a Go-Go dancer who doesn't need the money, she just likes the action. OK, sign me up. After a super tough afternoon of lounging around the pool and going to Swenson's for ice cream (dodging other cruisers and smilers in the Mall)—I finally bestir myself around 4 o'clock. I go down to Soi Pattayaland 2 for some chicken-on-a-stick. I buy 8 of these treats for Faha and I, plus some other fun foods. Then back to Soi 13 to wait for her. She stiffs me. Never arrives. Meanwhile, the boardwalk is crawling with freelancers and

trannies. I am beating them off. The trannies are pestering me. One has her hand up my shorts leg. She's so stupid and so sexually aggressive that she's making me laugh. We both know that it is just a matter of time. I start sharing my chickens-on-a-stick with one of the trannies named Pat, plus a soi dog, plus Pat's degenerate friends. The afternoon is coming to a close and it obvious that Faha isn't showing. So to recoup the afternoon, I take Pat the tranny over to the hotel for a BJ. It is only 6 and I have already had sex 3 times. And tonight I'll go to the bars. I have an appointment to meet a woman named Pai at 10:30 on Soi Pattayaland 2. She is an older woman with big, soft breasts that spill out of her top. The other night I rested my head on them and imagined our future. What a town!

24. Why I Went To Thailand

TT&A Part 12 22/9/2003

Sometimes it is hard to look back and identify why we did things in our lives. For instance: in my case, I can't remember why I went to Thailand in the first place. Was I responding to peer pressure? No. Did I have any friends there? No. Did I have a business reason for going? No. Did a friend recommend the idea to me? No. I can't really remember how it all began. I had spent 20 years happily taking schooner vacations in Maine, and visiting Bermuda around Christmas, and going to the Virgin Islands. It was easy and familiar and a part of my life. And I am not normally one to do things on impulse. I suppose it probably had something to do with the fact that Thailand has a reputation as an exotic place. And maybe I might meet a girl who would smile at me. So I ordered some brochures from a trekking company out of Melbourne. The brochures and the pictures and the text and the price looked good. I sent a check. It all began so innocently and with so much hope—and it all went so bad from the start.

Timing is everything and my timing could not have been worse; because perfectly coincident with my trip to Thailand, I got SICK. Really, really sick. Maybe 'should not have even gotten on the plane' sick. Nobody knows what I had. Imagine a combination of upper and lower tract problems plus cough plus a river of brains coming out of my nose plus flu symptoms. On the 30 plus hours of travel that it took to get there, I blew my nose EVERY TEN MINUTES. I blew my nose on airplane magazines, shirts, pants, towels, napkins, handkerchiefs, Kleenex, toilet paper, cardboard, headrest nappies, toilet seat covers, discarded tampon wrappers, diaper table covers, etc. On the 13 hour flight from Vancouver to Hong Kong, the only reason the guy next to me did not kill me is that he had some kind of asthma problem and he coughed every ten minutes for 13 hours.

When I finally deplaned at midnight in Bangkok it was 90 degrees with 80 per cent humidity. I could barely stand. I had an almost overwhelming desire to just lay down on the cool floor and die. There hundreds and hundreds of people on the plane. Because I had been in the rear of the plane in coach, everyone else was ahead of me. By the time I got to the head of the Immigration line I was in no mood for stupidity. That is when it started. The Immigration official asked to see my Declaration form. I told him that I wasn't leaving the country, I was entering the country. I have travelled to many other countries. The Declaration form is the form that you fill out to declare what you have purchased and how you have behaved while in the country. Unless you are clairvoyant you couldn't possibly fill out this form in advance. So I hadn't filled it out. You do not need to fill out a Declaration form on entering a country. Clearly, I had never been to Thailand before. The Immigration official told me that I would have to fill out and present for his perusal a Declaration form before I could enter the country. As he handed me the blank form, he said snidely: "Now you will be very late." To which I replied, "NO SHIT SHERLOCK!". This is an American saying that means you have just stated the obvious—you jackass. This was a mistake. In America you can be very, very aggressive and get away with it. He did not have a happy face—but preventing me from entering the Kingdom probably meant more paperwork—so he let it go.

So now, where to fill out the form?! I move over to one of the empty Immigration counters and start filling out the form. I am instantly told that I can't use ANY of the empty Immigration counters to fill out the form. So I walk all the way to the right where there is a non-Immigration counter and again start filling out the form. Instantly again, two British accented pilots show up and inform me that the counter is for pilots only and that I have to vacate the premises IMMEDIATELY—NOW—SIR. I move. I am running out of options and I am so so sick. I am disgusted. So I just lay down prone on the floor and start filling out the form. Two Thais show up immediately and help me to my feet with the care and concern that you would show to a mental patient. Apparently, a Thai would never lay on the floor and fill out a form because of loss of 'face'. I must be deranged. Finally a light dawns. I go in the bathroom. I go into a stall. I sit on the floor in the toilet stall and use the toilet seat as a table. Welcome to Thailand.

The taxi ride into the city takes forever because the expressway hasn't been built and I am going all the way to the Vientai hotel on the western edge of the city. On arriving, I find that my contracted housing is not available. I am being stiffed by the tour company. This is a mistake. A mistake that they are making. Because I am 'middle-aged' man! Two things happen to you when you become a middle-aged man. The first thing that happens to you is that suddenly your nose hairs and ear hairs start growing like crazy. If you don't trim them at least once a week, you start to look like some guy who is making bombs in his basement. The second thing that happens to all middle-aged men is that they become experts at contracts. I have copies of my housing contract and of my tour contract with me. I lay them on the desk and ask to see the director of the tour company. A 25 year old woman named Cherie is called down to talk to me. She is politically correct, curvy, fertile, and totally hip. I am 'middle-aged' man. By the time we are done 'talking' she is convinced that she does not like me. The feeling is mutual. But I have my housing. She is also my guide.

The next day around 2pm; myself plus the others in the tour plus Cherie take a trip down Khao San Road to a little restaurant. This is a 'get acquainted' session. Now Khao San Road from about 7pm to about 1pm is a fun place. It is basically a block party. But Khao San Road in the afternoon is a hot, boring, stupid, filthy-looking place. So far, I am completely under whelmed by Thailand. I could be sailing in the Virgin Islands instead. Or motor biking with friends in Bermuda. We go into the place and go up to a room on the second floor. There are no windows or skylights, no ventilation, no ceiling or floor fans, no air-conditioning, and no furniture. It is an oven. Refugees live better than this. Prisoners live better than this. It is the Law.

Menus are handed out. Then a voice behind me starts asking people what they want. It is the voice of a young woman. When it comes my turn to order, I turn and look up. And there she is. The reason I have come back to Thailand twice a year since then. Objectively speaking, she was just a young woman in flip-flops, shorts, and a T-shirt. But looking at this woman it was not possible to be objective. She was quite simply the embodiment of SEX. And she knew it. If she had been raised on an island and had never had a single contact with an adoring male, she would still have known it. It was in her bones. You could read it in her eyes. If you picked her up like a suitcase and tipped her down, SEX would have run out of the top of her head. A dark, dusky, musky fluid stream would have run out all over the floor. She wasn't wearing jewellery, or makeup, or heels, or bodyshaping garments. She didn't need them. And she totally dominated the room. It was her room until she decided to leave. She had the Power.

Suddenly, I realized that nothing I had done up until then mattered. I had spent my life basically going from woman to woman. I had never married, or committed, or had children. On paper, I was an experienced man. But looking into her eyes it all came to zero. I would have to start all over. I felt like a mouse in a room with a cat. I was suddenly trivial, transparent, powerless. The tour companies 'get acquainted' meeting went on for some time. I could see people's lips moving. I couldn't hear a thing. I was beginning the next stage of my life.

I still can't quite identify why I went to Thailand in the first place. But I know the EXACT reason I kept going back and back and back and back. There on Khao San Road in that stupid, stifling hot room, I saw my future. And it was wearing flip-flops, shorts, and a T-shirt!

25. Lesbians in Thailand

TT&A Part 14 26/9/2003

1. In a fit of pique over one of their policies, I have moved from the Chiang Inn in Chiang Mai to the Montri hotel. The only problem is that the Montri hotel doesn't have a tour director where I can book tours. I want to go to Doi Suthep temple, and I want to ride elephants, and I want to take a bamboo raft trip, and I want to visit a park, and I want to go to the silver factory. So out of the Montri hotel and out to the curb. The tuk-tuk driver wants 40 baht to the Chiang Inn. It is a 20 baht ride. I know that it is a 20 baht ride because I have already done this twice before for 20 baht. The two hotels are within walking distance of each other. He drops to 30 baht and then digs his heels in. He isn't going to let some rich farang bastard bargain him down to the going rate—no sir! It is the off season—my hotel is practically empty—every earned baht is precious—and this guy wants 30 baht for a 20 baht ride. That is a 50% increase over the market rate. That is the same as you walking into an automobile showroom during their slow season; showing an interest in a $20,000 car—and they quote you a non-negotiable $30,000! Now how do you feel about this issue? I know what you were thinking before. You were thinking I was a 'cheap Charlie' and stupid. Well, would you pay $30,000 for a $20,000 car? Well, I ain't paying the 30 baht. If I had a wife and kids with me, or maybe just a wife; he'd have probably gotten me. I would have long ago lost my energy and my sense of self-worth. But I am single and my tail is still wagging. And I am a middle-aged man. I am starting to get cranky. The older you live the more you have been worked over. Fuck him. So I start walking. What the hell. I've got time. I'm on vacation. I've walked before from the Chiang Inn to the Montri hotel. Walking the other way can't be Rocket Science ...! I GET LOST. Then I get more lost. Then I

get so lost I realize it is time to start asking for help. In the past I found that the only really reliable people to get directions from in Thailand are front desk clerks at hotels. They sometimes speak English, they sometimes are knowledgeable, and they sometimes remember their courtesy and diplomacy training that they received when they were hired. I know that I am probably within 100 yards of the Chiang Inn, so how hard can this be?

I go into a big, rich, fancy hotel. That's when it begins. The descent into linguistic and grammatical hell. Between the doorman, and then the porter, and then two clerks at the front reservations desk, and then finally the front desk supervisor; I eventually have five people involved in helping me with directions to the Chiang Inn of Chiang Mai. The hotel is only 100 yards away and it is one of the most centrally located, highest, and most well-known hotels in Chiang Mai. The problem is that no two of these five native speakers says 'Chiang Inn' in the same way. I swear to God, it comes out of five different mouths five different ways. The problem was with the word 'Chiang'. Apparently, how you decide to say that word can be pretty damn personal and creative. So personal and so creative that no one else knows what you are saying. This is nuts. No wait. This is Thailand ...! Can you imagine five hotel people in Paris not understanding the word Paris? Of course not. That is ridiculous. How about Moscow, or New York, or Perth, or Tokyo? Of course not. These names are linguistic icons. All countries and regions and cities have linguistic icons. It would never happen. Welcome to Thailand. Where the improbable can be a daily occurrence. If it was just ignorant me trying to converse in an unknown language with a native speaker; I would take all the blame here. But you should have been there. I wish I had video taped the performance. These five people could not even understand each other. It would be comical if it was comical, but it isn't. What if I was trying to deliver blood plasma? What if I had a sick person in the car? Etc. Let me repeat—these five people were challenged in talking to each other. Thailand simply has to get a grip on it's language problem. And the problem is that it does not have a language. A LANGUAGE IS A COMMONLY UNDERSTOOD SPEECH PECULIAR TO A NATION. Thailand does not have this. If I had known about this linguistic nonsense years ago I might have been persuaded not to go to Thailand. I'm sure I would have had just as much fun going to Bali or Vietnam. I've got so much time and energy and emotion invested in Thailand now; I'll probably continue to keep visiting. But I wish someone would get to work on the language issue.

2. Wouldn't it be interesting if the bars had to post at the front door a 'truth in advertising statement' advising you of the true natures of the girls inside? A list of what is very probably and almost certainly waiting for you:

a. Women who hate men
b. Women who hate sex
c. Women who use knock-out drugs
d. Women who have gone to the Police before and fucked a man over.
e. Woman who have drugs in their purse that you will get blamed for
f. Women who are sexually incompetent
g. Married with children
h. Has a knife in her purse
i. Sexually neuter or disinterested
j. Her boyfriend is outside and will follow you
k. Will make and receive cell phone calls during sex
l. Has Aids
m. Won't let you take off her towel and look at her
n. Won't let you kiss her

p. Won't let you play 'doggie'
q. Won't let you put your finger in fun places
r. Lesbians

That's right Binky—LESBIANS. A certain percentage of the bar girls are lesbians. If you ever go to visit your love interest at her home you will find a room with 3-5 women living in it. They are all on the same schedule. There is only one bed. You figure it out. They sleep together like minnows in the bottom of a basket. Are they all lesbians? No, of course not. But some are.

Recently, I have attracted some email attention of a negative sort because of some trivial time that I spent with a ladyboy. Big brave boys were falling all over their keyboards telling me what a questionable man I was and what great big manly men they were. But none of these idiots has ever given any thought to the percentage of Bargirls that are Lesbians. That's right; man-hating, sleeping with their female lover at night, lesbians. These big bragging men may very well be telling stories to their friends about themselves and a lesbian. If they were REALLY the experienced men that they say they are; they would have already known this. But I have to tell them. I can hear the reply now. I can predict the emails—"It would never happen to me because I can tell the difference." Really? How exactly can you tell? No, I'm really interested in your apparently special brand of knowledge. How can you tell? I can hear these guys with their mates now. Singing after they've had 10 beers, "She wasn't no tranny/she was a lesbian"

And, you tall David Beckham 'look-a-like' ; it is even possible that ALL the women that you slept with were lesbians. That's right. Go to your local college and take a course in the Math department called Statistics and Probability. There is nothing more merciless than the world's of statistics and probability. You better be sitting down when you get the news; otherwise you will fall down. It is POSSIBLE that all of your life experiences in Thailand were on the wrong end of the curve. It is your old, overweight, bald uncle who got the real women who love men. Ain't Life a Bitch!? What's that? You can't hear it? I can. I can hear it. Listen harder. Go ahead. Your hearing is better than mine. There, now you can hear. The laughing. All the lesbians you loved laughing at you. Welcome to Thailand.

26. Buying Gifts For Bargirls

TT&A Part 15 30/9/2003

Dana here on the fourth floor terrace of the A.A. Hotel in Pattaya banging out another essay as Germans sun like beached pink whales and their brainless teeruks splash in the pool like demented seals.

This essay is all about buying gifts for Thai bargirls and takes the form of eleven little stories. The stories are all true and should be examined for lessons learned. Thinking about buying a gift for your bargirl lover? Read on. The road to Poona is paved with good intentions; but torn up, and potholed, and rutted by life's experiences. Beware and good luck.

I'm not special. Many farang in the Kingdom could tell similar stories. These are my experiences and believe me when I tell you that these eleven little stories are only the tip of the heartbreak iceberg. I offer them as education and as warning. You can't change a soi dog's growl, and you can't change the heart of a bargirl, and you can't change a country's culture, and you can not buy respect or love. Invest only what you are willing to lose with a smile. Good luck on your road to Poona.

1. Porntip and I are walking back to the AA hotel in Pattaya. There in front of the Royal Garden Plaza is a sidewalk portrait artist. Porntip wants her portrait done. OK I say. I am nuts about this woman. I am taking us seriously as a couple. This will be fun. The process is fun. The girl gets to be the center of attention while strangers nod and smile, the besotted boyfriend gets to buy a gift that brings a smile. The portrait looks nice. 400baht. Two days later when she is packing to leave, I give her the rolled up drawing. She doesn't want it.

2. Wan is a little slow coming down from our room, so I go across the soi and buy her favourite morning coffee-milk drink from the vendor who is always in front of the AA hotel. Wan and I are going to the new aquarium in Pattaya today. She will put the plastic bag drink on her handle bars and I will ride on the back of her motorbike. I am so so happy. I am having a little trouble making my needs known to the vendor. I am wearing a T-shirt that has a picture of Wan and I on the front. I point to the picture of Wan on the shirt and pantomime drinking. That does it. The vendor understands. When Wan comes down the steps I give her the gift. A way of saying "I was thinking of you." She puts it down next to a potted plant. As we pull away from the hotel I see the drink sitting next to the potted plant. Already forgotten.

3. Yoew has given me the two most fantastic nights of my life. Even typing this now I can barely make sense of this. And it is not just sexual athleticism. She laughs and giggles and teases me and kisses and licks me all over and watches for my responses. She watches and gauges me for what makes me happy and for what makes us happy and then she freely gives us more. I have never been rolled over and over in such a tsunami wave of female love and affection and sexual responses in my life. The next morning I leave for Chiang Mai but I will be back in four days. She puts her two fists in her eyes and pretends she is crying and then puts her arm in mine and smiles. In Chiang Mai all I can do is think of her—think of us. I would like to make her happy. I would like to buy her a gift. I would like to see her smile. I buy her a 92.5% silver filigree heart-shaped jewellery box. Then when I get back to BKK I take it into an expensive jewellery store and pay them to put it in a fancy box, with fancy wrapping paper, and a little bow. That night I give it to her. She opens the package and takes out the heart-shaped silver jewellery box and says, "What did this cost—40 baht?!" I don't say anything. When she

comes out of the bathroom I help her dress and give her a ‘go away’ fee.

4. Eat and I are sitting in front of Anna the tour director at the AA Hotel in Pattaya. Eat wants to go on one of the tours. I don’t really have an interest in the tour but Eat wants to go so I fork over 1000baht for the two of us and sign the paperwork. The next day Eat informs me that she doesn’t want to go on the tour—she wants to stay in all day and watch TV. The money I have spent is non-refundable.

5. When I first see Nat undress I am struck by her old, baggy underpants. She is so poor she doesn’t even have enough money to make herself feel good. I take her hip measurements and the next day a nice lady in Mike’s department store helps me pick out some nice sexy classy underpants for Nat. That night when I give her the gift, she refuses to try them on for me. All I wanted to do was see her smile. No more gifts.

6. I am coming out of the Park St. station in Boston and I see a cart selling tourist T-shirts and sweatshirts. I buy Noi a Harvard University T-shirt and mail it to her. People overseas love anything associated with Harvard. She will like this. It will give her ‘face’. It is fun to send the gift. She emails me back that she gave it to a friend. Someone in a no-name village outside of Udon is herding buffalo with a Harvard University T-shirt. That wasn’t quite my idea.

7. Bee and I are near the Regent and a store is selling upmarket expensive umbrellas. Bee wants one. I buy it as a gift. The next two days it rains. I never see the umbrella.

8. Na has a small child. I buy a small child clothing ensemble that is sold in a nice box with a clear plastic front so that you can see the outfit. I give it to her in the bar. Another bar-girl comes along

and looks at it. The two girls talk. The second girl picks up the gift and takes it away.

9. I buy Lon a hand-beaten silver choker. She loves silver jewellery. I buy the right size and give the gift to her in the bar. All the other girls make a fuss. Lon tries it on and she looks elegant and beautiful. I barfine her. When she comes out to join me she isn't wearing the choker. I never see it again. Probably pawned.

10. I buy Noi and I 'his and her' gold nugget watches. She and I have spent a lot of time together over a long period of time. I am taking the two of us seriously. I am starting to hear the word 'forever' in my head. We look great dressed up and wearing our matching watches. Hers is a little large for her wrist so she takes it to a jewellery store to have some links taken out. They take out one link too many so now it is a little too tight. She has the extra links in her purse. All she has to do is go back and they will re-install a link and her matching gold watch will fit perfectly. I never see the watch again. The person in the no-name village herding the buffalo wearing a Harvard University T-shirt is probably now wearing a gold watch. Aren't farangs great!?

11. It takes me most of the afternoon but I don't mind because I am having fun. I am trying to buy a great gift for Noi. I want to buy her a traditional style Mandarin formal dress. Because of her size she is hard to fit. Finally I find an adult styled high quality dress in a child sized XL. I have a gift store in a fancy hotel box it and wrap it. I take it to the bar that night. I am so excited that I can't wait for her to open it. So while she is up on stage dancing I stand up on the cocktail table and start unwrapping the box. Every women in the bar is transfixed—waiting to see what is inside. When the dress tumbles out and I hold it up for Noi to see the bar goes crazy. Yelling and screaming. Other girls come over to touch it and look at it and give me nice smiles. It is

traditional mandarin style with the mandarin collar and the short sleeves. The skirt is slit on both sides, the lining is silk, and the buttons are silk covered. It is black silk with gold thread detailing. With her black heels and her black hair and her gold watch matching the gold thread she will look wonderful. When she comes out after I barfine her she is wearing the dress. If I hadn't been sitting down I would have fallen down. The dress fits perfectly. It looks like she was poured into it. She is voluptuous and elegant all at the same time. We are going to see a show and then we are going to a nice restaurant. Walking with her beside me I feel as if my heart is going to burst. Everyone at the show and everyone in the restaurant stares at her. We have our pictures taken. People smile at her. People smile at us. That night I hang the dress on a hanger on the wall and take a picture of it. Noi and I go on to spend another year together. I NEVER SEE THE DRESS AGAIN. Somebody in Isaan is probably in a store buying whiskey for their father. And they are probably wearing the dress I bought to make Noi and I smile.

Giving gifts is a way to make a relationship more personal, more intimate, more special. A way to make a connection. Giving gifts is a way to show respect and affection. A way to bond. Gift giving and gift receiving are cross cultural social dynamics understood and valued by everyone. Except in Thailand.

I used to buy gifts for bargirls. I don't do it anymore.

27. You Can Have A Little Too Much Fun

TT&A Part 16 5/10/2003

Sometimes you can have a little too much fun in Thailand. I've come to this part of Thailand as part of a personal obligatory to see as much of the country as possible. I'm in what the farang Thailand guide books call the Far South, a place so remote that no one has told them yet that shadow puppets are boring. The local non-indigenous part of the population has been a little spooky and the needle has not exactly been peaking on the fun-meter. I've seen enough turban heads and dot heads and scarf heads to last a lifetime. I thought I was done with that when I left Saudi Arabia in the 70's. But now my nostrils are flaring. I can smell it. My future. I'm like a dog on the scent of a meat wagon. This hotel is teasing me and I'm ready. I'm checking into an old hotel. It is huge and the proportions are huge. Big mouldings, and big doors, and big rooms, and big light fixtures and high ceilings. It is like one of those hotels that you might have in an old backwater European capital. When big shouted class. My hand starts to shake as I sign in. I wonder if I'll be shopping for a ladder today? I wonder if I'll add this hotel's name to the special list.

While the room porter is turning things on and off I notice that the room ceilings are high. As soon as he leaves, I rush into the bathroom and look up. JACKPOT. High ceilings. The shower nozzle comes out of the wall and it is higher than normal. EUREKA. As soon as I unpack, I make a list of things I need and I am off. An hour later I am back. I have purchased a hand drill and drill bit, some cheap large diameter cotton rope, two self-tapping eye bolts, some big natural sponges, some large diameter plastic aquarium hose, and a small folding aluminum step ladder. I put the ladder in the bathtub, climb up and install the eyebolts in the ceiling. The holding power isn't that great in the drywall but they'll probably last for one session. I'll take the eyebolts with me when I leave and use toothpaste to plug the holes. I cut two three foot pieces of rope and tied them to the eyebolts.

Now I need a woman. About four feet tall. (Why would you want a woman taller than you? - Stick) I look and look and they are all too tall. Then next day I spot a Malay wonder cruising. She is dark, cute, and a giggler. Her name is Lon. Stick a fork in me—I'm done. She is the right size but I don't know if she will want to play. Between the time that I let her into the room and the time it takes to put the slide lock in place, she is already naked on her back with her legs in the air. Normally, I would be all over this but I have something else in mind. She sees me hesitate so she flips over onto all fours and starts waving her rear at me. Again, normally I wouldn't have to be asked twice. But I have other ideas. I take her hand and take her into the bathroom. I point to her and I point to the stepladder in the tub. I make her put her hands up over her head. I point to the ropes. I pantomime tying the ropes around her wrists. I pick up the big sponge and pretend I am washing her all over. This is what I want. I want her to climb up on the stepladder, let me tie her wrists so that her arms are up, and then I am going to spend an hour just washing her and worshiping her. I love women. And I love to love women. I think they are deserving of worship. Nothing gives me more pleasure than to tie a woman up in the shower stall and just spend an hour washing and worshiping her. This almost never works in Thailand however. Thailand is supposed to be a great place for sex. What a joke. In Thailand the women are mostly sexually inept or sexually disinterested. What they really want to do is talk on their cell phones and make babies. Sex isn't even on the list. Just like everywhere else. And the shower and the bath are seen as hygienic devices only. Shower games and bath games never occur to the average bar girl. So usually when I pantomime what I want, I get looks of complete incomprehension followed by the furrowed brow of the frightened farmer's daughter. But this time it is different. I have hit the lottery. Lon doesn't have to have it explained twice and she doesn't have to be sold on the idea. Some Dane or German or Estonian, or Japanese, or Muslim has gotten there before me. Fine. You can have the virgins. I'll take experience. She jumps over the side of the tub and climbs to the top of the ladder and puts her little arms up. Her dark eyes are laughing and bright. I climb up with her and start tying her wrists to the ropes. Then it starts. For the next half hour I wash her and wash her and wash her and worship her and gurgle and babble like a baby. I have the clear plastic hose over the end of the sink faucet and water constantly running into one of the waste baskets. When the basket is full, I pick it up and hurl the water at her as hard as I can. The bathroom is a wreck. There is an inch of water on the floor. Slippery soap is everywhere and the two of us are laughing so hard we are almost out of our minds. Peals of laughter are coming from her. I'm sure the maids at the end of the hall can hear us and I'm sure people in the elevator can hear us. I can feel my heart pounding in my chest.

Finally, she signals that her arms are tired. So I climb up onto the top of the little aluminum ladder to untie her wrists. She is wiggly and squirmy and silly and covered with soap. It is like battling with an eel. Suddenly, she loses her footing and shoots right off the ladder. The eyebolts in the ceiling pull out and the three of us, Lon and I and the ladder, end up in a pile in the tub. Lon is OK and bounces right out. But the metal ladder hinge has opened and closed on my scrotum sack. The hinge has locked. The pain is like someone shoving ice picks in the tops of my eye sockets. My little Malay honey bunny thinks this is the funniest thing that she has ever seen. Peals of uncontrollable laughter. Meanwhile I am doubled over in the foetal position trying to get my nut sack skin out of the hinge. Nothing works. There is a little rivulet of blood running down my leg. Lon is laughing so hard she is having trouble getting her breath. Then she runs out of the bathroom. I think she has gone to call the hotel front desk, or a doctor, or maybe the police. I am going to have to answer the door to the room and talk to some Thai official while an aluminum ladder is hanging on my balls. I know about 50 Thai words and phrases but none of those words or phrases include the words nut sack and ladder hinge. But it is none of these horrors. She just ran out to get her cell phone. Now she is back and looking at me and dialling the phone. She is talking and pointing and naked and laughing so hard she's blowing snot out of her nose. I return my attention to the problem of the metal embrace. I like a little attention from interested parties down there but this is not something that was on my 'to do' list for the day. Meanwhile, more excited machinegun talking on the phone accompanied by wheezing, gasping, and peals of laughter. All of a sudden she loses control of her bladder. She is too short to go in the sink and the toilet seat cover is covered with her stuff; so she just steps forward. The next thing I know I am drilled in the back by a hot stream of hooker urine. Peals of laughter.

At that moment she was probably the single happiest human on the face of the Earth. She had been washed and worshiped by a man, she was going to get paid without having to have sex, she had a story that would give her 'face' for at least a week, and she was pissing on a farang. So sometimes you can have a little too much fun in Thailand. Ah ... What am I talking about?! You can never have too much fun in Thailand. So if you are in a large department store, and you see a farang in the Housewares Dept. looking at stepladders; that's me. Say hello.

28. Rule of Three

TT&A Part 17 21/10/2003

I have a good friend who built a boat. It was a big boat and a big project that took years. He was not a professional boat builder. He was an amateur. So he would make mistakes. He would be working on some new task and would make an error. So he would have to do the task over a second time. Invariably, he would make another error that ruined the work. But the third time was always the charm. He would have learned from his first two mistakes and the third time he would get it right. After a while, this happened to him so many times that he began to see a pattern. So he stopped trying so hard on the first two attempts. The first two attempts at craftsmanship just became a pro forma for the final attempt. There is no faulting this wacky logic and I remember laughing when he told me this. The boat looked great when launched—he just had to do everything three times. He called it his Rule of Three.

In Thailand, I also seem to have a Rule of Three in my life. I can't explain it and I can't defend it; but I can't ignore it either. In my case; it does not relate to accomplishing mechanical tasks, it relates to interpersonal relationships. And the number three in the series is not the charm, it is the denouement. I have noticed that if the first date with a bargirl goes really, really well; then the second date with her goes even better! There is the beginning of a pattern here. An upwardly ascending curve of happiness. This is usually when I used to go out and buy her a gift for our third date. Our third date was going to be simply wonderful. We were going to build on our past history and emotionally invest even more in ourselves. We would sleep together like happy puppies, flow into each other like water, and laugh like children. This almost never happened. Invariably, the third date was a disappointment of relationship ending magnitude. This has happened to me so many times now that I just assume that any new relationship is heavily tipped that way. So I go ‘balls-to-the-wall’ on the first two dates and then I don’t buy a gift for the third date. This strategy has saved me a lot of personal heartache and a lot of money. All you’ve ever got is what you’ve got. In my case, I invariably seem to be holding ‘two date’ cards! Fine. You’ve got to know when to ‘hold’em’ and you’ve got to know when to ‘fold’em’. I’m learning.

No Luggage

We are about 11 hours into a 13 hour flight from Vancouver to Hong Kong and it occurs to me that the guy next to me has no luggage of any kind. We both boarded at Boston and he went through the line ahead of me. Normally, I don’t make it a point to notate people’s luggage lives but in this particular case there must not have been anything around that had hips wider than her waist. So this guy is flying from Boston to BKK—halfway around the world with no check-in luggage. Then it occurs to me (I am really bored) that I haven’t seen him getting up and down like everyone else and pawing through the carry-on luggage in the overhead bin. Looking around his feet (I am terminally bored) I notice no fanny pack, no day pack, no big purse or bag, no laptop, no shopping bags, no briefcase. Nothing. Nada. Goosegg. Niet. Bupkus. Zero. Prisoners being transferred have more luggage than this! Babies have way more luggage than this. Japanese college girls returning to Tokyo have bags and bags and bags and bags and stuffed animals and little backpacks and duty free items in shopping bags and purses and cell phones and laptop computers and gifts from the gift shop. And the Chinese have overhead luggage so heavy that the pilots have to madly crank the ailerons to keep from crashing. So I ask him. He and I have been chatting amiably. And he tells me that he does not travel to Thailand with luggage anymore. He says he had a four year marriage and the divorce started between saying the vows and the church door. A lifetime of nagging and criticism and misplaced anger and mental instability piled on him by his wife in four years. The last thing his ex-wife said after the divorce, when he was helping her pack was; “And you don’t even know how to pack!”. So he stopped packing. Now when he goes to Thailand he just gets on the plane with his wallet and cash and credit cards and passport and airline tickets and medications. He has a taxi take him to a guesthouse in the Banglamphu section of Bangkok and then he buys everything he needs on Khao San Road. He usually tries to get into the Siam Oriental Guesthouse because it is right at the end of the road. If not he will go to the Buddy Guesthouse for old time’s sake. If both are filled he will go down the ally and check into the Vientai Hotel. He says the next morning he starts on one end of Khao San Road and by the time he has reached the other end he has a backpack and a day pack and a fanny pack, pants, shirts, shorts, sandals. hat, sunglasses and block, socks and toiletries. The cost is negligible and the experience is fun. When he gets home the stuff is still new looking so he gives it away as gifts. He said he owed the heartless bitch thanks. He never felt so free in his life.

My Nuts

Did you ever watch squirrels in a public park? Running around like crazy. Looking half mental as they go from tree to bush to flower bed to special place. Stopping and starting. Running and jumping. Twisting and turning. Doing U-turns and retracing their routes as if they don’t know what they are doing or where they are going. Doing stuff with their nuts. Well, a female researcher wondered about this in New York City. To wit: she wondered if squirrels could remember where they buried their nuts. So she got government funding, cordoned off a section of public park, made a grid square map of the territory with every rock and tree and bush and flower bed notated, and settled down to watch. She watched and took notes of the squirrels in that section of the park for a year. Every squirrel was named and every squirrels nut handling behavior was traced on paper. An aerial shot of the plot paper showed a crazy random bunch of lines from bush to tree to rock to flower bed to special places. It didn't really look like the squirrels had a plan or knew what they were doing. But they sure were busy with their nuts.

Sometimes when I am in the Nana Hotel—Soi 4—Nana Entertainment Plaza part of Bangkok, I remember what an aerial shot of that squirrel researchers plot plan looked like. As I scurry madly from the Nana to the Plaza to the Foodland to the Bus Stop to the Minimart to the Dynasty Hotel to the pharmacy to the bookstore to the Rajah hotel to the 7-11 to the camera store and to the sidewalk vendors—I imagine I look just like one of those squirrels. Doing things with my nuts!

29. Yang Power

TT&A Part 18 26/10/2003

Around 1408 in the Forbidden City of China, the captured virgin Korean concubines revolted and flung insults at the emperor, Zhu Di. Previous to this, two of the concubines had been caught trying to have sex with a eunuch. Talk about sexual frustration! This insult flinging and eunuch seducing behavior was punishable by death but the concubines didn't care. They were not getting fucked enough! They said the emperor had lost his Yang Power. They said many other things. The blood flowed. 2800 concubines and eunuchs were hunted down.

Why did they do this?! They behaved out of mind because the reptilian cores of their brains had taken over. Talking with their concubine friends and their eunuch friends about make-up, and dress-up, and boys, and marriage, and babies was just not enough. A woman needs to be fucked; and if you can't do it, she'll find someone who can—maybe even try a eunuch. Women hate their rapists but some of them spend the rest of their lives dreaming about them. That is why when you and your little bargirl friend undress in the hotel room for the very first time; she looks at your equipment. She wants to know if you can do the job. She may tell her husband that she hates her job as a prostitute, and she may tell her female lover that she hates all men; but she still wants to know if you can do the job. Can you fuck her!? Thai women call me 'small body-big cock'. Well, at least I'm batting 50%. But I can see how as I get older I might benefit from some pharmaceutical support. Because in the hotel room it is not the journey that counts, it is the arrival that counts.

My little Noi or Ba or Poom or Na doesn't give a rat's flying ass about my hopes and dreams, or my likes or dislikes, or my wants or needs. She just wants to know if I can fuck her. That is why more and more I see the wisdom of corporate greed and lust for profits and unyielding advertising; in other words, the drug companies. God bless the drug companies that are spending millions of dollars to help me with Noi in my hotel room. These drug companies are corporate saints doing God's work. I pray for them and I worship them. And in that vein I think it would be appropriate to have a temple or place of worship for these drug companies somewhere in Thailand. A place for farangs to go to ponder and worship and pray. I imagine that the shrine could look like a giant supplement tablet—maybe about 30 feet high and with a blue porcelain finish.

I noticed during my last trip to visit Bangkok, that they have some unused real estate. Maybe there would be a good place. The 30 foot high supplement tablet would be housed in a giant building modeled on the Nana Plaza. Entrance would be free to all farang. No French, Japanese, Thai or women allowed. Fuck'em. A decision has not been made yet on pre-op trannies. That is still in committee. You would be able to wear any kind of clothes you wanted, eat anything in the building you wanted, talk or laugh out loud, and lie down on your back and point your feet at the thing if you wanted. Nudity would be discouraged but nudity in erectus would be allowed. The surrounding walls of the building would have giant high resolution photographs of happy farang-girlfriend interactions made possible by the saintly and forward thinking drug companies. Time lapse impressions of the drugs effect on the penis would be cast in bronze and inlaid in the tile floor. The gift shop would sell 'before-and-after' photos as well as 'before-and-after' plaster casts and complete literate histories of the drugs and drug companies available in either cloth, leather, or foreskin bindings. Drug company banners and logos and mission statements and CEO portraits would hang from the ceiling. There would be a donations box to help the drug companies with their on going research and for a fee a drug company representative would bless you and tie a lucky string around your penis. Those in erectus during the drug company representative interview would receive a free sample of the latest non-FDA approved performance enhancing drugs currently being used in Burma.

For the younger crowd there would be headsets that would explain the exhibits and the future of the performance enhancing world of chemistry. Predictions would be made about what they had to look forward to. At eight minute intervals recordings would be piped in that were the sounds of people happily copulating. By turning the headset dial you could choose to hear the sounds of love in Danish, German, Aussie, Norwegian, etc. The toilets would have distortion glass over the sinks that made your favorite friend look bigger and longer. Of course there would be an open bar and hilarity would be encouraged. Behind the bar would be a blank steel wall against which you could throw your girlfriend's cellphone. However, erectus ring toss games and picture taking would be prohibited. Come on guys, it's a Temple. In addition, there would be a screening room that would show historical and contemporary laboratory films chronicling the drug company experiments with performance enhancing drugs. Most of the laboratory subjects were either Chinese prisoners, zoo primates, or Hollywood celebrities in rehab; however the films are riveting. The film screen would be 25 feet high. That is an erection you won't soon forget. The films would all be converted to 3D Holographic technology so that the screening room lights could be left ON. For those of you that are high heel shoppers; it's a Temple, not a butt-dart convention. These international performance enhancing drug laboratory films that have been graciously donated to the temple by the drug companies with no thought to themselves other than charity and public education and pharmaceutical historical respect may sound a little academic; but believe me a 25 foot high erection in high resolution color and 3D holographic technology can be quite attention getting. You will be proud and excited to be able to participate in the wonderful world of chemistry and thrilled at the notion that at age 90 you will still be able to hold up a bucket of water with your dick. It's a man's world baby and the world is run by big dicks.

As part of the temple outreach programs the relevant drug companies will be asked to place use-specific anullments on their proprietary corporate and brand names so that happy and grateful men (and women) will be able to name their sons and daughters names like Pfizer, and Upjohn, and Cialis, and Levitra, and Uprima, and Viagra, and Nexmed, and Alprox-TD, and Palatin. Imagine you and your pregnant wife are lying in bed playing the name game. She wants to name your soon-to-be daughter Lucy and you want to name her after a performance enhancing drug. Pop a Viagra, flip the wife over, and the problem is solved. Goodbye Lucy Smith and hello Viagra Smith. I can hear the future of our playgrounds now. Instead of the prideful and bragging taunts like "My father is better than your father!", it will change to "My father's performance enhancing drug is better than your father's performance enhancing drug!"; and the even sweeter "My father made me when he was 79. He's got a penis like a tent peg!" No doubt followed up by something from an eight year old like "My dad is so hard he can do it standing up butt naked in a snowstorm with his feet in buckets of cold water—that's why he named me Blue Pill." Ah, Kids ... There would be a back door at the end of the exhibit hall in case you wanted to ditch your waiting girlfriend or your family. The opening ceremonies would sponsor testimonial speeches and condom blowing up contests for the kids. In the Spring the drug companies would sponsor pageants held on the temple steps before the vulva entrance. And there would be summer contests held at the temple for biggest erection, strongest erection, longest, hardest, etc. The Grand Prize would always be for fastest erection. Winners would get to keep their supplement tablet trophies for one year. As always, these would be public service events of human dignity and historical importance. No wagering please. After the 90 day probationary period was up, paperwork would be filed to have the temple declared a World Heritage Site. It would become a stop-over for all world girdling celebrities and politicians.

Think of it. Try and engage this happy future. While your girlfriend was bowing before the monument you could be prostrating yourself in front of the giant supplement tablet. Afterwards, you would meet up outside and buy flowers and light incense. I think this is a social need and a time that has come. Who wants to be with me when I present this idea?!

30. Thai Foster Children

TT&A Part 19 6/11/2003

When Thailand first started to become an important part of my life, I did all the things that everyone else does. I bought lots of guidebooks. I scoured and devoured the internet sites. I participated in chat rooms. I read every library book I could find on Thailand (Siam) going all the way back to the middle of the 19th century. I live in a city with many colleges and schools and universities and library systems. That's a lot of books. Through the Boston Library Interloan System I had books brought in from all over the United States. I looked for local Thai clubs to join. I tried to sleep at night with Learn-to-Speak Thai tapes playing. I hung out in Thai restaurants. I brushed off my 30 year old text books from college on Buddhism and Asian art. I made Thai friends or tried to. I bought souvenirs in Thailand and displayed them in my office. I rented all three versions of The King and I at the local video store. I watched every movie I could find that had Thai themes or landscaping. I bought obscure Thai music CD's including one of elephants playing music. I wore my custom made shirts and shoes and ties to the office every day. I cut pictures of Thailand out of my books and decorated letters that I sent to friends. I tried to get the Thai embassy in New York to interview me for a job. I tried to get large international firms in Thailand to interview me for a job. But still, something was missing from the farang-Thai experience. It all seemed like skipping a stone across the surface of water. Trivial.

Then I adopted two Thai foster daughters. It was what I had been looking for. Something that would add humanity to the experience. I adopted one girl who was 5 through the Christian Children's Fund, and I adopted one girl who was 6 through Childreach International. I got a list of all the Thai holidays. There are a lot of Thai holidays. Plus there are the children's birthdays. I send donations or letters or gifts to both children on all the holidays and of course on their birthdays. I try to time the letters so that they get there at the right time. It is difficult to do. I have pledged to them in writing that I will never let them down and I won't. I love my connection with these two human beings. With their sponsor organizations help they write back to me. It doesn't amount to much but it is the thought that counts. I have visited one of the girls and her family and village twice and I have visited my other foster daughter and her family in their village once. Their living conditions are horrific. There are refugee camps with more dignity and hygiene and pride and order. But the experience always brings tears to my eyes. Both girls have saved every letter and gift that I have sent to them and both girls have my picture on the wall where they sleep. Their relationship with me gives them 'face' and makes them feel special. And, they don't know it yet; but this man in their life will never abuse them. A Bangkok office translator accompanies me on these visits so that it is possible to talk to these girls and their families. I am treated with respect. I have never been dunned for money.

So if you are looking for a way to add a human element to your connection to Thailand, you might consider donating some of your time and your energy and your good intentions in a charitable way through a foster child program. The organizations allow you to choose ages, genders, and levels of participation. The two organizations that I have been associating with set the standard for ethical, loving, and charitable behavior. And without them, I would not have been able to add to my life by adding these two Thai people to my life.

Thai Reparations

Here in the United States there are a lot of people with black skin that are very unhappy. The reason they are unhappy is because for the last couple of hundred years either themselves or their ancestors have been en-slaved, or abused, or disrespected by White people. And their thought is that the time has come for a society wide apology from White people. And the best way to assuage their psychic hurt and the best way for White people to tender this apology to Black people is with money. Yup, it is time for a settling up. The bill has to be paid. Either through payroll deductions or through seizure of assets, the current White people will be taxed and this 'apology' will be given to the Black people. It is called Reparations. Hell, I didn't even know I was an ex-slavemaster until this started. Of course if you are on the receiving end of this money the logic is compelling. Well, if you like that logic; then you are going to love this:

Since the 60's when farangs started to go to Thailand in great numbers, bar-girls have been saying one thing in the bar and then not delivering on the promise in the hotel room. But they wanted the money. And they often got it. The contract for services was made in the bar. Not providing those services but taking the money is theft. Just because a bar-girl has a nickname for her cell-phone and a nickname for the family buffalo does not obviate the fact that this is business. Sexual services were advertised and offered, the price was negotiated, and sexual services were purchased. If sexual services as per contract are not delivered that is stealing. The farang has had his money stolen. I figure that since the 60's, farangs are probably owed about TEN BILLION dollars by bar-girls. Well, it is time for a settlement! It is time for Reparations. I propose that the modern, forward-thinking, globally integrating Thai government meet each visiting farang at the airport from now on and present him with a Reparations check. I am sure that the government will see the social logic of this and want to do everything they can to make matters right with the citizens of the world. When I think of the present Thai government I right away think of class and style and breeding and education and high intelligence. And I know that everyone involved in that government could extemporaneously lecture on the meaning and the value of contracts in business. Something as simple as a verbal contract between two alert and consenting parties should be child's play for them! When I next go to Thailand, I plan to go to Government House with this Reparations Idea. I expect to be knighted by a grateful Asian government. I can see myself now, kneeling before a Thai official as he touches each of my shoulders with a golden flyswatter. Knighting me will notify the world that this Thai government is anxious to right the wrongs of all their thieving little whores. Think of it guys, the next time you get off the plane at Don Muang International Airport; there will be a check (and a smile) waiting for you ...!

31. Misty Eyes

TT&A Part 20 10/11/2003

It is the beginning of Fall in Boston and the wind coming in the bathroom window is cold and raw. The leaves aren't falling early but it seems like a Winter wind. Maybe I am just getting old. Anyway, with the kids all grown up and gone everything is now different; slower, as if a great winding down clock is ticking away. The great adrenaline push of raising the children is now over. The wife is fat and has stopped shaving her moustache, my penis doesn't seem to be needed anymore, and the blood pressure pills will probably keep me alive for another 20 years. All the work and the worry and the good intentions comes down to this: I am a limp-dicked, soon-to-be-retiree, with disappointing children; leaning over a toilet bowl and pouring in a stream of blue Tidy Bowl cleanser. I've been in charge of the Tidy Bowl routine for 20 years. Like an unexpected asteroid burning through the atmosphere of my brain, the blue stream of disinfectant brings up memories from 35 years ago!

The best advice my father could have given me was "Don't marry a white woman". But he knew I wouldn't listen so he kept it to himself. The second best piece of advice which he did give to me was "Volunteer for Supply, son". It was the 60's and I had been drafted into the Army. The United States felt that my 5 foot body was indispensable to the War effort. My dad's parting advice was to get into Supply. I would be able to siphon off enough to fence and provide myself with booze, women, and gambling money for the duration. He was right. I made a fortune. So much that I was able to finance an R&R apartment in Bangkok for Army guys from Saigon and for guys from the Air Force Base in Korat, Thailand. Using stolen supplies and bribed military labor I had a flush toilet installed in the apartment. The

Thais used to knock on the door to watch me flush the toilet. They stared goggle-eyed as the water went down the bowl.

Well, things were going along OK for a while until some car bombs and bar bombs persuaded me that the enemy was serious. After that I started drinking. One night I got drunk and stole a piece of road grading equipment. Drunk and hauling ass down a dirt road, I came up behind a Vietnamese ancient on a bicycle. I honked. I honked again. Nothing. So I lowered the blade, knocked him down, and greased him. When I got back to the base, the Sergeant told me to take R&R in Bangkok for a week and he would hose off the blade.

Stopping at Korat on the way to my apartment in Bangkok (selling Army supplies to Air Force personnel—what a sweet deal), I met a woman named Poom. I said something friendly like "Korat was nice" and she responded in perfect GI-accented English that "Korat sucked", and she wanted to go to Bangkok! We arrived that night and I showed her the flush toilet. If I had tapped the back of her head her eyes would have fallen out. My eyes were misty. Suddenly, I was so happy.

I had driven down with a jeep pulling a trailer full of taxpayer-paid military issue supplies. Everything from cosmetics for girls to lug nuts for business to toiletries for bribes to alcohol for bars and of course furniture and towels and sheets for the apartment. Poom thought she had fallen into a money pit.

One day I was standing in the bathroom pouring in a blue stream of Tidy Bowl disinfectant. The toilet reservoir tank on the roof was filled with algae and made the toilet water smell like a klong. Suddenly, there was a scream right behind me. Coming up behind me, Poom hadn't seen the can I was holding; just the blue stream. She thought my urine was blue!

Back then I was a small, scared guy in a war zone and like a lot of young men with too much testosterone and too little experience; I was forcing myself through life with a foul mouth. It was 'Shit' this and 'Fuck' that all the time. Poom stopped that. After I finished pouring the disinfectant in the bowl, I found her in the kitchen cleaning out the container. Then she put the top back on and cut a slot in the top. That night she presented it to me in bed and explained that from now on every time I said a bad word I had to put a satang coin in the container. I never put a single Thai coin in that container. Because I never said another bad word. She just took over my heart ...!

So now I am in Boston and I am pouring Tidy Bowl in the toilet bowl and I am wondering if far, far away in modern Siam Poom is doing the same. And I wonder if she is fat and has a moustache. And I curse my father for not telling me about Asian women. It is a cold, raw wind coming in the bathroom window and my eyes are getting misty.

Skytrain Memory

I saw her on the Skytrain. I was returning from a tourist day cruising up and down the Chao Phraya river. She looked like she was going to work. She could have been a model in any country and in any culture in the world. If you air dropped her into any tribe she would have been the queen of the tribe in a month. Very, very skinny with elegant arms like twigs and dressed top to toe in black. Strappy black heels and sprayed on black latex pants and black silk shirt. Jet black hair with an off center braid and spiky bangs. Gold jewellery, make-up, black designer purse, gold cell phone. You get the picture! Very, very Thai—and about 1000 pounds of sex in a 79 pound body. I sit down next to her and try to look like a farang who is not sitting down next to a breathtaking Thai woman. I look at her out of the corner of my eye and try to look like a farang who is not looking out of the corner of his eye at a breathtaking Thai woman. I purposely do not hit on her or make eye contact with her to show how cool and un-needy I am. And of course I do not fool her for a single second. She knows. She's known since she was fourteen years old. She has the Power! She is the Source! There were other empty seats on the Skytrain. She knows that. The two of us are sitting there hip to hip looking at a whole row of empty seats. I couldn't help myself. I was drawn to her like iron filings to a magnet. Helpless. She knows! She is talking on her cell phone in really excellent English. Finally, after a couple of stops and a suitably long enough period of time to show my hipness; I say, "Your English is excellent." She turns, looks, appraises, and says, "Thank you." That's it. It's over. That's all I am going to get. I wasn't worthy.

Why does God do this to us? It is so unequal ...! She couldn't remember me twenty minutes later, and I'll remember her ten years from now! To her I was just a moment, and to me she is a memory!

32. Escaping

TT&A Part 21 17/11/2003

Have you ever been in a hotel lobby around 1 or 2 in the morning and seen some guy checking out of the hotel? Where is he going? The planes don't start leaving Don Muang until 6 in the morning. The earliest you need to check out is 3 or 3:30. So what is the deal with the guy who is checking out at 1 or 2 in the morning? There aren't any buses or trains running. No planes. I'll tell you what he is doing because I have done it. He is ESCAPING. Something has gone wrong with him and his honey bunny and her soft, liquid pools of brown-eyed love have become flinty chips of HATE. In a billionth of an instant. What is known in Physics as a nanosecond. No man on the planet can emotionally move that fast. What have you done to earn this life-threatening hate? You don't know! How could you? You are just an ignorant, insensitive, Christian-Western biased, ex-slave master with fond memories of Colonialism and Imperialism. Whereas she is just a little itty-bitty honey bunny with a stuffed-animal backpack. And you can't depend on other farangs for help. Because everyone of them that is one day younger than you or one pound lighter than you— has nothing but contempt for you. Hell, you are lucky the other white guys allow you to live.

So you better learn to pack fast. Because who knows—your heart throb who loved you and only you may now be looking for the police or a gun, or an ex or current boyfriend with a gun. Or a knife. Knives are very popular in Thailand. Learn to pack in 10 minutes. And leave a coded note on the desk or top of the TV reminding you of where in the room you hid money. 'Cause you ain't going back! Good Luck. Remember, it was only vacation to you. To everyone else involved it was about 'face' and money. The two incendiaries of Thai society. Start packing. Stuff the shit in your bag, do a once over of the room, collect your hidden money, and get your ass down to the front desk. And don't just move across the street. They'll find you. You have to get a taxi and tell him to just drive for 15 minutes. Then get out and find a place. Now MOVE ...!

Otherwise, the two of you could end up standing in front of the boys in brown. You know; the worldly, well-educated legal elite with highly attuned investigatory skills. Her little brown shoulders will be shaking and great big tears will be rolling down her cheeks. You will have your Imperialist-Colonialist thumb up your ass. The first thing you will learn to write in Thai is:

Please help me. I am being held in a Thai prison. I am innocent.

You will write it in blood on little pieces of toilet paper that you will drop out the prison windows. And there isn't even any toilet paper!

So if you see a farang checking out of his hotel in the early morning; Don't get in his way. He's got to MOVE. NOW!

The Weis Are Missing

Have you ever noticed how you get your best ideas or revelations at night when you least expect them? You will be lying in bed in the 'sort of asleep—sort of awake' mode and then EUREKA—your body will jack-knife upwards as you have a great notion! Well, that happened to me the other night—I jack-knifed up in the sitting position probably well known to others like Newton and Einstein and (dare I say it) Dana—and I shouted WEIS! The weis are missing! Starting about a year and a half ago I started to notice that when I check into a hotel and I give the room porter his tip—I do not get a wei back from him. He can't be bothered anymore. He's got his money and besides; Thai culture blows, he wants a McDonald's franchise. When he was 10 he wanted to be a monk. And now that I think of it, I don't get weis in other traditional ways that I used to get them either. From the time I land in the LOS to the time I leave I am hammered by everyone with a heartbeat about the importance of respecting Thai culture—but the Thais are forgetting faster than I can. The first hotel that I checked into in Thailand was the Vientai hotel. I was very tired and I was very sick. When I gave the porter a tip, he stood still in the hall, and gave me a wei. I was charmed for life. I bought Thailand. Suddenly, I felt enervated and hopeful. I didn't feel quite so sick and quite so tired. But now that social interaction is going. It's too bad. It was charming, innocent, and culturally meaningful. You knew you were in Thailand. A place with different rules that would provide different experiences. Now it is all becoming a part of the past. Now it's just GIVE ME THE MONEY. Well, I for one, think it is sad and I think it is a loss and I think it is probably part of a trip down a road that you can't make a U-turn on. If the weis are going away in 2003, what will be left of Thai culture by 2053? or 3003? No more Thailand. Sad.

33. Stupid

TT&A Part 22 24/11/2003

Preamble

I have often wondered if people get quieter as they age because they have been disappointed by the human race so many times. And for most of us, not too many people show up at our death bed. All those years, all that emotion, all the hopes and dreams, the reaching out; and no one shows! It makes reaching out to others look like a pretty poor investment. You are not likely to get much back. Maybe that is why it is so rare to find people who can be kind to strangers. It represents risk-taking without obvious payback. Most people talk a good game, but most people are no-shows when it comes to giving someone else the benefit of the doubt and extending a human touch. Maybe that is why the whole subject of gift giving is such a minefield of emotions. You should give a gift from the heart to make someone else happy; without regard to your own happiness. That is why it is called ‘gift-giving’ and not ‘gift-receiving’. But that is awfully adult behavior. Most of us are slaves to the self-serving idea of social reciprocity. We’d at least like a smile and a thank-you. We feel in our nitwit selfish brains that we deserve it. Still, there are times that test the mental stability of even the most altruistic giver.

Story

My guide translator Nok from the home office in BKK and I have been on the road for a day and a half. We are going to visit one of my foster daughters up near the Laotian border. I have two foster daughters: one through the Christian Children’s Fund and one through Childreach International. Every couple of years I try to go to their villages for a visit. I have made two visits, this will be my third. And I have another visit scheduled six months from now. When you notify the home office in BKK that you are coming to Thailand and that you would like to meet one of your foster children, they send you a list of suggested gifts that you could purchase and give to your child. But the standard gift ideas are boring. I mean how many ball point pens does an illiterate village need? I wanted to do something that would be a little different, a little unusual and fun; so I bought in the States and brought to the village two toilet seats!

My child's village is on the trail of an elephant trekking tour so the villagers have learned to build treetop platforms for the wives. As you are going by the wife in the tree you can purchase something from your elephant basket. A little later on the elephants stop and you transfer to an ox-cart ride. When you stop for the transfer you can wander around the village and of course they have set up more opportunities for you to buy things from attractive, charming women in native clothing.

To make the farangs feel a little more comfortable the village has built a western style two hole latrine. So the natives are not squatting anymore, they are now sitting. Baby steps. But there are no toilet seats. You are just sitting on wood over a hole. Who wants to get a splinter in their rear while contemplating the universe!? So I decide to buy two toilet seats and toilet seat covers for the latrine holes. Only I don't buy standard toilet seats. I buy the novelty toilet seats and covers that are made of the squishy transparent plastic gel and have US coins embedded inside in the gel. So you are sitting on money and the squishy seats are incredibly comfortable and the gift item is unique and thoughtful. No other village is going to have this level of outrageous luxury in their shit house.

When Nok and I arrive at the village and pull the toilet seats out of our backpacks we get zero reaction. One of the village elders puts a seat over his head. They don't get it. So I take them by the hand to the outhouse and put the contraptions over the two holes. Screaming. Just Screaming. It was one of the funniest fucking days of my life. My translator Nok was so busy translating and laughing so hard, I thought she was going to pop a vein. I am a hit. An old guy shows up with a rock and some rusty nails and drives the nails right thru the seats. So much for subtlety. The whole village is in and around the latrine and people are now drinking. Then more drinking. Then you guessed it; everyone starts dropping their pants to try out the new squishy American money seats. Toothless old ladies look happier than they have looked in years. I am taking pictures of them on the shitter and putting the photos on the walls. What a party that was!

Denouement: Now we flash forward three years. My little foster daughter is now three years older and starting to write me real letters rather than the fake letters that the agency sends. I visit the village again. After an hour or so, I have to go to the bathroom. I go in the latrine and I am stunned. The two toilet seats and toilet seat covers are shredded, ripped, gouged, torn, and destroyed. There is no form or function or comfort or fun left. Then I see what has happened. All the embedded money is gone. They have destroyed my gift to them with knives and screwdrivers and rocks and sharp sticks—hacking and slicing and gouging for some US change. The change had no value to them where they live and now they have no toilet seats. And evidently, no village elder had the wit to tell them to stop. And my relationship with one of their daughters had no social currency in their decision making. So now they have nothing, and if I was a small-minded person; they would have also poisoned the well of our relationship. So giving gifts is hard. Remember, you are giving—you can not expect to receive anything back. Still ... STUPID.

There's One

Recently, there has been some consternation and some talk about the volunteer police on Walking Street in Pattaya. These are individuals charged by the government with making social decisions and then taking action. Government apologists will notate that this was really only intended as an APEC summit specific happening. However, social historians will point out that once the Pandora's box of social fascism is opened, it is hard to get the door closed again. The programs are just too darned popular. The general consensus is that this Walking Street volunteer police situation is not a good thing. The feeling is that highlighting or pinpointing undesirable farangs based solely on their appearance (a little balding, a little overweight, a little over 30) seems a bit unfair.

I have another take on the subject. Rather than eliminating these volunteer police, these valuable social filters; I believe that many more volunteer police should be on the streets. Something on the order of 500,000 volunteer police. And they should be distributed all over Thailand. One of the wonderful things about a site like Stick's is the free exchange of ideas and information between thoughtful adults. One of the things that I have learned is that due to my age and my probable appearance; that I do not have the same rights to Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness as other farangs. In fact, I have learned, and I am grateful for the information; that due to my age and my imagined appearance that I am a social undesirable. Apparently, only certain people are invited to this party. Well, there is nothing more rewarding than putting knowledge to action. So I propose that this new, more numerous volunteer police force be targeted towards farang like me. Round us up. And the beauty of this is that not much training would be required of the volunteer police. Thai children as young as ten could be deputised and given powers of arrest and incarceration. Since no judgements are being made about what is in a person's heart or mind; all the kids have to do is point and yell: OLD FARANG. The future looks bright for this program. Friday afternoon stonings, and beheadings down by the boardwalk promise a bright future. I witnessed these social parties in Jeddah, Saudi Arabia in the 70's and believe me when I tell you; they were very popular.

Last time I checked; if my plane manages to fly over the Bering Strait without crashing, and I manage to get through Thai customs—then I've got a ticket to ride. And my ticket is just as good as anyone else's ticket. But apparently, I've been wrong. Apparently, if you have successfully crossed streets for fifty years; you are not a village elder in farang society, you are a village idiot. And all the flat-stomach, wasp-waist, 4% body-fat guys have the right to chase you down like a leper in an African village and beat the life out of you with sticks and stones. Well, call me a social weeny; but I find this a little unappealing. Apparently, the demeaning, divisive and disrespectful things that women do to men are not enough; now we are going to sponsor knife fights amongst ourselves about who the really cool guys are. Frankly, all the emphasis and worry about a man's personal appearance sounds a little gay to me. But what could I possibly know—I am now the village idiot. That sound you hear is me retching in disgust. Let me tell you something. If you have enough time to think about chasing me or judging me based on my personal appearance; that is because you do not have your arm around a woman. Go into ANY bar and ninety-five percent of the men do NOT have their arms around a woman. But boy can they talk. Happy, satisfied men living the natural lives that men should be living do not cause trouble. They are listening to what the woman in their life is saying and thinking of ways to make her happy. They are thinking of her and they are thinking of the two of them. If you are thinking of me—you are a loser. You just labeled yourself. But I am nothing if not a go-along, get-along guy. So I'll sign up for this new volunteer police social filter program that smacks of man-to-man fascism. Come and get me. Round us up.

34. My Thai T-Shirt Wear

TT&A Part 23 1/12/2003

1. In the mornings and early afternoons when visiting temples and merchants and government offices; I wear my T-shirt that says:

Liars
Cheaters
Weasels and
Thieves

just to remind myself what country I am in.

2, When going into restaurants I wear my Dante T-shirt that says,

Abandon All Hope,
Ye Who Enter Here!

This is the only way I can fortress myself from the Thais indifference and incompetence and poorly concealed racial hatred. In the two years that I spent in Saudi Arabia in the 70's working as a carpenter for a US construction company; never once was I served an incorrect food order. The language and cultural divides between the rural Saudis and the westerners were just as great as between the Thais and the westerners. The Thais could get the food orders right but they don't want to. They willfully screw up the food orders as another minor battle against interloping westerners. Skirmishes in a war called the Future. A war they can not win.

3. From around 4pm until midnight I wear my porn star Kascha T-shirt. Half Tahitian and half Swedish she is everything an Isaan girl is not. With blue eyes and golden blonde hair her Asian face tells every Isaan girl what she will never be. When questioned I

tell the bargirls that she is my girlfriend. You should see them ratchet up their attentions to compete!

4. And when visiting previous girlfriends I wear the T-shirts that I have had made up that have their faces on them. The bars erupt when I walk in. The girls think they are movie stars.

So that's it for me—a typical T-shirt day in Thailand. Spreading good will and love wherever I go.

5. Oh, I almost forgot. I also have a T-shirt that says;

Fuck-Off

for all the massage touts, taxi retards, whore touts, Indian tailors, begging monks, tuk-tuk criminals, police on the take, rude mamasans, ignorant immigration officials, and bar and beach salesman selling hand painted pictures, boiled eggs, shells, jewelry, watches, fruit and flowers.

So that's really it. My T-shirt wear in Thailand.

6. Oh, I almost forgot. I also have a T-shirt that says,

Don't Hate Me Because I Am A Rich American

I wear this to embassy parties and brunches, lunches and teas at the Regent Hotel. and ...

7. I have a T-shirt that I keep in the glove compartment of my car that says,

Your Pants Are So Tight
I'll Bet There Is No Room
In Your Wallet
For More Money ...!

I put this T-shirt on when the Police stop my car. Works for me.

8. Here is another T-shirt that I used to use more than now, but it still comes in handy—especially around Japanese tourists:

If You Are Close Enough To Read This—
You Now Have SARS

It is a fun shirt to wear around hospitals too. Heh, it's all about fun.

9. This shirt gets a lot of comment and Thai facial reactions—

Once You Go White and Short,
You Never Go Back!

I wear this shirt in discos.

10. This T-shirt is either a conversation starter or a conversation killer—depending on the audience.

AITFB
(Aids is the Final Bill)

I like to take that shirt to those ex-pat bars where they all think they are so cool. You know, the places where everyone was in Vietnam and everyone was a hero but they didn't get their Congressional Medal of Honor because, "It's All Politics, Man!"

11. And finally—I wear this shirt so that I do not forget my personal mantra.

So Many Women
So Little Time!

I wear that shirt to Chula University Sorority Luncheons.

Oh, and I almost forgot. I wear the following shirt into bars where I want to make new friends.

My Name Is Dana
I Am From America
I Am A Tourist
I Am Single
My Hotel Is Across The Street

So that's it, guys. My morning, afternoon, and evening wear; both casual and formal in Thailand. I have seen other attention getting shirts like 'It Takes Leather Balls to Play Rugby' but I don't think shirt wear like that is Thai-theme sensitive. I try to be sensitive to my surroundings. Yup, that's me. I'm all about cultural sensitivity. For example: I am now working on a Thai-theme T-shirt idea that is kind of a rip-off of a Hell's Angel shirt—

You wear the shirt when you are driving a motorcycle and the print is on the back of the shirt and it says,

IF YOU CAN READ THIS
THE BARGIRL BITCH
FELL OFF.!

See what I mean. It's got a Thai theme!

* * *

Dana's Favorite Joke

I only have one Thailand joke that I have been telling in the office to every new employee for years. Not once has it gotten a laugh. This is either a reflection on the types of idiots that my company is hiring or a reflection on the joke. I prefer the 'stupid idiot' theory. In another triumph of Hope over Experience, I will tell the joke again. The joke goes like this:

Employee: Oh Dana, that is a beautiful new tie. Where did you get it?

Me: Thailand

Employee: And Dana that is a beautiful shirt you are wearing? Where did you get it?

Me: Shirtland

Respectfully, if you do not get this joke; please do not email me. I do not want to know you. On the other hand, if you find this joke is witty and clever and fun—you may email me and compliment me and flatter me at length. Obviously, this joke theme can be expanded to Sockland, Pantland, etc; but that is all a part of advanced joke telling. We have not got the time or the space here.

35. Ironing in Chiang Mai

TT&A Part 24 5/12/2003

I am happy and excited now and I am about to get even more happy and more excited because I can see her coming. She doesn't look the same as the last time I saw her twenty-five years ago but the mind stores a person's way of walking and of moving. It is her. The last time I waved good-bye she was young and fertile and shaped like an hour glass. Now I can see that the skin stretched tight over her cheekbones has gone to lines and wrinkles, the long jet black hair has become short and lustreless, and she is shaped like a ball. But I don't care. Right now there is not one other woman in the world that I would rather be with than her. She is my everything. My love lost. My golden, hopeful past. We are meeting in Pattaya because it is where she now lives with her husband. I have asked her to meet me at the Hopf House restaurant at the corner of soi 13/1 and Beach Road because it makes a nice date. Halfway down the restaurant's main floor is a circular stair that goes up to a little balcony that overlooks the main floor. There is only room for two tables. I have reserved the whole balcony for us. Mr. Big shot spending money he doesn't have to impress a woman who has chosen another man. It was worth it. What price happiness?

We lived together for eight months in our youth and in Chiang Mai many years ago. She was studying to be a nurse and I thought I was writing a book. She was my first experience with falling away from myself. I fell out of me and into her. She could have had any man just by smiling at him. She smiled at me. Back then there were no cell phones and we had no apartment phone. Our evenings were quiet. She would study and I would review the day's writing. There were bird cages to clean and a dog to walk and dishes to wash. You can never know another person's mind. And sometimes a closely held secret is a guilty pleasure. All that time that we were together I had a secret that I kept from her. One of her hobbies was ironing. It relaxed her. So every night I would set up the ironing board in front of the TV. The Atomic Clock in Washington, D.C. wasn't as reliable as me setting up the ironing board. It was showtime. I would be sitting on the couch and between me and the TV was Nat standing at the ironing board. She would be wearing one of my old thin T-shirts that came down and covered her rear. The TV threw out a weird blue light that was like some kind of X-ray beam. The TV light shone right through her T-shirt. You could see everything. Sitting on the couch I had a show every night. There wasn't another woman in the world that I was more attracted to than her and there wasn't another woman in the world that I was more sexually interested in than her; and every night I got to sit on the couch and feast my eyes on her beautiful body. Sometimes at night we would go boom-boom, and sometimes we wouldn't. But it never mattered. I was already a happy, satisfied man. I loved ironing.

Our reunion was wonderful. Two middle-aged people feeling young again. It was all about telling stories and laughing and finishing each others thoughts and sentences. The balcony was a great idea, the service was good, and the food was fine. A TV hung from the ceiling in front of us and showed animals doing silly things. We laughed like children. The live band played Beatles songs. I had never finished my book and she had gotten out of nursing. That's about all of the catching up that we did. It was our time together that counted. And we were like starving people at an emotional buffet. We couldn't get enough of each other. I leaned over and put my arm and hand around her waist. She gently removed it. She was married. A new reality. On the way out I stopped her in front of the band and got her to slow dance with me. Neither one of us could dance. It was just an excuse to hold each other and cry.

After dinner we walked down the boardwalk and went to Swenson's for ice cream. Then we went across the street and sat on the concrete wall and looked at the ocean and the stars and the lights on the floating restaurants. Finally, it was time to part. She had had more to offer Life so she had ended up with more. She had a husband waiting at home who knew she was seeing a former lover. She had children and more birds. Another dog. I had an unfinished manuscript and an empty bed at the White Inn on soi 14. Ten dollars a night and the tears were free. We were not equal. I knew that I would never see her again so I decided to leave her a gift. I decided to give her the secret that I had kept from her in our apartment in Chiang Mai for eight months. So I said,

"Honey, remember when you used to iron in front of the TV?"
"Yes," she said. "The light shone through my shirt. You could see everything!"

Checking In

My first experience checking into a hotel in Thailand was a Screamer and as I found out later, often a normal experience. See if this rings a bell with anyone out there. I am checking into the Vientai Hotel in the western part of the city. It is a good hotel for access to Khao San Road and environs and the tourist spots in the Rattanakosin section of Bangkok. I am the only person checking in. I am the only person in the lobby. There are FIVE check-in staff ladies behind the counter. They are all Thai and all beautiful and all charming and all blessed with megawatt smiles. They are wearing lemon yellow suits (jacket top and skirt) that together with their black heels and black hair are very lovely. These are the first Thai females I have ever seen. I am very tired and I am very sick; but I am smitten. Check-in procedure worldwide is a five minute process. Not here. It takes twenty agonising minutes. These five charming man-killers are completely, utterly, fabulously incompetent. I have been involved in business in one capacity or another capacity for twenty five years and I find the business of business interesting. So I am often either consciously or unconsciously putting my social interactions through the business filter. First of all, it took minutes for one of them to see me! Perhaps I should have shot off a flare gun.

Then it started. A woman would ask me something and then turn and involve herself in some other unrelated task. Another woman would answer the phone and then speak to me. Hang up the phone and cut that person off. Some charming femme fatale would pick up a document and stare at it. Then put it down. Nothing done. Etc, etc, etc. The back-of-the-counter theatre looked like human bumper cars for the sedated as these five 'hospitality professionals' drifted around and sometimes bumped into each other. Fortunately, I could see the humor of it—sort of. As long as I didn't extrapolate and wonder how Thai surgeons were trained or how Thai aircraft mechanics were trained I knew I could get through it.

There didn't appear to be any policies, or procedures, or rules, or diplomatic courtesy notions. And clearly, they were firmly in the grips of the democratic process; because no one was in charge. It was amazing. And I was firmly in their clutches because after five minutes of this, I had no idea what was going on. And I had been pre-drilled prior to my first trip to Thailand in all the guidebooks to not yell or be aggressive or demanding when things were not going right. I sometimes wonder if the Thais are the real authors of those guidebooks that tell us to just stuff it when things are goofed up. Anyway, eventually it ended. And I appeared to be checked into the hotel. I think. Charming. But, oh so SLOW ...!

36. Dana’s Traditional British Tranny Breakfast

TT&A Part 25 12/12/2003

If you ever have some spare time one day in Bangkok; instead of playing snooker with some nitwit in Frankenstein shoes, or sitting around the hotel pool one more boring time; go over to Foodland and buy a can of peas. Bring the can of peas back to your hotel room. Open the can and take out a pea and throw the rest away. Now put the pea on your desk top and sit down and really look at it. Blow on it a little so that it moves around. Poke at it with your finger to get a sense of its weight. Pick it up in your hand and heft it to better know it. Now you know the size and the weight of the average maid’s brain in the Nana Hotel in Bangkok. Their brains are the size of peas! Last night for the fourth year in a row I tried to get them to tell me where the tall step ladder is in the hotel. I knew one existed because I have been through this many times before. You should have been there. It was like trying to get a dog to decipher the Rosetta stone. Academy Award winners in Hollywood couldn’t have projected more complete incomprehension. I have a very small step ladder that I use for shower games with bargirls in the bathtub; but for this mornings Traditional British Tranny Breakfast I need the tall hotel step ladder. So last night around four in the morning I was using the hotel service elevator and skulking around all the floors and all the stairwells and all the storage areas looking for the ladder. I found it. Now the eyebolt is in the ceiling over the bed and a rope is hanging down. But it wasn’t easy. When I put the ladder up on top of the bed and then climbed up with the power drill; the whole situation was way too wiggly. So plan B was to move the bed. Impossible! The bed must have weighed 1000 lbs. After the last world-ending atomic bombs have fallen, the only things left on earth will be roaches and the beds at the Nana Hotel in Bangkok. So I had to tear the bed apart. Horse out the king size mattress, tear out the slats, etc. Put the ladder inside the frame, etc. None of this deconstruction would be necessary if the mamasans would send over post-op trannies like I request; but sometimes they send over pre-op trannies—then I need the rope hanging down from the ceiling. You can't get reliable tranny delivery like you used to.

So anyway, the eyebolt is in the ceiling and the rope is hanging down and the bed is reassembled. It is the morning of my last day in Bangkok and I am going to start the day off with Dana's Traditional British Tranny Breakfast. My last day in Thailand is always a no pressure, slow, relaxed day. No sex. I'm too tired—mentally and physically. Just a nice breakfast followed by puttering around the room and erranding around the neighborhood. I've got my marmalade, my bread, my toaster, bleach, a bucket, a sponge, a towel, and some British sausages. Most of this stuff I picked up yesterday at Foodland. Oh, I also have a roll of duct tape and an adjustable polyethylene Elizabethan dog collar—sized medium. These have a Velcro closing system and a padded neck edge. Most trannies have pencil necks, so a medium sized dog funnel is just right. Think Airedales. I had to go to a veterinarian to get the dog funnel. You know what they are. If your dog has surgery, they send him home to you with a ridiculous funnel over his head so that he can see forward but he can't reach back to lick or bite or tear at his surgical stitches. Well, we are not going to operate on the tranny; but she'll need the collar. You'll see why. I used to buy a toaster every year but using a toaster just once and then leaving it behind started to offend my Puritan thrift sensibilities. So then I started bringing a toaster to Thailand every year. But lately, that hasn't been such a good idea because a metal box full of little machinery things looks like a bomb when going through luggage X-ray. So now I am back to buying toasters. Anyway, I am ready—all I need now is a tranny.

Knock—Knock! Oh, there she is now. Her name is Fon. She looks hot but she looks tired. She's probably been up all night servicing clients, or doing drugs, or picking pockets on soi 11. No matter, she looks good and this isn't about sex anyway. All we are going to do is have breakfast. I strip her and lay her down on the bed. I tie off her arms and her legs with short pieces of rope that go to the bed corners. I put duct tape over her mouth and put the dog collar over her head. I can see that she is a pre-op so I use the rope hanging from the ceiling to tie her little Thai penis up out of the way. I hate penis in my marmalade. Maybe that's just me. You might feel different. Then I have to shave her. She is already shaved in the pubic area because she is a working girl but for breakfast I like to be clean. The shaving is boring and time consuming but it is OK—it's all about coming down and relaxing on my last vacation day. Once shaved I clean the area with bleach. I used to use a sponge or a towel and try to do it gently but there was too much screaming. When the bleach hit the open wounds left by the shaving sometimes the trannies would jerk and scream. Hence the need for restraints and duct tape. Sometimes they would arch with only their heads and their heels on the bed. The dog collar is so that I don't have them following me around the room with their eyes. This isn't about the two of us—it is just about me. So anyway, gently sponging on the bleach was too much torture for both of us; so now I just pour it into a bucket, and throw the whole bucket on their pubic area at once. One arch, one silent scream, some seizure-like thrashing; and then we are done. Now the marmalade. I have learned not to keep the marmalade in the refrigerator. Too cold. Remember when you used to go to the doctor's office and he would put the cold stethoscope on your chest and you would jump? Same theory. So I put room temperature marmalade on. I dump the whole jar on their groin and spread it around. That's why you want a post-op, rather than a pre-op; too messy and unattractive to have a penis in the marmalade. Hence the eyebolt in the ceiling and the hanging rope. Heh, I am just trying to be helpful. Then you add sliced bangers to the marmalade. I recommend very small pieces and not too many of them. The different colors look nice. Now for some toast. You want to buy bread that will toast up stiff. Because you are going to use the toast as a kind of scraper. I recommend the small size toasts and crisps and crackers popular at embassy parties.

I find the British marmalades and toasted bread products and sausages the best. I use bangers by B. Leaning & Sons, or by Wells, or by Viking. Since you can’t heat them or cook them you want to get fat-free, skinless, micro-wave size pork or beef. I like sage flavoring. Tastes vary. Marmalades come in all flavors from Quince to Gooseberry. I like orange marmalade with bits of rind and sugar bits that crunch. The dark bangers against the orange marmalade highlighted by the trannies dark skin is pretty. A lot of good eating is good presentation. If you can eliminate tranny jerking and screaming and get a nice visual presentation you’ve got something. You can eat with just one piece of toast—open face Danish style; or add a second layer of toast—closed face American style. I may put out a tranny breakfast recipe book. I like the scraping sound as you drag the toast or crisp or cracker across the pubic bone.

While the bread is toasting, I spend the idle time packing. Taking things out of the closet and off of the hangers and folding them and putting them in my bags. Trying to make decisions like do I want the heavy stuff on the bottom or do I want the heavy stuff on the top. Whoops—there’s the toast! Ah, perfect. Very stiff. So now down to the groin that has been attractively outfitted with marmalade and bangers; scrape a piece of toast along the pubic area and eat. Excellent. Very, very tasty. And very attractively served, if I do say so. I have been having breakfast like this for years on my last morning in Bangkok. It is one of the little traditions and habits that gives my life meaning. Fon has fallen asleep. I am happily toasting and scraping breakfast off of her groin and eating; reflecting, calm, happy. That is another reason why the duct tape and the restraints and the dog collar are good ideas: it just completely takes the tranny out of the social mix. They often fall asleep. The thrashing and the jerking and the screaming and the talking and the eyes following you around the room can be so off-putting when you are just trying to start the day in a civilized manner. So what with toasting and eating and packing; Dana’s Traditional British Tranny Breakfast usually takes about an hour. What with mamasan fee, tranny cost, and miscellaneous expenses; it’s about 4000 baht. I recommend it.

Now be honest. When you first started reading this and you saw the word tranny as in transvestite I’ll bet you thought you were going to read something naughty or sexy or deviant. Maybe that is a reflection on you and how your mind works. Well, I’m sorry to disappoint you. Nothing deviant or unusual, just breakfast in Bangkok. Once I run out of toast I clean the tranny up and dress her. She is usually a little wobbly. In this case, Fon was fine. At the end I always offer the little darlings a 300 baht bonus if they will exit the hotel wearing the dog collar and the duct tape. So next time you are looking at your last day on vacation somewhere; try starting it with Dana’s Traditional British Tranny Breakfast.

Now, let’s see …! Where is the list of things I have to do today?

37. It's a Mystery

TT&A Part 26 19/12/2003

Years ago I went into a store in Chinatown. It looked like a store. It had inventory like a store. The store had a retail person. But the dust on the items was years thick. It turned out that nothing was for sale. They didn't want my business. I left. So OK—it wasn't really a store. What was it? I don't know. It was a Mystery.

Thailand has lots of Mysteries. To wit:

1. Between growing / harvesting seasons Northeast Kingdom Thais come to BKK and get jobs driving taxis. They have no diplomacy or international skills, no multi-language skills, they hardly know how to drive, they can't read maps, they have no accounting or small business skills, no automotive repair skills, and they don't know where anything is. On all levels they are not qualified for the jobs. In other words, except for the residents of Thai Insane Asylums and the hill tribe women wearing hats with dangling silver coins; according to any business plan, skill set, or human resources parameters that you would care to apply—these are the LEAST qualified people in the Kingdom to be taxi drivers. If I were running a bakery I would want to hire people that had experience baking. If I ran an airline I would want to hire pilots that knew how to fly. And if I owned a fleet of taxis in Bangkok I would want to employ people who were qualified to be taxi drivers. Things are different in Thailand. If I showed up with a degree from the Wharton School of Business thus ensuring that the end of the day cash and receipts would be correct, and a diploma from the London School for Taxi drivers, and a Medical degree thus ensuring that I could take care of any medical emergencies, and a certificate in Automotive Technology from a German auto plant, fluency in eight Asian and Western languages, 20-20 vision, and I had a GPS device surgically

attached to my head thus ensuring that I would never get lost: I would not get the job. But let some up-country, whiskey breath wonder walk in wearing broken strap straw sandals and rice bag pants held up with a tree root for a belt and the owner of the taxi company nearly throws his shoulder out of joint tossing him the keys. I don't get it. It's a Mystery.

2. Outside bars late at night there are always small children selling flowers. They are very small children. I have never ever seen one child sell one flower. Ever. But it is an iron clad rule of business that all time has value. A surgeon's time may have more value than a street urchin's time, but all time has value. So if they are not selling flowers, what are they selling? Is it the children that are for sale?! I don't even want to think about it. I can't solve all of the world's problems. But now that the thought is in my head I think about it every time I pass them on the way into a bar. It used to be that they were the invisible people. Other human beings I didn't notice or had no use for. Now when I see them I sometimes want to gather them up in my arms and take them to a safe place. I want to bathe them and clothe them and find a protective loving social group for them. Nobody deserves to live like they do. But if I was to so much as touch one of these children I would end up in a Thai prison. No good deed by a farang goes unpunished in LOS.

Before you accuse me of being prone to exaggeration, or melodramatic, or paranoid; consider this—they simply don't sell enough flowers to pay for their time. Please prove me wrong. I'm begging you. Please eliminate the sickening moral nausea I get when I wonder about what is going on. If the source of the revenue is the children rather than the raggedy flowers they are clutching in their little hands I can barely emotionally process the information. Something else about the Third World I would prefer not to know.

Consider this: one of the children that is blocking your way as you make your way into the Nana Entertainment Plaza might be the son or the daughter of one of the bargirls inside one of the bars. While you are chatting up one of the girls in one of the bars for some flesh-for-money commerce; her child might be outside doing the same thing. Can't be possible you say! No mother would ever condone or allow or profit from such despicable behavior you say! Wait a minute; it is possible that the Lek or Noi or Nat or An or Bee that you are watching dance around a chrome pole was sold into the flesh-for-money business by HER mother. And now your bargirl friend is doing the same thing with her offspring. Now how confident are you that there is no merit to this idea?

Hey, I am not sure what is really going on here. But I do know that anytime you get within fifty feet of a bar in Thailand you enter a giant spider's web of moral ambiguity and thinly veiled criminality. So what is really going on with these children outside the bars? Well, I don't know. It is a Mystery. But the next time I am in Thailand I am going to bend down and make contact with some of these little human beings and I am going to buy flowers from them. So now I am giving my change to street beggars and I am buying flowers from street urchins! Just call me a fool with my money. And with my heart!

3. If the next time you go to South Pattaya you get your eyes off the sidewalk or the girls and look up; you will see the most extraordinary rat's nests of wires on every telephone pole. Everything has been installed to last about ten minutes, everything has been gerrymandered, and everything looks slipshod. Why these nests of wires don't spark, and burn, and explode, and jump in rainstorms is beyond me. Do the laws of electrical grounding not apply in Thailand? I'm Mystified.

4. I once got a fake tattoo from a pretty beach vendor on Krabi. Before she started I asked if we shouldn't first wipe my neck to get the salt off. That way we would get a better bond for the ink. "No problem," she said. Not necessary. Before my boat got back to the hotel, the tattoo (400 baht) had already smeared. The farang was right again. How could she have not known this? It's a Krabi Conundrum.

5. There are thick-as-fleas touts for sexual services on Sukhumvit around soi 11. They are aggressive, hard working, and persistent. In years of pounding the pavement in this neighbourhood I have never once seen anybody respond positively. What are the economics of this? It is a money Mystery.

6. My first year in Thailand I am taking my first shower in Thailand in a lovely hotel in western Thailand. I look up and see the electrical box mounted on the shower wall next to the shower head. I look down at my feet standing in a pool of water. I jump out. Later the next day I go behind the building and I see the gang 'ground' wire stop about eighteen inches from the ground. I am staggered. I haven't taken a shower in Thailand with one of these arrangements since that day. Everything about this is a Mystery. And no one can talk me out of this Mystery. I'm too scared.

7. Between 12:30 and closing time (usually 2) old, decrepit looking guys come into the bars selling paintings. They usually have one resting on each forearm and they make the rounds of the patrons. The paintings are not even good enough to be terrible. I have never seen one patron even show an interest, let alone buy one. It would be medically impossible to be that drunk. This is a complete Mystery to me. Maybe someone can explain it.

8. On any flight coming into BKK or any inter-Thailand flight if there is a Chinese passenger he/she will have carry on luggage so heavy that it takes 2-3 people to get it up off the floor and into the overhead bin. I have been watching / witnessing this with wonder for years. No other nationality is like this. What do they have in these bags— lead, weapons grade plutonium, ancestors, crushed cars, bars of gold? It's a Chinese Mystery.

9. There is a woman in the Nana Hotel bar every day from four until midnight. Every day. Seven days a week. Every month. Every year. She sits at the same table and in the same chair. I only go to Thailand every six months. Every time I arrive, as I round the corner for the elevators; I see her. She gives me a note of recognition. Everything about this woman and this situation screams freelancer. She will make eyes at you. But I have never (in years) seen her go off with someone. Hell, I have never (in years) seen her out of her chair. Twice I have approached her and chatted her up for the obvious. Nothing. So what is really going on here? I don't know. It's a Mystery.

10. Years ago I was walking down a soi in Pattaya and a girl went by riding on the back of a motorcycle. Except for her string top and her string thong bottom she was naked. Everything about her screamed SEX and she was displaying herself for the world to see. She was riding side-saddle and naked. Is she incapable of thinking five minutes or one bump in the road ahead? If she falls off she will be disfigured for life. Or worse. One of the things that separates humans from the animals is that humans can imagine a future and animals can not imagine a future. So in what category am I to place Thais? Are Thais incapable of imagining future events? It's a Mystery. God, I wish I could see her again!

11. When you take elephant trips there are usually the wives of the mahouts in tree platforms selling things. The idea is that the

mahout steers the elephant towards his wife and you can buy something from her. The quality of the goods sold is always high. But I have never seen one tourist buy one item from a tree woman ever. And I have taken a lot of elephant trips. What are the economics of this? Are they content to sell only one item a week? It's a Tree Woman Mystery.

12. My trip to Thailand starts in Boston and then goes to Minneapolis-St. Paul and then to Tokyo and then finally to Bangkok. Door to door it takes about 33 hours. I consider the Minneapolis-St. Paul to Tokyo route to be the beginning of my Thai vacation experience. Invariably, the plane is stuffed with Japanese college students returning to Japan. They obey no airline rules of any kind and no one makes them. Of course the farangs obey all the airline rules and if we don't someone makes us. Not the Japanese. Put bags in overhead bins? Forget it. Tray tables up? Forget it. Seat backs up? Forget it. Aisles and foot spaces clear? Forget it. What am I missing here? What did not get explained to me? It's a damned Mystery. That's why I consider the Minneapolis-St. Paul to Tokyo route the beginning of my Asian vacation. There are two sets of rules and nothing makes sense!

13. If you take a klong tour on the far side of the Chao Phraya river there are guys in boats who sit under trees for shade all day and come up to you when they see you and try to sell you things. Again, just like the nice elephant ladies in the trees; nobody ever buys anything. So how does this work? If one of these fellows sells two cans of soda a day—is that a living? I confess to be flummoxed by the whole thing. Economic theory tells you that nobody does something that does not pay. How does this pay? I've got to put this in the Klong Vendor Mystery category.

14. On the boardwalk wall in front of the Royal Garden Plaza in Pattaya there is always a young girl sitting there. She is 18-22

years old and she is always wearing a bikini top and smoking a cigarette and talking to her friends. She is easy to spot because she looks as if she laid on her side and a tank drove over her. Her body looks as if it has been flattened, squished sort of. Even so, she is young, fertile, and attractive. Just odd looking if you are fussy. Her body is so narrow that it is abnormal and her head is so narrow that it is abnormal. An anatomy doctor could give the technical description. She is ALWAYS on this wall. She has no job and there is never a boyfriend; but she exhibits all the signs of a freelancer. She'll make eyes. Twice I have hit on her. Nothing. She doesn't follow through. In years, I have never seen her leave the wall. So what is she doing? I don't know. Hey, it's not earth shattering; but we all have people in our social field of vision and in our lives we just can't figure out. She's an enigma to me. I know when I go back to Thailand in February she will still be there. Still making eyes, still smoking and talking to friends; still a Mystery to me.

15. Kanchanaburi has a big, interesting, non tourist market. You've got to look to find it. I was wandering around one day and I backed into a table behind me. I turned around and was eye-to-eye with a stacked table of severed pig's heads. I kind of jumped and yelped. This made the vendor ladies laugh. So we laughed about it together. I had them take my picture with the pig's heads. I had my picture taken with the ladies. If this isn't the purpose of international travel and mixing with the locals; then I don't know what is. Out of nowhere a Thai guy arrives and starts yelling in my face—his arms are up—spittle is forming on his lips. His eyes are wide. I am now confused and frightened for my life. Why do we come to this stupid country? It's a big, big Mystery to me. The fact that I can't explain to my friends why I come here is starting to bother me.

16. I have only had one bargirl steal from me in all the bargirl transactions that I have had. And it was my fault. I trusted her. I'll take the blame for being a fool. She stole 1000 baht. It was our second time together. I had all of the markings of an easy, repeat customer. But she couldn't help herself. The circumstances of the theft were such that there is no way that it would go undetected. She knew by the time that she hit the street that I had found her out. The next day she tags me in the Nana Hotel parking lot. I tell her to get lost. I don't ask to have my money returned; I just tell her to go away. She is mystified by my behavior. Absolutely dumbfounded. Perplexed. How in God's name can these girls be so stupid? It's a sad freelancer Mystery!

17. I am walking down a soi in the morning in Pattaya and I see a bunch of vendor ladies squatting in an alley getting their food orders and their shoulder baskets ready. They've got about 100 little hamburgers already made up. The hamburgers complete with onions, lettuce, and tomatoes are so small that they look like big cookies. I have never seen anything like it before. They look neat and fun and tasty. Suddenly I decide that about four of these beauties would make a nice breakfast. So I go in and offer to buy four hamburgers. I get a No. I try again. I get the head shake. They can't sell them to me. Why not? Hey, don't ask me. It's Thailand. Another perplexing, unfriendly Mystery.

18. The lepers, amputees, hunchbacks, begging mothers with babies, and cripples that populate Sukhumvit road plus the pedestrian overpasses from Soi 4 to Soi 11 are always there. I know intellectually that someone must pick them up and drop them off every day, but I have never actually seen this happen. They are just always there. Alright, it is not a big Mystery; but I do wonder what the rest of their lives are like. It is impossible for me to be hard-hearted about them. I just can't do it. On my tired slog home every day around four in the afternoon they get all of

my pocket change. Their lives on this earth are so different than mine. Their lives are a curtain I will never penetrate. Their lives will always be an ugly, sad Mystery.

19. I rent a motorcycle in Pattaya to take Wan to the top of the hill to the temple. Because I am small and weak and can not defend myself I am always hyper-alert to my surroundings. I am also visually oriented. I notice everything. If you can catch me you have probably got me; but I've got you spotted at a 1000 yards. Right next to our bike at the rental place is a Day-Glo orange crotch-rocket with blue flames. Impossible to miss! As Wan and I are putting on our helmets two Thai punks come out and get on the bike. We are knee to knee. As I pull out, they pull out. Going down the soi they are in my rear view mirror. Left on to Beach Road they are on my tail. At Walking Street I have to stop for traffic. They could have passed. They don't. Another couple of blocks and I turn right and head south. They are filling up my rear view mirror. Now we hit the hill to the temple. It is a winding zig-zag slow trip to the top. They are RIGHT on my tail. What are the odds? As I pull into the parking lot they pull in right next to me. Knee to knee. Wan wants to leave the helmets but I insist we take them with us. We go up the temple steps. I duck behind a wall and look down. Sure enough, one of the guys is trying to steal the bike. I run down yelling. Fuck Thai prisons and fuck this disgusting country—I just don't care. I win—they lose. They take off. If they hadn't been in my rear view mirror the whole time and if they hadn't been so obvious their plan would have worked. How stupid do they think farangs are? How stupid are they? I actually don't even want to know the answers to these questions. Let someone else solve the Mysteries. I wonder what skiing in Geneva in February would be like this year?

20. If you look at shoes in a lot of Thai department stores the shoes are really nice but they are only made in one width. If you

ask to see shoes in wider widths the retail sales professionals look confused, then frightened, then indifferent. No smiles now. Time to pull the disappearing act. But wait a minute. It’s not just me. Most rural Thais have wide feet and splayed toes from their rural upbringing. Don’t all of these Thais deserve and demand shoes that fit? Apparently not. Maybe that is why so many Thais wear sandals to work—even with suits. They can’t get shoes that fit in their own country. It’s a riddle to me. It’s hard for me to imagine anything more basic than shoes. For Christ’s sake, every Medieval European village had a cobbler. You laid your foot on a form and the shoes fit. Not in Thailand. Another Mystery.

21. Because I am always a short time visitor to the Kingdom it will never be possible for me to meet and profit from meeting a nice woman. And it would not be responsible of me to pursue or encourage any meeting with a nice girl because I can’t follow through. I am going home in 6 days, or in 10 days, or in 2 weeks. So if I ever do meet a nice girl in Thailand and something Good happens: It will be the biggest MYSTERY of my life!

I’m still dreaming…!

38. Now It Is Time To Sleep

TT&A Part 27 31/12/2003

I'm truckin' down soi 4 and I'm headed for the Nana hotel. I am on the right hand side of the soi. This is the dangerous side because there is no room for pedestrians in the street or on the sidewalk. But I'm doing it for a reason. I am in absolutely no mood for hookers. And hookers are always hanging out in the Nana parking lot on the left hand side from the street right on up to the lobby door. I have found that if I cut in the right hand side of the parking lot—dodge behind the meridian strip of trees and taxis—and then sprint for the door; I can avoid the whole freelancer issue. The trouble is that if you go in the left hand side of the carpark there are smiling faces lined up on both sides all the way to the door. It's like you are a captured Colonial running a gauntlet of Huron Indians. No way are you going to get through untouched. And God forbid there is some little irresistible cutie; I'm a dead man. I can't say "No!". Plus some of the women are old friends. If I see them I'll fold. One named 'Boom-Boom' just steps out of line when she sees me and takes my arm. She knows it's a deal. Because of this freelancer parking lot venue I've probably saved 12,000 baht recently in barfines. In bargirl frequent-hooker miles—that's about 7 bargirls. Real money. But not tonight. Tonight is different. Special. Noteworthy. And very frightening.

Due to a successful personal cocktail of legal over-the-counter male performance enhancing products; I have had an erection or an erection on command twenty-four hours a day for the last 10 days. This always sounds like a good idea until I get to the end of the 10th day and then things start to go wrong. The various body systems start to collapse and fail and call attention to themselves. My body is starting to crash. I have been through this before so I know the warning signs and I know what I have to do. I have to

STOP. I have to get to the other side of my hotel room door at the Nana and just sleep and chill for 24-36 hours. Sleeping in the tub or on the carpet or in the bed or on the cool tile of the bathroom floor. A little reading and TV. As I stumble towards the Nana my chest is starting to inflate with fear and panic control. I like Thailand but I do not want to have an aneurysm or a heart attack or be stricken with blindness or have a stroke here. I have an infarcted heart as well as other circulatory and blood pressure challenges. I am now way out on the end of the health limb. And I especially do not want to be stricken with the psyche destroying medical affliction known as priapism. And if I get sick there are not just the obvious health issues to contend with. There are also social issues.

There is not one single member of my species who values me enough or cares for me enough or loves me enough to take care of me. My disfigurement and degradation would not be just physical but also social. Corruption of the flesh would be allied with social embarrassment of suicidal category. I would have pushed all the chips to the middle of the table and I would have lost. If you looked up the word 'fool' in the dictionary you would see a picture of me. So for abundant and obvious reasons I must regroup, retreat, recharge, rethink, and sleep and sleep and sleep.

I'm pushing hard now and shuffling fast down the soi. People and things that normally would appear clear and interesting now appear fuzzy and uninteresting as if I am seeing them through a rain soaked window. The Nana is now more than a hotel. It is the womb I must crawl into to live. It's dig down time. Under NO circumstances can I even think about freelancers. Number one it might kill me, and number two it would represent an abdication of my rational self, and number three it would tip me over the line into the category of whoremonger. A category and a description I find personally offensive. So for a plethora of reasons there is no rational or medical or dignity reason that I can consort with prostitutes now. The die has been cast and nothing will break it. I am a psychic laser beam of focused, willed personal mission as I head for the Nana on this night. All I want to do is feel the blast of cold air as I enter the lobby, get some nuts and candies at the gift shop, and then fall into a coma in my room.

As I leave the soi and cut into the right hand side of the parking lot, I bounce right off a hooker. What the fuck …! There are never women here! But I just keep going. Only thing is—I don't keep going for the door of the hotel. That plan has been temporarily ditched. Instead, I cut behind the Nana Hotel sign and hide. Now: if I just step back a little bit; I can get another private, undetected look at her. She nails me! She knows that when I crashed into her, that she got the tranquillizer dart in. She is standing there full frontal and drilling me with her eyes. Now she shakes her hair and her head. She smiles. Her motor is running. I walk over. I have never seen a woman that looks like her before. She is skeletal. I don't mean no ass-no breasts thin that Thai women sometimes are. I mean she is just bones and sticks and twigs. She is so without mass that I ask her if she is Thai. She looks like someone that you would see in a Somali refugee camp.

We do some negotiating—forget the candies and the nuts and the long bath. Then she starts in on an impassioned story about something. I don't really understand her and it seems to be something very important to her. And she ain't moving towards the hotel until I understand. Finally, I get her. I understand. We can not go in the hotel together. She wants me to go in first and then she will come in a little later and join me. THIS WOMAN HAS BEEN BANNED FROM THE HOTEL. How does a hooker get banned from the Nana for God's sake? That's like telling a soi dog he can't come into the dog pound. That is why she was hiding in the dark on the wrong side of the parking lot. She didn't want any Nana hotel people to spot her. Am I nuts!? Why am I even considering this? I'm the guy who had a set-in-concrete plan that included no hookers. Now I am considering a half-starved, wild-eyed, mentally unstable dangerous woman who looks as if she has Aids. I'm interested. So I go in alone and sit at the bar where I can watch the elevators. Minutes go by. Then she shows. We go up. When she takes off her clothes I get surprised. She looks nice. I learn something. She is fun. We can't do missionary style boom-boom because my pelvic girdle feels as if it is being stabbed with knives from her bones. But there are many other wonderful things that consenting adults can do to make themselves happy. Then she is gone.

Now it is time to sleep ...

Germ Theory

Surgeons in Thailand will tell you that it is not uncommon when operating on Thais for there to be worms. Some worms. Lots of worms. Only a few worms. Little worms. Long worms. Worms are not supposed to be in the body. This is not a good thing. Usually it is with rural Thais or rurally raised Thais. If you visit a village in Thailand you will see people going barefoot. The ground and road surfaces are covered with animal faeces. The food is contaminated. The water has parasites. Etc. If you volunteer the information that this lifestyle is unhygienic and dangerous; it is suggested that the farang shut up and go to the store and get some whiskey. They have been living this way for thousands of years; blah, blah, blah. So you might assume that the average Thai has never even had a glancing blow with the subject of germ theory. You would be wrong.

To wit: when you go to temples you will be instructed to take off your shoes before you go in. Some temples now have provided shelf units with little cubicles for the shoes. It is organized. On one side of the entrance is a shoe holder that is for the Thais. And on the other side of the entrance is a shoe holder that is marked Foreigners. You can't mix the shoes. If you are a foreigner you can't put your shoes in the Thai shoe holder. They don't want foreigner shoes contaminating Thai shoes. See. They do have a germ theory!

How Was My Weekend?

How was my weekend? Well, there isn't much to say. Noi and I and the kids just got back from London and Paris and Hua Hin, and boy am I glad to be home. London was for my feet and Hua Hin was for my wife's relatives (I refuse to think of them as my relatives) and Paris is where things went very wrong. The trip was originally intended as a weekend in London. I needed to go to H.W. Foale & Sons on St. James Place to have cedar foot moulds carved for my feet so that I could mail order the alligator and ostrich and crocodile casuals that I have grown accustomed to. While I was having shoe things done, Noi was to take the girls Nooki, Sooki, Dooki, and Looki to the zoo. Unfortunately, at the zoo Noi met another Thai femme fatale and was sold on the idea of having a dress mannequin made in Paris. I hate the French and the French hate me. We went to Paris. It rained. The children (did I tell you their names were Nooki, Sooki, Dooki, and Looki?) got cranky. Noi spent money like a drunken bargirl and flirted with chain-smoking men with accents. I had to carry all the packages. The girls all have little overpriced backpacks purchased earlier from the weekend market in Bangkok, but I was informed by little Miss Suay Mark that packages in the backpacks would make the backpacks look lumpy. So daddy carried all the stuff. At Customs in Paris the agent asked me if I had anything to declare. I said, “Yes, I declare that the French stink!” I was strip searched. Noi cried. When we finally pulled up in front of the Boston townhouse on Beacon St. I could see that Noi’s best friend’s second cousin who acts as our butler had gotten into the sherry again because all the brass had been polished with silver polish leaving a dull, grey sheen. Overweight, undersexed, blue-haired ladies from the Beacon Hill Historical Committee were already on the sidewalk taking pictures and writing things on clipboards. The neighbors will complain and I will have to go to a hearing. And how was your weekend?

Happy Holidays Guys—I Love You All

39. Thailand and Bulbs

TT&A Part 28 5/1/2004

Yellow Snow

The Eskimos and the Thais have something in common. They both have a lot of words for water. In the Eskimo's case it is frozen water called snow. They have lots of different words for snow. Use the wrong word and you are mis-communicating. If you say sticky snow when you meant fluffy snow, there is a problem. You don't know how to speak the language very well. The Thais also have lots of words for water. Use the wrong word for water and problems develop.

Noi and I are on an all day excursion in and around Chiang Mai. The morning was elephants and rafting and the afternoon will be the orchid place and the furniture factory and the silver factory and the umbrella factory. I had forgotten about lunch.

At lunch time the minibus pulls up to a roadside restaurant. Some enterprising soul has built modern sit down toilets. If you build modern sit down toilets the big buses and the minibuses and even the Thais will come. This is really all you need to know about how to make a lot of money in Thailand. Just build civilized toilets. Under the trees by the side of the road long tables have been set up. It is pretty and quiet and natural and nice. There are lots of happy people. The service is good and the food is good. But I don't have any water. My water glass is empty. I ask Noi for help in getting me some water but she is useless. Once she is more than 100 yards from the bar or her room she is functionally illiterate. Useless. If her water buffalo was sitting next to me I'd have a better chance of getting help with water. Maybe the buffalo could hook the waitress with one of his horns and I could then make my 'water in my drinking glass' needs known, or maybe in perfectly accented Lannen Thai the water buffalo of Noi's could speak to the waitress for me, or maybe the buffalo could let loose a giant paddy scented bazooka fart and that would get us some attention. But there is no helpful water buffalo sitting next to me and miss "I Love You Too Much" is missing in action. I will have to do this myself. So I ask the waitress for some water. Nothing. I try again. Nothing. I raise my voice a little and point to my glass. Now I have her attention. I get a look of complete incomprehension. Apparently I am the first diner in the history of the restaurant to ask for water. Since this is my third trip to Thailand and I am still in the early throes of enthusiasm about the Thai experience I have learned to string together some words and phrases. So I know how to order drinking water for Christ's sake! What's wrong with these idiots? Because it is my third trip to Thailand I have also gotten over the fascination with the Oriental. They are just people and not always so special either. Now I am half rising out of my seat and more loudly asking for water. I am saying the words and pointing to my glass. Some people seated around us go a little quiet. Good, maybe I'll get the attention I deserve. Still nothing. Fuck it. I stand up and tap my plate with a knife and in the ensuing silence hold up the glass and point to it and direct the waitress to fill up the glass with some water. Silence. Then rumbling strange disquietude amongst my dining Thai neighbors. Then laughter. Then rolls and peals and screams of laughter. Laughter that rolls up and down the table and then is translated to the other tables by blabbermouth Thais. Noi's face has gone beet red. Usually this only happens after considerable athleticism on my part. More laughter. And an explanation.

I had been asking for TOILET water. The farang wanted the waitress to put toilet water in his drinking glass!

I was the hit of the lunch. They loved me. Couldn't get enough of me. The waitress gave Noi and I double desserts. Thais accompanied me to the minibus holding up their drinking glasses and shouting TOILET WATER in Thai. People stood by the side of the road and waved goodbye to me. I could have gotten elected mayor.

If I ever go to Eskimoland to take an elephant tour, I'll be careful what word I use for snow at lunch. With my luck I would be asking for YELLOW SNOW.

Thailand And Bulbs

Here in Boston it is winter and the ground is covered with snow. But in the Spring the ground will be covered with a carpet of flowers. Worth waiting for! In Thailand it seems that the only thing that falls to the ground is money, and the only thing that people wish for the next season is money; money popping out of the ground. It is true that you can't live on love and that beauty is never enough; but money is never enough either. Daffodils and Tulips and Crocuses and Iris and Gladiolus would grow in Thailand. It would be beautiful. Right now Thailand is mostly not beautiful. But it could be. And the flowers would make people smile.

Where I grew up the next door neighbors had an empty house lot next to their house. The young son started buying bulbs and planting them. Eventually large orders were placed directly with bulb merchants in the Netherlands. Neighbors would help with the plantings. I was one of them. By the time the son went away to Harvard and then to the Sorbonne in Paris, there were over 100,000 bulbs that would bloom from the Spring to the late Summer. Paths and benches were installed. Cars would stop. There was a quest sign-in book by the side of the road. People smiled. Thailand could do this!

Years ago I had a job in an industrial park. Nothing to see and nothing much to do at lunch. There was a little pond near the parking lot where you could go look at turtles and birds and little fish and frogs. The ground was marshy. So I went to the owners of the industrial park and told them that if they donated bulbs I would plant them. They gave me 1000 bulbs. Two years later there were benches, and smiles on the faces of people at lunch. Thailand could do this.

If you get the bus from BKK to Pattaya you see a Thai landscape that is flat and boring. But parts of Europe used to be just like this. Now in Europe Police stations and Fire stations have contests for the best flower box or flower bed or flower pot displays. Here on Beacon Hill in Boston every Spring there is a Window box contest. Winners get their picture and a picture of their plantings in the paper. Now all of the buildings have window boxes and plantings and flowers. It becomes the opening wedge of a new attitude. Next you see people painting their front doors, then cleaning the steps and sidewalk every morning, then real estate values go up and crime goes down. It starts with flowers and beauty and smiles. Thailand could do this.

There is an island off the coast of Massachusetts here in the United States called Nantucket. It is really just a big sand bar 30 miles out to sea. The long, grey winter used to yield to an uninteresting Spring and few tourists. Then a woman started planting Daffodils. Then her neighbors started planting Daffodils. Then there was fundraising and local merchants donating money and materials. The media reported it. Now in the Spring the entire island is a yellow carpet of daffodils. There are contests. There is a parade. Tourists have started coming to the island in the Spring instead of waiting until the Summer. Real estate values are up. There is pride of place. Beauty and caring did that. Thailand could do this.

If you travel to the poorer parts of Thailand, you sometimes do not see a lot of beauty or a lot of caring. The people often seem to be in a functional funk or a mental malaise. Where they live is often visually boring or downright ugly and depressing. Flowers could change this. Flowers of the bulb variety are hardy and easy to plant and diverse. If everyone in Thailand was responsible for just one flowering bulb per year that would be over 60,000,000 bulbs per year. In ten years there would be 600,000,000 bulbs in the ground. No other country in the world has ever done this. Thailand could be known for something besides easy morals and corrupt values. People in the Kingdom are waiing less and smiling less. They need flowers. Flowers are not like people. They don't expect to receive love if they give pleasure. It's a one way contract. They just give. They give beauty and hope.

There is not one person in the Kingdom who could not afford to buy one bulb per year. Getting down on their knees to plant the flowers would get many Thais back in touch with the soil of their own country. Right now they just think of the ground as something that devalues their feet. When you don't value the soil of your own country you are starting to lose touch. Thailand is starting to drift. It is as if their astronaut tether has parted and they are tumbling away into Space. They are letting their own country slip through their fingers. Skills at international lending and borrowing, and multi-national manufacturing contracts, and a stable baht, and respect in the UN will never be enough. You have to love your country. Flowers could help change this. Thailand needs flowers.

There is some precedent for this. In August of '03, in honor of the Queen's birthday and to help boost tourism, Thais in Chanthaburi province started replanting yellow orchids in the forests and in the National Parks. All they need to do now is think outside the orchid box. Imagine the Land of Smiles after the rainy season with 600,000,000 flowers blooming. It would be beautiful.

Maybe 10 years from now, instead of just wet T-shirt contests and gay pride parades and transvestite shows; Thailand could also have flower box contests and flower parades and young girls who would want to become Miss Daffodil or Miss Crocus or Miss Tulip or Miss Iris or Miss Gladiolus. If I can dream this dream so can the Thais. But someone needs to show them the way. Years ago I worked at a shipyard in the Caribbean. The shipyard belonged to a hotel. The shipyard was all industry and tools and construction debris and litter. One day I built a six foot long flower box and bolted it to the building under the bosses office window. Then I called the hotel horticulturalist and he came down and planted flowers. The natives used to fight over who got to water the flowers. The litter got picked up. Then other homes and businesses started to install flower boxes and flower pot displays and flower plantings. Waste sink water in this dry, parched environment was converted to 'grey' water that went to the flowers. Thailand has no excuse.

Maybe when the present government is through with the mechanics and the salesmanship that is required to stabilize the country, they will start encouraging their citizens to plant flowers. It could start at the temples and the schools and the Government offices. If the government did do this I guarantee that it is what the current ruling party would be remembered for. Nobody remembers a deal or a contract or a narrowly averted disaster or a legislative bill; but everybody would remember Thailand if it was carpeted in 10 years with 600 million flowering bulbs. I hope it happens!

A New Friend

I am not a relaxed type of vacationer. In fact, those type B personalities who fly half way around the world and then spend two weeks lying on the beach piss the hell out of me. In fact, I am so wound up and wired so tight that I have to stay off those beaches because those time wasters irritate me so much. I always have an almost overwhelming desire to go up to them and to kick them and to yell at them and get them going for Christ's sake. I once took both my mother and my girlfriend on a trip to Club Med on Paradise Island in the Bahamas. "Wasn't it difficult to administer to both of their needs?", people would ask me. Shit no. It was easy. I've got the strength of ten men and the energy of a buzz saw on steroids. On the first day of my vacations I always go down to the activities desk and sign up for EVERYTHING. If you see a guy in the Thai umbrella painting class, that's me. If you see a guy in the Thai lacquerware shellacking class, that's me. Submarine tours, I'm in. Orchid nurseries, sign me up. Cave exploring, sounds great. Dinner cruise on the Chao Phraya river—where do I pay? And if there are any women or children in the way I will knock them down getting to an elephant ride. I have all of the activities on a little card and it is in my wallet. I do more on one vacation than most people do in a year. That's what I call relaxing! But of course all of this vacation fun production is only possible because of good time management. I can't waste time! So there isn't much time for experimentation. That means that I inevitably end up staying at the same hotel year after year because it is efficient to do so. That is why I know the Nana Hotel so intimately. But lately it has been a little 'same-same'. So this year I decided to try something new. An email pal has recommended a different hotel in a slightly different part of town with a slightly different ambience. This will be like a trip to Neptune for me. I am only going across Sukhumvit and up a couple of sois but checking out of the Nana I feel like I am cutting the umbilical cord and leaving the mother ship. Goodbye carpark honeys, hello uncertain future. I get that giddy, chilled feeling of the lone adventurer. Goodbye explorers Stanley and Livingstone, hello explorer Dana. I am thinking of getting a pith helmet and a walking stick for this spooky trip across Sukhumvit.

And my email pal has told me that there is an old Thai hand who can be found around the pool of this new hotel that I might enjoy meeting. So I check in. The next day I spot the old Thai hand and strike up a conversation. Suddenly, I am like a diabetic in a candy store. I am hooked and I am happy and I am a little fearful of the future. This guy is fabulous with a bottomless well of more interesting stories than I have ever told. But I know that if I hook up with this guy that time management is going to fly right out the window. So I test him to see if this is really fertile ground. I say something that is really insulting, and really challenging, and really funny. He is right back at me. He doesn't pause for a nanosecond. And he hits hard. And he makes me laugh. I can feel my life changing. Improving. I have found a new friend. Forget umbrella painting.

40. Goodbye Fashion Cakewalk, Hello Bataan Deathmarch

TT&A Part 29 12/1/2004

Well, it is April in Bangkok and it is so flipping hot that the soi dogs are too tired to lick their own balls. I hope I never get that tired. It is so hot that when you leave the airconditioned lobby of the Nana hotel and go outside you can feel your forearms burning. It is pizza oven hot. It has also been hot lately in my personal life. My heart throb Songkla has been showing dismaying signs of willfulness and personal needs and wants. This all culminated in her leaving last night and not coming back. So I need a personal tonic of some kind. Something to uplift me emotionally and make me feel good about myself. I can't let personal issues and suffocating heat stop me. Someone has to take a stand and show the indigenous heathens what class and strength in the midst of adversity and despair is all about. What I need to do is to get dressed up and to take a walk down Sukhumvit Road on the Landmark Hotel side all the way to Asoke station, and then walk back to soi four on the other side. I'll make myself feel good and feel better by feeling superior and by putting on a fashion parade for the locals.

So I put on an outfit that I used to adopt when I was hiding out from the paparazzi of Paris Match magazine. The leper in front of the Landmark Hotel looks up to see a South-of-France tanned, camera bedecked, urbane gentleman in a white linen suit wearing Paloma Picasso jewelry, bleached white alligator shoes and matching tie and breast pocket handkerchief, custom tailored yellow silk shirt with sterling silver belt and matching cigarillo holder. That's me! If my arms were long enough I would stick the camera out in front of me and take pictures of myself. I have just cruised by the Landmark and I am feeling pretty frisky when it hits me like a thunderclap that the Paloma Picasso jewelry I am wearing is not mine, it is Songklas; and if she spots me out here wearing her baubles she will be on my like a dog on a bone. Songkla is bigger than me and starting to get that future mamasan body. It is great being smaller when the women are pretending you are an ice cream cone and licking you all over, but it is not so great to be smaller when they are angry with you. An angry Songkla could tear a piece of steel rebar out of old construction debris and beat me silly with it. I hate when that happens. So I do a 180 and high-tail it back to the Nana. An hour later the Landmark leper looks up again and does a double take with his one good fly infested eye. Now I am wearing a blue goatskin suit with matching blue goatskin tie, canary yellow silk shirt and canary yellow breast pocket handkerchief, and canary yellow alligator shoes. Normally, blue and yellow are not complimentary colors but believe me when I tell you I am attention getting. I am not wearing socks or underpants because inside this leather suit it is about 700 degrees on this April-in-Bangkok day and my body needs a place to breath. But it doesn't matter because I look fabulous. I am incredible. And the locals are noticing. That is the whole point of course. To show these people what class and style and breeding and education and superior genes and well earned snobbery looks like. I am having a great time. Recent unpleasant bumps in the road with Songla are forgotten. It is all about me. I'll walk up to Asoke station—do the crossover—and then come back. In the hotel I will of course collapse into a heap of heat exhausted barely functioning tourist; but no one will see that. I am coming down the far side near soi 11 when I see him! Up to now it has been all me. No one from my shoes to the horizon has been able to compete with my personal fashion parade. It has been me to the fashion finish line in a cakewalk. THEN I SEE HIM. There is a huge, moving mountain of a man coming towards me. He is 6'5" tall and weighs about 400 pounds. He is a farang who should be at home lying prostrate in front of his air conditioner while his out of shape body fights for life. But he isn't. The humidity level is about 150% and the temperature is like the center of the sun; and he is striding up Sukhumvit like an Olympic athlete headed for the showers. He is wearing custom made dark green silk pants and a custom dark green and black checked shirt. His black stingray belt and black stingray shoes go with the black checks in his shirt. He looks magnificent. And he is moving. He isn't one of those ponderous and slow and wheezing fat men. This guy has the strength of ten big men and could probably jitterbug on his size 14DDD feet! As he gets close to me he makes eye contact. He appraises me. I feel like a pilot fish under a shark's gaze. As he goes by he gives me a thumbs up. I meet his standards. But it is not enough. I now feel diminished. The fun is over. I have been bested by someone who was not even wearing a tie. The rest of the trip back to the Nana hotel is a hot slog. Goodbye fashion cakewalk, hello Bataan Deathmarch. When I get into my room; I strip off, sit by the phone, and practise what I am going to say. Then I call Songkla to apologise.

Solid Gold Idea

The lady tailor who has been plugged into the light pole on the corner of Sukhumvit and the petrol station near soi 4 has passed on and I have successfully bid on and now own the space. I need some advice. I have two business ideas. The first business idea is to sell HONK IF YOU LOVE TRANSVESTITES bumper stickers. I figure if just one in every hundred cars buys a bumper sticker, I'll make enough money to finance a big statue of myself in the Nana hotel carpark. Imagine it. You finally crawl from the back of the taxi at 12:45am after 26 hours of travel from New York, and the first thing you will see is a huge statue of me. Fabulous. I'll be wearing sandals, shorts, and a T-shirt. My eyes will be hooded and tired, my body slightly slumped, my hair in disarray; but I'll be smiling. Some of my old carpark honeys will be gathered at the statue base trying to look up my shorts.

The second business idea is …! I forgot. Well, I'm just going with the bumper stickers for now. Wish me luck. I'm in business now, consorting with the REAL Thailand. Wow, this is going to be great. I'll be sweating like a pig in the noon-day sun, getting hassled by kids and Germans, dealing with police, breathing in fumes and dog urine. Don't envy me. I'm just one of the lucky ones, I guess. The rich Thais with three or more cars will of course want discounts on three or more of these HONK IF YOU LOVE TRANSVESTITES bumper stickers. They won't get them. Sorry Khuns and Khunesses, it's business! Hey, look at me; I'm almost speaking Thai.

I figure after I have franchised this solid gold idea nationally and I have about 10,000 of these little vendor tables selling HONK IF YOU LOVE TRANSVESTITES bumper stickers for cars, trucks, tuk-tuks, ferries, pedicabs, motorbikes, water buffalos, and Sukhumvit highway elephants set up; I will have made enough baht (another Thai word—hey, I'm almost a native) to run for PM (that means President of Thailand for you newbies—jeepers man, I know almost everything about this country). Of course in the election there will be nasty rumours about how I amassed my farang fortune. These rumours will be quashed with counter lies, obfuscation, bribes, and violence. I'll call it the Khun Tak Dana Mark party (I think that means something good). Just put KTDM on your party support checks.

As part of the highly structured run-up to the start of my new life and my new business I am going to take a 4 credit course at the Business school at Thammasat University entitled: Small Business Basics—How to Light the Entrepreneurial Fire Within! I know if you are like me, when you saw that course title you almost jack-knifed out of your chair with excitement. But wait, it gets better. Here are the inter-course subheadings:

1. How to Cheat Wholesalers and Printers.
2. Police Relations (wink-wink).
3. How to Stiff Employees.
4. Banking Principles (There is no bank, stupid).
5. How to Marry a Thai so You can Employ and Screw Relatives.
6. Pretending You are Mute for Pity Profits.
7. Thai and Farang Pricing Differences.
8. The Calculator—Prop of Confusion.
9. Capturing Electricity from Public Utilities.
10. Bogus Discounts, Bullshit Stories, and Tearful Faces.

Pretty exciting stuff, heh. I can't wait. I'm totally wired dude. Thailand business here I come. This is going to be easy. I've got the right product at the right time and in the right place. We are in 'slam-dunk' land. The only problem will be what to do with all the cash that will be rolling in. I may have to branch out into petrochemicals, movie production, modeling agencies, Middle Eastern arms shipments, and tapioca field leasing. Oh well, If I have to I have to!

Hey, and if you are a highly educated western farang with an instinct for great forward thinking business ideas you have already thought of business offshoots to this idea. Way ahead of you, buddy. HONK IF YOU LOVE TRANSVESTITES socks and T-shirts, belts and hats, underpants and scarves. Luggage and carrying cases, gun stocks and knife sheaths, sidewalls on military vehicle wheels, and of course on the fuselages of airplanes. That's right. Once this business puppy gets going and becomes an international goliath of commerce I will be forced by macro-business principles to purchase my own airline. HONK IF YOU LOVE TRANSVESTITES right on the side of the plane. Wait 'till you get a look at the pilots! Their deep throated purrs over the intercom will make you feel safe flying BSA (Bumper Sticker Airlines). The baggage handlers will use their man hands and stiletto heels to load your baggage and the stewardesses won't have to worry about a water landing. Their silicone implants will keep than afloat. I imagine that in the beginning their will be a spotty safety record of spinouts and crashes on take-offs and landings due to the pilots responding to the siren call of make-up and nail care. I pledge to work on that. In our defense, I expect us to have the best flying safety record of any pre or post-op alternative lifestyle airline. Of course the first class hostesses will wear duct tape and dog collars. You knew that! The in-flight movie will be 90 minutes of tranny stewardesses demonstrating how to blow up a personal flotation device in the event of a water landing. Men will be flipping around in their seats like stranded fish.

Jesus God in Heaven, am I a lucky guy or what!? Blessed from birth with looks and brains and now this money faucet is just waiting for me to turn it on. But heh, it's Karma. It was meant to be. My whole life has just been spent plucking one oyster after another oyster out of their shells. Everything for me has been easy. It is fate. I can't complain but I don't have to explain. I guess that is why I am so well liked. And of course I have charm up the Ying-Yang!

I haven't figured out a corporate name for the company yet. I mean I have the ground breaking product and all—but I haven't got the all encompassing, known from continent-to-continent name recognition moniker yet. I am leaning towards Farang Fun Inc., or Dana's Delights Ltd., or Obsession Bar Conglomerates, or Boys Just Want to Have Surgery Corp., or ... I need some help here. Hey, I've just come up with a great idea. The first person to come up with a catchy name for the company will get to have their picture taken with me, and will receive a free HONK IF

YOU LOVE TRANSVESTITES bumper sticker, and will receive a 2000 baht gift certificate to the Obsession Bar. Please, only one company name entrant idea per person. I'd like to be able to offer more for the company name idea. You know, something '80's' like worthless stock options, or a company car that will be taken away in a month, or a medical plan you have to pay for, or a no-security no-salary position in the company, or a worthless title, or free transvestite surgery; but this is Thailand. Sorry brother, it's all about me. Shove off. I mean—Sa Wa Dii Sucker.

Come on guys, help me out. This is my Thai chance to be somebody. To be somebody so rich and so famous and so powerful that I get to date one of those tall, white-face Chinese girls. You know, the ones you see in magazine pictures but that you never see on the Skytrain, or at the Weekend Market, or on the streets. That's my goal. I mean after the philanthropy and helping kids and stuff. I want to be seen at Thai ribbon cutting ceremonies with one of those 'my shit doesn't stink' Chinese girls on my arm smiling that imperious, mysterious, model smile. And I'll be smiling a mysterious, knowing smile also; because I will know that under her Chinese print, Nepalese silk, Bangkok-designed dress she is wearing HONK IF YOU LOVE TRANSVESTITES underpants!

41. Thinking And Pondering

TT&A Part 30 17/1/2004

It is my first trip to Thailand and I have booked myself on an 8 day tour of western Thailand through an international trekking company out of Melbourne. I did this because Thailand and Asia were new things to me and the cocoon-like safety of the tour allows me to reconnoitre the whole situation with reasonable stress levels. Who knows? Maybe I won't like Asia or be charmed by Thailand. So it just seems prudent to keep the safety issues in hand, and the expense low, and the logistical hassles reasonable. It turns out to have been one of the good decisions I have made in my life. The tour has been just exactly what I should have done. One of the nice things about controlled environments is that they allow time for reflection. You are not constantly being internally peppered with problems of too much decision making with too little information. Adventure is when things are going wrong. I am on vacation.

One day we were bolting down a dirt highway in the back of a truck when the guide pounded on the roof and made the truck stop. Across the road was a bunch of Buddha statues. Probably about 50 feet tall and I think I remember four of them. It's a photo opportunity. We get out and walk around. Up close you can see typical Thai Buddha statuary lack of maintenance. The statues haven't been repainted or re-gold leafed since day one. The paint is chipped, and everything is dirty, and the plaster is falling away in pieces. Thailand. Around the statues is high grass and trash. The trekkers line up and start taking pictures. There is appreciative oohing and aahing. I am not a picture taker. I don't believe that the act of taking a picture or the later act of looking at the picture necessarily delivers more information. In later conversations with picture takers, I am almost always struck by what they didn't see and by what they didn't experience. I think in some way the act of bringing the camera up to the eye may actually remove you from the direct experience. Maybe that is why picture taking in strange places is so popular. It acts as an insulator. Sometimes I think I see detail that others miss.

Across the road I see a monk. He is aged and he is smiling and he is directing his gaze at me and he is holding something in his hands and showing it to me. I walk across the road. He is smiling in a winning way. His teeth are black stumps. Probably 50 years of chewing betel nut. A mild sedative. No wonder he is happy. Probably a smoker also. Another mild sedative. Let's see: Don't work, free food, mind numbing substances, community respect, philosophic high road—no wonder he is smiling. But I am wrong. That isn't why he is smiling. He is smiling because he is a salesman. He is holding in his hands a Buddhist brochure open like a book and tucked into the right hand side for me to see is an American $10.00 bill. He is begging. And like all good salesman he is using props and a smile and he is priming the pump with a sample donation. All I have to do to feel good about myself is match the size of the bill. I am a salesman also. It is how I make a living. I know the game and I know the drill and I know a player when I see one. I smile and laugh a little. He thinks I am smiling and laughing because I am a rich farang on vacation and my guard is dropping on this dirt road in front of these unloved statues under the hot sun. He is mistaken. I am smiling and laughing because it is the only way I can deal with the disappointment of life. Here I am half way around the world anxious to be seduced by new enthusiasms—and it is the same old hustle.

I'm not being critical or negative. It is too soon for that. I am too new at this. Innocent. I am just doing what farangs do best. Traveling far from home. Open and generous to new experiences. Hoping something or some idea or some person will be able to negotiate around my critical faculties and wow me. Slap me and seduce me with a new point-of-view or a new valued memory. But so far it has been dusty roads, and plastic bags of spice poisoned rice on elephant trips, and village girls with crooked teeth and motorbike scars and sores on their legs, and rural adults hampered by post-malarial-bout lifetime lassitude. I am like an open wound of hope. Please get my attention Thailand. So far, nothing. Normally, this time of year I would be in a Virgin Islands paradise—Sailing!

I turn and leave. We pile back into the truck. I look at the monk as we leave. My tour guide has to worry about schedules and charm. Not me. I can just think and ponder and reflect. That has value too. If you listen to the backpackers and trekkers tell their stories they are rich in the detail of adventure and misadventure, the action and experiment of youth. But I wonder if they had time to ponder. Simple things like "What am I doing here?" and "How much value can there be in associating with rustics?" and "On what level could I ever interact with that old monk—and if not—what's the point?" and "Why don't these religious people clean and pick up around the objects of their veneration?" and "What would my $10.00 donation have been spent on—more betel nut and more cigarettes?" and "What has his life been like—was it a life well spent or only the best of several poor choices?" It's been years since I crossed the road to see what that monk was holding towards me. I am still thinking and pondering. Maybe that was his purpose.

Not one of the picture takers, not one of the camera people—noticed the monk!

Thai Newbie Primer

For you newbies who are about to get on the plane for the first time and wing your way to Thailand here is a Thai sex primer.

In theory Thailand is a sexual wonderland where all manner of sexual pleasure can be obtained. In fact, 99% of all sexual activity falls into three categories. They are

1. Boom-Boom
2. Yum-Yum
3. Ow-Ow

Boom-Boom is the Thai slang for missionary style sex. The advantage is that both parties can turn their heads away from each other and close their eyes and pretend they are not even there. This is sex for people who think sex is bad. By closing their eyes they imagine their mothers and God can't see them. During Colonial and post-Colonial times in the United States there were court cases where wives could not identify their husbands by scars or marks or warts or birth marks in the husbands genitalia region. They had never seen their husbands naked. The ancestors of these sex ignoramuses are legislating my sex life today. But it is still a very popular sexual position and it does get babies made.

The disadvantage of the Boom-Boom position is that it is almost anatomically impossible. Presumably this is the position that Adam and Eve used. Well, if Eve went starfish and wouldn't get her legs up off the bed it is no wonder Adam was eating apples. You don't see any other primates or mammals using the missionary position because it is not anatomically convenient. Leave it to human beings to make a simple thing hard. All your Thai heart throbs will do Boom-Boom.

The second sex position is Yum-Yum. This is Thai slang for oral sex. The advantage of yum-yum is that it is anatomically convenient in many positions. It is easy.

The disadvantage of Yum-Yum is that there is no way for either party to pretend that you are not having sex. If God or your mother are looking, they don't think you are working on your stamp collection. This is SEX. You are not making babies here or continuing the family lineage—you are just making each other happy. More of that suspicious naughty pleasure. You know, that stuff many religions have tried to snuff out. And because it is real sex, it takes real interested parties to be done right. Since most people are lying incompetents at sex, and since most people don't really want to work hard at anything; finding an oral partner of enthusiasm is difficult. But worth searching for.

The third kind of sex in Thailand is Ow-Ow. This is anal sex. The advantage of anal sex is anatomical. Convenient and easy. Plus you don't have to look at each other.

The disadvantage of anal sex is ... there aren't any disadvantages!

Now if you have been thinking while you have been reading, the following may have occurred to you. A girl who will do Boom-Boom may do Yum-Yum, but probably won't do Ow-Ow. A girl who will do Yum-Yum will almost certainly do Boom-Boom, but probably won't do Ow-Ow. But a girl who will do Ow-Ow will ALWAYS do Boom-Boom and Yum-Yum. In other words a girl who will agree to Ow-Ow will do everything else. You have hit the sexual lottery when you find a woman who will do Ow-Ow. So with that important fact in mind; here is what I do when looking for love.

When I am cruising the parking lots and the sidewalks and the boardwalks I always have two things in my pants pocket. The first is a playing card that shows a couple making backdoor love. I show the picture to my potential partner. Looking at the picture there can be no doubt about what I want. If I get a nod then I have a player. Next I take a packaged condom out of my pocket and put it in the palm of my left hand. Then I take my right hand and cover it up and shake my head from side to side. There can be no misinterpreting the meaning of this. If I get a head nod again then we have gone from player to lover and it's off to the hotel. The beauty of this system is that I know in advance that I have a partner who will do everything and not argue about the details. No surprises. No disappointments. Value for my time. Value for my money. Try it.

Well guys, that is my simple Thai sex primer for newbies. Sure there are other contortionist and controversial things you could be doing, but this is only a primer. If you just stick to finding Ow-Ow's you'll be miles ahead and you'll be smiling. Good Luck.

Smacked By A Cat Or It's Hard To Be Elite

It was a quiet Sunday in Bangkok (I had my earplugs in). I was head down and feet up on the couch when I heard a splash, a meow, and a scream—in that order. Before I could get my feet down and my head up, a wide-eyed Poom arrived couchside to announce that the blind soi kitty had fallen into the toilet bowl. Inspection followed. There the cat was, head bent back against her side, and sporting a festive blue Tidy-Bowl waterline. What to do? Being only rich Regent condo people, a cat in a toilet bowl was a real puzzler. If Poom and I had been members of the lower classes we could simply have reached down with our hands and pulled the cat out of the toilet bowl. But as members of Thailand's new elite we don't touch anything except shopping bags, and credit cards, and airline tickets, and restaurant menus, and car keys, and mail-order catalogues. We don't even touch ourselves, or each other, or door knobs. We also like touching and holding the condo documents and condo bills and trustee meeting reports that are sent to us. We don't know what any of it means but it is a measure of our worth. We are elite. I have forgotten the ways of the evil West and Poom says she has forgotten the name of her childhood water buffalo. I believe her.

Elite relationships are built on trust. Fortunately, Luck and Fate were on our side. I remembered that I had a Metro magazine special edition that spoke to the problems of rich farangs and their bubble headed companions.

Chapter 7 was entitled, "How to Remove Domestic Animals from Household Appliances". Here is what we did. Following the directions carefully, we first made two slings out of white coat hangers and slipped them under the Domestic Animal (cat). You have to use white coat hangers because you want them to match the toilet bowl. Here at the Regent everything has to be color co-ordinated. Anyway, the next step was to attach a rope to the coat hanger slings, pass it up and over the shower curtain rod, and then out the door to the balcony. While Poom calmed the cat, I went out on to the balcony and tied a concrete block to the rope. What happened next requires diagramming, but I'll do my best to describe it. I DROPPED THE CONCRETE BLOCK OFF THE BALCONY. Boy, talk about simple physics. According to Poom, the cat came out of the toilet bowl like she had been shot from a gun, did one turn around the shower curtain rod, spraying blue Tidy-Bowl disinfectant all over the tile, then headed for the balcony like a cruise missile. All I remember is dropping the block, turning around, and being smacked by a cat.

Everyone is happy now. The wide-eyed Poom is happy, the disoriented farang is happy, and the blue cat is happy. But if you want help getting a cat out of a toilet bowl; speak to Poom, not me. Been There, Been Smacked.

42. No Way

TT&A Part 31 26/1/2004

The year is 2504. Several years prior, 2492, Thailand had gone to auction. After 500 years of downward spiral; finally her social deportment was so dispiriting, her international debts so huge, and her internal affairs so chaotic that the United Nations Dept. of SCL (Sovereign Country Liquidation) had stepped in and taken over. Her population was neuterized and sent to the moon and Mars and Antarctica. Transvestites and Penguins. Who'd have thought it. Never say never. A prohibition was placed on human habitation of 100 years to allow field and stream and fauna to detoxify and to regenerate. At the United Nations auction held in Zurich no corporation or country made a bid on Thailand. Cooler heads prevailed and just went skiing. No one wanted her. So in a backdoor deal the United States purchased her from the UN auction factors.

To make her pay, in contradiction of the moratorium on human intervention; the United States let out contracts to Syria and Paraguay and France to use Thailand as a repository for international and domestic criminals they were harbouring. The new Muslim country of Islamia was allowed to set up military and other training facilities. Hollowed out mountains of the North were used to store nuclear waste and the islands of the South were turned into open pits that held incinerated domestic trash clinker from the United States. Orchids and daffodils and iris and gladiolus and crocus and tulips bloomed by the billions, former paddy buffalo roamed in giant happy herds, snakes slithered, monkeys screamed, birds flew, and fish jumped. But the appearance of paradise was simply patina on a rotten vase. You couldn't drink the water or grow food in the ground. Sweeping fires had laid waste to all the cities leaving the twisted steel and concrete and liquor bottle detritus of a failed society. In charge of all of this was an organizational genius and towering moral force known as Dana. From his administrative headquarters on the former wat hilltop temple between South Pattaya and Jomtien, he was charged with matters mundane and trivial. Answerable only to the United States he was legally just an accountant and a gatekeeper for a small far-away possession of the new Rome. But Dana was more than a man. He had the qualities of a God. And he had a dream. A dream for a new Thailand. And his dream was …!

Oh man, I must have been sleeping and dreaming. I guess that is what happens when a non-drinker has two beers. What I really wanted to talk about was my experience at one of Thailand finest hotels—to wit:

The Oriental Hotel

Early on in my visits to Thailand I decided that it would be interesting to visit the Oriental Hotel. You can't avoid reading about the damned thing. It is supposed to be the number one bestest hotel in the world, etc; blah, blah, blah. If you do a little research into the world of excessive and absurd overspending, you find out that there are some pretty spooky hotels in the world. Hotels in Hong Kong, and India, and Europe, and Indonesia, and the Mediterranean that are just foolish and stupid edifices of excess and luxury. So this Oriental Hotel in western BKK on the Chao Phraya river must be something! So I take a taxi and go out there. And it is 'out there'. I do not want to say that the Oriental hotel is at the end of the world, but if you stand up on the hood of your taxi you can see the end of the world.

Arrival finds you on the shore of a river that is a sewer with boats and the surrounding abutting urban landscape is a monument to the social and architectural miasma of clutter and visual depravity that results from no zoning laws. Leaving the hotel grounds and walking a block in any direction is frightening for the pink-faced, big-nosed, big-feet, big-hands couples from Perth and Adelaide and Sydney. Stone-faced they traipse and wander and peek in at things and wonder when the fun will start. The men see nothing that looks sexy and the wives wonder where everyone goes to the bathroom. Located right next to a four star clothing boutique will be an elderly man in tattered shorts slicing open coconuts with a machete. Behind him, sprawled on the filthy concrete floor would be his grandchild—spawn of his bargirl daughter; eating fried roaches and staring big-eyed at the farangs. The hot, sweaty, overweight products of Australia wonder if this is what the brochures meant by the word 'exotic'. Later in a futile attempt to take control of the vacation 'experience' they will buy a historically incomprehensible and overpriced Buddha statue antique at the River City Shopping Centre. It will start out in the living room back home and then later migrate to the mudroom inside the door where it's Buddha hands will hold umbrellas and walking sticks. A straw gardening hat will perch on it's head.

As I go in the lobby of the Oriental Hotel on this harmless vacation experience of curiosity I realize I have made a big, big mistake. Big mistake. I am not dressed up enough. Apparently, no one at this hotel ever has any fun because no one is dressed in fun clothes. Not a pair of shorts or a backpack in sight. The women are all wearing fancy clothes and jewellery and perfume, and the men are all wearing fancy clothes and jewellery and cologne. Then there is me in my shorts and sandals and backpack. I look like an Israeli kibbutz worker here to meet my rich American sponsor. I stick out like a teenager's pimple on the end of a nose. It is only a matter of time before a lobby hotel employee will spot me and start the stalk. Next they will be in front of me and wanting to know what I am doing in the hotel. Their mouths will be smiling but their eyes will be dead. No way am I going to be allowed to just wander around and see the sights. Forget Plan A. Plan A for tourist Dana is DEAD.

So I find a giant chair in the lobby to hide in and to sit in and think in. I need a Plan B. And I need it fast. Think Dana—THINK. It took an HOUR to get here by taxi from the Nana Hotel and I am not going back without a struggle. Then I get an idea! I get up and go to the front desk and ask to speak to someone in hotel management in the Marketing division. An absolutely STUNNING young woman is sent out to speak to me. I explain to her that my rich, retired parents from America are considering coming to this hotel for a long vacation; but before making the commitment their attorney recommended that I be sent out ahead to see if it meets their standards. Could I please be given a comprehensive tour of the grounds and the facilities and any appropriate personnel on behalf of my parents? When in doubt, go the snob route! She goes for it.

In understandable English and with a smile that would melt Kryptonite, she says, "It would be my very great pleasure kind Sir." I am her slave. Well, we tour the public rooms and the grounds and the pool and the indoor and the outdoor restaurants. She shows me a room and explains the level of service. She introduces me to personnel in passing. She points out the hotel ferry service that takes quests across the river to the hotel's private spa. A finer example of Thai female femininity and female intelligence it would not be possible to find. And her selling skills and diplomacy skills on behalf of her employer are exemplary. Because of my close proximity to this angel from heaven and my anxious attempts to look as if I find everything she says riveting; I fail to notice that she has been 'touring' me in a circle and suddenly we are back at the front lobby door. She smiles, weis, and says, "Thank-you for touring with me kind Sir.

The Oriental Hotel wishes to see you again." It is either a goodbye or I am being dumped. Hard to tell.

So, is the Oriental Hotel of Bangkok—Thailand a great hotel? Sure it is. It has all the big hotel features and benefits and a river view that is probably one of the most interesting landscape views in Thailand. But is the Oriental Hotel the number one hotel in the world? No way!

Just Chill Out

It's been a long day for this farang. Last night was not exactly an orgasmic festival with Noi, so I started the day pondering the meaning of the word compromise. Then the shopping started. Out of the bedroom Noi feels the weight of obligation fall away and smells the heady aroma of free shopping. We buy shoes and sandals and overalls and underthings and strange gross foods at the supermarket. I am lugging a set of dishes in my backpack. Since I have never said "No" and have spent the day reflexively smiling, Noi is none the wiser. She thinks we are having a great time. She thinks me paying her money for the privilege of buying her things is my idea of a bargain. She is mistaken. I am not having a great time. I am being used and I know it. You do not abuse someone you value. All the cards are on the table now for anyone to see. It's time to stop the psychic bleeding and pull the plug. I am getting cranky. I look up and I can see the hotel. But between us and the hotel is a jewellery store. The tension starts to build. She doesn't deserve any more. She doesn't deserve any jewellery. She hasn't earned every smile she has received from me today. She is running a debit. It is time to take a stand. Sure enough, like a dog scenting a meat wagon; she steers for the store. In we go. She wants earrings. Gold earrings. I ask how much. They are just $5.00. She looks beautiful. She turns to me and flashes a megawatt smile and happy eyes. I decide to just chill out.

Sing Hosanna

Well, I did it today. I made the call on the phone and spent the money and committed to the schedule and gave my boss the news. I am going to Stick land again in February. If I get any happier my head will explode. I have pledged to myself to eat clean for the next month and in another two weeks I will be hanging my stuff over a basket and shaving every thing in sight. Disney and I both believe in clean, attractive amusement parks. I am now officially not of this world here in the United States until my plane takes off. And if there are any problems I will tow the plane off the runway my damned self. I am just dwelling in a happy, immature limbo between now and when I leave. And on this trip I plan to put aside my own personal needs and wants and desires and personal opinions and just behave and react and think the way everyone else thinks I should. Not.

There is no God and Life has no meaning. We are insignificant carbon-based life forms inhabiting a useless rock hurtling through an indifferent space towards an unimportant future. We make no mark, we leave no memory, we hold on to no love, and we have no value. For the rational atheist life is a long cold train ride through a dark tunnel carrying no baggage. That is why the boardwalk saunter from the AA hotel in Pattaya down to Swenson's Ice Cream is the perfect antidote. As my rods and cones pick up the sparkling ocean on my right and the traffic and sidewalk vendors across the street on my left, I am inundated with incoming sensory data of the most trivial kind. I am on vacation. The hookers, trannies, nice girls, tourists, and women with baskets on their shoulders part around me like trout swimming upstream. Everyone is smiling. Philosophy is left behind. I am on vacation. I am wearing baggy weightlifting pants, sandals, lots of silver jewellery, and a T-shirt. I have left my self behind. I am on vacation. My veins are dilated and my stomach is flat and tight. My brain feels 19 again. I can feel the ground under my feet poking through my cheap foam sandals, the sun on my shoulders, and the ocean breeze on my face. I'm temporarily seduced. Maybe life does have value and there is a happy future. I'll give it some serious thought at Swenson's Ice Cream. I'm on vacation.

I'll send you all a mental postcard.

43. The Two Hotel System

TT&A Part 32 31/1/2004

If you are planning on going to Thailand to meet girls I highly recommend that you consider renting hotel rooms in two separate hotels at once if you are going to be in Bangkok or Pattaya. Normally, this wouldn't make any sense for reasons of budget, but in these cities you can get perfectly nice lodgings for $25/nite or less. So if you are renting at two hotels at once the bill only comes to about $50/day—Max. You can afford it. I have been doing this for years and I highly recommend it. Let me give you some examples:

In Bangkok, my home away form home is the Nana hotel. For $25/day I get a hotel with every service including new pool and hot tub. Right across the street is the Nana Plaza, the parking lot of the hotel is full of free-lancers, and the Angels disco in the hotel attracts just the right sort of fun loving gal. So I like the hotel and I like the location. So why would I be renting a second hotel room in a different hotel at the same time? Well, let's suppose that the girls at the Nana are not dancing nude, but the girls in the Cowboy section of town further up Sukhumvit are showing! I have found that if I meet a nice woman in the Cowboy section of town that it is too much of a hassle to get her to the Nana. I have found that it is very important to have a hotel that is close to the action. Between the time you pay the barfine for the love of your life and the time you get to the hotel room—lots of things can happen; none of them good. Walking down the street Noi or Fon or Ba meets 10 best friends. Long conversations in Thai follow. You stand there like an idiot. Or Miss Heartthrob decides she wants Isaan soup that can only be prepared in some far away place and over a long period of time. Sitting on the little plastic chair at the little plastic table waiting for the soup you are a bump-on-a-log again. Invariably, more of her best friends come by. Of course the soup is spice poisoned and is inedible. Or she decides now would be a good time to shop for baby. Etc. Anything rather than get to the main event. Trust me—you want a love nest near the bar. So I rent a second hotel room in the Cowboy section of town. Here is a typical day: I get up and have breakfast in the Nana hotel using my free breakfast coupon and then go out and do errands or do tourist things. In the afternoon around 5 I may pick up a freelancer as a wake-me-up. Then I go to the Cowboy section around 8pm. If I fall in love I take her to my Cowboy hotel. If she is 'long-time' I spend the night at the Cowboy hotel. If she is only 'short-time' ; I go back to the Nana for the night. Often I pick up a Nana carpark freelancer before calling it a day, or I may go over to the Angelwitch across the street for some show entertainment before calling it a day. Simple.

In South Pattaya it is particularly important to be running two hotel rooms at once because of the way the town for farang pleasures is laid out. The farang entertainment section is basically just a long street running along the beach. On the one end of the street/beach is the soi 6 and soi 7 and soi 8 beer bar section; and way, way down on the other end of Beach road is the Walking Street part of town which is beer bars and go-go bars. Falling in love in the soi 8 part of town and then taking your love interest to a hotel in the Walking Street part of town is just not practical. Believe me I've spent enough time riding in the back of 10baht trucks with little whiners to know what I am talking about.

So here is a typical day for me in Pattaya. I get up at the AA hotel in the middle of Beach road and go out for a donut. It is quiet, the vendors are opening up their shops, the ocean and the sky are beautiful, etc. I look OK, I feel like a wreck, and I am happy. Invariably, on the way to the donut/newspaper shop I meet a nice boardwalk woman and fall in love. Hence my T-shirt:

WENT OUT FOR A DONUT—CAME BACK WITH A WOMAN. There is nothing like an early morning wake-up call from someone who thinks I am 'velly hansum man'. The rest of my day is spent at the AA Hotel. Shopping, maybe a day trip to Ko Lan, being a tourist, time around the pool, nap, walk to Swenson's Ice Cream and the Royal Mall, etc. Then around 7pm I transfer to hotel number two (or three in some cases). If I am going to be in the Walking Street section of town I like the Julie Complex or the White Rose 2, but there are a gazillion other choices and they are all fine. The nice thing about having a hotel in this section of town is the convenience. You are basically in the middle of Sodom and Gomorrah and you ARE going to meet Miss RIGHTNOW so you want it to be easy to get to the main event. I usually spend the night at this hotel even if I have only had a short term love affair. I like the beach boardwalk walk back to the AA in the morning.

Now, if you are going to be looking for your love interest in the soi 6, soi 7, soi 8 part of town; then the single best hotel is the Bella Vista hotel on moo 9 between soi 7 and soi 8. This hotel is one of the best kept secrets in Thailand. It is large and modern and has recently been rehabilitated. And it is hidden between soi 7 and soi 8 on an alley that connects the two sois. If you and your friends knocked back 100 beers and designed the ideal location for a hotel; you couldn't beat this. It doesn't matter where you meet Miss Short-Time or Miss Long-Time on soi 7 or soi 8; the hotel is right around the corner. And at only 650baht it is a bargain. I generally spend the night because I like the neighborhood in the morning. And the long, slow morning walk along the beach boardwalk back to the AA Hotel is simply wonderful.

Another reason I personally use and recommend the two hotel system is for when you are running two or more love interests per day; and one of them is your 'special girl'. Example: you are picking up your 'special' girl at 10pm at the Rainbow bar at Nana Plaza. Only thing is: it is an awful long time before 10pm and you are only human. Before (long before) 10pm you are going to fall in love with another girl. But if you bring her back to your one-and-only hotel; one of three things can and will happen:

1. You can not make up the bed again so that it looks as if it was not used all day. Believe me, I have tried. Your 'special' girl will notice IMMEDIATELY. You are DEAD.

2. If your 'special' girl is suspicious she will smell the bed and she will INSTANTLY smell the other woman (women). I guarantee it. Been there, been busted. Women have noses like hound dogs. They should be used as drug sniffing dogs at airports. I like the idea of them on all fours, on leashes, and in collars. But I digress. Men's and women's noses are not the same and this can get you in a lot of trouble. I couldn't smell horse plop in a stable, but a woman in Honduras can smell a musk ox in Siberia.

3. The really clever 'special' girls have counted the remaining condoms before they left in the morning. You didn't see this. When you pick them up and bring them home for the night, they first thing they do is go to the condom box and count. Been There—Been Busted. Another good reason not to use condoms.

So there you have it guys: Whether you are looking for love in BKK or Pattaya; I highly recommend that you make friends with the two hotel system. It allows you to extend your range and increase your options. Good Luck. And remember: SO MANY WOMEN—SO LITTLE TIME.

Dana's Health Regimen

I get emails from interested Thai adventurer wannabes wanting to know how I prevent myself from getting sick in Thailand. Here is the Program:

For trips under 30 days, the best Third World Health Regimen is to not eat or drink anything local. It is called water fasting. Bottled water only. I have my water shipped from America in sterilized shipping crates. Freight transferring and stevedoring is handled by white gloved virgins form Udon. They haven't touched anything bad; not even themselves. The water is then boiled and filtered on a need-to-use basis in local hospital labs. It is tested first on lab rats. Successful autopsies clear it for my use.

To Review: No local water—no local food. No touching doorknobs and I levitate when taking a dump. I try not to open my mouth when outside. I wear a jumbo condom that pulls down over my whole body. If asked, I mention rain.

I am not without self-interest or scientific acumen. So trips are made to the Bumrungrad Hospital clinic every four days for regimens of intravenous vitamin C, vitamins B, minerals, hydrogen, and photo-luminescence. Rigorous record keeping regarding vein sites prevents vein collapse. I swallow large capsules of blast-furnaced sand to keep involuntary large and small intestine reactions normal. I have no problem with regularity. The sand comes out like a howitzer shell. Nausea and vomiting are positive side effects. Everything is going well.

At the end of my vacations in Thailand, I always have to be delivered to the plane door with the assistance of two private duty nurses. I am too weak to walk. But at least I am not sick.

Yours in Health
Sa bai dee Dana

Hello Dear Readers

Here is a fun idea (not my own) that I am not smart enough to be able to follow through on. To wit: Below is a list of Thai girl names—

Pa
Bob
Be
Golp
An
Nat
Songkla
Poom
Porntip
Peau
Ple
Fon
Noi
Lek
Daeng
Nok
Jaeb
Gai
Nid
Pim
Loot
Ip
Ding
Yu
Poo
Jo
Poe
Wen
Teek
Da
Moon
Ying
Apple
Lon
Kee
Aee
Wan
Long
Pod
Dong

It ought to be possible to write a fun little story using just these names. I am not the brightest light bulb in the hallway so I can't do this. But I'll bet someone could. Here is a short example from an email pal of mine— 'Songkla Eat and Golp my Long Dong while I ate her Gai tasting Pod. Wen she leave, she not so Fon— she Loot my room!'

There are probably at least another 30 girls names that could be added to this list.

Good Luck.

44. Emerald Eyes

TT&A Part 33 7/2/2004

I Try To Be Nice

Years ago when I worked at a shipyard on an island in the Caribbean, my morning walk to work went by native apartment buildings. In the morning you could often hear yelling and crying and screaming. The husbands and the boyfriends were beating or abusing the wives and girlfriends. Later on in the afternoon around 2:30 or 3:00 a walk to the Chinese take-out wagon to get a Johnny cake and a beer would take me past these apartments again. You could hear more yelling and screaming and abuse. The mothers were beating and abusing their children. An hour later you could see these kids down at the public pier. They would drag dogs down the pier and throw them into the water. Then as the dogs struggled to swim ashore these kids would throw rocks at them. Most people are not good at most things; but we are all good at mimicking behaviour. We learn early to imitate those of rank and then we seek out someone of lesser rank to practise on. It seems hard to be nice. Maybe we are not even naturally hardwired to be nice. Maybe our predatory need to dominate is what made us the dominant species. But I think being nice to other human beings has value regardless of their perceived social station. People often make fun of me when I try to treat bargirls as relationship equals and girl friends. I get patronizing emails telling me what a fool I am to buy gifts, or to expect reciprocity, or to even imagine respect. Well, maybe we are both right. Maybe I am a nice fool. I'll take the label. All we have is each other. And today's nobody may become tomorrow's somebody. When oil was discovered under the sands of Arabia, suddenly the wandering nobodies became feted somebody's. And I am guessing they didn't forget all the people from the past who had demeaned them. I'll bet when the money chose different wallets, there was some settling up. If tomorrow Thailand is suddenly discovered to harbour oil and gas and other future needful resources, suddenly the nobodies will become somebody's. And I am guessing that every bargirl who was treated disrespectfully, will plot revenge. I try to be nice. It is the way I calculate myself to be. It may be that I am not naturally nice. But I try to be nice.

When I first starting going to Thailand and forming relationships with Thai women I was not young and I was not inexperienced. But it is hard to know everything. If a man has never married and become a father; there are gaps in your knowledge. Fifty per cent of the girls I met were mothers. I got an education in stretch marks and the often horribly cruel things that can happen to a woman's body because she has risked her life to participate in a miracle. I was stunned by the cruel way nature and life had treated these angels because they had yielded to love. I started to think of the children. If you abuse a bargirl she may go home to abuse her child. She is receiving abuse and humiliation from someone she imagines has higher rank and now she is mimicking behaviour. So she goes home and abuses and humiliates someone who has lower rank—her child. I can't stand the idea of this. I try to be nice.

Most of the time my efforts to be nice yield me little to nothing positive, and quite frequently my efforts to be nice to bargirls yields very negatively. They interpret my nice behaviour as weak behaviour. My humanness and friendliness is not seen as something that has value, but as a marker. I have identified myself as a weakling who can be preyed upon. And men in my own western world almost break a leg running to their keyboards to tell me what a fool I am. Really? I'm not convinced that being nice to other human beings makes me a fool. I can't forget the marker that I see. The stretch marks. These are mothers. There are children. I try to be nice.

Sunglasses And Asian Women—Asian Women And Sunglasses

Hong Kong, Singapore, Cambodia, and Laos and Vietnam. China sometimes. Not Japan that often. Thailand always. There is something about these Asian women and sunglasses! Do the sunglasses make the woman or do the women make the sunglasses? Picture this: black hair, dark skin, high cheekbones, pouty lips. Now add sunglasses! Now it is black hair, dark skin, high cheekbones, pouty lips, sunglasses. Electrifying. Stunning. As in you have been hit by a love stun gun as she turns and looks at you on the Beach road in Pattaya where you have stopped at a sidewalk table to look at jewelry and watches and sunglasses. All of a sudden the cute farmer's daughter is sexually provocative, knowing, mysterious, hypnotic, powerful in her womanhood. You buy and buy. You can't believe you are even allowed to be near such a creature. Later that week you are walking alone down the boardwalk and you see her go by on the back of a motorcycle with another guy. You don't even care. All you remember is the way she looked on the back of the bike. Legs to the side, black hair blowing in the wind, dark skin, high cheekbones, pouty lips, and those big-as-insect-eyes sunglasses. You are momentarily transfixed, taken out of yourself by her beauty and her sexuality and her youth. You are happy to have been a witness. You are smiling. It is time to go to Swenson's for an ice cream cone. God, you love Thailand. And sunglasses!

On the way out of Swensen's all of the female employees smile and say goodbye. You go across the street with your ice cream cone and stand by the concrete wall looking at the ocean. The water is so filled with sewage you can't swim in it. The traffic noise behind you is deafening. The streets are filled with litter.

The air is polluted. If you don't keep moving a tranny will start humping your leg, or a beggar will fill you with undeserved guilt, or an unwanted freelancer will zero in. The population is indifferent and sometimes hostile. The individuals you meet are avaricious and unreliable. There is no internationally accepted concept of 'rule-of-law' and you are at risk every second you are in the country. So why do I keep coming back? Why am I so happy here? What unidentified substance am I mainlining that masks the pain and leaves so much pleasure? Then my libido radar sees another. Another Thai woman in sunglasses. Long black hair, dark skin, high cheekbones, pouty lips, and sunglasses. It is the sunglasses! That's the tranquillizer dart to my emotions. The Thai national flag should be just one giant pair of sunglasses on an Isaan face. Same with the currency. Same logo on the sides of Thai airways planes. Flying in at night to Don Muang airport there should be a giant sunglasses light in the sky—a hopeful farang beacon showing you the way home. Westerners who marry Thai women should pay the dowry and be grateful, and then they should get a pair of sunglasses tattooed on themselves. Because that is when the contract got signed. That first time you saw her wearing sunglasses is when a cog and a gear slipped forward in your heart and you started down a different road. You never had a chance. Relax. You are blessed. You should have a sign hanging around your neck that says, "Luckiest Man in the World". She smiles at you and she wears sunglasses. It is the sunglasses. If the current Thai government eliminates all the traditional venues for Farang-Thai social intercourse there is concern that there will be a diminution in the amount of westerners coming to Thailand. Not a problem. Not as long as Thai women still wear sunglasses. Don't believe me? Consider this: black hair, dark skin, high cheekbones, pouty lips, and sunglasses. Oh yes, you'll be back. Look for me on the sidewalk in front of the Royal Plaza Garden mall next to the Dungaree

Sneaker lady. I now have a permanent visa and a little table covered with sunglasses. If I never have sex with a Thai woman again it is OK. Been there—Done that. A new door has opened. New pleasure. The old tingle of sleepless nights has returned—waiting for the new day and the new pleasures. Sunglasses and Asian women. All day I help Thai women transform themselves. Jesus God in heaven I have never been so happy. At night when I go home I am so physically and emotionally drained from helping Thai women with sunglasses that I hardly have the strength of a wet noodle. But I am so happy.

Emerald Eyes

Siamese Vignette—1899—August—Chao Phraya River—Eastern Shore Opposite Wat Arun.

Down river a Maine built four masted ship lies moored with a cargo of coal smouldering below decks. The pitch in the decks is starting to bubble and grey wisps of smoke are coming from the sheave holes in the masts. At the first sight of golden chedis and slow moving women, the crew jumped and swam. Cooling their feet and yielding to their hearts. The captain has a broken voyage and a contract that calls for delivery to Ceylon. The captain needs new hands and fire fighting. But first he needs a drink and he needs something else. The toothless boat woman knows where to take him.

There is early morning mist on the river as a reporter named Brink from the Rattanakosin Post newspaper observes:

“Dana towered above the polished surface of the bar. He was wearing a wine colored cutaway suit that had been tailored by Gieves of London. The Chao Phraya river was wearing morning fog and the beginning of suffocating heat. In spite of the heat, Dana’s long vest was buttoned tight over a boiled shirt, and a black cravat was pierced by a diamond pin. He ordered a pitcher of steamed beer and strolled over to the veranda overlooking the river and the far side Wat. The Siamese bartender in the white Colonial suit didn't bother to ask for his money. The mouse never asks the cat for anything. Standing a head taller than the tallest white man and carrying 230 pounds of whippet muscle on panther feet; his emerald green eyes and squared mahogany features declared him the alpha male. Men and women were both attracted to him. Men and women both feared him. The pitcher of bird piss would give him just enough time to plan his next two moves. First he had to take some paperwork over to the Consulate. He'd killed two stevedores in the last 10 days and there were stories to tell and men behind desks with miniature penises to talk to. After that, he would get to the main event. He hadn't had a woman in 192 days! It was 10:30 now. He'd be done with the pasty-faced bureaucrats with the skinny arms by noon. He'd be done with a woman by 1:00. He'd grab the first small dark thing he could find, haul her behind a threshing shed, crush her pelvic bones in his great dark calloused hands, and pump her until her sobs became quiet, desperate gasps for breath. When he was done he would leave her nothing but a memory. Lying in a heap of rice chaff and sweat; she'd summon enough breath to mouth "I hate you!" Then she'd run home and tell her sister all about him. Later, when he slipped his mooring and started for Ceylon; she would be hiding behind a palm tree—blinking back her tears and waving with her soft little hand. His beer finished, he snapped out of his reverie, threw some coin at the bartender, and got to his feet. Time was wasting. He had clerks to frighten and a donkey dick looking for almond eyes and black bangs. He strode from the bar. His testosterone was up and his mistress was waiting down river. She was a young and beautiful four masted oak and pine sea creature. His name was Captain Dana. Her name was not important.

45. I Want a Connection

TT&A Part 34 14/2/2004

It is hot, hot, hot, hot and has been hot for a long while. It is April in South Pattaya and once you get away from the boardwalk next to the ocean there isn't any more inane talk about it being cooler in Pattaya than in Bangkok. Soi dogs are just lying and panting, bars are empty or have closed, girls are bored or have quit and gone upcountry to visit their children. The veins in my forearms are like ropes from the nitric oxide, which means all my veins are dilated and engorged. Laced on top of the NO2 is Yohimbine and Viagra. My balls are high, my head is clear, and I am dropping off the 10 baht bus at the 2nd road end of Soi 6. Soi 6, the infamous 'get in now', 'get it cheap', 'get it here' street; where the girls are not necessarily the most feminine or glamorous of their species, but enthusiasm and accessibility are great compensators. I plan to walk the length of the street. It is 2:30 in the afternoon. There are probably 100 girls and me. Nice odds. Only 30 yards into the street and already the 'outside the door' girls are smiling and waving. I look like easy business. I look like farang business. But I am a fraud. I don't want it now and fast and easy and in the main room or upstairs. I am looking for something else. I am looking for someone who will be grateful to be taken away to a nicer place and be treated in a nicer way. Desperate girls, desperate weather, desperate bar owners, desperate country. Desperate farang. Maybe we can all do business! I want to find a smiling face with an emotional knife in her heart. Then I want to take her hand and take her for a walk. We will walk down the soi to Beach road. Then we will cross over to the boulevard and walk the long pleasant distance to the AA hotel. There won't be any hurry or hustle. We will hold hands. I will buy her whatever she wants. Boiled eggs and spicy crickets—no problem. Gold earrings—no problem. T-shirt and sandals for baby—no problem. Into Big Mike's Shopping Center to pick up my new glasses from Annie at the glasses store. Then upstairs in front of the supermarket for a Gelato ice cream. Now she is starting to relax. I am not going to hurt her. I am not a bad guy. I am relaxed. I poke my finger in her stomach and she smiles, a little. Then back out to the sidewalk to complete the walk to the hotel. As we walk by the tour desk I get a smile and a wave from Anna. My soi 6 lover smiles, a little. Then up to the room. She throws off all of her clothes immediately and just looks at me. But that is not what I want. I go in the bathroom and start the shower. I go out into the bedroom and take her hand and take her into the shower and stick her hand into the stream of water and make it known that I want her to get the water temperature right. The we both get in. I turn her so that she is facing the wall and gently nudge her elbows until she lifts her arms. Eventually, I get her arms up fully extended and her hands pressed against the tile. Then I start washing her back. Gently, lovingly, slowly. No hurry! I get down on my knees in the tub and start washing her legs. Out of the corner of my eye I see that she is almost, maybe, possibly going to smile. That is what I want. A smile. I am a human being. I want a connection. Recognise me. Value me. Please smile with me. I want and need love. I am dying inside every day. But I'll accept a smile. So that is why at 2:30 in the afternoon on this 100 degree day I am starting a walk down soi 6.

I really question if I return to Thailand time and time again for the sex. The sex with ignorant disinterested farmer's daughters is mostly disappointing. I know the difference between a woman going starfish on me and a woman putting her soft brown arms around my neck and kissing me full on the lips because she wants to. I return to Thailand, like many men, time and time again hoping for a connection. At my age I have the final landing strip in sight and my landing gear is down. There is not much time left to get lucky. Lucky! Maybe that's it. Maybe each girl I meet is a lottery ticket in the game of love and I am hoping one is a winner. Maybe that is why men come to Thailand. You can buy more love lottery tickets in a shorter period of time! Do I really prefer Asian women to all other women? I think so. But maybe I am not even sure about that anymore. Today's cutie is going to be shaped like a fireplug—and fast—when the first pregnancy blows out her stomach. The only thing I am sure of is that there is not much time left.

Oh, there is someone smiling and waving at me. Isaan face, dark skin, soft shoulders, short body, wide feet, splayed toes, black hair, almond shaped brown eyes. I smile at her and start to walk over. I don't even see her other friends. Just her.

Wish me Luck …!

Mandingo Suave And Shotgun Jones—A Whole New Attitude

Farang Tourist Alert: I am going to Thailand for two weeks or so in February and March. So if you see a man in a blue goatskin suit with yellow silk shirt and yellow crocodile shoes leading an elephant down Sukhumvit road and handing out silver speckled french-fried bananas to Thai kids and beak-nosed tourists from Perth; that's not me! Too obvious. This time I am going with a whole new attitude!

You are better off to search for me two rows back in the ribbon cutting ceremony pictures that appear in the Style/Living/Arts/Entertainment sections of the Bangkok Post or the Pattaya Mail or Metro magazine. I will be wearing my routine day and night wear of French Brittany red yachting pants, black background flowered shirt and made-in-Cyprus rattan style open weave leather shoes. I will have my arm around one of those tall white-faced Chinese girls that pop up out of the ground every time a ribbon has to be cut or a building dedicated or an art gallery opened or a political party speech made. Are you looking? Don't see me!? That's because I am not there either! Too pedestrian. Been there, done that. This time I am going to the Kingdom with a whole new attitude.

I am going incognito. Myself and my pants pal are going underground. Instead of sending out transparent vibrations of sexual need and psychic need; this time the message is going to be: I Don't Need It and I Don't Need You!

The power of the negative will be my sword and my strength and my mantra. Females of every fertile persuasion will pick up this rare scent and fly to me like blind bees to a hive. They will press up against me in bookstores, sit down unbidden at my early morning coffee table, and block my way on sidewalks. When questioned I will tell them my name is Mandingo Suave and my pant's pal name is Shotgun Jones. Watching a Thai woman try to pronounce Shotgun Jones will be fun. Careful handling the shotgun girls; its loaded and the safety is off.

So this February and March you probably won't spot me. But if you hear the sound of a shotgun going off, you know I am around. With a whole new attitude …!

Stormtroopers Of Love

OK, guys: I'm going to Thailand. But here is my question. How come everyone isn't going? How come we are not all going together? I'll bet every man reading this right now has more money than me and is in better health than me. So you have no excuses. We should all be going together. Let's do this. Let's all plan to meet this time next year in Hong Kong. There should be about 30,000 of us. We'll charter 60 747 air planes and go as a group. The planes will have Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes painted on the sides and a pair of black wrap-a-round sunglasses on the nose. The stewardesses will be the best of the best culled from Singapore and Thai and Cathay Pacific and Indonesian and Malaysian and Korean and Japanese and Vietnamese airlines. The planes will take off from Hong Kong two abreast at 15 second intervals military style. No flight plan will be filed for Thailand. All 60 planes will hit Don Muang airport at once. Landings will be done two abreast. We'll form up on the tarmac in a battalion sized corps of 30,000 farangs lined up 300 across the front and 100 deep. When I blow the whistle we will roar through Customs in a human wave. Fuck Customs. Then on to the Nana. At the Nana we'll make the Indian owners an offer they can't refuse and take over for 10 days. No Thais, French, Japanese, Arabs, West Equatorial Africans, Russians or Women allowed. Fuck 'em. Free beer. Who's in?

This is how I imagine some of the details:

North American continent farangs will all meet at the Minneapolis-St. Paul airport and then make the big jump to Hong Kong in one go. As the planes leave US airspace and cross the US—Canadian border there will be mass moonings of ex-wives and current wives and left-behind girlfriends in the plane windows. So long honey—I hope you enjoy that fucking poetry reading I'm not going to. Oh, and by the way; I have our son with us. He's going to see a woman smile. There will be about 15 planes flying wingtip to wingtip at 30,000 feet as we make the Bering Sea crossing. We will be able to see each other holding up drinks glasses in the windows.

Our South American friends will all meet at Lima, Peru and then make the puddle jump to Hawaii. As they deplane for the layover—Polynesian women will rush up to them—place flowers around their necks—and say they have been 'leied'. Then on to Hong Kong.

All Europeans and North Africans will meet in Athens—then it is on to Hong Kong. Early interplane tensions will dissipate as drinks are poured and stories are told. The North Africans from Morocco and Algeria and Libya and Egypt will stare at the stewardesses from Vietnam and Thailand and Kuala Lumpur and Bali and China like hungry dogs.

Our southern cousins from Australia and New Zealand will be directed to meet and depart from Brisbane on a certain day and at a certain time and to arrive en mass in Hong Kong at a certain time and on a certain day. They will have the least distance to travel of anybody and they will be the most unreliable. They will pay no attention to any of the agreed upon itinerary and delay the groups departure by two days. Let's hear it for Foster's Beer.

There will be designated and dedicated 747 aircraft for those of you attracted to the Gay or Transvestite lifestyles. And I will provide forms for you to sign stating that you got on the wrong plane by accident. Yeah, sure. Of course there will be minor issues. The Gay planes will do way way too much wingwaggling and tail wagging. Their ass end contrails will look like snakes while the straight planes will be flying steady and level. And of course there will be the constant organizational headache of the Gay planes wanting to get way to close to the other planes. Wingtip tapping and fuselage bumping is not sexy at 30,000 feet. The Tranny planes won't know whether to leave their landing gear dangling down and hanging out or tuck it up out of sight. Hey, these are my problems. I'm the organizer. For you high heel shoppers and big willie enthusiasts who just can't wait; the Gay planes will do low altitude parachute drops over Boystown in Pattaya. Pink parachutes lit up by the neon night sky is always a crowd pleaser.

There will not be any tranny parachute drops—heels hitting the city streets and rooftops at 20 mph is just not something our insurance can cover. As the organizer I have to be practical. Sorry.

Because I am an organizational genius, magnetic personality, world wide celebrity, and natural bon vivant—I'll be in charge of everything. That includes the thankless and arduous task of interviewing and hand selecting the stewardesses. That's right. With no thought for myself other than the selfless support of the mission I will be interviewing the most charming, the most feminine, and the most beautiful Asian stewardesses in the world. Now I know what you are thinking. You are thinking: how can interviewing the world's most beautiful Asian stewardesses be arduous? Well, imagine this. Imagine an erection that won't go away for 10 straight days. Doesn't sound so easy now, does it. No need to send me condolences I don't mind taking one for the team.

OK guys: that's about it. We'll meet a year from now in Hong Kong and hit Don Muang airport like an airborne artillery barrage. When my whistle blows and the three foot long cloth-covered hammer strikes the brass gong—the airport will explode with the huzzas of 30,000 horny men. The air will fill with frightened birds, control tower weenies will be running around like chickens with diarrhoea, and the rush will be on. We'll roll through Customs like a farang tsunami wave. Our shoulder patches will be a heart crossed with lightening bolts. Stormtroopers of Love. No using Thai words or making politically correct statements or using condoms. This is a party—get with the program! The beer is free. Who's in?

46. Jupiter

TT&A Part 35 20/2/2004

Chickens And Limits

They are killing chickens in Thailand. God, what a great opening line to a novel. The problem is, I don't have the novel to back up the opening line. But the killing continues anyway. Depending upon which side of the chicken ownership line that you are on, the killing is either discriminate or indiscriminate. Either way, there are a lot of chickens going up to the great big chicken shed in the sky. Now various military types are involved with the attendant military argot and weaponry and testosterone and faulty reasoning. The reasoning behind the killing is that infection can be eliminated through eradication. The logic is irrefutable. Dead chickens can't get sick and pass the infection on to live chickens. Ergo: if all live chickens are converted to dead chickens—the infection will stop spreading. The only teensy little problem is that the infection may not come from the chickens—but only manifest itself in them. Quick—everyone who knows the real source of Aids and Cancers and Mental Illness and Neurological Diseases and Plagues raise your hands. All game theory is open to faulty logic when you can't see all the cards. During the Middle Ages the Black Plague wiped out one third of Europe. Then it stopped. Two thirds of Europe got to live. If the 'kill all the species' theory of infection fighting had been used in the Middle Ages, all the people would have been killed. Two thirds of them would have been killed for no reason. I wonder how many chickens are dying pointless deaths as Thaksin slaloms his way through the resulting political minefield. And it is not just chickens. Chickens are assets ultimately reduced to balance sheets, and mortgages, and interest rates, etc. The jungle shack dwellers aren't going to be wiped out—they are diversified. And the big corporations have cross insurance policied themselves to squeak through a debacle. The people I feel sorry for are the ‘ma and pa’ businesses that were about to make it onto the bottom rung of the middle class ladder. One more mortgage for six 10,000 chicken sheds was all they needed. Now they are busted. You can only get up in the boxing ring so many times. Then you see the wisdom of just laying there. Life rolls over you. The reason the eradication program is so popular is because there is no Plan B. Nobody really knows what to do. Eradication has the appeal of action. But it is too bad that more is not known about the situation—then limits could be placed on the government’s behavior. Violence and action are often substitutes for knowledge. The Thai government just doesn’t know enough, so innocent chickens are losing their lives and innocent people are losing their dreams. It is limits that mark a good plan and a mature mind. Whether government limits or self-imposed limits, it is limits that can yield the best life. But the problem is that limits as philosophy is boring. No sex appeal. No electability. No fancy stories. That is why this weak link in the chain of our lives is so often overlooked or passed over. Every farang resident in Thailand would benefit from placing limits on themselves. What kind of limits? Time. To wit:

To be a successful and happy resident farang in Thailand you must satisfy or possess or fulfill nine different criteria. Everyone agrees on the first eight criteria and virtually nobody mentions the ninth item. The first eight criteria are:

1. You must have a mature personality. Maturity is the best defense against all that is around you that can give offense.

2. You have to have an internal engine—you have to be internally motivated. You are a stranger in a strange land. You are outnumbered. Either you have a focus or you will be the object of someone else’s focus.

3. You have to be mentally stable. In a group of stressed equally able swimmers; someone always drowns. It is the person who can keep his head that has the best chance of seeing another sunrise.

4. You have to have an interest other than work. Thailand has too many temptations for the drifter.

5. You have to have a way to successfully deal with the fact that you are always going to be treated as a second-class citizen. Yoga, writing venom laced letters to the editor, screaming in dark closets, etc; it doesn't matter—just pick something.

6. You must have a life in your home to go back to. Something with a beating heart that you can talk to. Tropical fish, bird in a cage, ant farm, cute girl or cute guy. It doesn't matter. Loneliness leads to madness; unless you are mad already.

7. You must not drink to excess. Drinking to excess is a downward path. There is no bottom. That is a hopeful chimera of the person who likes drinking.

8. And almost finally: You must not fraternize with prostitutes. Fraternize is the key word because it speaks of abundance. Negative excess only yields a negative result.

The above eight rules for happy farang resident life in Thailand are well known and universally agreed upon. But I do not think they tell the whole story. I believe there is a critical link in the chain missing. The concept of Time. Let me give you an example: You wouldn't consider going to Mars on a mission and never coming back to Earth. The idea would never occur to you. Mars is simply too strange, and too dangerous, and too unrelenting in its constant incoming load of negative data to be considered as an alternative to Earth. Well, for the western farang; Thailand is Mars. You can learn to read and write and speak the language, and you can successfully mate and breed with a local, and you can pile up little successes and happy times; but you will never be accepted and treated as an equal. You should place a limit on your time in Thailand. To wit: every resident farang in Thailand should sign an internal contract with themselves that they are only going to stay in the country either three, seven, eleven, or fifteen years. When they reach the end of the self-imposed contract—they leave. It is time to leave Mars and go back to Earth. It is time to go home. Can you return? Of course you can. But you have to start all over and apply another self-imposed time contract to yourself. So ...!

9. You must apply a self-imposed time limit on how long you will be in the country. Either 3 or 7 or 11 or 15 years. Then you start packing. It's over. Time to go home.

Limits—boring to talk about and frightening to consider when we have to step up and take responsibility for our lives. It doesn't matter whether you are a chicken or a farang—someday the party is going to be over. Try to get out before you smell the gas.

Jupiter

When she walked into a room she instantly and irrevocably changed the social dynamic of the room. It was like sending Jupiter into a room full of moons. Her gravitational attraction was irresistible. Her influence was effortlessly dominant. It did not matter if it was a room full of women or a room full of men or a room full of men and women. Old people, couples; even children sensed that she was different. They would be pulled towards her. The children would wander from their mothers at public pools and beaches to ask her for help with their bathing suits or toys. Or just to stare and to wait. Please pay attention to me. Please let me connect with you. It was the reptilian core exerting itself. When she squatted down to help them her jet black hair would touch the ground. It hung dead straight. She was quite simply; the most fabulously feminine, gloriously beautiful, sexually provocative woman anyone had ever seen. She was the Alpha woman. She was Thai. She had the long legs and the very long fingers of the Thai woman. Her waist was so small it looked as if you could put your watch strap around it. Her stomach was so flat and so tight you could bounce quarters off of it. Her high breasts and golf-tee nipples stuck straight out. If one of her lovers pressed his hand against her breast clear fluid wept out. She was ripe. She was ready to go. A walking fertility rite. Dark all over as if in perpetual tan, high cheekbones, almond shaped eyes, full lips, invisible nose. Her eyes were like her skin in color. Attractively brown but not dominating. But if you looked just at her eyes, you started to lose your will. They were so softly brown, so without guile, so feminine; that you would start to lean forward. Your internal gyroscope was shifting gears. Jupiter was taking over. You felt as if you might leave your shoes behind as you tumbled into her soft brown eyes and then down the well of her sexuality. If you were married; about then you would hear your wife calling you.

There was a neighborhood pool party. She went. She was bored. With the feline grace of a jaguar she was either standing erect, chatting and smiling; or touring the pool perimeter as if waiting for something. Then Dana walked in. Lots of people knew him. Everyone liked him. She registered him out of her peripheral vision. He was shorter than her. He was no longer young. He was small. He was at that age where if he was horizontal; he would probably fall asleep. He was no alpha male. He looked like a man, and he walked like a man, and he dressed like a man, and he talked and thought like a man. But he was unremarkable. Forgettable: unless he called attention to himself, or you got to know him. But he was also different in some way. In his early 50's he had finally pulled out of the social/sexual nosedive of his life. He had made a trip to Thailand. It was like opening a can of Paradise. The can and the can opener had been laying around all of his lonely, sexless adult years; but he had never put them together. Now he was a different man. In fact, he was different than most men. He had bought a dive shop in southern Thailand and made it pay. He had never married. Thailand had given him a second chance. He took it. He was able to throw bucket after bucket of hope and desire down his well of potential and bring it up full. He had been remade. Retooled. Sometimes he actually preferred the women that looked like future wives and mothers. There was always less attitude. But for a while he had made a game of barfining the alpha females. Even if later things did not go exactly his way in the hotel room, he was a player. If in a short period of time he couldn't retool her; that was not his fault. If her attitude and public posturing was more important to her than the sexual happiness that comes with being relaxed; well, at least he tried. He was a player. He was now without fear. Women's appeal for him was stronger now that it had been when he was 25, but now he dealt with a full hand. He was no longer a bumbler. He had seen her when he walked into the party. But with a difference. She had registered him, but he had calculated her! He knew her better than she knew herself. She hadn't heard the word "No" from another human being since she was 14 years old. So her social development should have been retarded. That was his experience. But watching her and listening to her at the party; he saw none of that. She seemed artlessly normal. When the lifeguards announced that the pool was closing, he started to walk towards her.

She saw him coming. She wasn't a woman of tremendous insight or wisdom, that would come later. But for a while she had had a vague feeling of unease. A disquieting orientation. She was fertile. She was ready. Who would it be? Like a sponge—she took him in. She tested the air and took in all the man information like a many antennaed insect. This man wasn't scared of her! This man wasn't stammering like an idiot. This man didn't look like he couldn't breath. This man was not exhibiting the facial tics and body tremours of the unqualified. This man was confident and relaxed. He wasn't bidding or begging.

His lips were moving. He must be talking. She tipped her head and smiled. He was standing very close and looking directly into her eyes. She knew she had body parts. She didn't need to be reminded of them by having them stared at. This man was looking into her, not at her. Now he was touching her elbow. He was turning her. They were walking towards the exit. Inside her she could feel the sun coming up. Her face was flushing. Tears were forming. Between her legs her muscles were relaxing. Her man had come!

Six weeks later they were married. Nine months after that their first child was born, a daughter. Then there were two more pregnancies. Two more daughters. He lived in a house full of beautiful women who loved him. Sometimes during thunder and lightening storms; they would all sleep together in the bed. He was getting older and when he laid down he usually fell asleep. They didn't go 'boom-boom' every night. But it didn't matter. He was the man and she was the woman. He was the husband and she was the wife. He was the father and she was the mother. It is called mating. And they ...!

Oops, sorry guys. I guess I was dreaming. I'm leaving for Thailand tomorrow. I'll send you all a mental postcard. And I'll write you when I get back.

47. Hummingbird's Wings

TT&A Part 36 8/3/2004

It is 3:30 in the afternoon and I am standing on Sukhumvit 4 in front of the Bus Stop restaurant. I am eating a brazier cooked chicken breast and talking to the innocent, angelic door girls to the restaurant that wear the long formal Thai skirts. I try to do this every afternoon I am in Bangkok. It takes me out of myself and makes me happy. This time, however, my afternoon reverie of chicken breasts and innocent girls is interrupted by a major pachyderm paroxysm. I need elephants and I need them now. I can feel the sexual tension and the beginning of the stabbing pains in my eyes. My balls are starting to tighten and rise. I run down to J.P. Travel. They are a little light in the 'smiling hello' department but they are efficient at ticketing. Forty-eight hours later I am an hour outside of Chiang Mai sitting next to a tributary of the Ping river watching an elephant show.

Sitting in the bleachers surrounded by camera people with accents watching the elephants dancing the hully-gully and blowing on harmonicas; I start to feel my elephant fever subside. It's going to be OK. Everything is under control. Then I spot her. One of the little 3 ton pachyderm sluts is looking right at me. Oh yeah, she wants me! Her eyes are drilling me with jungle lust and she's waving her ass at me like an Udon pole hugger from Walking Street. She wants what I could deliver. She wants the train to go into the tunnel. She wants the letter delivered to the mailbox. She wants the plane to fly into the hanger. She wants love pain where the sun don't shine. She wants Dana's man meat and she wants it now. What I want is a ladder. If it weren't for all these stupid camera people I'd drop a heart stopping load of Viagra, find a ladder, put her tail over my shoulder, grab her dusty flanks with my hands, and pump this big, grey bitch 'till her ears were flapping like a hummingbird's wings. And I'm not wearing a condom either. Nothing is going to come between us and our love. So go ahead; call the condom police. But there is no ladder!

So I duck down under the bleachers, strip naked; and then run out into the arena and throw myself into the dirt amidst the elephants. They surround me with their intelligent eyes and their huge feet and huge toenails. I can feel the soft earth under my shoulder blades and the warm link of a log pulling chain under one leg. I am adrift and happy. I can feel the ground vibrating under my hips and hear the low tones of their communicating with each other. En mass they reach down with their trunks and start noodling and exploring my body. Their trunk ends are hairy and wet and muscular and so so alive and exciting. They startle me with little hot blasts of trunk air and the spray of leaking fluids. I start to get an erection. Then there is the surprise of a bugle blast and jostling followed by my honey bunny with the jungle lust eyes pushing her way to the front. She looks at me eye to eye, then she looks at my erection; then she reaches down with her trunk and …!

Actually, what I wanted to talk about today was the Angel Witch bar. We'll call it—

What A Difference

Well, I'm back in Thailand and I'm back in Bangkok, and I'm back at the Nana Hotel opposite the Nana Entertainment Plaza; and this is going to be great. I come twice a year, I have some history with the place, my comfort level is high, and I know what I am doing. This is going to be great. This is going to be fun. At 8:30 I start my cruising of the NEP. It isn't great! What happened? The bars are boring and the girls are boring. The music is no longer the signature music of Thai bars and the girls can't dance to it. And the girls are wearing two piece outfits that are not sexy. In fact they are the opposite of sexy. They look as if they are in Elvis Presley movies from the 60's. They actually look a lot sexier after work when they make the smoking hot walk over to the Nana Disco in the hotel. Another off-putting thing about the girls in bikinis was that without the mind distracting display of naked sexuality, you could sometimes get the disquieting thought that you could see into their futures. Once the first baby arrived, those tight flat stomachs would blow out and your sex bomb wife would start to resemble the corner noodle-stand lady. Chilling. Having to respond to your wife based upon her needs and wants, her desires and ideas, her humanness and individuality rather than her body; is a jump off the train idea. The kind of idea so counter intuitive that you are not even going to wait for the train to slow at the crossing; you just pick up your stuff, hurtle towards the door, and jump. I go from bar to bar. I buy my cover charge coke, look around and leave. The Rainbow bars are doing some good business and the Hollywood bar way up on the third floor is fun; but most of the bars are almost empty, or mostly empty, or completely empty. Some of the Thai managed bars on the second floor are such discouraging places they should have their licenses revoked. And where have the erotic, smoking hot, sexually incendiary Thai women gone? I don't mean that as a lament. I mean someone who speaks Thai should actually do the leg work and try and find out where these girls went to. Are they now in Singapore or Hong Kong or Macau or Japan or private Japanese men's clubs or hi-line discos? Where did they go? 'Cause they sure aren't in these bars. This place is supposed to be about fun and about sex. It is supposed to be a repository of hope and a place of male fantasy. God, this is awful. Then I go into the Angel Witch bar. WHAT A DIFFERENCE.

It is like stepping into a different world. The place is jammed, choked, stuffed with happy customers. Forget fire laws. When I walk in it is standing room only. I find a small place to wedge myself in at the end of the bar. I have never seen a bar so jammed. If there were hooks on the walls there would be guys hanging on the hooks. If you bolted chairs to the ceiling there would be guys volunteering to hang upside down. So what is the Angel Witch bar doing that none of the other bars are doing? Simple. They are providing product. To wit: the girls are putting on shows. Angel Witch has someone teaching the girls choreographed dance routines and stage presentations. And they are great. Fun. Entertaining. There about 10 different shows of wide diversity. The audience watches in respectful admiration. There is applause after each number. Compared to the dance routines and stage presentations that you see in the hi-line clubs of Montreal or Atlanta or Dallas; the routines are amateurish. But that is part of their charm. And everything is relative. Compared to the other sad sack bars with overweight heifers doing the Bangkok shuffle, these little shows are fun. And you can see that the girls are happy and having fun. They are being required to exceed themselves, to set standards, work together, reach goals. For some of these farmer's daughters I'll bet this is a big deal. You can see they are enjoying themselves. And girls in this bar are being barfined. And the bar is making a fortune. At my post at the end of the bar I counted eight employees taking in money. Money was rolling over the bar like a waterfall. Later, I had to use the men's room. The girls didn't have enough room for a dressing room so they had taken over the men's room. The next dance number was one where they were covered with soap bubbles. I walked into a room full of naked women covering themselves with soap bubbles. My night was saved.

What's Your Nickname?

Sometimes even an atheist like me has to wonder if there isn't a God. This always and exclusively happens when I receive a life gift of some kind that far exceeds my deserving of it. The dictum 'beware the gift giver' is fine advice for small things but when a humongous whopper of a gift falls in your lap you just have to look up and wonder …

Sometimes things just work out. It is God’s way of reaching down with a helping and loving hand and compensating you for all the negative experiences that you have had. I meet a fancy pants freelancer at Gulliver’s and start in on the language barrier baby talk. She responds in perfectly accented empire English that she was born and brought up and educated in Bangkok and that she is keenly aware of the social farang-Thai male/female issues. She is different, better, more civilized and superior. She is telling me this as a gift so that I will feel less social tension. Immediately I feel the stress wash out of my body. I ask her name and she says “Sopin”—but she has a nickname that will be easier for a farang to remember.

“Oh”, I say, “what is your nickname?”

She responds that her nickname is Ba Na Da Wa Ma La Ra Pa An Lan Ran Bee.

Boy, was I lucky! I thought I was going to have to remember Sopin.

A little later I ask her how much for ‘Yum-Yum’. She responds that she charges 400 baht but she knows and understands that farangs have a hard time with Thai currency so she will just take two ‘purples’ instead. Christ, did I get lucky. Thai money is so confusing.

Later, in the hotel room she informs me that she has decided not to follow through on anything that she promised at Gulliver’s and that I have to give her a 5000 baht ‘go-away’ fee or she will call the Police and FUCK ME UP. I gladly pay the fee and thank my lucky stars that I didn’t get mixed up with one of those ignorant, dangerous country girls.

Thank-you God …

48. It's Their Loss

TT&A Part 37 15/3/2004

Pim and I are headed in a taxi for the River City Shopping Center on the Chao Phraya river between the Oriental and the Shangri-La hotel. We are going to Siam Leather Goods on the first floor facing the river to pick up some custom made crocodile shoes and matching crocodile belt that I have ordered and also to pick up a stingray vest and stingray wallet that I have ordered. This is a big day for me. I am excited and happy. I am giving myself gifts. I am on vacation and having a vacation experience. Pim has never been to a store like this and never seen this quality of goods and never seen the River City Shopping center; so this should be fun for both of us. When we arrive the salesman brings out the items for my inspection. They are beautiful, breathtaking. The shoes in particular look like a work of art. It should be a happy moment and fun time for everyone. But it isn't. Pim is sulking. She refuses to participate in a store walk-around, she refuses to let me show her store items on display, and she refuses to share in my happiness. She is undemonstrative, unhappy, uninvolved. She plants herself in a big chair and waits for it to be over. I look down at her like a father looking at a sulking child and decide not to let her ruin my fun. Another bargirl mood. More strange discourteous behavior in the Land of Smiles. Been there, seen that; what else can you show me. Adult behavior on her part would have been to happily share in the experience with smiling bright eyes and supportive congratulatory behavior.

The next day we go over to Soi 11 to Ambassador-Smart Fashion to pick up some silk shirts that I have ordered. They are really beautiful. They'd make a snake smile. Nothing from Pim. She wants to know how much they cost. The day before at the River

City Shopping Mall she wanted to know how much the shoes cost.

On the way back to the Parkway hotel on Sukhumvit I buy 5 nice pens off the street, a paper umbrella for a friend back home at the office, some cheap watches and jewelry, and a big beaded wall hanging. The wall hanging was particularly nice and I have had it hanging in my office in Boston for years. Not a single smile or supportive gesture from Pim.

A couple of days later, we are at Doi Suthep temple in Chiang Mai and I buy a set of 3 gongs with 3 cloth covered little hammers. The gongs and hammers are neat and make a nice sound and the buying experience with the Thai vendor woman was fun. Not a smile from Pim, even when the Thai vendor tries to engage her in the process, but she wants to know the price. I should add here that I have been buying things for Pim right along in the 2 years that we have been spending time together. I am easy with my money and I like gift giving. In fact, on the day that I bought the gongs; almost everything Pim was wearing from her sandals to her hat and including her underwear was either an unsolicited gift from me or something she asked me to buy for her. And of course I have been paying all other travel, hotel, and food expenses plus 1500 baht per day. I believe that after the basics of food and water and shelter and health have been taken care of; that all of the rest of the money is to just make people smile. I am a spender, not a saver. I am 54 years old and have been working all of my life and have no savings. I live for today. I believe each day is an unearned gift with no guarantee attached. You better have a good time. So I am free with my money. If Pim asked me to buy the moon for her I would try. But that is not what she wants. What she wants to do is sulk and pout and show her displeasure for some mysterious reason. This is not a story about a Cheap Charlie and his girlfriend.

At the end of our vacation we go to the AA Hotel in Pattaya. The first day I have Anna the tour director sign us up for an all day beach and boating trip to Ko Lan, and a trip to Nanooch Gardens, and a trip to the Million Year Stone Park. Pim asks Anna how much it is all costing. No smile—no thanks. But it is OK—I have long since given up any hope of getting a little human feedback and courtesy from my honey in my moments of happiness.

On my last day in Thailand I am using my Nana hotel free drink coupon at the bar and thinking about Pim's behavior. I am telling an old Thai hand my story and asking him his opinion. Like the father to the son he puts his long white arm around my neck and his great plate sized liver-spotted hand on my small shoulder and explains it to me. Here is what I learned: The reason Pim was being sulky and moody and unresponsive and unhappy when I was purchasing goods and services for me and for the both of us is because the money was being wasted. Whose money? Why her money, of course! You see, for example; when I paid several thousand baht for some shoes money was being wasted. The money that I spent on my shoes should have just been given to her. And when I purchased a cheap tourist umbrella to take back to the States and make a work associate smile; once again the money was being wasted. The money that I spent on the umbrella should have just been given to her. All the money that I spent on the beach trips and the tours for the both of us was wasted. The money should have just been given to her. The reason she asked how much things cost was that she was interested to know how much money she was being cheated out of by the stupid farang. Confused? Of course you are; because you are from the planet Earth. Try to remember we are not on the planet Earth anymore; we are in Thailand …! And the beauty of her logic is that this is all my fault. Another stupid farang spending money on himself or in the service of friendship and caring via gifts. God, how stupid can these farang be! Wait until I get back to my village and I tell my mother and my sisters and the 67 non working members of my extended family about the stupid farangs. Everybody from the president of Thailand to the ministers of the government to the village elders to the schoolchildren know that the farangs are supposed to give us their money. I can’t believe that I had to waste my time tagging along with this jerk while he actually gave his money to other people. She didn’t want me to buy her the moon. She wanted the cash. And she didn’t want some of the cash, or a representative amount of the cash based on her prostitute companion value; she wanted all the money and she wanted it now! Apparently, all of my money became her money as soon as I passed through customs and became a farang; I am just too ignorant to know this. The fact that my (her) money is converted to useless gifts, and goods and services; just fries her little brown ass!

Now dear reader; if this was any other country I might be accused of ranting. But this isn’t any other country, this is Thailand. I am not ranting. I am describing behavior and expectations of such shamelessness and ignorance and immaturity that it actually stops you in your tracks when you first come in contact with it. I had spent 2 years involved with this woman. I was thinking long term thoughts. Not any more. Thanks for the warning honey. See you never again. Oh, and by the way; do you know what I am doing right now? I am taking out my wallet, and I am taking my money out of my wallet and I am buying something. Twist in the Wind.

So when I had Pim’s behavior and expectations and belief systems explained to me in the Nana bar by the 60 year old ex-pat it made perfect sense to me. It didn’t make good sense or happy sense but it made some kind of sense. Sort of like having a psychiatrist explain why the insane patients are poking pens in their eyes. It is not a happy story but at least all of the information is on the table. Jesus, what a sad country and what sad people. And before one well-meaning person emails me with a little patronizing lecture on ‘culture’ and ‘being a good quest in their country’, I’d advise you to first educate yourself a little more about the meaning of the word culture. Because if this is what is being touted and flaunted and presented to the world and sold as culture then the meaning of the word has been so demeaned as to have lost all value. It’s ‘start over’ time for Thailand.

So the next time you are thinking of making either yourself or another human being in Thailand smile through a selfless act of gift giving—think again. Learn from my experience. The fact that I was a human being involved in personal or social acts of happiness was completely irrelevant. Because I was not a human being. I was a farang ATM machine with a penis attached. How does that sound for culture? But I learned from the experience. I don’t ask Thai females to share in my life or in my little happiness anymore. I less and less expend the energy to elevate the experience from a customer-hooker experience to something that could be a lot more fun and a lot more adult and a lot more rewarding. Now I just have sex and pay the bill. It’s their loss.

Lines In The Sand

After the war; my naval carrier-pilot father, had to swallow his pride and get a job in a service station. There was a young wife and a young son. Dad learned to change tires. Hundreds and hundreds of them. When I was three my mom let me go to work and help my dad. I would squat in the dirt next to him while he fought with the X-wrench and dropped the lug nuts into my little hands. I was a mostly silent helper but a good watcher. I learned to change tires too.

One day Dad and I were belting down an Indiana secondary road when we saw a broken down car up ahead. Dad stopped. A women had a flat tire. Dad started to change the tire and the woman started to make comments. Comments about his technique. Comments about his posture. Comments about his use of tools. Criticism fell on us like lead rain. Dad said nothing—just wrestled with the X-wrench and dropped lug nuts into my little hands. Then the woman made a comment that was not about tire changing. It was personal. Very quietly Dad turned to me and told me to put the lug nuts down. He gathered me up in his arms and took me to our car. We drove off.

Years later, now my Dad's age when I was three, Nok and I were running down the Freedom highway between the Friendship Bridge and Udon Thani. Nok and I had been together 8 months. The word marriage was floating around in my head. The night before I had not been able to get an erection. I was tired. Nok had been able to lay on her back like a turtle which completed her athletic responsibilities but I had not been able to get an erection. Now I am hearing about it. It would not seem to be a conversation that admitted of much variety or complexity, but she is going on and on. There is a sun-peaking-over-the-horizon glimmer of glee and venom in the retelling. I am quiet. I remember my dad gathering me up in his arms and taking me to our car in Indiana. My father declaring through action that men matter, dignity counts, and that there are social lines in the sand that you do not step over. Up ahead I see a roadside variety store. I stop. I give Nok 100 baht and ask her to get us some cokes and chips. As the door closes behind her, I drive off.

Men are a species experiment that will end. We will be replaced with chemistry. Barbed wire cunts and ice cold sisterhood will run the world. Children will be raised by robots. But in the meantime I exist. I have value. I am a man.

49. God, I Miss Bangkok …

TT&A Part 38 20/3/2004

I had a disagreement with the Chiang Inn in Chiang Mai about one of their policies requiring me to pay an extra fee for female guests in my room so I checked out and moved to the Montri hotel. In a way it is too bad because the Chiang Inn is surrounded by the kind of upscale bars I like; populated by women who know how to smile and do make-up and dress-up. Some of them are real traffic stoppers. The Montri Hotel on the other hand is in a different part of town. Everything is more down market including the bars and the women. But what the hell. What do I care? How much difference can it really make? I'll have fun anyway. So the first night at the Montri I go out. The Montri is opposite the Tha Phae Gate. If you go out the front door of the hotel and go right there is an urban horseshoe of bars. So I go out looking for love. I'm pretty experienced at this and pretty easy going and open minded. I'll find someone. It will be great to make a new acquaintance either for short time or for long time. We will hold each other in each others' arms. I will flatter her. She will tickle me. We will both relax and smile. I love women.

I don't find anyone. It is a disaster. I go from bar to bar. I order my cover charge coke and look around. Then I move to the next bar. Etc. The night is a horror. The bars are all small, shabby, pokey affairs populated by uninteresting women and stupid men. The men in particular look like human refuse that has washed up on the shores of Chiang Mai. Not one of them looks engaging or interesting or charming. I can't believe it. By the time I have dragged my sorry dispirited ass around the horseshoe of bars I am completely discouraged. I kind of wish that I had stayed at the Chiang Inn and paid the whore fee they charge. But it is too late now. Pride has boxed me in and I am in Loserville and wasting valuable time on my short time in Thailand. Finally, at the very last bar I stumble into a nice looking woman. Actually, she stumbles into me. She is aggressive and she is hustling me. I like that. She is also an Isaan product which is my very favorite kind of woman. She is the right size and she has beautiful skin and she has a pretty face and she has two big bountiful breasts yearning to be free under her shirt. But she is an amateur. She is not negotiating skilfully. I have done a lot of this. I am like an insect with big long antennae picking up scents and signals. She is awkward at this which means that she will probably be awkward later. It was as if she had just graduated from the hooker orientation session and I was the first live customer that she got to practise on.

—What city are you from?
—America?
—No wait, I mean what country are you from?
—San Francisco?
—Are you tourist or are you wife?
—No, I mean are on business?
—How long you be in Thailand?
—8 days?
—Why you leave wife in San Francisco America?
—If you no wife why you from America?
—etc.

It was torture. It was like trying to open a can of tuna fish with a screwdriver and a hammer. Awkward and clumsy. But I hung in there. It was as if she had just graduated from barber school and I looked up into the mirror to see her poised uncertainly with razor and scissors. Somebody was going to get hurt. It was if she had just received her pilot's license and informed the passengers over the intercom that "We be flying now."—then proceeded to raise the landing gear before the plane left the ground. However, she had a pair of breasts that were yearning and bursting to be free of the cruel and unnatural confines of her shirt. And I knew that seeing this Isaan temptress naked would wash away the pain. So I hung in there. Finally, we agreed to 500 baht for short time. No one else is going to barfine her out of this dump and she is probably going to be the only barfine out of this bar tonight. The barfine is 400 baht. I take 400 baht out of my wallet and pass it over the bar to the mamasan. Just then my little honey bunny blurts out "1000 baht!"

Suddenly, she wanted to change the rules! She wanted to change the price. She wanted it to be all about her. Apparently, in Hooker College she had slept through the class titled "In Successful Business Negotiations—Both Sides Must Leave The Bargaining Table Feeling That They Have Won!". If she had wanted to change the price 2% or 5% or even 10% an easygoing tourist could put it down to charm and aggressive behavior. Something that could be dealt with. But she wanted to double the price. This is a whole other arena. We have left the arena of charm. This is madness. At the end of an unsatisfactory night of bar trolling I am about to enter into an alliance with someone who is crazy. If you have beautiful skin, and a bewitching face, and a mouth watering body, and a lovely voice, and mind blowing breasts; you can get away with a little. But she is not pushing the envelope. She is way outside the envelope. She is treating me like some gee whiz country bumpkin who has never seen a naked woman before. She has made a misjudgement. The problem with a lot of women in the 'business' in Thailand is that they can't imagine another world other than their own. If they are only a mile from their home, they assume that I must only be a mile from my home. Well, I am about 12,500 miles from my home. It involved four flights and almost thirty-three hours of air travel to get to Chiang Mai. And I had to pass through Bangkok first. So what are the odds that I am some idiot that can be easily cheated and manipulated by a country girl? But that is not how they think. All they know is that some Japanese guy paid their sister too much to dribble on her leg and that all men are fools. That is when I jumped up like a ballistic missile, vaulted over the bar, and grabbed the arm of the mamasan before the money could reach the cash register. I shout Mai Ow! The mamasan gives me the money back. I leave the bar. Christ, that was close! Imagine the renegotiating she would have wanted in the hotel room regarding sex acts. Another amateur who has wasted my time and wasn't smart enough to benefit herself. So I head home. The rest of the walk is by the canal. I'm down now. My dick is dead. I'm a lonely tired tourist headed for a hotel bed in a strange town. As I pass between the police station and the end of the canal, I hear a voice. There under the trees at the end of the canal is a freelancer calling out to me. Normally, I'd have gone right over. My comfort level with freelancers is very high. Not now.

About twenty minutes later I am in my room at the Montri. I am looking out the window down on the quiet streets of Chiang Mai. Behind me the two single beds pushed together are waiting for something that won't happen. I have two more nights in this town. God, I miss Bangkok.

They Just Know

They just know. Asian women. They just know. They know they have the Power. Years ago I was on a beach commuter bus in another part of the world. The bus was traveling down the beach and picking up beachgoers who were going home. All farang. I was in an aisle seat on the left hand side in the middle. I had a view of the door. The bus stops and the door opens. In and up she comes mounting one step at a time—slowly. In no hurry. Stiletto heels, net bag, dark legs, bikini, bits of sand on her stomach. I am thinking another French Guadeloupe rich woman with French attitude and sex appeal. Then the head. She is Asian. Jet black hair, dark skin, high cheek bones, pouty lips, and sunglasses. Is she Malaysian or Indonesian? No. Polynesian or Melanesian or Micronesian? Again, No. Is she Chinese or Japanese or Korean? No and No and No! Is she Burmese or Cambodian or Laotian or Vietnamese? No and No and No and No! Her extra long fingers, easy carriage and grace proclaim her the Asian alpha woman—she is Thai. As she walks by I keep my head down, drinking in her legs, and shoes, and feet. No splayed toes here. Strictly 'uptown'. She's never held a machete or taken roadkill home to mama or played in a paddy in her life. She sweeps by me like a liner passing a dingy. There is the smell of perfume and beach. I have to choke down an animal noise that wants to burst from my throat. She doesn't see me. Her boyfriend and herself sit on the back seat in the middle. The boyfriend is looking out the window. She is looking down. I am turned in my seat and staring at her. I am frozen like one of the Pompeii dead. Then trouble. Very, very slowly the big eyelids on her wide-set eyes start to come up. Very, very slowly as if she is sedated. I have plenty of time to turn my head. I have been warned. But I can't move. The eyelids come up so slowly they seem to be operating on a system of calculation separate from her body. As if they have their own agenda. I still have time to save my dignity. I don't move. I can't move. And then inexorably and suddenly they are open and she nails me. She is looking directly at me with the total exclusion of everything else. Her eye to eye connection with me is like a laser beam. She looks at me and through me and into me. No smile. I am caught like a deer in the headlights of a car. I still can't move. She knew. She knew all the time. She knew as soon as she started to mount the bus steps that there was fresh fool meat available for her entertainment. She has played with me like the cat with the mouse. They just know. Asian women. They just know.

50. More Talk

TT&A Part 39 29/3/2004

No one else will say; so I will say it. I'll be the lightening rod. I'll take the hits. I'll be the sacrificial node. I think Thailand is a big sexual fraud. There, I've said it. I've said what others have thought—but no one wants to say. It is the universally accepted place for sexual license and pleasure. It is supposed to be the place on this planet for the best of the best sexually. Well, if that is so; then how come I do not see public sex acts of every description on every stage in every bar in Thailand. THAT IS SEX. If a place is supposed to be all about sex and selling sex, then when I walk into a bar I should expect to see man to woman sex, and man to man sex, and woman to woman sex, and animals. You can tell me that you don't find that personally appealing, but you can not tell me that is not sex! So where is it? I'm in Thailand. Where is this sex?

And before you get your chest all puffed up and start running to the dictionary to check on the spelling of the word 'moral'—let me ask you a question. Do you like sex? It is a 'yes' or 'no' answer. You can't have it both ways. So pick one. Did you answer 'yes'? OK, we have something in common. I like sex too. So where is it in Thailand? In which bar can I walk in and see sex acts of every description performed in public with athleticism and enthusiasm. The answer is nowhere.

You are still not comfortable with this are you. And do you know why? Because you are scared. You are scared to have fun and you are scared to have sex and you don't want anyone else to see your weenie. But you are really good at drinking and you are really good at storytelling. The pity of it is that it is not your fault. Society made you and all society is interested in is shoddy goods. People with limited options and small minds. Your big life dream is to have a 10 year balloon note on a leased fish and chips shop and spend the rest of your days cleaning up slop with your fat moustached wife from Manchester. Me, I'm dreaming about having sex with transvestite elephants. I guess we're different. I will drop my pants almost any time in front of any woman with almost no provocation. I end up having a lot of fun. This shouldn't make me special. But I find that if I tell stories of my behavior almost no one believes me. But I'm still not getting enough and I'm still not satisfied. Where is this wonderful adult uninhibited sex that I used to hear about before I booked my first ticket to Thailand? I am not talking about the ignorant farmer's daughter doing the Bangkok shuffle and winking at the DJ. I am talking about rooms and bars and venues full of screaming and grunting and violence. Violence and sex will give you a hard-on that you will actually be frightened of. You'll be holding a pot over the thing in case it explodes. Where in Nana Plaza or PatPong or Cowboy or Pattaya can I get a reliable dose of violence and sex and educated perversion? Answer: NOWHERE. How many of the girls you barfine will help you tie all four limbs to the bed? How many of these little future mothers will have duct tape and rope in their purses? How many know what 'golden showers' means? Or the pleasures of latex and rubber? Answer: NONE. And don't waste my time telling me that you wouldn't find one of these bars appealing. If I could set up a bar in the Nana with public sex and nightly fist fights and animal acts it would be the highest grossing bar on the planet Earth. Because big talkers like you would crawl over crushed glass with your asses on fire to get in the bar. The cover charge would be 2000 baht and I would be turning people away. And that bar would finance the real bar on the third floor where the Cascade is currently going through another death scene. In that bar, EVERYONE would have to be naked. That's right. Everyone.

Even the customers. What's the matter? Nervous? But I thought you said earlier that you liked sex. Yeah, exactly. More talk!

People Have Needs

When I was growing up the neighbors on either side of us had full-time, live-in maids. In one of the houses the wife was sixteen when she got married and one of her wedding gifts was a fourteen year old Scottish foundling named Edith who stayed with the family for life. The other neighbor was a doctor and his family also had a lifetime live-in maid. The maids were not allowed to smoke cigarettes in their master's houses and they were not allowed to gossip in their master's houses and they were not allowed to laugh in their master's houses. So every afternoon they would appear at our back door and my mother would let them in the kitchen where they would smoke and laugh and gossip. My mother pretended to disapprove of this low class behavior but I noticed that she was always there to greet them and she always had something for them to eat and drink. People have needs.

It is the same in Thailand. For example: When the Thais go to the temples there are many things they are not allowed to do. There are many rules regarding social behavior and dress. But directly outside the temple and sometimes still on the temple property will be places to drink and to smoke and to gossip and to laugh and wear shorts and maybe even gamble. People have needs.

I think this is one of the nice things about Thailand. The Thais recognise in a very open and adult way that people have needs. In my society here in the United States since the 60's, we have also been opening up and becoming a lot less hypocritical about peoples needs and urges and natural inclinations; but the Thais are way ahead of us. Considering the probable reason that I am coming to Thailand twice a year; the immigration officials are really pretty accommodating. I wonder if the United States officials would be as adult and as welcoming. When I bring my latest love into the lobby of the AA hotel in South Pattaya, Anna the tour director just looks at us and smiles. It is much easier to smile than to frown. Here in the United States there is still way too much frowning and judging going on. And in most cases the sexless are in charge of the scared. Not in Thailand. In Thailand nobody appears to be in charge of anything and nobody appears to really care. This is either something to be criticised or a benign indifference that affects everybody in a good way. The United States is a very, very open society. That is why even as I write this there are people swimming rivers and trekking through the jungle and climbing over mountain passes to get here. But we could still learn something from Thailand. We could relax a little bit more and chill out a little bit more. All of our education has taken some of the fun out of life. Everybody is a little too smart-alecky and way too politically correct. Not in Thailand. In September I was in Chiang Mai at the Doi Suthep temple negotiating with a vendor over the price of gongs and gong hammers. I really, really wanted them but the price was either too high or more money than I had. But the result was the same. I really wanted the gongs and the gong hammers. So instead of walking away, I hung in there and continued to whine and moan and make faces and negotiate. The woman vendor was in her 50's. I ended up with my arm around her as I tried to get us to a place where I could make the transaction happen. She didn't take offence at my arm being around her in a familiar way. She smiled. Here in the United States if I did that I would be slapped with a sexual harassment suit and be placed at risk of losing my community reputation and my family and my job and my career and my assets and my health. Not in Thailand. She just smiled and went with it. I bought the gongs! I like Thailand.

I Like Subtle

Young and green and innocent, I stumbled ashore in Charlotte Amalie in the US Virgin islands after a delivery trip from Miami to the Virgins. The captain's wife had been a butch shrew, the trade winds blew and blew and blew, the timbers squeaked and groaned as they slid over one another in the old boat, and the one eyed captain would sometimes forget to put in his glass eye at breakfast. After the obligatory coca-cola and the trip to the Tasti-Freeze I found myself on a hotel patio at night while a black calypso drum band played. They had the bodies of black Adonises and eyes that searched out every white woman in the audience. The message they delivered was not subtle. It was island black man sex freely delivered to every dreaming single or married white woman. Thirty years later I can still remember the drama. Big and loud can be good and effective. But sometimes subtle can be good too.

Thailand is all about subtle. When I phone my US based Thai-owned travel agency to book airline tickets, Enn talks in such a low, feminine, slow voice that I can hardly hear her and I can hardly understand her. First irritation—then the happy realization; I am back in subtle Thailand again. Where the female language politener is Ka—low and drawn out and slow like a woman pulling her night-gown off the bed. What's your hurry man? Aren't I enough woman for you? Are you really dreaming about someone else while you are listening to me? Of course you aren't.

Subtle is my trump card and my power and my allure and my mantra. No matter how long it takes me to finally finish the sentence with the final long drawn out Ka—you will wait; you will wait until I am finished. My hook is in your mouth and you aren't leaving until I release you. Power delivered without fanfare is real power. I worked once at the Rockefeller Rock Resort hotel on St. John in the Virgin Islands. A road was being cut through the jungle on the mountain top over the hotel. The cut was new so from a distance you could see the line of the cut in the jungle. One morning David Rockefeller was out in a boat and he saw the line in the jungle over his hotel. "What's that?", he said. It was explained to him. Nothing more was said. That night a gang of laborers was dispatched in a truck with a portable generator and 55 gallon drums of green paint. The road was spray painted green. No order had been given by David Rockefeller. But the Big Man might have been displeased. That is power. Subtle power trumps all else. Twice a year I go to the Kingdom determined to not get jerked around, to not be played like a violin, to not fall for the slow talking, big smiling show of subtle manipulators with long black hair. And every year I lose. Subtle power corrupts because it infests and takes over without calling attention to itself. It's power replaces your power. One day I was walking up the sidewalk of soi 13 in Pattaya. It was about 2 in the afternoon. There was a group of bored bar girls sitting on a window sill next to the sidewalk. One of the girls was sitting with one leg crossed over the other leg. She was wearing an ankle to neck sprayed-on black Lycra body suit. Hanging off one foot was a black velvet stripper heel with a little pink bow. As I was walking by the little brown foot moved—the shoe dangled. More subtle and more powerful you cannot get. "Nice shoes!" I said. "Thank you", she said. And I moved on. But that is not what I really wanted. What I really wanted to do was throw myself down on the sidewalk and grab her foot and shoe and rub it all over my face as I squirmed and burbled like a baby. Her subtle power would have trumped my public shame and my sense of personal dignity. One word from her and I would have been her slave.

So big black men with 'I'll fuck you eyes!' works; but subtle works too. I like subtle. I like Thailand.

51. Psyche Bank

TT&A Part 40 5/4/2004

'It was a dark and stormy night.' Well, actually, it wasn't dark and it wasn't stormy. But I have always wanted to use that line. The problem is that nothing dramatic has ever happened in my life that would call for a great opening line like that. My mother once tried to slap me. I ducked. She hit the refrigerator with her hand. That was dramatic for a while. But not in a Wagnerian or Medieval or Great Author way. Actually, my life has been so uninteresting and I am physically so un-noteworthy that I am most times invisible socially. Except when I travel. Leaving my own tribe and culture and transporting myself half way around the world to a place where everyone looks different should further diminish me. But it doesn't. The same social and visual uniqueness that makes me a target also makes me special. Maybe that is one of the appeals to visiting Thailand. I stick out. I call attention to myself by my differentness. I bring on myself examination and comparison and attention that I can't get in my own society. I'll never be a king or great lover or a celebrity or a philosopher or an entertainer in my own culture. But I don't want to be invisible either. I have ego. I have psychic needs. And one of those needs is to be noticed. In Asia, in Thailand; I get noticed. And I am wondering if the very difficulty of it is actually something I enjoy. The rudeness and the hostility and the aggressive indifference and constant relegating of me to a foreigner (inferior) status is attention of a kind. I think I like the attention. And I like the opportunity it gives me to act back in return. To seize the individual social day and act superior or act offended or act outraged or act shocked or act disappointed by the Thais that surround me in the Kingdom. Having to stand in the hot sun in front of the Nana Hotel and hail six taxis before I can find one that can actually perform the task of being a taxi actually gives me a perverse form of pleasure. It is a kind of warfare; the civilized against the uncivilized. Walking down the long steps of Doi Suthep temple in Chiang Mai to the second terrace and surrounding shops and then more steps to the first terrace and surrounding shops I am surrounded by Thais that make me feel superior. My fellow humans don't know that we landed on the moon 20 years ago, or that Caucasian blood and Asian blood is the same, or that gravity differs on different planets. They never heard of germ theory or Darwin or plate tectonics or biochemistry or the Magna Carta or the Bering sea land bridge. I am superior and I feel superior and it gives me pleasure. Maybe that is one of the strange components of travel to Thailand for me. In my own country I am superior to most other citizens but I don't feel special. Here in Thailand I get to reap my dues. So in a perverse way the shit that is unloaded on me almost daily by the Thais is their unwitting dues paying. If I was the same as them they wouldn't notice me. If I wasn't markedly and obviously superior to them they wouldn't be aroused and irritated. I don't think I am the only one to reap this strange emotional and intellectual fruit. The Stickman site is full of the shock and the disappointment of the western tourist. And yet if I called up every one of these submission authors I'll bet that within ten minutes on the phone I could get them to tell me that they couldn't wait to go back to Thailand. A place where they will be noticed, and a place that will require that they gird for battle against heathens. A place that will highlight their superiority through its own lack of class and style. In Hamburg or Perth or Rio or Jeddha or Oslo or Cairo or New York they are nobodies. Their own society doesn't give them their due. Life is short and time is fleeting and not enough respect is being deposited in the psyche bank. But in Thailand deposits are made on a daily basis. As soon as you leave the hotel you attract attention. It may be negative attention but it is attention. The woman who hates the whistles she gets from the construction workers working on a building; is even more angered if she gets no whistles. We crave and need validation of our existence. In Thailand I get that. Walking down the steps of the Doi Suthep temple I can see the touts and the photographers and the hawkers and the beggars and the retail tribe waiting for me. It used to irritate me. Not so much anymore. I have learned to reinterpret the experience. I'm going to get attention. People will smile. I am more relaxed and accepting of the experience. I smile. I laugh. I put my arms around their shoulders. Situations that I did not handle so successfully before I am now more at ease with. I'll probably buy something. I'm loving this. I love Thailand. I'm already planning my return and I haven't even left yet.

Frenchie

Sometimes the random parts of your life can come together in ways unimagined. Sometimes information from the past can save your ass. In a previous incarnation of who I am; I lived and sailed in the Caribbean. You soon learn that on every town beach in the Caribbean lives a wasted short Frenchman alcoholic. He sleeps under a boat or a tree or in the gutter or in someone's shed. No one remembers him sober and no one remembers him arriving on the island or the beach and no one knows his story. He looks like a wreck. His name is always Frenchie. And he is getting more pussy than any other man in sight. No one knows why. The women love the guy. Literally. And the guys love him too. He is a riot. Fun. Friendly. Reliable. Kind.

It is my first night on my first trip to Thailand and I am lost. I am sick and I am so tired I am losing the will to live or to struggle. I am on or around Khao San Road and I can not find the Vientai Hotel. The hotel is located only one street over from Khao San Road but I can't find it. I have walked for hours. I am actually skilled at map and chart reading and celestial navigation and positioning one's self according to the cardinal points. But on this night I have lost it. I am so so sick and so so tired and I am beginning to look like prey to the night time jackals of the area. Tuk-tuk drivers are actually following me and grabbing at me. I punched one in the chest. Street hawkers are blocking my way. Kids are following me. If I ask for help people try to sell me things. Or want baht to give me directions. Then stumbling for the umpteenth time down Khao San Road I look ahead and spot my savior. Frenchie. I know the type and this man I know. This man and personality I have met all over the Caribbean. I run up next to him and ask him for help and for directions. He turns to me. He is short and French and alcoholic and wasted and kind. “No problem,” he says in French accented English. He stops me, takes my arm, turns us around; and delivers me minutes later to the lobby of the Vientai Hotel. He saves my ass. Thanks Frenchie!

Trumpet

Greetings Editor Bangkok Post: Hello to you and yours and thanks for writing. There isn’t much going on here. It’s colder than a mamasan’s tit in a brass bra and the snow in the courtyard is thigh deep for the raven haired, almond eyed, small waisted Thai women who come to throw snow against the window and ask me if I want to come out and make love. Porntip, my wife, says it’s OK that they throw snow against the window because they are ‘eaters-of-dog’ and she will be number one wife to best husband forever! Her comment has her usual unequivocalness and mystery; and reminds me of how we met.

Last year I had contracted to deliver a cargo of condoms, piano keys, alpacas, chilies, fried roaches, monks, and virgins to the Siamese Sultan of the Kublai Khan whose pink coral castle guarded the Sundra Strait. Just south of Ko Lan Reef off Nana Plaza Bay while the brigantine Mai Pen Rai was ghosting along on a satin green sea; I happened to notice a lateen rigged vessel on the horizon. With a frothing bow and centipede appendages, it was soon clear that she was rowing and sailing directly for us. Was she a pirate? Was she a ghost?

Up went the skysails, stunsails, wind canopies, brassieres, monks umbrellas, sleeping mats, and anything else that we could think of to gain speed. But it was to no avail. The lateen was faster. In desperation, we threw over the condoms, the alpacas, the piano keys, and the roaches. The lateen kept gaining and we could soon spy her decks filled with Malay men and yelping soi dogs. She was sporting cannon, grenade launchers, bazookas, blunderbusses, machine guns, crossbows, and high-powered rifles. We had a deckload of virgins from Udon and some bicycle-tube slingshots that could throw rotten fruit.

Around 1pm the forces of Satun were astern and the battle began. Soon our decks were running red, the sails were full of holes, and my white linen suit was all splatterdashed with my best friend's brains. Virgins were crying. Soi dogs and Malay men were licking their lips in anticipation of the coming boarding party. So intent were they on sinning that they failed to notice the big black squall that had crept up behind us both.

The squall struck both ships at the same time. At the first thunderclap; suddenly a half-naked woman with a red skirt and lacquer black hair raced out on to the end of our bowsprit and started blowing on a trumpet. The apparition so astonished the pirate captain that he failed to mind the squall, rounded up, and was capsized. As his ship was rounding up; I stepped to starboard, hauled down on the spokes of the wheel, and bore off before the wind. Over my shoulder I could see nothing! The pirate ship was gone. Like a ghost. To this day I have no idea what that woman thought she was doing by running out on to the end of the bowsprit and blowing on a trumpet; but her name was Porntip and she is now my wife. We are expecting our first baby soon. We will name him Trumpet.

52. Thais and Their Attitudes To Farang Money

TT&A Part 41 10/4/2004

As a social service (yes guys, I really mean that) I am going to present a primer on Thais and their attitudes towards Farang money. If you already are an experienced traveler or an ex-pat you will be nodding all the way through this. But it never hurts to review. If you are a newbie and you are reading Stick's site to prepare you for your first trip to Thailand; I recommend that you have this submission printed out and then tattooed on your chest. That way when you are dressing in the morning at the Nana hotel you will get to review it in the mirror. In addition to a basic theorem, I will also be presenting three corollaries plus a wrap-up personal experience.

Basic Theorem: Thais Believe That All Of Your Money Should Be Their Money.

Now what does this mean? What this means is so chilling and out of this world for a Westerner that you may at first think I am kidding. I am not. What this means is that if your total net worth is say 4 million baht (100,000 dollars) then the sidewalk vendor selling bowls of noodle soup feels that they ought to be able to charge you 4 million baht (100,000 dollars) for a bowl of soup. Why? Because 'Thais Believe That All Of Your Money Should Be Their Money'. See how simple this is! If you have just started making faces, or blustering, or expostulating because that seems unlikely or silly or stupid or beyond belief; than that is all the more reason why you need this economic primer. Remember; this is Thailand. As soon as you got on the plane you left the world behind. You wanted adventure in a different place. Well, baby; you are going to get it.

I can easily imagine committee meetings within the government that try to streamline this process. For example; it may be possible someday to ascertain a person's net worth by computer.

That will of course also include any property (bikes, dolls, Hummel collections) and cash (piggy banks) of your legal dependents (children and wife). At Immigration on entry to the country you will be required to sign over your entire estate. The government will then issue you a chit or a ticket or stamp your hand or brand your ass. You can now wander the country and get involved in purchasing goods and services without having to hand over cash. You have already given them everything. Of course, there will be vendors and police and banks that will try to double charge you, but that is another story. And of course there will be bar-girls who will call you 'Cheap Charlie' when you show them the chit instead of showing them some baht, but again that is another story. This is really what Thais want. They want all of your money. The fact that they have to provide goods and services to get some of the money really irritates them. It requires work. It shouldn't be necessary. And the fact that farangs don't understand that they should give Thais all their money is another giant headache and irritant for Thais. How can farangs be so stupid.

In addition, they want all of your money NOW. The fact that the bowl of noodle soup has a market economic value of 20 baht is completely immaterial when dealing with farangs. Remember, there are two economies in Thailand. There is the Thai-Thai economy and there is the Thai-Farang economy. They want 100,000 dollars for the soup and they shouldn't have to smile for it either. Thai culture blows—just give us the money.

Now, there are three corollaries to this Theorem (Thais Believe That All Of Your Money Should Be Their Money).

Well, actually they are not really corollaries, but this isn't algebra. They are three linked ideas. To wit: the notion that all of your money should be their money without regard to actual market based or bargaining based value can be a little stressful. And you do not want to stress on your vacation. Luckily, there are three personality types of individuals who will not be stressed by this situation. If you are one of these types of individuals or if you can contort your personality into one of these personality types during your vacation, the stress will go away. Examples:

The Rich Person: To the rich person the notion of having to sign over all of their assets holds no stress because the rich have a marvelous facility for being able to go out and find more money. In fact, one of the ways the rich measure each other is by how often they have gone broke and then gotten rich again. So if you are rich, this Thai-Farang theory of asset reallocation holds no fear.

The Ignorant Person: Some people's armor against the world is an ignorance that is all encompassing. Especially regarding money. Having all of their assets seized at Thai Immigration holds no fear for them. They were never too clear what the money and the assets were for in the first place. These are some of Thailand's favorite tourists. They are known as DCS's (Double Charge Specials). They delight in being double charged. They think they are mixing with the locals and learning about the ways of the common people. They like the attention.

The Philosopher: If you are one of these strange birds then you are lucky. You will have a wonderful time in Thailand. I suspect that you have a wonderful time everywhere you go. These are the dudes and the dudesses that have some kind of lame-ass fatalistic philosophy that precludes them from every judging others. 'What ever Will Be Will Be' or 'Whatever Happens Was Meant To Happen' or 'It Is All According To A Grand Plan' or 'It All Comes Out In The End'; blah, blah, blah, etc. These are not the people you send back for the ammo. These people are never under stress because they never defend themselves. Of course they never defend others either, so basically they are useless people with no standards and no backbone. They will naturally, over time, become Thailand's premier tourists. If Immigration ever initiates a discount system for certain targeted tourists, they will get the discount. So some pigtailed useless bit of protoplasm with a tattoo and a backpack from Khao San road may get into the Kingdom with a discount and the successful, high standards business man will get the full standard reaming. Thailand.

Now, in case you have been reading this submission primer on the Thais attitude towards Farang money with a somewhat jaundiced eye; let me describe to you a personal experience and then you ask yourself how you would have handled it.

I am checking into the Nana Hotel years ago and as part of the check-in procedure they require me to give them my credit card. They write down the card number in the check-in paperwork. I am not paying in advance using the credit card. They simply want the card number to indemnify themselves against loss in case I leave the hotel and forget to pay the bill. Or in case I am hit by a car and end up in the hospital in a coma. Or am seized by aliens and taken up to the planet Zebron in a spaceship. The credit card number is their insurance policy against future expenses. This is standard business practice and I endorse it. A couple of hours later I decide it would be a good time to put my valuables in the safe deposit box. The hotel safe deposit box is a FREE service offered to all hotel quests. So I sign up for the safe deposit box. When presented with the box I put in my American $100 bills, credit cards, American Express checks, airline tickets, passport, and other assorted documents. Then I close the lid and turn the box around so that the clerk can put it away. Now it starts. The Thailand experience. The clerk explains that I cannot sign up for a hotel safe deposit box unless the box has at least 1000 baht inside it. Oh really, I say; Why is that? She explains that it is hotel policy. Well, I say; I assumed that it was hotel policy since I am standing in the hotel talking to a hotel staff member and I am a hotel quest, but I wonder if you could take time out of your busy customer service day to explain the policy to me. She explains that the 1000 baht is in case there is a hotel expense associated with the box. No, I say; that eventuality is covered by my credit card number which you have on file; and the box is a free service available to paying quests. Now I get the Mumble and the Face. You have all seen the Face. The face that says gargle with razor blades and die you farang scum. The distance between the Land of Smiles and The Face can be as short as one question. She and I are now in a toboggan together and we are sitting on top of the hill; it is all down hill from here.

Now, if you are a newbie to Thailand you are not sure what I did. But if you are an experienced Thai traveler or an ex-pat you know exactly what I did. That's right, I reached into my wallet and took out a 1000 baht note and put it into the box. Thereby cementing in the ignorant Thai mind that they were right all along. Remember, they want ALL your money, and they want it NOW. They can't believe that you make such a fuss over a measly 1000 baht.

Now, since this example makes no business or economic sense; that just leaves me cynicism. The only reason that I can think of for requiring farang hotel quests to put 1000 baht notes in the safe deposit box is this; Let's imagine it is the night shift and some hotel clerk is short of cash or just has a Thai theory about redistributing the wealth. He or she doesn't have to open box after box looking for baht. They know in advance that any box they open will have at least 1000 baht.

Well, dear reader; What would you have done? Remember, you only have three choices of behavior: Rich Man, Ignorant Man, or Philosopher. I went with Philosopher (Must Be My Karma—Don't Sweat The Small Stuff—It's God's Will). Good Luck. And remember: Thais Believe That All Of Your Money Should Be Their Money.

53. Scuttlin' Like a Crab

TT&A Part 42 17/4/2004

Minority Opinion

This may be a minority opinion, but I often think the majority of the bargirls who work at the Nana Plaza (for example) are more attractive and sexier looking in their going- to-work and coming-from-work clothes than they are in the bars. If they were naked in the bars that would not be so, but they are not naked anymore; they are now wearing two piece outfits that look like they are in Elvis Presley movies from the 60's. I guess opinions can differ on this. There may be some men who get turned on by women wearing bee keeper's outfits or deep sea diving suits or spray painters coveralls; but personally, I didn't fly 12,500 miles to see women in bikinis. For me what works is either no clothes or dressed-up sexy clothes. Well, it is mostly not no clothes in the bars now. The girls are wearing two piece outfits. Or they are wearing fancy-shmancy outfits with extra straps and garters and hose and peek-a-boo holes and fringe and beads and bangles. Some of the outfits on the girls at the Angelwitch bar look like they escaped from the Mardi Gras in Rio. I like naked. However, when they dress to go to work and when they dress to go to the disco after work—they dress to KILL. I mean it. They pull out all of the feminine stops and tricks to look like what they are; young, fertile, hormone-filled women who are going through a stage in their lives where they want to get attention from men. If you don't believe me, start to hang out around soi 4 and Sukhumvit Road in the afternoon as the bargirls start to appear out of the woodwork on their way to the Nana Entertainment Plaza. You will see women walking down the street who are sizzling hot. There is a Minimart next to the Nana Plaza that they all go into before they arrive at work. I have never been in that store between the hours of 4-6pm when there wasn't one of these creatures ahead of me at the register that was sucking the breath out of my lungs. You can teach English if you want to, or get a job with the translation dept. of the Bank of Thailand, or work an international contract through your company, or be a tour guide for Australian tourists; me, I would like to retire and work at that Minimart. And about nine hours later, it happens all over again only to a higher degree. Starting around midnight they start to leave the Nana Plaza and head on over to the Angels Disco at the Nana hotel. Same outfits but now they are cranked up. They are getting off work and ready to unwind and maybe have a drink and maybe dance and for sure talk to their friends and maybe pick up a farang. To sit in the lobby chairs of the Nana hotel between 12:30 and 2:30 is to have two of the finest hours of entertainment that a man can have, as the world’s sexiest Asian women strut on by. Some nights when I am too tired to do anything else I just sit and watch. And I am not the only one. And the girls that didn’t end their night at the Angels Disco stopped off at the Minimart again to pick some things up before heading home. So if a couple of years from now you go into the soi 4 Minimart next to the Nana Entertainment Plaza and see an over-educated, urbane, sophisticated, well dressed, worldly farang working the cash register. That’s me. And I am happy.

Made In Thailand

It is amazing sometimes how the tendrils of memory and experience can envelop you and follow you. And it is not always a good thing either. I never used to even think of Thailand—now it seems I can’t escape it. The other night I was wallowing in a personal miasma of grinding self-pity and vicious slashing anger; so I decided to treat myself. Now I am a poor man barely clinging to the cliff-face of life with my broken fingernails. So for me a treat is not soaking in the hot tub on my yacht, or yelling at the servants, or buying another Jaguar XJ12 for parts; for me a treat is to buy a can of tuna fish. A can of tuna fish on a bed of rice makes me feel like a Rockefeller—for about 20 minutes. So I go down to the 7-11 here in Boston to get the tuna fish. Well, it seems that some of these fish went to private school and some of these other tunas have trust funds because there were three different and escalating prices on identically sized cans of tuna fish. This is a puzzler. If all of the tuna are the same and all of the cans are the same; why would anyone buy anything other than the cheapest can?! Hey, what do I look like—stupid? So I grab two of the cheapest cans of tuna and start for the register. While waiting to pay for my big treat I happened to notice on the cans that it said Made in Thailand. Now it is suddenly like there is a gusty wind in the 7-11 because I am starting to sway; starting to wonder, starting to lose my nerve. Do I really want to buy a food product from Thailand?

Now I know what you guys who are reading this are thinking. You are thinking "Come on Dana! Grab the reigns. Get a grip for Christ's sake! What could possibly be the problem? All they do is catch the fish, kill the fish, and jam the flesh in a can. You were right in the first place in taking the cheapest can. It is all the same. The more expensively priced cans just represent the efforts of marketing and sales people." Well, I had all of the same thoughts. How could the Thais possibly fuck up jamming tuna flesh in a can!? The cheapest price just reflects the currency gap. Then I left the checkout line, walked back to the shelf, and got some more expensive cans of tuna fish from another country. Sorry Thailand—you lost my trust a long time ago.

Scuttlin' Like A Crab

There's a big dream moaning!
It's a siren's call ...
She's a sociopathic bargirl.
And she's a real doll.

Scuttlin’ Like a Crab

She’s dancing and displaying.
It’s a smiler’s ball.
She’s got you in her sights.
Your backs against the wall.

You’ll be scuttlin’ like a crab,
On the bottom of the sea.
Shouting with your eyes—
Me! Me! Me …!

She ain’t for sale.
She just takes the money.
You’re the one beggin’—
Hoping she’ll call you ‘Honey’.

Now you’re waiting and nervous.
The barfines been paid.
What’s taking so long?
You want to get laid.

Out she comes,
Casual and hot.
You’re excited.
She is not!

Your wound and nervous—
Expectations too high.
She’s cool and calm.
Know’s it’s a Lie.

In the room at the Nana,
It’s good and it ain’t.
Some things she’ll do,
Some she cain’t.

Next night you go
To a different bar.
Maybe these girls will be
What they say they are!

It’s the Same Old Same Old.
Kind of a drag!
Time to hit the streets.
Try some slag.

If that don’t work,
There’s always Manila.
This looking for love,
It’s kind of a Killa …!

54. Language Barrier

TT&A Part 43 24/4/2004

Life is tough … constantly measuring the expected vs. the resultant on the emotional scales of our lives. But throwing the language barrier between peoples into the works makes everything ten times harder.

The following are some thoughts on the language barrier in Thailand. I don't really mean this as a lament or a criticism. Well, maybe a little bit. Just some thoughts and observations. Any frequent traveler to the Kingdom could post something similar.

1. It is a beautiful morning in Thailand and we are tooling across the Khao Laem reservoir near Songkla Buri in a long tail boat. I don't know it yet but this is going to be one of the best days I ever spend in Thailand. However, the start was a little spooky! The reservoir is covered with an early morning mist and the houses on the shore over to the right look like something out of a National Geographic magazine. The scene looks like nothing has changed in one thousand years. All of a sudden the boat captain cuts the engine! We drift …! I look aft. Ratty shorts and dirty shirt and long stringy muscles and wild black hair and dark skin. Oh Jesus—this must be a hold-up or a kidnapping! He starts talking. Lots of talking. He's worked up over something and animated and throwing his arms around and talking and talking and talking. Then pointing over the side of the boat into the water. Lots of pointing into the water. I can't be the only one in the boat who is starting to review the warning signs of mental instability. There are about 15 of us tourists in the boat plus one tour guide from Australia. We are understanding about one in ten of his words. Finally we get it. He is saying that when the reservoir filled, it drowned out a chedi or a wat or a temple or a Buddhist shrine or something that is now right beneath the boat.

That is what he has been talking about and that is what he has been gesturing about. Jesus, who'd have thought it! OK, kinda interesting. But more interesting to him than to us. He can't really communicate with us clearly. Language Barrier. No one's fault. But I do wonder what I missed.

2. A hooker I meet in the Nana car park is passionately trying to tell me something. And she is not moving towards the hotel until I get it. Finally I get it. She has been banned from the hotel. So we have to go in separately and rendezvous in the bar. OK—that's what I finally puzzle out and that's what we do—but I really wish I knew more about that story. Or maybe I don't.

3. Ever tried to hail and communicate to a BKK taxi driver where you want to go? Language Barrier. Hospital—Police Station—Oriental Hotel—Royal Palace—Chatuchak Market. These destinations should be easy. What could be simpler? Forget about it. You are about to enter language barrier hell. OK—I get it. I don't speak Thai. But I don't speak French either and in Paris any taxi knows what 'Eiffel Tower' means. And I don't speak Egyptian but in Cairo any transporter knows what 'Pyramids' means. And I don't speak Chinese but in China any taxi knows what 'Great Wall' means. In Italy any taxi knows what 'Vatican' means. Not in Thailand.

Does Thailand want to be the Asian poster boy for the 'All Local Language or Nothing' campaign? Maybe the difference isn't language at all. Maybe it is character. In other countries different speaking locals 'try'. Do the Thais 'try'? Does Thailand really want to be thought of in the same breath as France regarding jingoistic native language use? Is this what Thaksin has in mind when he bleats about Thailand becoming a global player?

4. I'm in Chiang Mai and it is really cold. There is a thermostat on the wall. I can't make it turn on the heat. I call the front desk.

I can't communicate. They hang up on me. I call two more times. Two more hang-ups. I go down to the lobby and grab the porter by his belt and we make the trip up to my room. I stand him in front of the thermostat and I rub my hands together until they are hot and then touch his face. Now he understands what I want. But the thermostat is broken. OK, no one's fault. Language Barrier. Boy what a cold night in Chiang Mai.

5. Ever tried to make a reservation with a hotel in Thailand by calling from your own country and speaking in English? They hang up. They have people on staff who speak English but they still hang up. OK—I get it. They speak Thai, not English. Except when you get to the hotel you find out some of them do speak English. They speak English fluently. All day long. They just hang up on you. I guess it is my fault that English speaking hotel employees hang up on me. No, wait a minute. That's just bad manners. Is this a language barrier or a poor business practices and social barrier?

6. Ever tried to get information from a tour ticket operation more than two blocks from your hotel? Language Barrier. OK—I get it. It is unfair to expect all business Thais to speak English or any number of other foreign languages. And I wouldn't want to be unfair. Only thing is. If their market is foreigners and they only speak Thai—how exactly do they do business? Maybe this should be in the Mystery category rather than the Language Barrier category!

7. Ever tried to make a reservation for a hotel in Pattaya from Bangkok. It is like calling Mars. Can't be done. Impossible. Forget about it. Believe me I've tried. Boy-oh-boy have I tried. And I am not talking about me on the phone trying to do this. I am talking about going into a ticket/tour vendor and asking them to make the phone call for me. Ain't gonna happen. I've actually had tour/ticket/travel agents within 500 yds. of the

Nana Hotel tell me it can't be done—as if it is practical or mechanistic impossibility. As if the phone line signals can't actually travel from Bangkok all the way to Pattaya. Since then I've been advised by others that if the agent does not have a business relationship with the hotel you are trying to reach, they just refuse to call. Maybe. We are definitely in Third World "What?" territory now! Who knows? Language Barrier.

8. Ever tried to call the front desk with a simple request from your room. Forget it. Language Barrier. I guess that's it; but I still cling to the idea that this should be something that a hotel quest ought to be able to do. But not me. I now take the guts out of the telephone receivers. I sure am not going to have any use for the phone, and I don't want the maids making any calls on my room charges either. So, that lump in my pants isn't Viagra—it's the inside of the telephone receiver.

9. Ever gone to Big Mike's Shopping Center in South Pattaya and gone into the supermarket and asked one of the cute female uniformed employees anything about anything they carry. Not once in years of going to Pattaya have I hit the jackpot here. Never one time has the person I was talking to had even the faintest inkling about what I was trying to say. OK—I get it. It's a language barrier. But still. They work long shifts six days a week and have foreigners coming in all the time making the same requests. Wouldn't you think they would have puzzled out some of the answers by now. You would be wrong. I once asked one—and then all of the retail floor staff—where the condoms were. No one knew. Really? Who's going to believe that?

10. Ever tried talking to your bargirl girlfriend about anything at all besides boom-boom? I used to try language foreplay out of respect and the desire to elevate the experience. I used to try to have us get to know one another a little first. No more. Waste of time. No criticism here. Just disappointment. Language Barrier.

Hey, I'm not reaching any conclusions here. Since I'm a boorish, insensitive, ignorant American and all Thais are agriculturally based innocent angels; reaching conclusions would be wrong. Since I am so inferior I don't have that right. But I do remember quite clearly a Thai bargirl whose English speaking skills and English comprehension abilities improved exponentially every time we were together. Gee, do you suppose her English was that good the first time I met her—she just declined to let me know? So, is this a language barrier; or a game? If your bargirl had a thousand English speaking 'friends' before meeting you; do you honestly think you are the first guy to teach her how to say Beer Chang in English? Now when I am in the company of a bargirl I assume that her English speaking and English comprehension skills are more fluent than she lets on. And I make sure that anything I say about her that she might overhear is complimentary and heartfelt and sincere and uncomplicated. Partly it is good manners and good intentions, but partly it is paranoid defensive behavior. More and more I have adopted the notion that the bargirls around me speak and understand English much better than they let on. I don't want to see the inside of a Thai prison over a Language Barrier issue.

Actually, this routine of reviewing the English word for Beer Chang and other things used to be my modus operandi. I thought getting to know each other by going through Thai-English and English-Thai dictionaries was fun. I thought we were sharing low-stress adult moments. I thought we were getting to know each other. Laying side by side on the bed, or sitting up side by side propped up by pillows; I thought we were becoming pals and buddies. Now, I wonder. Was I really the first English speaking farang to point at her foot and say "foot"? Or was I the 200th guy to do that? Maybe I should have taught her to say 'violin' in English. Because she was playing me like a violin! Maybe this is a part of my life I shouldn't examine too closely. It will just show me playing the part of a fool. Sometimes it's hard to have fun in a foreign land.

So, how much of this is real—and how much of this is imagined? I'll never know. Language Barrier.

OK, I get it. Thailand is another country and they speak another language. I don't need a geography lesson. But there is a little picking and choosing going on here. Thais can't speak English—but they can count in English and I've seen accusations in English burst from their throats like birds flushed from a nest. Sometimes it is not about a language barrier—it's about a social or racial or manners barrier. Your little bargirl honey may speak and understand more English than you think. Remember, it is a contest of 'wills'. She 'will' lie to you, and you 'will' lose your money. Remember those charming connecting moments the two of you shared when she spoke a little of your language? Well, when she decides to be unhappy and the police are called; suddenly she won't be able to speak any of your language—only Thai and Tears. So, is it a language barrier—or a game? You decide!

11. Ever tried to order a mixed drink in a bar. I used to give up and just drink what they brought me. Now I don't even order anymore. OK—it's a language barrier. But wait a minute. It's a bar. This is what they do. Oh, forget it. I give up.

12. Ever tried to talk to your tri-lingual (she couldn't stop herself from telling you) tour guide about anything outside the subject of her canned speeches. Can't be done. That ain't tri-lingual honey.

13. Ever tried to talk to the Tourist Police—you know, the specially trained police all the guide books say you should go to if you need help? Good Luck.

14. So where do you get fluency in something besides Thai in Thailand? The Four Star rated and up hotels (sometimes) and Don Muang airport (always). It can be done. But this is pretty thin. Especially since I am never in expensive hotels and I am only in the airport on arrival or departure. The airport has the highest standards in the nation. And as the fluency in other languages goes up so does the general deportment and social reliability. But I said I wouldn't be critical. It's a foreign country. No one should expect them to speak someone else's language. I think.

15. Ever try to talk to someone who is studying English at university. Atrocious. Incomprehensible. I guess this is no one's fault. There is no way in hell I can level a criticism or complaint here because my Thai is beneath contempt. But the result is the same. Language Barrier. Too bad. Makes you wonder what we are all missing because we can't talk to one another.

16. What I want to do is get the river commuter boat that starts from the end of the Skytrain and zigzags up the Chao Phraya river letting school kids and workers and business people off at each stop. At each stop I'll get off and just wander around and then get back on the boat and go to the next stop and get off and wander around in the neighborhood again. It is a pleasant cheap way to some of the Thailand that is not on the postcards. I like being a tourist. I have done this before so by pantomiming and gestures and rudimentary Thai I ought to be able to get on the right boat. There are other boats. There is a short haul ferry that just goes across to Thonburi and there is a tourist boat that goes up the river with someone talking on the loudspeaker. I can't figure out which boat is which and I can't make my needs known. I've done this successfully before but this time I just can't put it together. And as usual I can't get any one to listen to me and take an interest in my human problem. Tell me again how

this is the Land of Smiles! So I get on a boat. Every Thai knew I was on the wrong boat. No one said anything. I had gotten on the short haul boat that goes across the river to Thonburi. After paying a landing fee I had to turn around and get back on the wrong boat again and go back to where I started. More pantomiming and more gestures on my part and more imploring for help and assistance. I guess in retrospect it's a good thing I wasn't having a heart attack and in need of medical attention. Because I wouldn't have gotten any. The next boat I am pointed at is the farang tourist boat. As soon as the tour talk starts I know I am on the wrong boat again. I look like an idiot and I am being treated like one. I am picking up social signals and body language—the Thais think this is funny. That is a reflection on them, not on me. My vengeance is that I get to get on a plane at the end of my vacation experience and rejoin the world. And of course it is so easy to understand how this could happen. It is all a matter of being able to communicate. And I can't communicate. Still, I have been in countries where I wouldn't have been allowed to flounder so much. Some kind soul in Greece or Portugal or Germany would have stepped in and helped me. This is because of something called 'recognition of species commonality'. That's why you stop and render assistance to a stranger when you see an accident on the highway. That is the reason you donate blood. It is an abstract notion that delineates us as belonging to a higher evolved species. 'Recognition of species commonality' is why when you are sent back for the ammo you return to the front line. It is why sad movies about fictitious people make us cry. Instinctive recognition of species commonality is why winning sports teams make us happy and why we donate to charity and why we worry about someone else's children. Not in Thailand. Still, I'll take most of the blame. I can't make my needs and wants known. Well, maybe I could if the Thais would be better listeners and try just a teensy bit harder. But I'll let that go for now. It's all my fault. I can't communicate. Thank Christ I don't need an insulin shot or blood plasma or an ambulance. The difference in Western countries that don't speak English is that you are seen as mostly the same even if you can't speak the local language. In Asia you are seen as a foreigner of racially inferior stock who doesn't naturally earn courtesy because of a common species connection. This is part of the barely concealed racism that infests Thai culture like the teredo worms in a ship. I would actually be interested to know if the average Thai even has a scientifically based knowledge of what it means to belong to a common species. Do they think Thai blood is different than Foreigner blood? Don't laugh. Anyway, I was on the wrong boat! And it was my fault because I couldn't communicate. That's right, it was all my fault. Wait a minute. All my fault? Isn't communication something that involves two interested parties? Ah, forget it.

17. Wan and I have had so many miscommunications about time and appointments that I have made up a little cardboard clock with movable hands that I keep in my wallet. The problem is that we can only communicate in terms of whole numbers. Ten O'clock. Fine. No problem. Ten- Thirty. Disaster. All she hears is the 'Ten'. Late again! So now I pull out my wallet and move the hands to the proper places on the clock face and show it to her. She thinks the farangs little cardboard clock with the little movable paper hands is hysterical. But at least we can communicate.

18. Shoes sold in department stores in Thailand aren't as cheap as you'd expect them to be but some of the crocodile shoes are nice. I'm in the Royal Mall in Pattaya and I'm in the shoe store and I'm interested in buying shoes. Now it starts. I want shoes wider than the floor model. Incomprehension. Eventually, I get it. The shoes don't come in widths. Language Barrier. Sort of amusing

now to think about it but mostly frustrating at the time. Sure, it is all my fault because I can't speak Thai. But wait a minute. It's a shoe store that has foreigners streaming in and out of it in the thousands. All of the shoes manufactured in their own countries are offered in widths. Am I the first customer to ask for shoes in different widths? I doubt it. Not a chance. They get this question a thousand times a week. So why the big act? The complete befuddlement. Come on Thailand. Chill out. You knew what I was saying and you knew what I was asking. You just didn't want me in the store. OK—you might get your wish. There are other countries—many of them more fun and friendlier. It's not all a language barrier. Sometimes it's a social barrier masquerading as a language barrier.

19. There is a leather goods store on the first floor of Big Mike's Shopping Center in South Pattaya that has crocodile briefcases in black and blue and brown that are mouth-watering. But they won't negotiate. Maybe 10% and that's it. They are very expensive. OK, I can respect that. It is your store and you can do business anyway you want. But instead of telling me that the price is the price—basically non-negotiable as a part of store policy; they pull the old 'we can't understand you' routine. Bullshit. They understand me fine. I eventually (the second trip to Thailand and the third time I go in the store) buy two briefcases. But it could have been a lot more fun. This wasn't a language barrier—it was a social barrier. They just didn't want foreigners in the store. Well, you may get your wish Thailand. I'm thinking about it.

20. I am tired and in no mood for hookers so I decide to go over to the Angelwitch bar in the Nana Entertainment Plaza and just watch a show. A woman sits next to me but I pay no attention. She taps me on the shoulder. I turn. She speaks. Holy cow! It turns out her name is Bang and she knew Noi during the two

years I was involved with Noi. She was the woman in the background I never noticed because I only had eyes for Noi. She is able to recite to me all of the things Noi and I did together. She pulls out her cell phone. She has Noi's number. Would she like me to call Noi. "No", I say. I just want to forget two years that ended in heartache. I don't want to go over it all over again. I ball up my fists and rub them in my eyes to show her I am sad. I hold my hand over my chest and look stricken to show that my heart is broken. I just want to heal. She offers the information that Noi is now married to an Australian. I am happy for Noi. I think …!

So many bargirl-foreigner relationships don't go well. Articulate foreigners place blame and arrive at conclusions about character. I wonder. I'm not so sure any more about a lot of this. If you can't understand another person's language it's possible to reach the wrong conclusions about their character. You miss nuances and social signals and commonalties. It's no one's fault.

Maybe that is the real reason Noi and I couldn't connect. We simply couldn't understand each other. The language barrier was too high for us to get over.

"Noi, I'm sorry I couldn't understand you when you tried to talk to me. And I'm sorry you didn't understand me when I was trying to communicate something to you. I guess your Australian husband speaks Thai better than I could. I'm sorry for me. And I'm sorry for us. I miss you. I would like to be able to tell you that I will always love you—but I don't speak Thai."

21. Yaow and I are off to Chiang Mai for four days. This is my idea (she doesn't get ideas). As the plane lands in Chiang Mai it starts to rain. This triggers some kind of mood change in Yaow who on arriving at the hotel burrows under the covers and disappears. It rains for four days. The lump stays under the covers for four days. More farang money wasted. More wasted time.

More disappointment. It could have been fun. But there was a language barrier. I am trying to be charitable.

22. Sometimes it may be a good thing that there is a language barrier. It keeps people from getting killed. Wan and I are sitting in the lobby of the AA Hotel in South Pattaya talking to Anna the tour director. I am booking Wan and I for the evening transvestite show at Alcazar. These shows have graduated from singers in bars to revues in leased space on Walking Street to professionally staged big money productions in free standing Vegas style buildings. It's a great night out and a fun date. Everyone has a good time. Anna is explaining to me and to Wan (in Thai) that for a premium (more money) I can get the best seats in the house. We will be right up front (2nd row) and in the middle, no sight line issues, we will be able to hear better and to see better, we get a free drink during the performance, and we can exit the building quicker and more conveniently to have a photo opportunity with the performers. I pay. When we get to the auditorium I am ecstatic. Everything Anna said was true. The seats are fabulous. I actually feel sorry for the people in the bleachers and the people way in the back. Wan is not ecstatic. She is not even happy. She is unhappy and petulant and making faces. There is something about the seats she doesn't like. She finally flounces off to the bathroom. In her absence I review the seat situation point by point. I look at her seat for defects. I sit in her seat to check her view. There is nothing not to like. I have paid for the best seats in the house and that is what we have received. There is no reason for her to be unhappy. I just zone out. I'm not going to allow my heart rate to elevate over this. Of course she has a great time watching the show. She smiles and laughs and claps. It's probably a good thing that I couldn't speak Thai. If I had been able to speak Thai and gotten a load of presumptuous, ungrateful crap from her; I'd have probably

strangled her. Thank God for the language barrier. It probably kept me out of a Thai prison.

23. I decide to take Na to the Hopf Brew House restaurant on Beach Road in South Pattaya for dinner. It will be something adult and civilized and fun. An excuse to dress up and participate with each other as the middle-aged adults that we are. The Hopf Brew House restaurant is just a door and a sign on Beach Road. Easy to walk by. Easy to miss. But inside it is great. It is big and fancy and fun and there is a band playing Beatles music. The food is good and the service is fine. It was a mistake! The problem is that between the time you order the food and the moment the food arrives at your table; there is just interminable, awkward, embarrassing 'dead air'. You can't talk to each other. So you sit there like two idiots—bored and anxious and embarrassed and waiting for it to be over. Na sits to the left of me like an Isaan lump and I squirm around trying to be charming and chatty. But no one is fooling anybody. It ain't workin'. So I learned that there is something else I can't do in Thailand. Another dream I can't dream. I can't take my girlfriend to a nice restaurant. Language Barrier!

24. The language barrier is a huge boost to the Thai economy. It only takes an hour for sex and then you have another twenty-three hours to fill with your sweetheart. And you usually find out that it is a long twenty-three hours because little Miss Polehugger isn't really that interesting. That's when you learn that you've got to keep moving, keep entertaining; otherwise the social balloon will deflate right before your eyes. That's why all the stuff gets bought for her, and the motorcycles get rented, and the plane tickets get purchased, and the tours and activities are signed up for. You are just trying to hold the house-of-cards relationship together. Millions of baht daily are pumped into the Thai economy by desperate farangs trying to keep their bargirls

occupied. You can't talk to each other so time is filled by doing things, and by buying things. Farangs jump around like dancing bears in a circus; juggling balls, cracking jokes, making funny faces—all the salesmanship required to keep Noi or Poom or Gai or Nok interested.

"I'm worth your time! This relationship has value! Isn't this fun?"

You instinctively know the importance of keeping her interested and amused and occupied so that she doesn't reach into her purse and pull out her goddamned relationship-killing cell phone! As soon as she starts talking on her cellphone to her thirty-five best friends – mother – sisters – Thai boyfriend – husband and other farang suitors you are a dead man. Games up! You lose! So you spend money like a drunken sailor and dance like a bear in a circus. Language Barrier! Thaksin should promote the language barrier and prohibit bargirls from learning foreign languages. It's money in the bank!

55. I’ve Still Got It

TT&A Part 44 3/5/2004

Year: 2039
Place: Nana Hotel lobby; Bangkok, Thailand
Time: 8:30 pm

Some of you might remember me. My name is Dana and I used to make submissions to Stick’s site 35 years ago. I’m 89 years old now but I’ve still got it. Yeah, baby—I’ve still got it. Now, if I could just remember where I put it.

Anyway, I am going bar cruising tonight. I may be stooped with shaking hands and liver spotted skin, hair growing out of my nostrils and out of my ears, bits of white crusted phlegm stuck to my lips, shambling feet and noodle arms, balls hanging half-way to the floor, and pants belted up around my chest; but I’ve still got it. Now, if I could just remember where I put it. Did I say that already? Anyway, I’m hot and I’m dressed to impress and I’m going out tonight.

I’m wearing fish scale print cranberry colored crocodile shoes, six pleat peg leg black silk pants, and a cranberry colored leather fish scale print open collar shirt made from shoe scraps. The crocodile leather shirt is a little hot but I have an airconditioning system of plastic Freon tubes under my shirt. The Freon compressor pack is in my pants.

“Hey, honey—is that a battery powered Freon compressor pack in your pants, or are you just glad to see me?”

I am also wearing two toupees and three girdles but no one can tell. The first toupee covers up my scalp pustules. It’s like a two bagger for my head instead of the girls head. The girdles give me that Greek God look of my youth. Hey, I’m not going into details. Someday you’ll be thankful just to wake up in the morning.

My woven gold nugget belt matches my gold nugget watch and my ostrich ascot matches my ostrich spats. I tried on an emerald-crusted platinum and diamond ring in the room before coming down to the lobby but I rejected it. I hate people who overdress.

Oops, forgot my monogrammed, scented, vibrating, flashing-light condoms. Back up to the room. On my way back down to the lobby I pass Noi, and Gai, and Poom, and Na, and Nat, and Eat, and An, and Bee, and Pa. Friends from the past either working now for the Nana hotel or still freelancing. But there is no time for that now. I can hear the Nana Entertainment Plaza music booming across the street and my iron poor blood is up. I'm feeling young again and there is nothing new to learn across the street. The Nana Plaza is still a cesspit of trash and stairwell trannies and never finished construction projects. And the Cascade bar on the third floor has just recently been sold for the 79th time. I can't wait. If I leave the hotel lobby now I'll be across the street in about forty minutes!

That's as fast as I can go with my aluminum walker. Normally, I zip around on a battery powered cart, but the soi 4 street curbs and the escalator and the stairs of the Nana Entertainment Plaza reduce me to aluminum walker status. It's OK though because my walker was blessed by the monks at the Doi Suthep temple in Chiang Mai and the left aluminum leg has a lucky string around it. Nothing can happen. I've got an ice-milk coffee with straw hanging in a plastic bag from the front bar and a bucket of roaches, locusts, and scorpions strapped to the right aluminum leg. Gifts for lovers! I had the brushed aluminum tubing spray painted yellow with blue flames and red pinstriping. There's a rear view mirror, fringed leather side bags, and rubber grips. A tape deck, turn signals, and two-tone horn complete the accessories. At night I have an elephant-tail flashing red light strapped to my ass. There's always time for safety. Sometimes tourists try to feed me bananas!

I've had a little medical work done: liposuction pretty much from my sternum to my scrotum, facelift, bagectomy (eyes), hair plugs and weave (I wear a toupee because of the bleeding scalp pustules), varicose and spider veins removed (I tell the girls the scars are war wounds), facial and back dermabrasion, total body shave, skin dye (I look a little orange but fit), liver spot make-up, testicular sac tuck-up (now they only hang half-way to my knees), foreskin tattoo (conversation starter), flesh-colored autoclave painted knee braces (you hardly notice them), arthritic knuckle bone shaving, knee and elbow excess flesh excision, and tooth caps. Thai women love farangs with perfect teeth. I look great. I'm 89. Some of the girls guess my age at 69. Others probably think I am younger. No rhinoplasty. Thai bargirls love big noses.

"You velly hansum man—I wuf you!"

I still got it.

Oh, there's a girl smiling and waving at me at the corner bar across the street. All I need is forty minutes to get to her. Then it will be just like the old days—when I was 69 and full of piss and vinegar. Wish me Luck.

Beads

I am not convinced yet that email relationships are a good use of your time. It is probably no one's fault, but it seems hard sometimes to make a good connection and to accurately use your instincts about other people. I had been participating in a Thai chatroom and I meet a woman who is about my age and who lives in California and who has been to Thailand. She seems intelligent and likeable. Her hobby is beads and making things with beads. So she asks me if I will look for beads of a certain kind for her the next time I go to Chiang Mai. If I find them she will mail me a check. She is looking for center drilled, handmade, Burmese jade beads that are light in color and no bigger than the eraser on the end of a pencil (preferably smaller). There are other details. She emails a photo to me. And I go to a bead shop here in Boston to get further educated in beads. Well, I go to Chiang Mai with the photos and the description and the specs. I am project oriented so this will be fun. I will learn something about beads; and I will have an excuse to take up the time of young, curvy, fertile, attractive Thai retail store clerks. In Chiang Mai I beat my brains out looking for these small, light-colored, hand-made, center-cut Burmese beads. I do everything but rent earthmoving equipment so that I can tip over rocks. I go in every shop. I talk to every shop owner and clerk. I enlist the help of others. I show the pictures. NO BEADS. Ten minutes after the wheels of my plane left the runway in Chiang Mai, a million light-colored Burmese jade beads might have popped out of the ground. But when I was looking there were none. NONE. When I got back to the States I emailed my Thai chatroom friend in California to tell her that I looked and looked but there just weren't any beads.

She told me I did not look hard enough!

Nothing Has Changed …!

> *"We must remember that the ways of Orientals are not our ways, nor their thoughts our thoughts. Often, when we think them backward and stupid, they think us meddlesome and absurd. The loom of time moves slowly with them, and they care not for high pressure and the roaring of the wheels. Our system may be good for us; but it is neither equally, nor altogether good for them. Satan found it better to reign in hell than to serve in heaven; and the normal Asiatic would sooner be misgoverned by Asiatics than well governed by Europeans."*—Spoken in 1899 by British Viscount George Nathaniel Curzon

Nothing has changed in 100 years!

56. Honey, Are You Asleep?

TT&A Part 45 8/5/2004

Place: a small apartment on Beacon Hill in Boston.
Time: 4 a.m.
Characters: Noi (wife) and Dana (husband).

"Honey?"

"What?"

"Are you asleep?"

"Yes, I am."

"Husband, if you asleep; how you talk?"

"Honey, I'm tired; what do you want?"

"Why you tired?"

"Well, I'm tired because it is 4 o'clock in the morning; and I'm tired because I'm married to the most exciting, the most beautiful woman in the world; and I'm tired because I went skating today and that always makes me feel as if I have been beaten with sticks!"

"Are you too tired to talk?"

"No honey, what do you want to talk about?"

"I just had dream."

"Oh Noi, is this going to be another one of those dreams where ghosts talk and frogs fly?"

"No, I dream about first day I meet you in Thailand."

"What about it?"

"The first day we meet. Do you remember?"

"I'll never forget it. Why?"

"What did you do after you meet me that day?"

"I went back to my hotel room. I had diarrhoea as usual."

"What is diarrhoea?"

"Never mind. Let's get back to the dream. It's 4:15 a.m."

"After you left me, I went to my room and unpacked a doll that I hadn't held in 16 years. I'd forgotten that it didn't have a dress and that only short tufts of hair were left; but I didn't care. I held that doll and cried and cried and cried."

"Noi, have you got another pillow?"

"Yes, why husband want pillow?"

"Well, I get the feeling that this is going to be an 'all-nighter', so I think I'll prop myself up ... why did your doll only have short tufts of hair?"

"In the orphanage, the other children were jealous of my doll from America; so they stole the dress and they ripped out the hair. I was a Thai Amer-Asian orphan. I was only two and a half years old and nobody liked me. Then I became sponsored by a man in America. Every month he sent money. I was able to eat and have clothes. He sent me cards on my birthday, and on the holidays, and on New Year's day. I wrote him back and we sent each other pictures of ourselves. From the time I was two and a half until I was four years old, he sent me a letter almost every month. I loved him!

Then I got news that he was coming to visit me. The sponsor organization and the orphanage was very excited. So was I excited. The only person in the world who really cared about me was traveling all the way from America just to see me. I was very proud. The other children beat me up.

When he arrived, it was wonderful. We both were very nervous and neither one of us spoke the other person's language. But he looked just like the picture he had sent me and he tickled me and I laughed. He had big warm hands, happy eyes, and a nice voice. He held me in his arms and I hoped he would never leave.

When he left, he gave me the doll. It had long blonde hair, blue eyes, and a pink dress.

Next month, I guess he forgot to send me a letter. The month after that I didn't get a letter either. I never got a card for my birthday or holiday or New Year's day. I sent him letters and cards and another picture of me holding the doll in case he had forgotten who I was. I never heard from him again. Ever. I guess when he met me in person, he decided he didn't like me. I never heard from him again. Ever!"

"Well, honey; that's a nice story; but what's that got to do with us?"

"When I became 18 years old and a woman; I decided I wanted to be number one wife to best husband. I wanted to keep husband warm at night, and I wanted to make babies. I wanted man who would always be kind and never leave me. I wanted American husband man. So I contacted marriage broker in Bangkok and sent them my picture and description. Then you and I meet in mail and start writing letters and sending pictures of ourselves. You remember?"

"I remember ... "

"Anyway, one year later I get letter that you are coming to see me. No one beat me up this time. But I very scared!"

"Honey, what were you scared for?"

"I scared because I not tell whole truth in letters. I not tell you I not beautiful, exotic Asian woman American man like; but only flat chested, short-leg woman people call names and spit at. I not have big American breasts and long legs like Barbie doll. I afraid you not like me."

"Honey, I liked you right away. We'd been writing letters for a long time. I couldn't wait to meet you. I loved you."

"I know now, but you didn't tell me you loved me then; and when I first saw you, I knew I loved you. Later, when we went to the zoo and stood under the shade trees, and you smelled my hair and whispered in my ear; I was so happy. I wanted to wrap my legs around you and kiss your eyes. You tickled me and I laughed."

"Honey, I remember all of this; but what does this have to do with your doll?"

"When you left to go back to America; I was afraid I was being abandoned again! I knew I loved you, but I didn't know if I would ever really see you again. That's when I remembered my doll from 16 years earlier. I went in the house and I unpacked the doll; and I cried, and I cried, and I cried."

"Noi, I love you. Thank-you for telling me your dream."

"You are welcome husband ...! Dana?"

"What?"

"I have hot rear tonight. Do you want to sleep like spoons?"

"Sure, honey."

"Husband?"

"What?"

"If you put your arm around me and put your hand on my stomach; you can feel the baby kicking!"

Two Wallet System

Newton wasn't necessarily so smart. Anybody could have thought of that apple-gravity thing. It's just that most folks are busy. He was unemployed so he had the time. A lot of clever ideas are obvious, but people don't necessarily think of them. For example: the litter police in BKK have been spotlighting and fining farangs for littering. And you don't necessarily have to have been littering to be fined for same. That's what is called the charm of the East. Some people call it culture. I call it expensive at 2000 baht per incident. So on my most recent trip to the Kingdom I adopted the Two Wallet System. One wallet has my necessary cash and other items, the other wallet in the other pocket has nothing in it.

Sure enough, one day I was in Lumpini Park staring at the pedal boats and looking out for the 4 foot head-to-tail water lizards that scare the shit out of me when two of Bangkok's finest popped up like two black-footed ferrets. Honestly, I don't know where these guys come from. One minute the coast is clear for a tourist that just wants to escape the urban aneurysm known as Bangkok and do walk-in-the-park and sit-in-the-park things; and then suddenly they are in front of you. I figure there must be police burrows that they hide out in. A hundred Thais could walk by these litter police burrows and there is no movement. Let one farang stray near one of these litter police burrows and they pop up in front of you like ferrets on the plains of Wyoming. Anyway, these two protectors of the innocent and enforcers of civility informed me that I had been littering and that the fine was 2000 baht. I smiled. It is always very important to smile when being held up. I don't know why exactly but I have heard it so many times I believe it. I then (you are going to love this) pulled my EMPTY wallet out of my pants pocket and held it upside down. I gave it to them. They looked at it. They held it upside down. Then they gave it back to me. Now they were smiling. We had a laugh. No fine. A perfect example of how people from different cultures can coexist; as long as you recognise that the locals are talentless ethics-challenged thieves.

The Two Wallet System. Try it. Newton was probably fooling around with two apples—he just never told anyone!

57. Story Ideas

TT&A Part 46 15/5/2004

A lot of my loyal readers have emailed me and asked me where I get some of the ideas for my stories. It's really pretty simple. I am fourteen years old and live in the basement and I am surrounded by piles of my father's old World War II comic books with titles like:

Blazing Combat
Combat Kelly
Pacific Private
Captain Savage
GI Combat
Commando Yank
and
Battle Action

I simply use mostly the same stories but change the character names to Thai names and change the WW II place names to Thai geography. For instance:

Sgt. Rock becomes Noi
and
G.I. Joe becomes Wan
and
General Mayhem becomes Porntip
and
Private Dick becomes Fon
and
Captain Courageous becomes Gai

For the Thai place names in my Thai themed writing I simply do like this:

Guadalcanal becomes Pattaya
and
Guam becomes Phuket
and
Berlin becomes Ayutthaya
and
Anzio becomes Udon
and
Tarawa becomes Chiang Mai
and
Iwo Jima becomes Bangkok

This is how it works. Here is a story from a comic book entitled: GLORIOUS BATTLES OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC.

‘Guns and Blood’ by Kill’em Kwik Kelley

Lt. Col. Kenjuro Hyaichi of Kuralei had not been fooled. An invasion force of 30,000 men was massing and an invasion was about to take place. They were not going to land on Red Beach or Green Beach, but rather the promontory between. Alcohol induced loose lips in Aussie land had given up the game. Soon the battle would be started. The Japanese operation was code named Fosters. Kenjuro’s nemesis, Fleet Captain Kelley, had presaged his arrival off the island with other full moon landings in other parts of the Pacific. Tonight was a full moon. The time was now! Kenjuro had pulled in favors and reinforcements from all over the island and massed them on the promontory. His men were ready. Ready to fight. Ready to say “Banzai”.

Meantime; offshore Fleet Captain Kelley had been busy. Sgt. Rock, GI Joe, General Mayhem, Private Dick, and Captain Courageous had been briefed. They and their peers and recruits and officers represented the best men that Democracy had to offer.

> *Fleet Captain Kelley— "Remember men: Every Jap you kill is a down payment on your ticket home to protect your mothers and your sisters. And don't forget: Love is a four letter word—So is Kill. Guns and Blood gentlemen. God Speed and Good Luck."*
>
> *At 8:30 the purple tropic clouds parted and the full moon lit up the night sky. Fleet Captain Kelley stood up on the bridge coaming, fired a red parachute flare, and the invasion was on.*

Finis. I then take this exciting World War II comic book epic and rewrite it. The new story is. . .

'Semen and Love' by Dana

Head Mamasan Na had not been fooled. An invasion force was massing and an invasion was about to take place. Her opposite in this night time theatre of love was First Farang Dana who had spent the last two days amassing 30,000 farangs in the Hotel Nana parking lot. Na had pulled in favors and conscripts and enthusiasts and experienced mamasans from all over Thailand. Noi and her girls had come down from Chiang Rai—used to mostly Thai customers they were looking for a big score. The only equation they remembered from school was 'Farangs=Money'! Twenty-four hours from now there would be new clothes for baby and for momma. Mamasan Wan had come up with her girls from Hat Yai. A couple of days without turbans and dotheads and curry breath would be a real pleasure. In a culture of scams and spice they had never heard a good thing about farangs and were spoiling for sexual battle. The mamasans and their girls from Pattaya and Patpong and Cowboy and Ko Samui and Phuket and the Japanese bathhouses didn't need to be coached—just held back until the assault started. Mamasans Fon and Gai and their 400 girls had come in from Chiang Mai and Udon. Country girls excitedly talking on their new cell phones.

Gifts from mamasans for making the long bus trip. Gathered in the open courtyard of the Nana Plaza they could see the invasion force of farangs just across the soi. Everyone knew that First Farang Dana was waiting for the full moon.

Mamasan Na had not been fooled. The Nana parking lot farangs weren't heading for Cowboy or for Patpong, but Nana Plaza. Loose alcohol Aussie lips at the airport had given up the game. Na was going to name her next child Oz. Soon the battle would begin. The girls were ready. Ready to love. Ready to say "Barfine?". 30,000 farangs against 5000 bargirls. Even odds!

Mamasan Na— "Remember girls: Every farang is a deposit on your trip back home to be with your mothers and your sisters. The farangs will be carrying two bulges in their pants. One will be their wallet, the other will be … Powder your pussies girls. And remember: 'Farang' is a six letter word, and so is 'Moneey'! We won't get a second chance like tonight. It's them or us. It's not Guns and Blood; it's Semen and Love. Same thing! Chok de mak mak.

At 8:30 the purple tropic clouds parted and the full moon lit up the Bangkok sky. First Farang Dana was hoisted up onto the shoulders of a tranny, fired a red parachute flare, and the invasion was on!

Finis

When I turn 16 mommy says I can leave the basement and go to the library where I will be able to plagiarize from grownup books. She also says she will then take me to Bangkok where I will be able to feed a banana to an elephant; but first I have to stop lying to the doctors.

Oops, I hear the basement door opening—Mommy is coming. See ya later.

I Learned Something

In almost every hotel bar in Thailand there are at least two or three or sometimes four women that every guy finds unappealing and irrelevant and irritating. These are the ubiquitous post menopausal over-the-hill and overweight middle-aged or older women that are using the bar as a place to troll for fools. Surely some farang will pick them up and pay for their dubious charms if they just hang out for twelve hours nursing one drink. These poor dears are ignored and made fun of and ignored some more. But it doesn't stop them. Seven days a week, week after week, month after month, and year after year finds them ensconced in a big chair or sitting on a couch trying to look alert and sexy. If you are foolish enough to make eye contact for more than a nanosecond or God forbid smile back at one of these delusional females you will soon feel their inept hands massaging your neck or flopping around on your back. If you are one of those people others call a 'nice guy' you will probably stupidly say something friendly in response to their attentions. Now you've done it. She now believes the last nine empty hours are going to pay off as the two of you go up to your room. Of course she is wrong. Not in a million, billion, trillion, gazillion, quadrillion, septillion years are you hard up enough, or drunk enough, or just plain stupid enough to engage the services of one of these over-age lard buckets. You're too smart, and too savvy, and too much a man for this nonsense and this pitiful trash. You'd rather gouge your eyes out with a wooden spoon than have one of your buddies see you escorting one of these losers into an elevator. You wouldn't touch one of these buffoons with a ten foot dick. Even the thought gives you the willies. Then there is me! One night I was feeling pretty damn good and frisky and open minded about human relations. I was also feeling the effects of pharmaceutical support and had what Eastern European sex scientists call 'Happy Pants'! I said, "Yes"! Her name was ...! actually, I have no idea what her name was. And once we got into my room I told her not to take off all of her clothes (I didn't want to go blind). So what happened … ? She was nice. She was fun. I had a good time. I learned something. But don't worry. I never told any other men. I'm too much a man for that.

58. Don’t Pay Too Much

TT&A Part 47 23/5/2004

Don’t pay bargirls too much money! This subject has been covered before but it bears repeating. Usually, the argument is an economic one. If you overpay, you inflate the market for the guy following you. I have on occasion in the past been so upset by reading on Stick’s site how some visitors to the Kingdom have overpaid bargirls that I have fired off email tutorials on how the market is constructed and what are reasonable values and expectations. For some reason, the worst market abusers are invariably visiting businessmen who are frequenting the Patpong section of Bangkok. Sometimes I have gotten so worked up that I have had to follow the first email with a second email that apologized for my immoderate language. But there is another reason besides the economic reason to not pay bargirls too much money. Let me give you an example:

I picked up Wan at the All Girls Beautiful bar in South Pattaya and took her to the White Inn hotel on soi 14. She was physically so unappealing in the bar, so old, so lacklustre as a dancer, so borderline clinically depressed as a personality, and so unsuited to her work; that she was probably one step from getting fired and having to cruise the streets. When I offered to barfine her she looked shocked. I liked her. I don’t know why. I found her attractive. I found her appealing. I don’t know why. I just did. Outside the bar she perked up. She was away from a place she was clearly unsuited for and in the company of a handsome, well-dressed, kind, polite, middle-aged man. No mention was made of money. At the White Inn hotel she was mostly inept, clumsy, horrible. But I liked her. I was happy to be with her. The next morning I got up early (7 AM) to go out and get a paper. I like to duck out early in the morning, get a paper; and then come back. Sitting in bed with my honey next to me while I am reading the Bangkok Post or the Pattaya Mail makes me happy. As I was about to leave she said plaintively, “You pay me?” Well, of course I intended to pay her. I never cheat anybody. But she didn’t know that. I was going to pay her later. But she didn’t know that. I felt badly. And I was green and inexperienced to the Thai scene. So I took out my wallet and leaned over and laid three 500 baht notes on her stomach. 1500 baht! What a mistake! I overpaid. Of course it was a mistake for market economic reasons. 1000 baht was the right amount. I had overpaid by 50%. This is like paying $75,000 for a $50,000 car. You wouldn’t do it and you wouldn’t encourage anyone else to do it and you wouldn’t respect anyone who did it. But overpaying Wan on that morning in Pattaya in the White Inn was also a horrible mistake for another reason that I hadn’t foreseen. I liked her! I have now been revisiting Wan twice a year for years. And of course, just like before; she’ll be expecting 1500 baht per night. I did it to myself. No wonder she yells my name and runs towards me when she sees me! I’m probably the only fool in all of Thailand to pay this dim-witted, overweight, low-spark drifter 1500 baht per night and I did it to myself. No wonder the bar girls don’t respect us. They know their own value.

In March I was returning to Thailand and we agreed to meet in front of Swensen’s Ice Cream on Beach Road at 10:30 PM. I got there at 10:30 PM. She had been waiting since 9 PM! And I found out she had motorbiked all the way down from Chiang Mai to meet me. It took her 24 hours. For a moment I was flattered. Gee, I thought; she really likes me. We have something going here. Then I remembered the 1500 baht per night. So guys, one reason not to overpay bargirls is an economic one. You do not want to inflate the market for the poor sod who is following you. But the other very important reason to not overpay bargirls is that you might end up liking the girl and not have the gumption to get involved in the stress of re-negotiating her fee downward. A Thai male could handle this situation easily but farangs are less inclined to objectify the girls and more inclined to get emotionally involved. So our big hearts and our fantasy lives end up costing us money. Don’t overpay!

I know what you are thinking. You are thinking, “Come on Dana—Just tell her you are paying her less. Or don’t even tell her. Just give her a less but appropriate amount like 1000 baht in the morning. She’ll take it. She knows the going rate. There won’t be any problem. She may even respect you for it. She’s a broken down prostitute. Act like a man, you idiot!”

Well, easy to say but sometimes hard to do when your heart is involved. When your heart is involved little gears and cogs slip forward and back in your heart and in your mind and everything changes just a little bit. The curve of her hip under the covers, the halo of hair on the pillow, her soft voice in my ear, the hand on my arm, her smile in the elevator as we get ready to go out—stick a fork in me, I’m done! And it is not all soft centered emotionalism on my part. Some of it is calculation. In our lives we are attracted by pleasure and repelled by pain. Most of our decision making is based on perceptions of future pleasure or pain. Fear of loss is part of the equation. Balanced against the certain knowledge that renegotiating the fee downward is the right and proper thing to do is fear of loss. What if she balks? What if she is unhappy? What if she grows cold to my touch? What if she loses the sparkle in her eyes? What if she stops laughing when I tickle her? What if I lose her? So criticize me and ridicule me if you must; but I’ve got more to lose than you have. I have a woman in my heart. So I keep overpaying. But don’t let it happen to you. Be smarter than me. Know the local economy and the local market and don’t shoot yourself in the wallet with a first time overpayment to a woman you might end up seeing for the next ten years.

Wan and I clatter down the front marble steps of the AA Hotel in South Pattaya and start the walk up soi 13 to 2nd road. We are going out. She is dressed in a knee length tight skirt with pocket in the front. Her wallet is in her pocket. No cell phone. She is wearing a non-descript blouse that no man would notice because of her abundant voluptuous curves. On her feet are her black platform sandals. We have clattered down the steps of the AA Hotel on the way out so many times over the years that it has become a part of my life. I wonder if it is a part of her life. That would require caring and introspection and reflection. Maybe the language barrier is a good thing. Maybe it is a good thing I don’t know the limits of her thought. She is probably the single worst prostitute in all of Thailand. Fired or quit from all of her jobs. Totally unsuited to pleasing men or selling sex or even acting. She is unresponsive, selfish, inept, shy to no purpose, and it would take a block and tackle hanging from the ceiling to get her legs off the bed. She has retired to Chiang Mai where she is not working and living with her mother. Abandoning youth and dreams and drive and wrapping failure of character and failure of life in love for family—taking care of mother. Cashing in early on a low spark drifter life of failure wearing the costume of love of family. Love of family—the great excuse for giving up, not even summoning the energy to make excuses anymore—just moving back in with the parents. Stealing from mom’s purse and swiping dad’s pipe. I could give a University lecture on why I should not be spending time with this woman. But if I did give a University lecture on this woman’s shortcomings of character and performance I would walk into the lecture hall with a sign hanging around my neck that said, “Luckiest Man in the World”. Turning and looking at her as we are walking up the soi, I am so happy and I am so excited I feel as if I am going to explode. This is the part of my life that is just beyond me. Her small smile, her happy eyes, her voluptuous figure, the stupid wallet in the skirt front pocket—I am just stricken. She is not a fancy dresser. In fact she has been wearing this identical ‘going out with Dana’ outfit for years. She is not a clothes hound, she is a poor earner, she is not vanity driven, she is stone cold broke, and she has no interest in make-up or jewelry. So what is it? Why am I beside myself with joy just to be with her? Don’t ask me! But I do know one thing. The chances that I can stop her in the middle of the road, and take her in my arms, and look into her eyes, and announce that we are going to rewrite the whore contract are zero! It ain’t going to happen. It just can’t happen. It is a complete non-compute. I am by nature a driven, pro-active, risk-attracted, aggressive personality—but this thing I can not do. So before you criticize me too much look within your own heart and ask yourself what you could do. It is always easier to control your money than to control your heart. So beware in Thailand. There is something in the food or the water or the women that just changes everything. In your world you may be the successful, envied, hard driving CEO of the big multinational company. But in Thailand, if you are not careful; you will be just another chump who paid too much. And then paid and paid and paid and paid too much because women aren’t like business. There is no system or formula or rational or scientific method. Things don’t make sense and there is no contract. There is just her and you. Who do you think has the power now?

So year after year, twice a year, Wan and I are in lock step together in a dance with no future and limited pleasure. My Thai marriage fantasy now nothing but a broken dream—my emotional safe harbor that isn’t going to happen. I am never going to be loved and I am never going to be happy and I am never going to be safe. Every one of my Thai-Farang dreams has run through my fingers like water and all I am left with is overpaying. And I did it to myself. Don’t do it to yourself. Be tougher and more businesslike and more knowledgeable up front. Know the market and know yourself and don't treat Thailand and its citizens like some inconsequential vacation amusement park. And ...! Oh, I see Wan coming. I gotta go. Wish me luck!

I'M SORRY AND I DIDN'T EVEN DO ANYTHING ...!

We all pay for overt or imagined farang behavior. Like most prejudices, some of it is based on fact and some of it is not based on fact. But the fallout from social prejudice lands on each one of us without regard to our quilt or to our innocence. One day I decided to spend my time traveling up and down the Chao Phraya river getting off at each stop on both sides and walking around. It is an easy, cheap, fun way to do some exploring. At one stop, because it was early morning, a lot of school kids and commuters got on. By another three stops all of them had gotten off the boat except for a young, attractive professional woman seated right in front of me. I made it a personal goal to not look at her or make her feel uncomfortable in any way. I could see by her facial features and her body language that she was aware of me and was not comfortable with my presence. After a short while, she got up and moved forward and over to the other side of the aisle. She placed distance between us. She had felt uncomfortable. It made me feel sad.

Her overt behavior made me wonder about all the not-so-overt behavior that I must trigger by just being me. Because of prejudice. I'm sorry and I didn't even do anything.

59. Throw It Through My Window

TT&A Part 48 29/5/2004

"What are they talking about, anyway?" What the hell are women talking about on their cellphones? If any of you ever want to get in touch with me you have my permission to write your thoughts on a note and tie it to a soi rock and throw it through my window. The sound of breaking glass and ricocheting off the furniture and walls will be music to my ears. It will mean someone from the human community who has an interest in my beating heart has gotten through. Because sure as the Pope's a Catholic and Bears Shit in the Woods; nobody is getting through my girlfriend when she is on the cellphone. And she is ALWAYS on the cellphone! Oh, I know there are ways to put her call on hold and let me talk— blah, blah, blah; but just forget about it. When Poom, the Light Of My Life (LOML) is on the phone it's like the walls of Jericho and it is going to take more than the sound of a bugle or a farang's lament to get those walls to come down. It sounds like I am complaining. Not really. I have figured a way around this—I simply pay perfect strangers 50 baht to make calls for me in hotel lobbies and phone booths on the street; and I have told my friends to call me at work. What I am really getting at here is what the devil is she talking about? She is on the phone all the way to work, she is on the phone at work, and she is on the phone all the way home, and she is on the phone in the house and in the kitchen and in the bathroom and yes, in the bed. I instituted a rule early in our relationship that there would be no incoming or outgoing calls after 8 PM so that we could luxuriate in being a couple. She agreed. So now she discovers that we need something at the Minimart—she's actually making phone calls outside at night. Or when she thinks I am asleep she hides in the bathroom and makes calls. What the hell is she talking about? Think I'm being silly? Well, consider this—

She can't be talking about Buddhism—she isn't a practicing Buddhist.

She can't be talking about cooking—she doesn't cook.

She can't be talking about Thai or international politics—she can't find Thailand on a world map.

She can't be talking about family—she doesn't have one. I thought I was the family (mistake).

and … She can't be taking about Art or Philosophy or Literature or Classical Music or Chemistry or Biology or Physics or Mathematics or Aesthetics or Molecular Theory or Darwinism or Astronomy or Plate Tectonics or World history or Psychiatry or Medical Theories or the Green Revolution in Agriculture or the History of Thailand (no idea and no interest) or the Film Industry or the Theory of Flight or the Textile Industry or Legal Theories or Civics or Fashion.

She couldn't find any of these things in a dictionary. Hell, she couldn't find a dictionary. I have never once seen her read a book or a magazine or a newspaper. She is completely devoid of curiosity and intellect of any and all kinds. If she had to use her brain synapses to start a fire the earth would turn into a cold cinder. I was once treated to her talking on her cell phone for 40 minutes (I'll tell you about it in a minute). How is that possible? She doesn't know anything and she isn't really doing anything and none of these calls have anything to do with me or with us (I'm not that big a fool) and she doesn't want to know anything about anything. I have never heard her express an opinion about anything. I have never heard her ask a question about anything. I have never seen her intellectually surprised or disappointed about anything. So WHAT THE HELL IS SHE TALKING ABOUT?

Let's consider the Normandy Invasion of World War II, the greatest invasion in the history of the world. An invasion that involved hundreds of ships and thousands of men and millions of dollars and the concerted efforts of individuals and peoples and ideas all over the world. Due to the Freedom of Misinformation Act here in the United States the teleconferencing call between Eisenhower and his staff that planned the whole invasion is now a matter of public record: It goes like this—

> *"Get the men. Get the boats. Lots of ammo. Not much food—most of the men won't make it one mile inland. Wait for clear weather. Shove off. Pray to God."*—Eisenhower

That's it. That's Eisenhower on the phone planning the whole Normandy Invasion. I timed it—20 seconds. Twenty seconds to plan the greatest invasion in the history of the world. A man and a phone. Actually, the part about the food and the men not really needing much because they were not going to get more than one mile inland before they became heroes isn't strictly speaking necessary. But Ike was one of those compulsive detail managers and kind of a chatty guy so the planning of the D Day invasion took 20 seconds by phone. My Poom (LOML) was once on the phone for forty minutes and nothing got planned. We were in Chiang Mai and I had booked us on an all day trip from the Chiang Inn to the Doi Suthep temple. The Doi Suthep temple sits on top of a mountain and the trip up the mountain is fabulously scenic and a lot of fun. White guys and white girlfriends do the trip up the mountain on bikes and others use motorcycles and I had the Poonster and I in the back of a black air-conditioned Mercedes Benz (500 baht for all day—how does that work economically?). Anyway, as the car started the scenic trip up the mountain Poom's phone rang. She answered it. She talked for the next forty minutes. It was Bang from Bangkok (Yeah, I know it looks unlikely—but it really was a woman named Bang from Bangkok. At least her name wasn't Kok.). And how exactly does that technology work? Is there a 10,000 foot cell tower half way between BKK and Chiang Mai? Anyway, one of the reasons I had taken Poom (LOML) to Chiang Mai was so that we could have some 'couple' time—some bonding time—etc. Bang called from Bangkok. Poom (LOML) talked for the next forty minutes! Did I say Forty Minutes? She completely missed the scenic and fun car trip up the mountain and she was still talking on the phone when we got to the top of the temple complex. She had talked as we walked around the first terrace and she had talked as we walked around the second terrace and she talked as we climbed the lovely and unusual stairs and she only shut up when we got to the top where we were surrounded by incense and flowers and monks. So basically I took a trip to the Doi Suthep temple alone and she took a trip to the Doi Suthep temple with her cell phone. Now don't misunderstand me. I understand that due to some weird chromosomal makeup that women have a constant unremitting need to bond with other women. I get it. I see it all around me. But what the hell are they talking about? In the time Poom (LOML) was on the phone with Bang in Bangkok, Eisenhower could have planned 120 invasions (do the math). I once made the mistake after one of these phone marathons of asking my little Thai princess what she and her friend were talking about. "Oh, nothing." she said. I believe it. I just don't know how she does it. Since neither she or her friend actually have any ideas; I have developed the theory that they are just playing verbal scales—you know, reciting the alphabet to each other in different tones or at different speeds or maybe backwards (Naw, too hard). Think I'm exaggerating. OK, you figure it out. If your girlfriend from Udon with the dark, dark skin and the elegantly skinny arms has the brains of a parrot and my Poom (LOML) with the brown eyes and the small waist has the brains of a soi dog and they are talking to each other (remember, it is a parrot talking to a soi dog); WHAT THE HELL ARE THEY TALKING ABOUT? If you get this figured out, call me; no, wait a minute—that won't work. Write it down, tie it to a rock, and throw it through my window!

You might ask since I don't speak Thai how I can know what the girls are talking about on the phone. Good question. And the answer is that I don't know what they are talking about. But I do know what they can NOT be talking about (see above extremely partial list) because I have been in the trenches with Poom (LOML) for two years. And believe me when I tell you that if you could fold paper airplanes small enough you could fly them around inside her skull. Nothing. Zippo. Nadda. Goose Egg. There is nothing up there. If I tap her head the dog starts barking. He thinks someone is at the door.

When I first met Poom (LOML) two and half years ago in the Nana Hotel parking lot she thought a paradox was two piers in a harbor, and she was saving money on birth control by only taking every other pill. I thought it was innocence and charm. Recently I have ripped the S section out of my dictionary so that I won't have to see the word Stupid. When I first spotted her in the parking lot she was wearing a T-shirt that said HOOKERS DO IT WITH HOOKS. What? I thought it was innocence and charm.

Consider what else Poom (LOML) can't be talking about—

WWI or WWII (ah heck, name any war)
The need for fiscal restraint and time management (white people talking—she zones out)
How to read a train, plane, or bus schedule (she asks the monks for help)

A modern nations need for oil (oil is what others cook with—she doesn't cook, remember?)
Macro and Micro economic theories (she only uses macro and micro when referring to scorpions)
International Time Zones ("Where is International in Thailand?")
Celestial Navigation (if you want to know where you are, you ask monks)
Theories of Child Development (apathetic)
Pollution (indifferent)
Manufacturing Techniques (BORING)
Slate roofs in Cologne ("Is Cologne in Laos? Lao are Pigs!")
United Nations charity work in Thailand (doesn't give a rat's ass)
The fact that the King was born in America (farang lie)
The cultures of contiguous-to-Thailand countries like Burma and Laos and Cambodia or countries further afield like Vietnam or China (no concept of being Asian—there are Thais and foreigners)
Carbon Dating (she ain't dating no Carbon, unless he has more money than me)
DNA (she's really snoring now)
Crop Rotation (she thought crop rotation was holding rice seeds in your hands while you were on a Ferris wheel)

OK, it's a long list; and after a while it can look like piling on. No need to be a bully. But wait a minute—some of the line items are noteworthy:

The concept and value of Punctuality (not even a glancing blow)
The long odds on ghosts actually existing (only a stupid farang would question ghosts)
The name of Thailand's Prime Minister (no clue)
The fact that the Moon revolves around the Earth and that the Earth revolves around the Sun ("Do the farangs have a moon?")

Futility of buying lottery tickets when the lottery is crooked (unconcerned—"You're making my head hurt!")

So she's not a modern person. That's not her fault. Let's not be unfair. She is Thai and that is as good and as special as being anything else. So that means she can do Thai arts and crafts, right? Dream on—

Lacquerware—no knowledge and no interest. I have been to the factory and made the purchases.
Silverware—only interested if it is free farang gift—and gold that can be pawned is better.
Basket weaving (what, are you nuts?—she doesn't even cook)
How about museums and galleries and zoos and botanical gardens and city parks (Nope and Nope and Nope and Nope and Nope. BORING)

OK, lets try umbrella making or the furniture factory or Gemopolis or the Teak house or the Palace. Nah, it's me again who takes an interest and knows about this stuff. I just love it when the Thais tell farangs that we don't know anything about Thais or Thailand or Thai culture. Really? Want to put it to the test?

So, when your girlfriend (the parrot) and my girlfriend (the soi dog) are talking on and on and on clutching their cellphones—WHAT THE HELL ARE THEY TALKING ABOUT? And another thing, Oops—I just heard a rock crash through my window. I've got a call coming in. Catch you later.

60. Quiz Show

TT&A Part 49 6/6/2004

I have to laugh every time I hear Thais say that farangs don't understand Thai culture and Thais and Thai history and Thailand. Really? Let's put it to the test. We'll have a quiz show on Thai TV that pits the farangs against the Thais and all of the questions will be about Thailand and Thai history and Thai culture and the Thais. If a farang wins he/she gets instant Thai citizenship and a high paying no-show job in the government as well as a government pension for life. If the Thai contestant loses he/she will be deported to Laos with no papers. Since farangs are so dumb and Thais are so smart we will handicap it three to one. For every question a farang gets right, a Thai will have to get three questions right. That should be fair, right? After all, the farangs don't know anything about Thais or Thailand or Thai culture or Thai history. We'll see! The farang contestants must have lived and worked in Thailand at least seven years. The Thai contestants will be drawn at random from taxi cab drivers who are driving taxis without meters. I will be in charge of everything. That means the commercials will be for those Thai women's shampoo products. You know the ones I mean. The commercials that make time stop as a young, curvy, fertile, innocent, fabulously beautiful father's daughter makes her long, black, shiny hair wave around. Anyway, back to the quiz show. We will call the show Farangs vs. Thais: Who Knows More? It will be aired during prime time and sponsors will fight for airtime. It will make a fortune. The money will be used to ...! well, I'm going to keep all the money. That's not really important. What's important is the educational value of the thing. At last Thais will see that there are farangs that love and appreciate and know about their wonderful culture and interesting customs and valued history and engaging people. Plus, we get to rub their noses in it.

"No They Don't"

I was once in a conversation with a Thai friend of mine here in the States. This woman is bi-cultural, highly educated with two Master's degrees in the States, came here as a Fulbright scholar, multi-lingual, fully employed in the States and married to an American. A better chance for a Thai-farang connection you will never find. I made a remark about the Thai language being hard for westerners to learn because unlike a lot of other languages; it is not simply an alphabet with rules but a 'song'. It is a tonal language where each spelled word can have different meanings depending on the tone that is used to pronounce the word. So it is not a spoken language but a sung language and the singing part increases the level of difficulty for westerners trying to learn to speak the language. The reason Thais can speak Thai is not because they are so smart or because the language is so easy; it is because they start hearing the song from the time they are born. They learn to sing their language. My friend responds that Thai is not a difficult language! OK. Honestly, it made me wonder what I was talking to her for in the first place. What's the point in the face of such jingoism? So because she is a friend of mine and I value our friendship I decide to defuse the situation and say something that we can both agree on regarding the Thai language. I smiled and said, "Well, you are probably right—but Thais do often have long difficult last names." To which she said, "No they don't."

Later that day I was reading the Bangkok Post dated 10/31/2003 and I saw these last names:

Yospiyasathien
Sukcharoenkraisri

Tanghkanaurak
Thammawattaana

Later in the Post dated 11/17/03 I spotted:

Amnatcharoenrit
Limlomwongse
Visatemongkolchai

and recently (6/1/04) I spotted on the net without even trying:

Thammasakmontri
Narathipprapanpong
Kassayanapongsa
Dhebbayauwan
Naritsaranuwattivong
Anumarnrajathon
and
Suthithamrongsawat

Maybe she is right. Maybe these are not long difficult Thai last names. And maybe I am really nineteen years old and 6'4" tall. If these are not long difficult Thai last names then I just give up. Honestly, I think there is no hope sometimes. If two educated people can't agree on something like this than East and West are just never going to meet in the middle. So I just added that to the list of things I can't talk to Thais about. Too bad.

Powder Never Lies

It is the third day and now the night for Pim and I. I could fall for this girl. It's been seamless. I am getting close to the part of your emotional life where you stop waiting for the other shoe to fall. It's like this just before you push all the chips into the middle of the table and say, "I love you!" But maybe one more bluff won't hurt. I leave my wallet on the bureau next to the TV before we go to bed. Nothing else is on the bureau except the wallet. It's like a beacon on the horizon. Impossible to miss if this is the harbor you are looking for. The wallet is empty—but all wallets look full to some.

After Pim is breathing deeply I creep out of the bed and get the big can of talcum powder I bought earlier at Foodland. I cut the top off with a razor blade and spread the powder on the rug from the bathroom to the bureau that has the wallet sitting on it. With the lights out you can't see the power. Back to bed. And asleep. No reason to wait up. The powder will witness the night.

In the morning I am first up. From the bathroom door to the wallet on the bureau there are footprints in the powder. Maybe I'll fall in love with the next girl.

61. Snake Skulls and Ice Cream Cones

TT&A Part 49.5 12/6/2004

Years ago, before I was exposed to farang focused Thai themed websites and I learned via return email that I was just an ugly American totally insensitive to Thai culture; I only had two interests, to love and to be loved. I now know that this is wrong and I really shouldn't be allowed to come in contact with foreigners; but times were simpler years ago and I used to lead with my heart. One day I was wandering around in a market place in a rural Thai town. Down by the river was a store that no one had an interest in. I guess it was too far to walk. There wasn't really anything interesting on display or for sale. Then I noticed that on the back wall on shelves were snake skulls. BIG snake skulls. I am deathly afraid of snakes. Any snake, any time, any size has my complete attention. These skulls, and there were lots of them, were enormous. Extrapolating the sizes of the snakes was horrifying. I stood alternately attracted and repelled by evidence of life that rules by fear and predation without the complications of morals or philosophy. Presently a back door opened and out came a grandmother and a baby. Much smiling. I love Thai children and babies. Away from the crowds and away from the traffic and away from other farangs I felt as if I was in a world that just included grandma and the baby and me. Then the mother came out. Shy but confident, friendly, accepting. I ended up with the baby in my arms. The another mother showed up with another baby and a toddler. I ended up with two babies in my arms and the toddler holding on to my pants. I remembered that up at the corner where the buses stopped was a man selling ice cream cones and treats out of a lift lid box on a bicycle. I motioned to the mothers and together we all went up. I bought ice cream cones for everyone. More kids showed up. More mothers. More babies. I bought for everyone. I helped kids and babies and mothers unwrap the cones and treats. I showed them that if you blew into the wrappers that your warm breath would pop off the wrappers. The babies couldn't blow—just spit. Then like the pied piper I lead them all back down to the snake head stall. I had a camera. I never carry a camera but on this day I had a camera. I picked up a skull and acted silly with it. The kids were kinda scared. More silliness. Then some smiles. Then I got them to hold the skulls and I took some pictures. I have a roll of film of little Thai kids holding snake skulls and ice cream cones. Smiling mothers.

The guy up at the bus stop corner was no fool so he walked his bicycle with the lift lid cooler down to the store. More kids showed up. I bought out the entire freezer. I held every child. I made eye contact with every child. I told every mother she was suay maak and I meant it. No girl I met in that town could compete with the memories of those babies and those children.

With the regularity of monkey farts at a banana convention I get emails from Manfred of Manheim and Sven from Iceland and Henri from Monaco and Paul from Belfast telling me that I am not hip and sensitive and knowledgeable about Thai culture. This tired old mantra is trotted out more often than a brothel woman with big breasts every time they read something of mine that they disagree with. I have been to more temples than most monks, seen more Thai geography than most Thais, take more of an interest in Thai history and Thai arts and crafts than most Thais, have been involved with Thailand for a huge chunk of my adult life, am involved with on site Thai issues or research or reading or writing Thai activities every week, have Thai friends here and in Thailand, and have for years have been an interested participating foster father to two different children in two different villages. But apparently, I don't know anything. OK, I guess there isn't anything there to talk about. The report is in. I'm insensitive and ignorant about Thais and Thai culture.

So now let's talk about you. Let me ask you a question. How many things have you done with children under the age of six in Thailand? Have you helped them launch their kites at a kite festival? Have you helped them and their friends catch little fish in a bucket? Have you helped carry their fishing rods to the fishing hole? Have you bought them ice cream treats and sat in the shade with them and talked as if you had known each other for 20 years? Have you helped a little girl take a picture of her mother in the park? Do you ever pay attention to the children's sections in the newspaper? Do you know about children's events and festivals and amusement and theme parks? Are you aware of the Thai and foreign and religious organizations that do things for children in Thailand? Have you ever asked to see a picture of your girlfriend's child and meant it when you said it? Did you know that the 2nd day of January is Children's Day in Thailand and that some of the activities might make great dates? There is often something fun held in the park next to the Chatuchak Weekend market. Did you know that? Really? No? Well, last time I looked it up in the big book of life children count too. You don't read much about this in the guidebooks and you don't read much about this on the Thai themed farang focused internet sites but the children of Thailand are also part of the tapestry of Thai culture. In fact, in my opinion, Thai children under the age of six are an excellent example of the 'real' Thailand. Innocent, full of life and hope, unpolluted by prejudice, open to a stranger's smile, willing to give the round eye the benefit of the doubt, judging you by your performance, easy to tickle, and quick to laugh. When people pick up the 'sensitivity' stick and start beating me with it I often wonder how much time they have spent with the children of Thailand—the real Thailand—the future of Thailand. When you are looking at the postcard rack for something to send back home (look at me—I'm a badass—I'm in Thailand) do you always send a picture of a temple or an elephant? Next time Mr. Sensitive to Thai Culture why don't you mail a postcard of a Thai child. That's right. Show what a real man you are. Pay attention to someone who is helpless and looking for love and attention. Have you ever considered getting involved in a foster program with a Thai child? No? Well I have and it has been wonderful. Some of the Thai downtrodden have treated me better than my farang brethren. Do you breeze right on by the pests selling flowers and the children that are begging for their parents because you know it is bad to support begging? Really? Is that what you really think and feel? Or are you just taking the easy way out with some idea of someone else's that you read on the internet? I give to all the children and I buy from lots of the pests and I make eye contact and try to get a smile in every case. They are children. Your lame philosophy doesn't matter. They are children. I try to make eye contact and smile and get a return wave from every child I meet on the street. I have met many wonderful mothers and fathers. This is the real Thailand you bonehead. And it is being ignored. Think I am exaggerating? Of course you do. That's your defence against feeling a little guilty because all you do is think of yourself and then tell big stories at home about how "you've been there—and you know ... " Bullshit. Go into any bookstore in Thailand or in your own country and go to the travel section and pull down all the travel books about Thailand. Now open them up one by one and look in the back in the Index. Now go to the C section and see if you can even find the word Children. Usually the word doesn't even appear. Everyone one of these authors without exception would posture that he is more tuned into the country than me but none of them talk about Thai children. Except for the obligatory photo and caption of the smiling naked child by the side of a klong there is usually nothing. And the author isn't alone to take the blame. Apparently none of the editors or proof readers or literary agents or sales reps or book buyers thought children were a part of the Thai experience either. None of these super hip, super sensitive ex-backpackers even thought of the kids.

How many of the popular contemporary Thai novels reviewed as "Thai sensitive" and "Thai knowledgeable" ever have children as characters? Every one of these 'published authors' is full of themselves. Success does that. So where are the kids? You know the novels I am talking about. The books with the back cover blurbs that read like the Second Coming. The only trouble is that reading these books is like eating Thai food. Tasty but an hour later you can't remember what you did. I'd like to be a fly on the wall of the bamboo house when one of these authors tells a Thai family that their children are not as interesting and do not have as much to offer as the standard tired stable of 'colorful' characters that populate these books. Hey, I've got an idea Mr. Fluent in Thai Published Author—why don't you make the main character of your next airport gift shop blockbuster a five year old Thai child. It wouldn't sell? Nah, you're just not writer enough.

All you can think of is bad boys and bad girls doing bad things in a cesspit of crime and mental instability. You call it 'writing what you know' when you are trying to pick up Miss Fluent in English Chula University. Well, I've got news for you. It's already been done. Stressful social situations and colourful characters and internal struggles has already been done. He was a Russian author. His name was Fyodor Dostoevski. Maybe you've heard of him. Doing the same thing and then throwing a pot of yum woon sen at it does not make it exotic Thai literature. So why not give the children of Thailand a shot? When is the last time you held a child's hand in yours? When is the last time you wondered what a little girl was thinking? When is the last time you got down on the ground and talked to one of these little Thais face to face? When is the last time you had a plot device or a story or an outline where the kids got to win, instead of feeling confused and scared and uncertain and lonely and unloved so much of the time? Can't do it? Not interested? OK, fine. But maybe now the line in the sand has been drawn. You know your limits. So the next time someone starts to flatter you about how you are so Thai sensitive and so Thai knowledgeable and about how you are such a great writer; you'll just be quiet.

Now I know what you are saying. You are saying, "Ah come on Dana, I didn't save my money all year and fly a long ways to untangle some snot nosed kid's kite string!" I agree. And no one endorses personal choice more than me. If you want to spend your time in the Kingdom hanging out in bars arguing about sausages, and meeting pretty girls, and scuba diving; I'm with you. Good luck and I really mean it. It's called a vacation. Just don't bleat on and on about how you are sensitive and knowledgeable about Thailand. You are no different than anyone else. You are a foreign face from a faraway place involved with a culture you barely understand. And the next time you are about to email some person you have never met and don't know about how he is the ignorant one and you are the culturally sensitive one—ask yourself this question—"How much time have I spent in Thailand with the kids?" If the answer is "None!"—maybe you should just shut up.

Oh, by the way: remember I mentioned that I had been a foster parent to Thai children? When I wrote about it—do you know how many interested emails I got? One!

62. Women’s Shampoo Commercials

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Have you ever seen a cat seated in front of a TV set watching one of those cable shows that features fish in a tank or birds chirping and hopping about in a cage? The concentration on the cat’s face would put to shame Einstein’s visage when he was polishing up the Theory of Relativity. The cat is transfixed—riveted—its eyes unmoving laser beams of interest; it’s body a stone of immovability whose only job is to support the eyes and the brain so that the images of the fish and the birds can be delivered to the cat’s consciousness. That’s me when the Thai commercials for women’s shampoo come on. There is narrative in Thai which I don’t understand and there is music of the soaring and inspirational variety that barely registers and then there is the hair. Hanging from the back of a fabulously feminine, gloriously beautiful, smashingly sexy young fertile innocent Thai woman is long deep dense black shining hair the likes of which I never saw until I came to Thailand and turned on the TV set in my hotel room. The girl smiles, the music soars, the excited narrator narrates and then it starts. She starts moving the hair around. The most beautiful shiny black hair in the world. If my ass was on fire I would not be able to leave the TV until the commercial ended. If I was senile and had lost control of my bladder I would not be able to leave the TV until the commercial had ended. I am like the cat in front of the cable show that is featuring birds or fish. Captured. Out of myself. Frozen in Time. Happy. I only get to Thailand every six months and in the meantime I always forget about these women’s shampoo commercials. Then it’s back to the Kingdom; and the beginning from check-in at the hotel until noon the next morning is full of the delightful repeat minutia that tells me I am back home. There is the long soak of the jet lagged body in the tub playing with the ‘foam’ (Nana hotel bubble bath), and then the next morning I make the rounds of the gift shop and the camera store and Asia books and the tailor and the lady who sells brazed chicken breasts and the pharmacy. But it is usually that night when the final capstone of my ‘return to Thailand’ is in place when one of these women’s shampoo commercials comes on. I sit or lie or stand and stare transfixed at the TV and watch the incredibly beautiful and shiny long black hair move around as the young girl smiles. Now I am home. Now I am back in Thailand.

I’ve Got a Plan

I’ve never done this but I have often thought that it would be fun to get on elevators in high class Thai condos and in league with someone else have fake shocking conversations in perfect colloquial Thai. And you would time the conversation so that you got to the line before the punch line just as the elevator got to your floor and you would both exit leaving gossip junkie open mouthed Thais straining through the closing doors for the last line. The second to the last line would be something like— “And then my mother took the pair of pliers and put them inside his pants and …!” Exit elevator. With my luck in Thailand, however; the elevator would choose this exact time for its once a year malfunction and would get stuck and not open its doors. Myself and my colleague would be found out and spit on by an elevator full of enraged rich Thais. It is no wonder I can’t sleep at night in the States. In my dreams bargirls are either chasing me with knives or rich Thais are spitting on me in elevators. It is much easier vacationing in Thailand because you don’t sleep at all. Then when you get back to Boston you get a lingering illness that goes on and on for weeks and weeks and scares the living hell out of you. Then you mysteriously get better, forget that you got sick, book more airline tickets, and start the process all over again. But I digress. All I know is that if I ever did meet a nice stateside Caucasian woman there is a whole lot of shit I better not tell her. And the pile of crap I can’t tell her is getting higher and higher and smellier. What it all comes down to is that I can’t form a mature, adult, loving, committed relationship with a white woman until my lying skills are perfected. That’s it; after I become the World’s Most Accomplished Liar I’ll start hunting around for a white woman to love. Well, I feel better now. At least I have a plan!

Faces in the Windows

You don’t notice the big huge monster buses when they make the turn at North Pattaya road and then start hurtling down Beach road. It’s only at the turn before Walking street when they call attention to themselves. Parked by the side of the road they are out of place and out of scale. It is dark out and hot and South Pattaya is crankin’. It’s a bus full of Chinese tourists. Faces in the windows. Faces pressed against the glass. Impassive, uncomprehending, unsmiling. The bus looks for all the world like a Chinese spaceship that has landed from another planet and the occupants are peering at a new world for the first time. Trying to decide if it is safe to disembark. What did the tour guides and travel agencies tell them? What did they expect to see? What did they come for? Sometimes you see some brave ones who have left the safety of the mother ship and are wandering down Walking Street. Walking Street—a street of sexual promise and personal freedom and non-judgemental revelry. If Walking Street doesn’t make you smile you’re a dead man! Never once have I seen one of these Chinese tourists smile. Looking out of place and out of time they wander like human dust motes on the wind in their ill fitting clothes— looking childlike and sad. People who missed so much in their lives and now at the end can’t comprehend the opportunity to smile and to laugh. Or is it that they are disappointed? What did the travel agents tell them? Did they expect to see the farangs and Thai girls copulating in the streets like drugged up orangutans? Did they expect to be assaulted by sex starved fifteen year olds and violated in public? Did they expect to see the big nosed immoral westerners waving their dicks at their wives? Are they actually disappointed by Walking Street? Maybe. Who knows! I have never seen these people in bars. I have never seen these people arm and arm with girls. I have never seen these people having fun. What do they come for? Beats me!

Rural Thailand

Ah, Rural Thailand—could anything be a more gentle caress on the psyche than the innocent bucolic romance of the natural beautiful rural life of Thailand. You watch the little fish jump for the insects as the lowering sun warms your shoulders. A butterfly lands on your girlfriend's nose as you are having a picnic. A gentle evening breeze kisses your cheek. The budding crops bring hope and renewal. The once again rising sun brings a joyful heart. The birds chirp and hop with the exuberance of a life perfectly lived in a paradise without flaw. Ah, rural Thailand—earthly Nirvana delivered without stress or worry.

OK, now that you are through with the butterfly on your girlfriend's nose and the hopping birds and the joyful heart and the cheeks evening caress; go get yourself an iron pipe about five feet long. Now go to one of those outhouses in the village that is done up in corrugated metal. The kind of outhouse that has been in the same spot for twenty years without repair. Located on high ground so that it never floods and in a coppice of trees so that it is always cool. A delightful rural place of rest and retreat. Inside are stacked tools like hoes and rakes and chains and post hole diggers and plant stakes. On the walls are shelves groaning under the weight of boxes of mystery junk. No one has been in the boxes in years. Outside the outhouse is surrounded with trash and garbage and bushes and mounds of dirt and broken bicycles and car parts and old tires. Now take the iron pipe and walk up to the outhouse and just start beating on the corrugated metal sides as hard as you can. Let your shoulders go loose and get full extension on your hands and your arms and on the pipe and just beat the shit out of the outhouse. Try to beat on all four sides at once by running around as fast as you can. And then reverse direction and beat the holy living crap out of the outhouse running in the opposite direction. Run and swing and beat as hard as you can for as long as you can. Then step back. AND WATCH THE SNAKES COME OUT.

Ah, Rural Thailand.

63. Thai Hotels: Strategies and Stories

TT&A Part 50 28/6/2004

Oh, that I was rich and that life was perfect. The first change in my hotel experiences in Thailand would be that I could afford to stay in fantastically luxurious, efficiently managed hotels where everything was right or went right or got fixed right immediately. A hotel like the Marriot on 2nd road in South Pattaya for example: a hotel that I have snuck into numerous times to sit by the pool or to exchange money at the front desk, or to admire the antiques and the furnishings in the lobby or to admire the architectural and landscaping designs on the grounds, or to escape the heat and the noise and the over-population of Beach road. This is my dream hotel. I'll bet in this hotel the maids never forget to put the Snickers chocolate bar in the minifridge. I'll bet in this hotel the pool boy has a masters degree in Poolology. I'll bet in this hotel a request from me is met with a Prussian salute and the dispatching of smiling minions on a mission of customer service that would put to shame the smiling of Stalin's generals. I'll bet in this hotel I'd have too many towels, I'd have more than enough light to read, no one would knock on my door when I was naked or in the tub or sleeping, service staff would wei and smile at my companion of the moment and mean it when they did it, the tub would drain without making end-of-the-world sucking noises, there would be hot water on command, the air conditioning would be able to be turned OFF so that my balls didn't shrink to the size of BB's, the door and window locks would work, the sliding closet doors would not be jammed in the tracks, and my complimentary newspaper (complimentary my ass—I paid for it) would be there when I opened the door! But alas, these hotels cost money that I do not have and that I never will have. I am a poor man so my hotel experiences in Thailand have been different and because of that I have had to develop some policies and procedures and methods and theories and guerilla tactics to get through the hotel experience. To wit:

1. French Balcony Doors

Sometimes I can't remember where I have been and it is kind of a bummer because I would like to go back. The first year I was in Thailand I ended up in a small town somewhere between Bangkok and Sangkhla Buri on the Khao Laem Reservoir near the Burma border. The bus stop cross roads market was pretty nice and had some infrastructure and there was a big river with high fast water and a formal riverside park. The mountains rose right up behind the town. Lovely. Would like to go back. No idea where I was. The people were very friendly. Delightful experience. Transforming. The kind of out-of-body peaceful experience that makes you want to marry one of the happy, fat local woman and spend the rest of your days helping her with her backyard catfish farm. This was before the beginning of the sex tourist part of my Thailand experience. A brief look at the pleasures and charms of rural Thailand and the 'real' Thailand before I got diverted. I am not really a very needy guy sexually. If I had never stumbled across the sex tourist scene of lower Sukhumvit road I'd have been content to have had all of my Thai experiences rural experiences. But discovering the sex scene of lower Sukhumvit road was like discovering a road with $100 bills laying on it. Only a fool wouldn't lean over to pick up the bills. So I got diverted. Anyway, a short walk out of town was a nicely developed small hotel that didn't look like a hotel. Built in a cul-de-sac with a view of the mountain and under a forest of trees it was pretty and peaceful. You had to walk up a set of steps to get to your door. Then inside the door was a little landing, then another set of steps with another little landing and the bathroom, and then another couple of steps and you were in the big room. Window view of the mountain and double French doors that opened onto a balcony. The wonderful thing about the double French doors was that you could perform the choreography of the rich—placing both hands on the handles and throwing them open—as if you were at your Table mountain villa in South Africa with a view of Capetown, or you were half way up a mountain slope in Hong Kong with a view across the harbor to Macau, or you were in your chalet in Switzerland with a high altitude view of meadows and bell clanking cows. French doors have a panache and power and sex appeal that other doors don't have. Bracing one foot against the floor and trying to open a jammed aluminum slider is just not the same. Admittedly, my view was a little less dramatic—just a small unprepossessing Thai mountain, but for a poor man like me the physical act of opening the doors and stepping out to the view was wonderful. Windows and balcony surrounded by ivy and flora and chirping birds. Cross ventilation and no need for air conditioners. Lovely. Absolutely lovely and enchanting. Sometimes when the sex tourist part of my life in Thailand gets me down I look back on that small no-name town and hunger for the experience. Someday I'll probably end up back in that town surrounded by young Israeli and German backpackers who feel sorry for the old man who they think has never had sex. Already been there kids. Now I just want to look at the mountain and listen to the birds.

Anyway, one night I was coming back around 2 in the morning. Barefoot. Alone. Very quiet in my actions. Operating the key in the lock and passing through the door and padding up the stairs I made hardly a sound. Three steps into my pitch black dark room I SMASHED into the naked chest of a young strong Thai male. He vaulted the bed and flew through the open French doors and hurled himself over the rail. Because of my small stature and my damaged heart and my complete inability to defend myself; I have to be very careful to avoid any sort of physical confrontation. I have already been in the backs of ambulances twice and that's enough for a lifetime. Smashing into that half naked, young, strong Thai male in the pitch dark nearly dropped me. I was almost frightened to death. I ended up on my knees leaning against a wall feeling the aorta in my chest clamping down and begging God to kill me instantly rather than gift me a stroke that would rob me of dignity and hope. I awoke three hours later on the floor with my cheek in a puddle of drool and my eyes crusted shut. After that I learned to lock French doors that opened onto balconies. Door stops, rods, boards, tying door knobs together with rope, moving furniture to block the doors; whatever it takes—no one is getting into my room through a French door unless they have C-4 plastique and a battering ram. Live and Learn. I guess the gentleman I smashed into that night in my room was just in the wrong room by accident. Sure ...

2. Phone Calls

I have a perfect record in all Thai hotels. Never once have I been able to use the room phone to make an outside call. I read the outgoing calls directions that are on the laminated sheet in the end table drawer next to the bed or the directions on how to make outgoing calls that are in the big fancy hotel features and benefits and services book with the intensity of an Egyptian archeologist trying to decipher clay tablets. I ask others for help. I take notes. Can't do it. I just accept this failing in me and pay others to make calls for me or save my calls until I get to the AA Hotel in South Pattaya and then I have Anna the tour director make calls for me. She does it on her cell phone standing in the middle of the soi to get better reception. I sit on the hotel steps hoping against hope that she is doing the call correctly. Often she has these long, long conversations of complexity and emotion. Then hangs up, looks at me and says, "She not there!" Since I have never made one call from a room phone I tell myself (delude myself) that I have a spiky intelligence. In other words, I am very good at some things and completely non-competent at other things—sort of like Einstein. You wouldn't say Einstein was unintelligent just because he couldn't throw the javelin. Well hotel phones are my javelin. In the Nana hotel opposite the gift shop is a bank of phones that bargirls and farangs are always on. I have looked at these phones. I have read all the instructions. But I have never bought a phone card at the lobby counter because I just know instinctively that it is beyond me. I read about farangs that make phone calls and do wire transfers and go to ATM machines (never once—know I can't do it) and do various exotic computer things in internet places. I feel like I am reading about the exploits of gods.

As a corollary to this: Since I can't make phone calls on the room phone I make sure no one else can make phone calls either by unhooking the phone or taking the guts out of the handset. Let the maids use someone else's phone to call their relatives in Hat Yai.

3. Sliding Closet Doors

In many hotels that I stay in, the concept of maintenance is a farang idea. Once something is built, that's it—it is never maintained or repaired—ever. The sliding closet doors are always jammed in their tracks. I actually use the closets. I like to make the room my home. So I unpack everything and set up a home. But the sliding closet doors that are always jammed are a real screamer. So I take them out. This ain't that easy. But it's a personal project and out they come. At one hotel the maids kept reinstalling them. I would take them out at night and the next day when I got back at around 4pm they would be reinstalled. It is difficult to reinstall these awkward heavy doors in the messed up channel tracks. Eventually, I felt so sorry for them that I stopped taking them out. Beaten again! Thailand.

4. Interior Chain Locks

Almost every hotel door in Thailand has an interior sliding chain lock. There is a toggle and chain attached to the door jamb and a channel track attached to the door. The toggle fits in the channel track and allows you to open the door about 3 inches but no one can get in. This is particularly necessary in some of the cheaper places because often the lock mechanism on the door handle is faulty or someone with a credit card can simply slide it between the door jamb and the latch and the door will open. So the sliding chain lock gives you that extra protection you need. Or does it? Do this. Tell your girlfriend to stand in the hall. Close the door and engage the sliding chain lock. Now open the door 3 inches and tell your girlfriend that you will pay her fifty baht if she can get the toggle out of the slide. You will watch in horror and fascination as her long supple Thai fingers snake around the door like two baby cobras and start fiddling with the toggle and chain in the slide. Not always, but sometimes she can pop the toggle right out of the channel. You will shit the first time you see this. You won't be able to do it with your thick, arthritic, sausage shaped fingers; but any bargirl or katoey or maid can get in your room!

My father traveled the world on business and was often in dodgy places (Egypt, Beirut, etc). He used to carry a rubber door stop with him and kick it under the door before he went to sleep. I thought he was nuts. Now I do it.

5. Televisions

This is really about other peoples television sets. Many people, and the best example in the world are the Thais, do not understand that the volume knob on the TV set is a volume adjustment knob. The Thais and others (read: Germans) turn on the TV and then turn the sound up to maximum volume. God only knows how loud it is in their room. One can only guess. But you can hear the noise all the way down the hall or in your room because it is coming right through the wall. I take earplugs to Thailand for this reason. Twice when the occupants have left the door open because they were going to the pool I have snuck into the room and disabled the TV by cutting off the plug. I think with Thais this loud TV thing must be inherited. A couple of hundred years ago when the Burmese were sweeping through the Three Pagoda Pass I imagine all the Thai families in the villages turning up the TVs to maximum volume to scare off the Burmese war elephants. It's probably one of those chromosome things by now.

6. Hot Water Shower

There is hot water because it was heated somewhere else and then sent through a pipe to the nozzle and then there is hot water that is heated by one of those electricity gizmos that is attached to the wall near the shower head. Or something. I'm no plumber. Or electrician. But I do know about the importance of ground wires and electricity. Unless I have personally installed or personally witnessed the installation or have a notarized statement from God; I am not turning on one of those shower electricity things while standing in a pool of water. Because of this personal point of view (read: heart stopping paranoia)—I end up taking no showers or cold showers in rural Thailand. Fine with me! It's amazing how your behavior can change.

7. Exterior Windows

Call me paranoid if you want but I always open the window and look outside to see how the building was constructed. I once looked outside a window and there was a ledge that connected every single window. Anyone could climb outside their window, walk down the ledge and then climb in my window. Makes you wonder if the architect was a former burglar. Got so spooked by the architectural incompetence that I moved out the next day.

8. Water Pumps

Often when you finally arrive at your hotel after being beat up on planes and trains and buses you are too tired to check the water pump. What water pump? Well, in some hotels the water pressure is so bad from the main source that water pumps are installed under the sink. I guess that is what they are called. Hey, I'm not a plumber but that is what other people call them. There is a wonderful five floor boutique hotel on lower Sukhumvit road that is becoming a cult favorite but you always have to check the pressure in the bathrooms. The pumps has been broken for two years (three years, four years) but it always comes as a complete surprise to the staff.

9. Mirrors

I know this sounds nuts but in some really really crummy places I check the wall mounted big mirrors. Wall mounted big mirrors in these cheap places make no economic sense. Well gee, I wonder what I could be checking for. I'm checking to see that they are not mirrors that have a camera on the other side. If I can't see behind the mirror or take the mirror off the wall I hang something over the mirror. Think I'm crazy? Really? Now you'll do it.

10. Water Bottles

My bargirl friend showed me this. In some hotels the minifridge bottled water is free. In other hotels it is a charged item. Noi showed me how to fill up the empty bottles from the bathroom tap and then put the caps back on and then put the bottles back in the minifridge so that I did not get charged for them. The cap part is the part requiring artistry. You need experienced bargirl instruction for this. Another reason I am sad that Noi and I couldn't make the relationship work. The woman was a genius at thrift. She'd have made a great money saving wife.

11. Other Rooms

Other hotel rooms are where you find the stuff that should have been in your room in the first place. Like what? Like:

The Snickers chocolate bar that was supposed to be on the back shelf of the minibar but wasn't.

The rest of the coat hangers—your room had two.

Tub plugs—in other years you have done the capable man thing and tried to make plugs out of various stuff found in the room but it never works.

Lamps—some rooms have so little light you can't read.

Towels

Toiletry items—soap, bubble bath, shower cap (girls use them), etc.

Light bulbs

Bed Spreads—one night in Chiang Mai it was so cold I had to grab another one of those incredibly heavy quilted bedspreads—Pooms ass puts out heat like a nuclear reactor but still it was a three dog night.

This skulking around while the maids are doing the rooms and all of the doors are open always terrifies me. I am not an accomplished or casual doer of marginal deeds. If I tried to hold up a chicken with a squirt gun there would instantly be police helicopters with searchlights and bullhorns and high powered searchlights over me. My heart is in my white ass farang throat when I am just trying to get an extra towel. I don't endorse stealing; however, if I am paying for towels or Snickers bars or light bulbs or coat hangers I should have them. Now some of you are saying why don't I just go to the front desk and explain the situation and request the missing items. Dear God you are innocent. This is Thailand. If you go to the front desk and make a simple request you enter Hell. I once requested a bar of soap. The smiling-charming-attractive front desk beauty handed me a bunch of coat hangers. It's just easier to skulk around like an international jewel thief and solve your own problems.

12. Window Locks

Often the window locks in the ubiquitous aluminum sliding windows don't work. I either find a piece of wood or I buy a dowel and wedge it between the window frame and the middle sash frame. This is a must in quest houses and first floor units. I never stay on the first floor unless I have to. Third floor or above. I know Thais don't steal because they are all Buddhists and they live in the Land of Smiles but people who look a lot like Thais are committing a lot of burglaries and filling up the prisons. Sometimes I bring a hand drill and a carbide tipped bit and a finish nail from home. Drill a hole through the middle aluminum post. Insert nail. Secure!

13. Towels

The particular problem with towels if you are making the acquaintance of bargirls is that they never want any towel other than a brand new unused towel. And they always need at least two big towels. So lets do the math. One day: Two towels times two girls plus your towels equals never enough towels. If it was just me on vacation in the Aleutian islands as part of a UN sponsored program to count booby birds; one towel would be enough. I'm sleeping alone. But in Thailand depending on how frisky you are feeling people can be coming and going with bewildering rapidity. I keep a journal but sometimes at night I can't remember all the names. Hence the constant towel shortage. You can get more towels by:

Bribing the maids
Begging the maids
Stealing off the maids cart
Swiping from the maids supply station
Other rooms

This is a problem you have to solve! Not enough towels for Miss Nat or Miss Poo or Miss Jo means that you are losing points.

14. Bed Problems

You check into a hotel and you are thrilled that they have a room. You are dead dog tired and couldn't possibly walk another step or check out another hotel. You are so relieved and so grateful that you almost burst into tears. Into the room, shut the door, two steps forward; and then you notice that the room has two single beds. You had plans that night and they did not include having you and Pim or Pae or Pa or Pob or Poo or Poom or Ple or Pod sleeping in one bed while you sleep in the other bed. And sliding the beds together doesn't help because the legs are mounted on wheels so that the maids can move them around. So you slide the desk chair over to the curtains and take down the curtain ropes and use them to tie the beds together.

Later that night you and Ping find out even that is not enough. So in the middle of the night the two of you are on the floor bent over double helping each other slide the leg wheels out of the sockets. Two naked people engaged in slightly conspiratorial activity. Then it's back up on the bed and banging away like rabbits. And people ask me why I like to go to Thailand. Ping was the greatest. Miss you Ping!

15. Front Desk Business

It is not generally known and it is never advertised but in many small hotels the girls at the front desk are running a private business. On the other side of the door behind the lobby counter that you never notice is an ironing board and sometimes they have access to a hotel washing machine and dryer. Need something done immediately or in an hour or in two hours? Go to the front desk. Fast service. Cheap. Smiles. They keep the money.

16. Morning Newspapers

I am a reading junkie. Love newspapers. In some hotels part of the service is the free delivery of the morning newspaper outside your door. Hearing the Bangkok Post slam down outside the door early in the morning is a happy sound. Sometimes, however, when you open the door there is no paper. So you crouch down and duck waddle down to the next door and swipe his paper. You do the duck waddle so that no one can see you through their peepholes. You knew that. This is definitely war zone behavior. Because the penalty for getting caught could be death. If I ever get caught it won't be by some little guy like me—but some thick bodied guttural German who will throw me around like a rag doll. Nearly everything in the Land of Smiles scares the shit out of me including getting the morning paper.

17. Hiding Money

I am less and less persuaded that hotel lock boxes are a good idea so I have become an expert at hiding money in the room. I take the shower rod down and insert rolls of baht. I cut the centers out of foam cushions. I tear up carpet. I pull off floor moldings. My dad was an experienced world traveler. His mantra was:

Trust No One
All People Are Scum
The World Sucks!

Ah Dad, what a gentle soul. But no one ever robbed him. He never had to call home and tell mom to wire him more money because some guy in a turban got the drop on him. I hate to break the news to the politically correct, anorexic, youthful, big talking travelers of Khao San road but successful travel is when you don't have adventures. Stories about

Worms
Dysentery
Malaria
Mis-connections (plane, train, bus, boat)
Lost documents
and
Robbery

are the signs of failure. My dad never failed.

A critical addenda to hiding money in your room is to leave a coded note in plain sight like the bathroom mirror or the luggage or the TV that reminds you where you hid the money. To remember that you have hidden 10,000baht in the shower rod of room 406 at the Nana Hotel as your plane is descending into Chiang Rai is not an experience that you want to have. Remember, it is only a vacation if you are not having any adventures.

18. Tipping Maids

I am one of those guys who believes that tips should be earned; not part of some general scheme of extortion regardless of the level of service. I am not tight with my money, but I believe that currency should only change hands in exchange for goods and services according to some mutually agreed upon system of rules and expectations. However, I completely ignore all of this western logic and order and intelligent mumbo jumbo when it comes to the floor maids. I tip the floor maids pretty much on sight. In the morning I tip any maid I meet and smile. I am not really a good smiler, but when tipping the maids I smile like a ferret looking at a budgie. I do this as insurance. I want them to like me. I want them to tell each other that I have a good heart. I want them to smile at me when they see me coming. If I am holding food I offer it to them. I tell them they are pretty. I make them laugh. I keep my arms and my hands down and offer no reason for them to be nervous. I talk low. More smiling. More tipping. Constantly. Every day of my stay.

Let them plant drugs in some one else's room for the police. I'm on vacation!

Cultivating the friendship of the maids on your floor is cheap insurance. On every floor the maids have a place where they get together for lunch and eat communally. If I am going to be in the hotel for a while I always find out where this place is. Then I 'accidentally-on-purpose' bump into them holding a big bag of expensive pastries and deserts. I hand it all out. In the Nana hotel the maids eat in the stairwell between the floors. I make it a point to 'accidentally' bump into them in the stairwell. Many suay maaks from me and many smiles from them. I go to the Greenhouse on Sukhumvit that has absolutely mouth watering fancy desserts. I fill up a bag. I hand it all out. Insurance.

19. Picture Hiding

There are two kinds of junkies in Thailand. There is you. You can't get enough of the girls who say they "love you too much". And there are the bargirls who love to have their picture taken. They are picture junkies. So you are going to buy a cheap camera and run through rolls of film and show the developed pictures to Golp or Teek or Loot or Ip. Sounds great, right! Be careful. Be very careful. Death stalks you when you least expect it. If your current love bunny finds pictures of another woman in your luggage you are now involved in a life or death issue. This only happened to me once. It will never happen again. I haven't got the strength to survive the emotional onslaught of an enraged bargirl twice in my life. I'm simply not man enough. A mentally deranged bargirl 4'6" tall and weighing 40 kilos has the negative life extinguishing energy of an imploding star. If I ever end up going through this again I know I will just sink to my knees and beg God to kill me. You have to either destroy the pictures one girl at a time as you cycle through your vacation or mail them back to your home address one girl at a time or put them in the hotel safe or hide them in the secret compartment in your luggage that you sliced open with a razor blade. Try and remember. You don't want to die. Hide the pictures.

20. Domestic Bliss

If you have managed to stumble into Paradise and glom onto a woman who likes you she will turn your hotel room into an approximation of a typical Thai house. She will wash clothes in the sink and then hang them up in front of the air conditioning vent in the wall or outside the window. She's happy. Leave her alone.

21. Potted Plants

If I know I am going to be staying in a place for a long period of time I really like to make the room look homey. So I will buy cheap posters or weavings or tapestries to put on the walls and I will probably move the furniture around to better suit my purposes and I will get as many potted plants as I can. You need to find the hotel two-wheeler for the plant thing and you have to move the plants around 4:30 in the morning. What plants? Why the hotel's plants of course! Plants from poolside or second floor and above lobby spaces, etc. Put a towel over the plant you are moving. DO NOT GET CAUGHT. This one is really hard to explain to management and security people. If caught it actually helps that Thais think all farang are crazy. Once the plants are in your room you are home free. "The plants were there when I moved in Mr. Hotel Manager."

22. Temptation

I don't leave wallets and money and jewelry and cameras and fancy gifts in sight in my room—other farangs do—I think it is foolish. In theory I ought to be able to do this because the hotel room is my abode. But one way to show respect for others less fortunate is to not ask them to resist temptation. So I pack things away or hide them. It is kind of not so much fun me but I think it is an important compromise. Plus, having something of value 'disappearing' and then having to pursue the matter is not something you want to be a part of your vacation experience. So I tip the maids at every opportunity and make sure flashy stuff is under wraps.

23. Lamps

I love the AA hotel in Pattaya—it is my home away from home in Pattaya but nothing is perfect. There are not enough lamps and lights in the rooms. It is so dark even with all the lamps and lights on that I can't read. I like to read. Apparently, Thais don't read in their own homes otherwise they would design these hotels rooms with enough artificial light. Now some politically correct bonehead is going to email me and tell me this is their culture and I don't understand it because I am a western insensitive idiot. Wrong Pancho. This is not culture—this is not enough lights in the hotel rooms. Now normally, in another hotel I would solve this problem by skulking around on whatever floor the maids are working on and swiping a lamp from another room. And I have done this in the past. But the notion of getting caught makes me too nervous. I do not want to get thrown out of the AA hotel or spend the next 30 years being a butt target in some Thai prison because I was trying to grab an extra lamp. So I go out to Big Mikes Shopping Mall and buy lamps and higher wattage light bulbs and extension cords. I have in the past tried to get these items at the front desk but it was impossible. I could teach a chicken to blow a trumpet faster than I could teach the front desk staff at a Thai hotel the concept of customer service or God forbid; making the customer happy. So off I go to buy stuff. In the beginning this used to piss me off but now it doesn't even bother me. I just consider it part of the Thai vacation experience. Besides, the retail shop girls in Big Mikes Shopping Plaza are all knee tremblers. So if you are walking down Beach street in Pattaya one day and you see a farang walking up the street holding lamps and light bulbs—it's me. Say hello. I just got into Pattaya a couple of hours ago and I am happy.

24. The Key

In some or most or all hotels you are supposed to turn in the room key before you leave the building. No way am I going to do that. This isn't really a problem. They don't chase me down Sukhumvit demanding the key. But the key comes attached to a big Plexiglas thing—sort of a clear plastic translucent rectangular stick. I hate going in to bars trying to look cool with that big stupid goober key thing sticking out of my pants. You might as well just attach a flashing neon sign to your head that says "Cheat me—Rob me—Overcharge me. I'm an idiot tourist". So I take the plastic stick that has the room number on it off and attach the key to my belt with a long string. Way more cool. It is much more convenient and in the event of coma or robbery or accident no one knows the number of my room.

25. Bathroom Door Knob

This is critical. Using the same screwdriver that you used to take down the shower rod to hide money; you are going to now take the bathroom door knob completely out of the door until the door has a big hole in it where the door knob was. Unscrew the set screw, take off the knob and push on the shaft. Then take off the cover plates and take out the latching mechanism. Why are you doing this? You are doing this so that your bargirl friend who you are paying for can not lock herself in (and lock yourself out of) the bathroom. Remember, they just want the money and they do not want to provide the service. Their first trick is to disappear into the bathroom. The shower they are taking does not include you. Bet you'd like to be in there with her wouldn't you. In fact, you kinda figure that you are paying for it. Well, she locked the door. So you paid the bar and later you are supposed to pay her to lock you out of your own bathroom while she is in there taking a shower. Or she disappears into the bathroom (and of course locks the door) to make cell phone calls. You have now lost 100% control of this part of your life. You are paying the bar and later you are supposed to pay her to lock you out of your own bathroom while she calls her other clients up and sets up more appointments. You are sitting on the edge of the bed, your sex life a deflated balloon—failing at this too—being jerked around by someone who isn't your equal. Someone who has no more regard for you than a bucket of bugs. And you are already starting to make up and rehearse the stories you are going to tell back home in Edmonton or Madrid or Gdansk about the sex adventure vacation (that wasn't). Throw out the bargirl that's in the bathroom now and when she is gone get down on your knees and TAKE OUT THE DOOR KNOB. I have left a trail of big holes in bathroom doors all over Thailand because I got sick of taking shit from bargirls who thought they were going to get money for nothing. If you check into a hotel in Thailand and there is no doorknob on the bathroom door—Dana Was There!

26. Gift Shop Ladies

The Gift Shop ladies in hotels are a resource that you want to mine. In all hotels I make it a practice to use the gift shop daily and to learn the names of the ladies and ask them about their kids, etc. Invariably they have been working in the shop for ten to twenty years. They know EVERYTHING. Goods and services that don't appear in the shop can magically appear for you. Problems or misunderstanding with hotel management can magically go away. Discounts not received in hotel vendor stores can magically appear. Lovely girls can be made to knock on your door. Hotel taxi fares can magically drop to market rates. More cooperation with the hotel tour booking service can magically appear. These hotel gift shop ladies are the underpaid unappreciated nameless faceless poor serving the rich. Pay attention to them. It can pay dividends. In the Nana hotel the gift shop ladies are sisters. They recognize me by now. It's a good thing.

27. Pool Strategy

I am not a pool or beach person. I think it is because I have so little body fat. Laying in the sun makes me too hot. However, if I can find a shady spot I'm in. So I will make a pool inspection when I check into a hotel to see if I can move furniture around to make my own little shady grove. Sometimes I will go down to the pool late at night after the maids and the pool guys have finished putting the pool area to bed for the night. Then I will move furniture and plants and umbrella stands around to make my own special place. Then I go down in the morning with my books and magazines and extra towels and glasses etc. and settle into my little pool apartment At the Nana hotel there is a new pool and in the corner is a big potted tree. On the way into the pool I grab four extra towels. I slide one of those incredibly heavy chez lounge chairs over and shove it under the tree. Then I take the four towels and spread them out in the branches of the tree. Add another side chair and a table and all of my poolside gear and you have a little apartment. Laying in the chez lounge chair under the tree in the corner of the pool with my glasses on reading is the height of luxury. And I have declared it my territory. I can leave and come back and no one has messed with my stuff. And if you have a Miss Poo or Noi or Jaeb or Yui or Pa or Fung or Mae or Miss Leek to share this space with you it's even better. You are like two rich people on your own private island under the Mediterranean sky. When I was younger I didn't have the patience for poolside culture, the blood raced too fast in my veins. But now that I am older and less frantic about filling every hour of my life to the max—poolside culture is starting to have appeal.

28. Maids on the Game

Years ago I was staying in a down market hotel in Kanchanaburi. Well, I say down-market as a sop to the more well heeled readers of this site. I thought it was pretty nice. One day I was walking down the hall to my room. Coming the other direction was a maid. I smiled at her. She smiled back I smiled in a more friendly way. She returned the smile in a more womanly way. More smiling. More walking towards each other. Now, I am not the brightest guy in the world but sometimes you just get a feeling. As we met I smiled in a very, very non-threatening happy accessible way and said "Boom Boom?". She nodded yes. Into my room and we fucked like bunnies. It turned out that all the maids in the hotel were on the game. By the time I checked out my dick looked like a piece of shredded tree bark. My policy on maids in hotels is that I never ever solicit them unless it is abundantly obvious that they are on the game—and then I never say no.

29. Discounts

Normally, I come to Thailand every six months. However, due to the vagaries and instabilities of the United States job market and my own inadequacies I frequently am laid off, fired, unemployed or have quit my job. Then I have the opportunity to come to Thailand for longer periods of time. It's called making lemonade out of lemons. Early on I got a piece of fantastic information from one of those elderly lounge lizards that you see in almost all hotels. He turned me on to the fact that almost all hotels offer substantial room rate discounts for long stays. Discounts so substantial that they make all other forms of housing obsolete. You can brag about the little guesthouse on the klong in the native quarter with the pet chicken and the jazz collection available to the guests, but I am getting all that plus ten times more for the SAME rate. The hotels never advertise that long term guest discounts are available. This is how you work it. First you make friends with the lounge lizards. This may take a few days. They are territorial and not necessarily quick to include someone new in their group. Then you get them to help you by telling you what they are paying and how they did it. Ideally one of the group is a kind of ringleader with a long term relationship with the hotel and he will go to the hotel manager with you and help you negotiate the thing. This is positively the best housing deal in the Kingdom!

30. Snickers Bars

I've just checked into the AA Hotel in South Pattaya and right away I notice that the Snickers Bar is missing from the mini-fridge. This is a AA Hotel staple. My normal diet for a 10 day trip to Thailand is Viagra, nitric oxide, Yohimbine, bottled water, brazed chicken, and gelato ice cream—so the Snickers bar at the AA Hotel is a real treat and something I look forward to. It is missing and I couldn't help but notice when opening my door that my across-the-hall neighbor is one of those low class Germans who come to Thailand directly from work still wearing their mechanics and machinists uniforms. These mid-thirties, overweight European fools with their bald heads and their puffy bodies and their 24 hour Thai girlfriends are the worst. They are now invading the AA Hotel like teredo worms in the hull of a ship and I'll bet dollars to donuts that this friend of the Kaiser snuk across the hall and stole my Snickers bar. It is just a part of the German personality makeup; they can't actually help themselves. A dog can't pass a solitary tree without pissing on it and a working class German in a Thai hotel can't resist committing minifridge Snickers Bar thefts. That is probably the real reason Hitler invaded Russia. He was trying to get Stalin's Snickers Bar. And this is the reason the Russians fought with such courage and brilliance and conviction during World War II. Historians say it was to protect hearth and home and out of love for mother Russia. I think it was to protect their Snickers Bars. I know how they feel.

For years I made my twice annual pilgrimages to the AA Hotel and did not even know that the minifridges even had Snickers Bars (choc-o-lots) in them. Then one day I happened to be down on all fours at the base of the bed (don't ask) and I thought while I was down there that I would multitask and open the minifridge door. I was stunned, astonished, and flabbergasted to see that in the back of the fridge was a little shelf and there lying on the shelf was a Snickers Bar. This is like stepping outside the backdoor at night to take a whiz and discovering a naked women in the tulip bed. Life changed for me. In my real life my diet is so strict (Read: just shoot me) that a 'choc-o-lot' is beyond imagination.

But on vacation, well …! The next thing I had to learn is that the Snickers Bars are distributed according to a strict, never changing, set in stone schedule that no amount of coaxing or charming or begging can change. When I come back from an all day beach and boating trip to Ko Lan island the air conditioning and the ambience of the room and the wall to wall carpet is divine. The maids have finished making up the room and the sodas and chips and beers have been replaced in the fridge. But the Snickers Bar is never there. For years I thought they had forgotten and so off I would go to track down the maids and get my choc-o-lot. No go. Forget about it. Ain't gonna happen. I would be informed in the most beguiling, most charming manner that the choc-o-lots were coming. An hour and a half later there would be the shy knock (did I hear something?) and I would open the door to see the Snickers Bar maid. This it turned out was a specially trained, task dedicated maid who delivered Snickers Bars with the seriousness of a government train shipping plutonium. She wouldn't give it to me, but had to come in the room (hey honey, I'm kinda naked here) and personally put it on the shelf. Then something had to get checked off on her clipboard. And no amount of baht flashing would get a second choc-o-lot out of her. She had her orders and no farang was going to corrupt her. I have been dealing with this maid for years. She always arrives around 5:30 (I have been waiting since 4:15). She has one eye that looks directly at you and the other eye has ideas of its own. She couldn't be sweeter. Because of her bad eye she isn't going to be invited to any gallery openings or appointed to any government departments. I don't care. I love her! I can imagine moving to Thailand and marrying her. We would name our first child Snickers.

This wonderful, sweet, innocent, anxious-to-please angel is my emotional ace in the hole in Thailand. No one will ever convince me that all Thai girls are not wonderful as long as this Snickers candy bar maid exists. As long as one of her eyes looks at me and the other eye is aimed at Phuket I will be charmed by Thailand.

Well, that's about it.

As you can see I have done this a few times and I have some rules and policies and procedures and ideas and theories and codes of behavior and … heh, I'm a middle aged guy—this is how we live. Some day you'll be doing all this stuff. Sometimes it takes me so long to get situated what with taking out bathroom door knobs and taking down shower rods and cutting out the centers of cushions and borrowing hotel potted plants and disabling phones and raiding other rooms for soap and coat hangers; that it is time to check out.

One more story: One day I needed a three foot stick to jam between the middle frame and the end wall frame of a sliding window to make it secure. I ended up down on the boardwalk in South Pattaya bent over double searching through a municipal trash can with a covered head-to-toe in rags Thai woman. This was like my 5th trash barrel and I just kept striking out. As the two of us sorted through the trash she talked and talked. She evidently found me charismatically interesting and she had quite a lot to say on what I assume were many timely and interesting subjects. Unfortunately it was all in Thai and she was crazy as a loon. I loved the time that I spent with her. She was the real Thailand—happy, rural, kind—maybe a village beauty of hope and innocence in her day—now reduced by life to trash picking; but still happy and fun and reliable. Then it occurred to me that the solution to my problem was staring me right in the face. Her trash picking stick was exactly what I needed. I offered her 50 baht. She took it. Biggest smile I ever saw. Proof if she ever needs it that farangs are rich and stupid. I bet when I return to Pattaya she will be waiting by that trash can with another 50 baht stick. And a smile!

64. Flip Flops and Flak Jackets

TT&A Part 51 3/7/2004

(What We Want Never To Happen)

11:00 pm—The pickup truck was new and cream white and the tarp in the back was new and cream white and the guy walking in front of the truck with the whistle and the smile was wearing cream white coveralls. It all looked so official. The driver's side door looked as if it had some kind of insignia on it. The whistle blowers cream colored coveralls looked like they had some kind of badge on them. It all looked so official. It all looked so normal, so expected, so pre-approved, so coordinated. The truck was going very, very slowly; walking speed—down Walking Street in South Pattaya. Walking Street at night in South Pattaya is not supposed to have vehicular traffic—that is why it is called Walking Street. Vendor deliveries and contractors and construction crews are supposed to do their business in the hot, still, quiet mornings and early afternoons while the tourists are still in bed or at the beach. But this was different. Nobody was really being bothered. The fellow in front of the slow moving truck in the cream colored coveralls was smiling and friendly and using his hands and his body language and his whistle to clear the way for the truck. He looked educated. Respectful. Unhurried. Civilized. No one bothered to ask questions. The truck had no license plates. The gentlemen had no ID. Who noticed? Who cared? Walking Street in South Pattaya, Thailand at night is all about not judging others—being easy going—going with the flow! The bill for happy times and friendly relations was about to come due. The big huge thing in the back of the truck covered by the tarp looked like it might have been a septic tank, or a roof top air conditioning unit, or a giant propane bottle, or a refrigeration unit, or some kind of industrial generator. Who knew? Who cared? It all looked so official. The tarp was tied down with bungee cord shock loaded ropes and special hooks. The tarp looked custom made. It looked like people knew what they were doing. If you had told someone that the personnel and the truck and the load in the truck was associated with the military, or the government, or the United Nations, or some charitable organization, or some big legitimate corporation they'd have probably believed you. It all looked so official. The truck moved noiselessly and slowly into Soi Diamond and stopped. The whistle guy and the driver disappeared.

11:30 pm—Wan and I are sitting in a bar on Soi Diamond. The explosion hits the cinder block wall that we are leaning up against with the speed of a 38 caliber bullet. There is a blinding flash and searing heat and express train wind. It's a nanosecond of time filled with heat and light and wind and noise and explosive force. The cinder blocks and concrete and steel rebar and patrons and glass and furniture and plumbing are thrown across the bar into the opposite concrete wall like cannon shells. The lights go out and the walls cave in and the roof falls down. Everyone is buried, either dead or alive. The pitch black room is filled with the screams and the sounds of people fighting for life and the screams and the sounds of people losing the fight for life! You can taste the confusion and the fear and the dying in your mouth like metal. The building is on fire. Buildings and businesses are turned to shards of glass and splinters of wood and concrete dust and humans crying. The blast was so huge that seismic and political vibrations were felt in capitals all over the world. No one took responsibility. No one needed to. Madness doesn't need a face. I am buried under the debris with Wan in my arms. My legs are pinned. Wan's heart is pumping blood out the back of her head.

Farangs pour out of the Pattaya nightlife scene and organize themselves. Walking Street is turned into a triage center and hospital holding center and operating room. Vacationing nurses and doctors and medical students and emergency medical technicians and ambulance personnel from twenty countries organize themselves. Non-medical personnel start going into the burning buildings looking for bodies. The living are pulled out first. Pharmacy doors are pushed in and medical supplies are stripped. Hotels donate sheets and pillows and mattresses and food and water. Deck chairs and chez lounges are pulled up from the beaches to be used for beds. Construction companies set up pumps and hoses and an attempt is made to put out fires by using the ocean as a reservoir. Swenson's Ice Cream shop was turned into a communications and coordination office. A Chinese tour bus was commandeered for a blood donation center. The Chinese tourists camped on the beach. Confused and unhelpful. No one asked them for help and they never offered to help. Medical personnel and volunteers and tourists and firefighters all mix on Walking Street. It is a mess. Then the flames jump across the street. A wind comes up. The bodies lying in the street are now between two walls of flame.

1:00 am—I lay in a pool of shattered glass and blood with Wan's deflated leaden body in my arms. Melted roofing tar fell like black napalm rain. Incandescent ash fell and stuck to the tar. If I had had something to confess, I'd have confessed completely. I lost every shred of human dignity. I regressed to my bones and my DNA. I stopped praying to live. I stopped praying to die. My heart kept beating but I was beyond prayer! Listening in the dark to shouts and moans. The crying had stopped. I am calm. I am going to die. I want to go where Wan has already gone. Then they find me. I am jerked out on to Walking Street and lined up with the others. I didn't protest leaving Wan behind. I just wanted to live. Soi Diamond had become an inferno and fire was starting to march up and down Walking Street. When they dragged me out I was covered in ash and starting to blister. Three hundred seventy eight dead and five hundred fourteen wounded in the road lined up like sardines. Wan is left behind in the burning building. The dead and wounded numbers will be different at first light. The situation for the wounded and the volunteers is now untenable. Both sides of the street are on fire. Patients are loaded onto bed sheets and trotted up to Beach Road. My hotel sheet stretcher bearers were four fat balding German farang, one sweaty mamasan, and a monk holding up my intravenous bottle. The Germans seemed to be in charge. I decide I love German tourists. I end up in front of the Royal Garden Plaza mall. I can hear the ocean behind my head and I can see the stars overhead. Something feels like running water inside my stomach. I will require multiple surgeries. I am not glad to be alive. That will come later. Shock blocks.

Bargirls stream out of the bars, kick off their go-go boots and Frankenstein shoes, wrap hotel sheets around themselves to ward off the chill, and administer to the wounded and the dying. Black haired nurses of mercy and care wrapped in white. Gone the fake sex and the desperate smiles. Now maternal and serious and useful when needed. Daughters of Thailand. My hair and neck and ears and face and arms and legs are burned. I am shaking from chill. Spasmodically quaking and losing my mental stability. Shock is wearing off to be replaced with fear and self pity and pain. I can smell my own flesh. Flaring gas lines, exploding propane bottles, palm trees torching at the top, shouts and screams, sirens, the babble of many languages, the whump-whump-whump of chopper blades—the minutia of chaos is starting to irritate me. A daughter of Thailand is wrapping me in blankets. When she leans forward her hair brushes my face. I open my eyes. She smiles at me. I decide to live. Wan will have to wait.

Monks arrived and volunteered and were used for many things. But the most dramatic job was serving as human intravenous bottle stands. Distributed amongst the wounded they stood ramrod straight like orange robed sentinels of hope and held up intravenous bottles for hours, sometimes 'till first light. In the blast I had been burned. My forelock and my eyelashes were gone and my eyeball lubricating fluid seemed to go missing. My eyelids felt like paper and my eyeballs felt as if they were covered with sand. It hurt to keep my eyes open. Before closing my eyes I looked up and saw my assigned monk holding my intravenous bottle. Elderly, strong, peaceful, and reliable. I knew I didn't have to pray to my God that he not drop the bottle. At first light I was awakened. I was being transferred to a stretcher. I was being flown out. My monk was still standing there holding my intravenous bottle with the morning sun on his face. I will never criticize Buddhism again as long as I live.

1:30 am—Two hours after the blast Thai guys in flip flops and flak jackets wearing chromed Glocks and folding-stock short burst weapons appeared in front of Big Mike's Shopping Center and the Royal Garden Plaza Mall to prevent looting. Nobody said anything. Other shop owners were not so lucky. There was a parade of motorbikes going down 2nd road with television sets strapped to the back.

3:15 am—A wild eyed, dark skinned, swarthy man in a turban in front of a tailor shop is yelling and gesturing. He could be a terrorist. A shot rings out. He falls like a tree and bounces when he hits. He might have been a terrorist. But he was probably just an excited Indian tailor. Sad.

Trannies from the Alcazar Cabaret and Tiffany's Cabaret congregate at the North Road and Beach Road intersection where the military and private helicopters are landing. They spend twelve hours directing landings, loading stretchers, setting up barricades, coordinating incoming supplies and making appeals on television for Type O blood, citizenry calm, and surgical burns specialists. They earn the respect of the nation.

6:00 am—After spending all night laying in the road I was taken up to Bumrungrad hospital in BKK in a military transport helicopter. Surgery was immediate. The level of medical care was excellent. The Thai government paid for everything including post surgical services and clinics and therapy and pharmaceuticals and hotels and business class tickets home. The government really stepped up and showed a lot of class. I will never complain about Thailand again as long as I live.

I had known Wan for years. But I didn't know her well enough to even know where her parents lived. I never saw her body again and I couldn't share my grief with anyone.

This could happen anytime. One terrorist—one pickup truck. I guess from now on we should report all pickup trucks with something in the back. No, wait a minute—that won't work!

65. Smiles Are Not Enough

TT&A Part 52 10/7/2004

I have been tirelessly promoting the AA Hotel in South Pattaya for years to anyone that I thought would listen. I got turned on to it ten years ago by an old farang hand and it was the best thing to happen to me in Thailand. In the last ten years there has been almost no turnover in staff so everyone knows me. When my minivan pulls up in front of the marble steps and Anna the tour booking lady sees me she gets up and smiles and runs down the steps and throws her arms around me and kisses me. Tough not to like. Then it is in to the front desk. I get a smile from the door man and then smiles from the front desk people. They all know me. I have never had a bad experience in this hotel. It is like home. I have even taken pictures of the staff and had the pictures laminated onto T shirts that I then gave as gifts. Etc.

This time I am arriving at the end of April. You can't get any more off-season than the end of April. Songkran is over. It is blazing hot and bar girls have gone up country to be mothers to their children. Bars are empty or have closed. Big hotels are closing off whole floors and laying off staff. Chinese travel agencies are offering cut rate tours to off season resorts. I didn't make a reservation in advance because I knew I wouldn't have to. As I am checking in and filling out the guest form I ask for the 'off-season' rate. The normal rate is 770baht. I am informed that there is no 'off-season' rate. Lots of smiles. I don't say anything. While the check-in girl is doing things behind the counter I happen to pick up a piece of paper that is in front of me. It is a receipt for someone who just checked out. His name was Hans and he stayed four days and he paid 590 baht per day. Questions occur to me: Had Hans known these people for ten years? Had Hans sent postcards to the staff members from his country? Had

Hans bought gifts for the staff or sent the hotel business or recommended the hotel on the internet? I don't say anything.

The next morning I say hello to the doorman and the security man who I have been smiling at for 10 years and I say hello to the girl across the soi who is setting up her clothing shop and I start to walk up to Second street. On Second street I get a ten baht taxi and hop off at soi 6. I walk down soi 6 and once I get to the intersection of soi 6 and Beach road I start in. I spend the next six hours visiting every hotel within two blocks of Beach road from soi 6 to the end of Walking Street. I get tours and I take business cards and rate cards and brochures. I have a 7 baht notebook from Foodland in BKK and I take notes. The bullshit at the AA Hotel has awakened the sleeping researcher in the vacationing farang.

Sorry, AA Hotel in South Pattaya—sometimes smiles are not enough.

One Armed Man

Cruz Bay Harbor—St. John, USVI 1974

I'm anchored in Cruz Bay, St. John in the Virgin Islands on my boat. Next to me a boat is getting underway. He has no engine and the harbor is very small and very crowded. He has to sail off the mooring! There is no room for error. He makes errors. Lots of them. His responsibility to himself and to others was to plan and review and rehearse every move ahead of time because one mistake usually leads to the domino theory followed by a maritime demolition derby. His jib sheets are fouled on the anchor fluke and his mizzen sheet is wrapped around the rudder head. His boat has fallen off and is picking up speed. He is heading right for me and his boat won't respond to the tiller. I am not even yelling. I am just standing there on deck. Helpless! My boat took two years to build and I am about to be cut in half by a nautical numbskull who should get a bullet to the head. At the last second he misses me. By an inch. As he goes by I notice that he only has one arm. I was nearly run down and ruined by a one armed man. My brain photographs him. Over the years the image reappears in my brain—always followed by epithets. I'll never forget the one armed man!

Lumpini Park—Bangkok—Thailand 1989

I'm wandering around Lumpini Park with my painted tourist umbrella. I'm looking at the pedal boats and the water lizards and the joggers and the landscaping. I'm as completely removed from my life and all that has happened before in my life as I can get. I am half way around the world buried deep in a foreign culture. It is as if I have been reborn and the slate has been wiped clean. I have left my family and my career and my friends and my history and my language and my culture and my alliances behind. I've gone over the wall and made my escape. Nobody knows me and I don't know anybody and that is the way I like it. I've issued from the womb of my past and am blinking wide-eyed at my new future. There are no circumstances under which my past can find my present. I have performed a miracle. I have transported myself into a new beginning. There isn't a part or particle of my past that can find me here. Start over time. Up ahead I see a farang-Thai couple walking towards me. They walk together the way long-time couples walk together. People who have grown into each other. They are carrying grocery bags and have that 'going home' look. The woman is in her 30's. The man is elderly looking. In his sixties—but carrying a lot of life baggage. He is a physical wreck. He looks old—sick—on his last legs! I briefly wonder if he will even make it home to help his wife put away the groceries. He is shambling. He is unappealing. Unattractive. I have the usual thoughts about how a young attractive Thai woman could be hooked up with him. But God love him—she is. Her body language and speech and facial features are of love and commitment and mating decisions made a long time ago. My heart goes out to the both of them. I am happy for them. Nonjudgemental. Envious. This old broken down ugly sick guy is doing better than me. He's got a voice in the night—I've got a mulberry bark umbrella. As they get close I notice the guy only has one arm. Jesus, it's the One Armed Man! The nautical jackass who nearly ran me down and destroyed my life fifteen years ago.

I forgive him!

Ah, Thailand …!

I have brought Moon to a guesthouse I first discovered on a tour ten years ago. It is located on the Songkla reservoir. The main building that comprises the lobby and the lounging area and the restaurant is located on the brow of the hill and has a lovely view of the reservoir. The lake is so big that it looks like an inland sea. You can not even see the end of it. It is just blue water to the horizon. Tumbling down from the main building is a lawn that goes to the water. There is a dock. At the top of the hill and on the way down to the water on the left are really charming little rooms that are really more like little houses. The walls and the floor are round rocks set in concrete and then shellacked. The roof is straw. Very interesting architecture. Never seen it before. Labor intensive but fire proof and rot proof and mold proof and insect proof and cool. There are front porches and furniture and every little room has a nice view and shade. It is around 1:30 in the afternoon and blazing hot. I am sitting on the porch in the shade. Some of my clothes are tied in the bushes and trees in front of me. Yesterday, the Moonster and I went on an elephant and boat and bamboo raft tour. Some of my clothes got wet. So my clothes are drying in the sun and I am in the shade with a book that I am not really reading and I am sort of recovering from the mornings trip to Three Pagoda Pass. Another tourist 'must see" that disappoints and another unloved shabby temple. But it was something to do. Now we are back. I am content to just sit and read but Moon is thirty years younger and full of the energy of youth. She is out on the lawn talking to friends she has made amongst the staff and the guests. She is wear pink flip-flops and a pink tube top and starched white airplane shorts (you can see up to the cockpit). No book could compete with this. She is running around and happy. I can't take my eyes off of her. She looks like a piece of sex candy. She is laughing. Last night I held her in my arms and told her that I loved her and I meant it. She kissed me all over with little bird kisses. Now she and the others have disappeared. I wonder where they went. I like to have her in my field of vision. I worry. Every man wants her. Then I hear the sound of a car. A car with Moon in the passenger seat and the others in the back has just crested the hill and is driving down the lawn. It is going too fast. My stomach muscles tighten. What the hell is going on? I lean forward looking middle-aged and concerned and mature. If someone doesn't do something the car will end up in the water! The car careens towards our porch and someone mashes on the brakes. Everyone gets out laughing. What the f.! k? Now they all disappear again. Then back with buckets and a water hose and sponges and rags. They are going to wash the car in the hot sun right in front of me on the lawn. Lots of activity. Lots of chatter. Laughing. Happy people. Now the washing starts.

Hot hot hot sun! Thai laughing. Water games. Soapsuds on everyone. My Moon is bent over the trunk of the car right in front of me and her ass looks like it has a motor in it. Does she know she is doing this? I can see her breasts tugging at the tube top. Her airplane shorts are wet through and transparent. I can see places I have been to and places I am going to return to. I put the book on my lap. Her ass is talking to me. Does she know what she is doing to me? Of course she does!

Ah, Thailand ...

66. The Ex-Pat Face

TT&A Part 53 19/7/2004

Dana: "Where do they learn it?"

Barfriend: "Where do they learn what mate?"

Dana: "Do they go to some secret school in a Tierra del Fuegian ford? Do they get taken to the Plain of Jars in Laos to attend a seminar? Is the knowledge imparted to them in the early morning light of an abandoned rubber plantation in old Indo-China? Is there a crop burning haze hiding a remote Laotian-Thai border camp that has school buildings and dormitories?"

Barfriend: "What the Alice Springs are you talking about mate?"

Dana: "Where do Ex-Pats learn to make that face?"

Barfriend: "What face?"

Dana: "The Ex-Pat face!"

Barfriend: "What the alkaline watering hole are you blathering about mate?"

Dana: "I'll explain ...!"

I am sitting at a big round communal breakfast table in the Nana Hotel one morning and sitting to the right of me and opposite to me are two gentleman in their advanced seventies. They have been friends for life and have both successfully retired to Thailand and both live alone and separately in two rural Thai towns. And between the two of them (I hear them say) they have been to almost 100 funerals in the last year and a half. I have been eavesdropping and when I hear this whopper I can't resist speaking up. I know a big fat lie when I hear one and I am now going to have some fun in the guise of a questioning third party observer. "Gee", I say—"That's about 50 funerals apiece in about eighteen months. How is that possible (You big fat liars)?" And that is when I get it. Both barrels. Each of their heads paused, then swiveled and turned as if they were receiving robotic signals—located my face, locked on—and then I got hit by the EX-PAT FACE. The withering look that ex-pats reserve for short term visitors to the Kingdom (re: tourists). Apparently, I have said something or asked something or contributed something to the social mix and to the conversation that is so dumb bunny tourist stupid and imbecilic that a normal facial expression won't do—it's time for the EX-PAT FACE. I have said something so stupid that I have slipped the bonds of the human or even the humanoid and become a tourist. Gone from homo sapiens to salamander in the time it took me to ask one question of an ex-pat. My reward for this reclassification is to receive the face reserved for tourists—the EX—PAT FACE. I have come to the conclusion from receiving many of these withering facial stews of derision and boredom and contempt and ridicule and snickering (not to mention the eye rolling and snorting and facial tics) that once an ex-pat receives a long term visa or marries a local or has made 10 visa runs that there is some school that they all go to where they learn these facial expressions and body language tics and tremors and eye athletics and French truffle pig snorts that they delight in laying on the wide-eyed newbie. Not to mention the breaking off of eye contact and the head dropping down as if your stupidity will suck the life's breath out of them.

God forbid that I have a Thai accent that is not perfect. I can stop ten Thai taxi drivers in a row and get ten different accents but my accent has to be flawless or the ex-pats want to call the Tourist Police and have me arrested. Or God forbid I am not Thai literate or can't write my name in Thai script on the Snooker blackboard or need help reading a receipt or a phone bill or need help making a phone call. God forbid I need help with directions or have never heard of the special little bar on the special little island. OK, just arrest me—I am not worthy. I am not an all-seeing, all-knowing Ex-Pat!

Honestly, someday I'd like someone to explain the social dynamics of this to me. Am I actually supposed to feel challenged or diminished by some guy with a one year visa driving a ratty truck and living with a woman shaped like a bowling ball who has to check his toilet seat every morning for furry, leggy, slithering insurgents? I don't think so! But they all think so! All the ex-pats. The EX-PAT NATION. One of the things that binds all ex-pats together is the sure and certain knowledge that they are superior to all tourists. On what stone face in what Thai cave is this chiseled? Someday I'd like to infiltrate the annual ex-pat conference/picnic. You know the one. The drinking festival that is held on the banks of a no-name river tumbling down the side of an obscure mountain in a northern province. You know the conference I'm talking about. The one where a bar is set up under a big tree, the front seats of pick-up trucks are used for afternoon siestas, no mixed drinks are allowed, a portable generator powers a big TV with a split screen showing soccer and cricket simultaneously, and all the accompanying wives and girlfriends get drunker than the men. Yeah baby, class all the way. Some day I'd like to be special enough to be included in that group but I guess for now that is just a dream. And at this annual ex-pat conference I'd like to sit in on the opening four hour seminar called ATTITUDE—you know, the seminar where they are reminded how superior they are to short term tourists. The delusional preaching to the deranged. But I digress ...!

Honestly, ex-pats of Thailand; am I supposed to be diminished by your friends Hans or Sven or Charlie or Booger who were invisible no-name nobodies in their own populous western countries but now that they are living in a Third World country they are suddenly Somebody? Is everyone nuts? Sorry guys, it doesn't work like that. We are all nobodies that Time will soon forget and we are all tourists on this big rock. In the meantime, try to be nice.

I once saw an Australian media tycoon on the corner of Sukhumvit and soi 4 waiting for his Thai girlfriend. Is this man of achievement and vision and public contribution supposed to feel inferior to Paul from Belfast or Booger from Bavaria with their one year visas just because he is only visiting the Kingdom for ten days? Is everyone in this country crazy? When ex-pats talk to each other do they actually say things to each other like this and believe this self-serving delusionary juvenile crap? I'll tell you what ex-pats: Next time I'm coming to Thailand every one of you meet me at the airport. Line up on the tarmac. When I get off the plane you can tell me one at a time how superior to me you are. We'll see how many of you can keep a straight face. Oh, by the way—you have to do this sober!

This face making and eye rolling is all part of the males ceaseless need to establish dominance over other males. And it is boring. OK, you know about some groovy bar on an island I haven't been to yet. And this makes you superior to me? Are you serious? Is this your idea of an idea? Hey, I've got an idea. Since you know everything about Thailand—why don't you go to the nearest up to date modern Thai hospital and get a cat scan to see if you have any brains.

The idiocy of this is stupefying. Let's see if we can follow ex-pat logic—see if you can follow along as we tour the incredibly sophisticated minds of these big brain ex-pats. Example: The first person to climb Mount Everest was Sir Edmund Hillary. He was a hero, a demi-God in his own time. The second guy to climb Mount Everest was a nobody. He was just a tourist. Someone with so little value he should be kept from breeding. Another example: The first person to swim the English Channel was an athletic visionary. The second person to swim the English Channel was just a goddamned tourist who couldn't afford boat fare to France. Etc. This is stupid. Snobbish and exclusionary to no purpose. I can't expect to get interest or sympathy from the Thais in Thailand when I visit. OK, no problem. Thailand is for Thais. But apparently, I can't expect good manners from my own kind either. I'm just a low life tourist. Hell, I'm lucky these two combined social forces of hipdom let me live. I'm damned lucky to make it back on the plane. Think I'm exaggerating? Reread the recent printings of the Thai guidebooks. They now tell you to beware of ex-pat scams (... want to buy a bar?) visited on tourists. So I can't expect friendly reliable behavior from Thais or from non-Thais. Years ago when people asked me why I vacationed in Thailand I used to excitedly and enthusiastically name a bunch of reasons. Now when I get the same question—I'm kinda quiet. I'm not really sure anymore.

And the ex-pats pull this face making nonsense on themselves too. The 10 year ex-pat looks down on the 5 year ex-pat. And the 15 year ex-pat looks down on the 10 year ex-pat. And the 20 year ex-pat won't talk to anybody! In his mind he's achieved some kind of ex-pat godhead status. Ridiculous. Little squirmy carbon based life forms playing one-upmanship games that don't amount to anything. Jockeying for dominance and bragging rights and self-love in a world that doesn't care. ATTN: EX-PATS—Nobody really cares guys! Nobody gives a flying rat's ass how long you've been in the country and how many visa runs you've made and how many stories about the old days you can tell and how many local dialect jokes you understand. The only thing that counts and the only thing that people really care about is whether you can be nice to your fellow human beings. How many of you wise guys are competitive now? How many of you can be nice to a tourist?

And what about these 20 year ex-pats!? Personally, if out of all the world's wonderful possibilities I had spent the best years of my life living in a place where I had no civic protections and I was at risk every time I stepped outside; I'm not sure I'd brag about it. Maybe that's just me!

So that's my rant for today guys: the EX-PAT FACE. It's a facial stew: a little bit of contempt and a little bit of eye rolling and a little bit of impatience and a little bit of father to child patronizing behavior and a little bit of frustration at having to live in a society cluttered up with dumb bunny tourists and their dumb bunny tourist remarks and responses and questions. Well, that's me. I'm a dumb bunny tourist. And I'm pretty happy with myself being a tourist. Pretty pleased that I can afford to pay the bill and be able to take the time off to be more than fifty miles from home on a mission of pleasure. Most human beings can't do that. I'm lucky and I'm harmless and I'm happy. So the ex-pat notion that you are somehow superior to me because of time and place and circumstance just doesn't compute in my head. You are wasting your time with your jokes at my expense and your barely concealed contempt. If the Thai government told me that I had to wear a sign around my neck that said 'Tourist'—I'd wear it with pride. I'm not so sure I'd be so happy to wear a sign that said 'Ex-Pat'.

67. Bags of Blood

TT&A Part 54 24/7/2004

It is 2:30 in the afternoon and I am doing 35—40 miles-per-hour light-to-light down 2nd road in South Pattaya in an old pickup truck. I am dodging and weaving and blowing through lights and standing on the horn and doing jack rabbit starts and stops at the lights and running the slalom of traffic and pedestrians and soi dogs. The truck is a non—issue because I had my friend Omar check it at his petrol station for brakes and fluids and tires and steering. Beside me on the seat is my mother's blood. My mother is lying in Bumrungrad Hospital in Bangkok dying and if I can get this blood to her in time she will live. I love my mother. Her blood type is O. Blood Type O is not a common blood type and particularly hard to find on short notice in Thailand. But my mom is lucky because she has me as a son. I am a time—urgency motivated, western educated and trained, type A personality who is project interested. This thing I can do. I found a healthy Type O Swede in Jomtien and now I have a cooler full of double bagged Type O blood sitting on ice next to me in the truck. I can do this. I can get this life saving blood to Bangkok and to my mom in time. The blood was clinic tested and is fine. The truck was Omar tested and is fine. In the truck bed is a Phantom motorcycle. If the truck craps out I'll use the cycle. No Plan C is needed. I can't fail.

I can do this thing. This delivery is possible. I have worked for five automobile dealerships plus I have driven vans and trucks and school buses. I know how to drive. With the air-conditioning on, the radio off, my hands in the 10:00 o'clock and the 2:00 o'clock position and my mental and visual radar on high aggressive defensive alert I can jack the truck to Bangkok in time. The doctor waiting at the hospital with his foam cooler tells me I have enough time if I don't dawdle. I can do this. I can save my mother's life. Afterwards, in the parking lot of the hospital, my legs and knees will start the post—stress spasmodic shaking—but right now I am an efficient, smoothly operating human machine.

I am healthy and I am a good driver. This task is doable. I am thinking thoughts of love and task completion. My mom will get to live and I will get to live as her son. I am filled to bursting with the adrenaline surges of love and giving. I am in a zone of focused athleticism and love. Nothing can break my concentration or disturb my laser beam mission. I am 54 and my mom is 79. In the last ten years we have become friends. We were not always successful in our younger years as mother and son. She was sometimes cool and I was sometimes unresponsive. But we were given enough time to fix and to amend. Now it is her and I against the world. Bonded by relationship and experience. Connected and connecting. Growing into each other. I called her before starting for Bangkok. I told her that I had the blood and that I would make it to the hospital in plenty of time and that I would save her life and that I loved her. She started to cry. She is lying in her hospital bed now waiting for me. Trusting. Believing. Needing. Not every letter of experience gets delivered to every human being on the same schedule. The power and the joy of familial love came late for me but now I am hooked into one of life's primal forces. My mother risked her life to give me life. Now it is my turn to pay back. I owe my mother and the debt is going to be paid. This act of love and duty will be the final capstone to my life on earth as a man and as an adult and as a matured member of the species.

Then I see her! Pounding up the left lane near soi 13, whipping around baht buses; my left peripheral vision picks up a woman in pink pedal pusher pants, clear plastic stripper heels with pink bows, pink crochet top, pink nails, dark skin, and a single off—center braid with pink ribbon that is hanging down in front. The crochet top is short. You can see the tight flat skin of her young brown stomach.

Without calculation or conscious thought my right foot mashes down on the brake pedal so hard that it bottoms out. The truck shimmies and fishtails and tries to stand up on the two front wheels. The top of the white foam cooler pops open and bags of my mother's blood fly all over the inside of the cab and smash up against the window and fall to the floor. The Phantom motorcycle cartwheels over the cab like a Midway Island gooney bird.

Before the last bag of blood hits the floor I am out and running. Her name is Nid. She is 18. When I put my arm around her she sinks into me like water. I can smell her hair. The bottom of her braid is tickling my arm. I completely forget about my mother! The bags of blood are heating up in the sun on the dashboard and on the seat and on the floor of the truck. I have also forgotten about the mission. Nid's head is against my shoulder. My arms are weak and my hands are hot and I can feel the pain in the tops of my eyes. Up close I can see her pouty lips and feel the pelvic bone that is hot with need and with hormones. I say something to her. She says something back. The blood in the truck cab is laying in pools of bagged failure. My mind and my brain and my systems and my love for my mother have all been trumped by an Isaan woman. I know none of this. Standing on the sidewalk holding Nid's shopping bag I have forgotten all about the truck, the blood, the mission, the love. All I can think of is laying my head on Nid's stomach, or coming back into the bedroom at 3:00 in the morning and seeing the curve of her hip under the covers. I have forgotten about the truck with the open door blocking traffic, and I have forgotten about Omar the mechanic that I owe money to, and I have forgotten about the Swedish tourist donor, and I have forgotten about the doctor who is waiting for me in Bumrungrad hospital, and I have forgotten about the frail, needy, deserving old woman who is waiting for her son. One of the bags of blood ricocheted from the cooler to the window to the dashboard to the edge of the seat. The bag burst. Blood is dripping on the floor. My mother's blood. My mothers hopes for herself and belief in her son. Other bags of failure are lying unloved, forgotten—warming in the sun.

At the Beach road end of Soi 13 a prune faced, mud colored woman wrapped in rags was picking and poking for trash treasure left by vacationing farang. Bent double over the municipal trash can she could see them coming down the soi. Arm in arm. The farang with the jerky uncoordinated walk of the love stricken. The Isaan woman with the erect easy grace of the sex gifted. The Isaan woman's lips were moving. The farang was bent over listening as if Moses was receiving from God. You could have fired a pistol and the farang would not have heard it. He had been captured. The fish was in the boat. The trash picker with the fat body and the filthy clothes smiled. At the end of her life of limited options and broken dreams she hadn't forgotten about love. Sometimes love is the last thing clinging to the life raft of broken dreams after everything else has slipped away. As the couple climbed the marble steps of the AA Hotel, the farang held the heavy glass door for the woman and the trash picker smiled. Ah Thailand—Land of Love!

Standing awkwardly on the top step holding the door, the farang suddenly had the end of a spyglass picture of the last twenty minutes. With the clarity of the insane, and the savant, and the fallen: he could picture the abandoned truck, and the abandoned bags of hope, and the abandoned mission of filial duty on 2nd road. The staring trash picker across Beach road could see his lips move. She could see his lady friend look at him questioningly. But she couldn't hear what he said. But the hotel doorman heard the words ...!

"Sorry Mom!"

68. They’re All In On It …!

TT&A Part 55 2/8/2004

I have brought my girlfriend to a remote guesthouse that I first visited on a tour ten years ago. There is a fun place to go for a day trip. I ask the hotel general manager if the place is still available. “Yes” she says. “OK” I say, “I’d like to rent a motorcycle for my girlfriend and myself, and I would like to have a guide on a motorcycle that we can follow so that we do not get lost. He will be our insurance policy that we will have a good and fun and stress free vacation experience.” Lots of smiling and price is quoted for the bike for us and a separate charge for the guide.

Next morning there is a bike for Teek and me plus the guide has arrived on his cycle. Lots of talking. The hotel general manager and my girlfriend both explain the concept. He will ride ahead and we will follow. No problem. Lots of smiling. One lame wai. Off we go.

By the second curve in the road our motorcycle guide has already disappeared. Completely gone at about sixty miles an hour. I know that the place we are going is only about thirty minutes away. It takes myself and my girlfriend two hours of asking directions and driving around to finally find the place. The fun is ruined. Congratulations Thailand. When we get there my guide is there. Before our cycle has even stopped my athletic girlfriend throws herself off and runs up to him and just starts screaming at him. I believe by the time she was done reaming him that he now understood the concept of guiding.

Back at the hotel myself and my girlfriend spoke to the hotel general manager. No money exchanged hands for the guide service. We received an apology. End of story? Not bloody likely, mate! I can see you have not been to Thailand. On the last day I gave some money to my girlfriend to go in and settle up the bill. I had been paying the bill in increments daily so I knew to the baht what was owed. When my girlfriend got back in the car the change was short. I asked her what additional thing she could have paid for. She said there was a charge for the motorcycle guide service. I looked at her like a father to a child. She shrugged her shoulders and looked away. We drove off. Now if you go back and review this story for all of the lessons learned and experiences experienced don't forgot the most important one. I even got screwed by the woman who tells me she loves me. They're all in on it.

Still Hurts …

I decide to go into the Rainbow bar just to look. That is really the only thing on the agenda. A woman sits next to me but I do not even turn to look. She says hello and then stuns me by relating information to me about Noi and I. Turns out she worked in the same bar and watched Noi and I over a 2 year period and knows a lot. Has her phone number. They are best friends. At first I am reticent. The whole subject of Noi and I still hurts. Then the dam bursts and I start talking. Turns out Noi married some Australian. Probably why she was so unresponsive the last time we were together—she had agreed to marry him and she was just taking my money. Anyway this woman and I talk for awhile. I barfine her. I take her to the Bus Stop restaurant and we have dinner. Then back to the Nana where I undress her and we shower together. Then out of the shower I towel her off and dress her and pay her. That's all I am good for—still thinking of Noi.

The First Bird

I know that I look smart but really I am not as smart as I look. Because I am not the brightest light bulb in the hallway, some things are mysteries to me. Usually, after a couple of sleepless night or logging about 50 hours in the bathtub; I get stuff figured out. But sometimes I only get things 95% figured out. The remaining 5% is mystery. To wit:

If you go to any temple in Thailand there is always an old woman on the grounds surrounded by birdcages. Little birdcages with little birds in them. The birds are unremarkable in appearance. They look like the ubiquitous sparrow type birds that are everywhere. It would be more interesting if they were colorful and exotic. Macaws or Parrots or beautiful little chirping finches or lovely budgies. But, no matter! What these birds lack in color and exotica they make up for in Good Luck. These aviary wonders are Good Luck birds. Here is the deal. You give the woman some baht and she gives you a cage with a bird. You make a wish. You lift up the little door on the little cage and the bird flies out like he is late for a bus. Your wish comes true! If you try to do this for yourself the lovely example of simple Thai culture wants 500 baht for one bird. Fire a flare, the stupid ass farangs are in town. If you have your girlfriend do this, you get four birds for 50 baht. Then you and your heartthrob go over to the cliff edge or over to the top of the stairs or into the middle of the plaza. You make wishes (note: My wishes always include her—I'll bet her wishes never include me—Oh well, Thailand)—she opens the cage door and the birds hit the road. They burst from the cage as if they just saw a winning lottery ticket fluttering in the wind. Now, if the woman shows up at the temple in the morning with 20 birds in 20 cages and manages to sell all of them—what is she doing for inventory the next day? And the next day? And … ? Well, here is the beauty part. When you release the birds they just fly home. They have a rockin' crib with little bird TV's and little bird stereo systems and little bird beers in the little refrigerators and little bird VCR's. Also, they get fed when they get home. So when the Thai woman gets home all the birds are in their cages looking at their watches. It is feeding time. This is an ingenious business. Rotating, highly motivated inventory. I love this. It took me about two sessions on the toilet and 20 hours in the tub and some sleepless nights to figure this all out—but I got it now.

Except: How does the first bird she buys know what to do?

Spawn Of The Devil

Let’s hear it for the 14th century which used the word ‘concupiscence’ which we have replaced with ‘sexual desire’. Sexual desire sounds so pedestrian. Concupiscence sounds like something you would be stretched on the rack for.

14th Century Doctor to Patient: You have Concupiscence! You are the Spawn of the Devil. Swallow two hot coals, burn at the stake, and call me in the morning.

Modern Doctor to Patient: You have Sexual Desire. Take a Viagra—Go to the Nana—And call me in the morning.

It ain’t the same!

Middle Aged Man Dreaming

(South Pattaya—early morning—2nd road opposite soi 13)

Girl by the side of the road: Nothing she was wearing was fashionable—nothing she was wearing was expensive—nothing she was wearing was coordinated or chosen with calculation; there was no need—she was the Alpha Woman—nipples bursting and poking under the thin fabric of her shirt, fluid running down her legs—sex bursting from her like deep down water through a coal seam. Effortless, without intent—eyes hooded and slow; easily bored and easily aroused. She didn’t have the athleticism and the erect carriage of the athlete—athletes have to compete. She had no peers—there was no need to compete. She burst and wept sex and it rolled out of her in scented waves; but it was only the warning, the hello, the introduction. The real deal for the right man would be like a tsunami wave that would roll him over and over in the surf like a toy. She knew from the past that she could make birds fall from the sky, and make farang men weep, and make soi dogs lie down and shut up. But it was the minutiae of the gifted. Too easy. What she wanted was a man who could …! she wanted a man who could make her forget the time and the day. A man who wouldn't listen to anything she said and that she couldn't stop talking to. A man who never asked and never begged. A man so big and so strong that she settled into his side like a pilot fish next to a shark. A man with big hot hands who pushed her and held her and touched her on his schedule and according to his needs. A man who never paid her a compliment but who also never pimped her out—because he loved her! She would sell herself on her own and bring him the money. Steal too if he asked. And no matter what improbable story he told her; she would never say, "Mai Chua Go Hoak!" A man who grabbed her ankle and dragged her off the bed and into the bathroom when he wanted to play. A man who never ever asked her what she wanted at night. She wanted a man like … she wanted Dana!

Cannon Fodder

I guess there are things we farangs will always have a hard time understanding about Thai culture. No argument there. Heck, there are things I don't understand about my own culture here in the United States. For instance: I don't understand why an American mother will always give her eighteen year old son away to the military to be used for cannon fodder—but will barricade herself in an upstairs bedroom with a rifle at the window before she will allow anyone to take away her pet dog or her pet cat. Think I am exaggerating? Think about it. So the evidence is that American mothers love their pets more than their sons. Hey, I guess it is my fault for being born a mother's son. My mistake was not being born a junkyard dog. In Thailand the farangs criticize the Thais for not being big pet lovers. Well, maybe they love their sons and their daughters more than dogs and cats. I hope so. Maybe this is an example of something that Americans could learn from the Thais. I hope so.

Thank-You Nok

(Science Desk: United Nations Quarterly, April, 2003)

In the year 1974 twenty spaceships populated by researcher science rats had been sent by the plant Zeb in the Andromeda galaxy to Earth to reconnoiter for alternative population sites. There was no intent to conquer or to harvest resources. But interbreeding was inevitable. All Earthlings would end up with either itsy bitsy teeny weeny incredibly tiny little penises or huge, gargantuan, cavernous, airplane hanger sized vaginas. Intercourse for Earthlings would be like riding a bicycle into a tunnel. For the rest of mankind's time on Earth the subject of sex and of sexual intercourse would never come up again. What would be the point? The preliminary twenty ships were data collectors. They just wanted to see what the local populace was like in terms of sophistication levels and intelligence levels and class and style and social deportment and breeding and manners. Using the lights from the Festival of Lights ceremonies held in Bangkok on the Chao Phraya River and the same festival of lights held on the Khao Laem Reservoir near Sangkhla Buri and the lights near a four way intersection village on the Mae Nam Nan river; they triangulated for navigational purposes and touched down west of Sing Buri near Sam Chuk. The first Earthling they met was a fat, chain smoking, betel nut chewing, whiskey drinking, ex-mamasan lady named Nok. Nok was dressed in a dirty bra, tattered shorts, and green rubber boots. She was squatting by the side of the road rubbing Vaseline on a soi dog's balls.

The ships returned to the planet Zeb the next morning. Earth was saved. Thank-you Nok!

69. The Girl-Next-Door

TT&A Part 56 7/8/2004

Every time I go to Thailand I see bars choked with men talking and drinking and laughing. No, not gay bars; regular bars. But wait a minute, how can you tell the difference? I don't know. Looks the same to me. Men travel long distances at some expense and risk and inconvenience to act like gays. Crammed into small spaces elbow to elbow pretending they are there to watch the cricket match or the soccer match on the television set. When I take time out of my busy day to point out to them that their behavior mimics gay behavior they get upset. Sometimes there is yelling. Next comes the finger pointing, followed by the ever popular pushing and shoving. Experience has taught me that if there is a bald guy with tattoos and the eyes of a beagle—he'll be the first to want to beat me up. I hate to tell you this Mr. Football Fan but beating me up is just more man to man touching. Don't believe me dear reader? OK, try this experiment. Walk into any bar stuffed with farangs and jump up on the bar and call everyone a homo. I guarantee the bald, tattooed guys will get the most excited. This works particularly well in bars full of Irish and English and Germans. Let me know how this works for you! But I digress ...

So, since I am mostly cerebral; I have spent some time trying to figure out why these pathetic leaders of tomorrow come to the Kingdom in the first place. OK, all of these guys crammed into these bars elbow to elbow with their super interesting stories about sausages and sports and beer are not gays. But what are they? You rarely see these guys with women. You rarely see these chatting women up. Every night you can watch these guys go to the Nana Hotel Angels Disco and come out thirty minutes later empty handed. Empty handed? What are you going to tell me? That they went into the disco to listen to the music and to dance? Naw, you are not going to tell me that. OK, are you going to tell me there were no attractive available women in the disco? Naw, you are not going to tell me that either. I once sat in one of the big chairs in the lobby of the Nana Hotel between 12:30-1:30 AM and heard a group of four New York / New Jersey accented guys in their dress shoes and their pressed black jeans and black T-shirts complain ad nauseum that there were no attractive women around. Meanwhile some of the most beautiful and most sexually interested women in the world were streaming through the lobby coming and going to the Angels Disco, the parking lot was full of freelancers, and the street in front of the hotel was a sexual flea market. No attractive women around?!? Excuse me! Earth to guys! Time to turn in your penises or get an express taxi to Boyztown in Pattaya. Well, I think I figured this behavior out. To wit:

The reason these little sexual wanderers are empty handed is because the pouty lipped, small waisted, high cheekboned, dark skinned darlings with black hair and pearl smiles are not really what they are looking for. What they are looking for is the Girl-Next-Door. That's right. The Girl-Next-Door from Oslo or Jeddah or Hamburg, or Honolulu or Haifa or Akron or Auckland or Tampa or Manchester or Dundee who never noticed them when they were 12, or 13, or 14, or 15. The girl they had a crush on. The girl they never got over. Their dream girl. The girl they imagined talking to while 'doing homework', or the girl they imagined walking with going to and from school. The girl who never noticed them—no never, not once! The girl who never cared. The girl they were too nervous to speak to. The girl that they were not equipped to chase or to charm. The girl they never got over. The next door man / boy crush from the past that is still their big dream. Having sex (dates) with exotic women in foreign lands isn't their big dream. That's just the lie that they told at the office or the mill or the mine or the plant.

The lie they told themselves. A lie so cunningly crafted and told so many times that they even believe it. Yessiree, they are going to go wild having sex with foreign women in a foreign land. But now that it is crunch time; now that they are sweating in the Big Mango, they can't do it. They are still the same Junior High School and High School losers who can't talk to women, can't charm women, can't make women laugh, can't get within three feet of women without getting nervous. They just can't do it. They can't have happy sex just for fun. Animals with brains the size of peas can do it—but they can't. And the reason is because they are in the wrong place and the Thai women are the wrong women. What they want to do is meet the girl from next door. The girl from their hometown who would never give them the time of day when they were young. So they stand around and they sit around and they walk around waiting for the girl from next door, the girl from the past to walk up to them and say "Hi". Well, it isn't going to happen! She ain't here and she ain't coming. You might as well go home.

On my last trip to Thailand I made a late night trip out to the Nana parking lot. I was too wired to sleep and too tired for sex. Leaning on the parking lot sign I looked up and across the street standing on the curb was one of the most beautiful and sexually arresting women I have ever seen. And that is saying something! She had hair down to the backs of her knees, an extremely small blue plastic mini dress that left nothing to the imagination, and the kind of figure that you would see in a Japanese comic book. Her face was so beautiful and high class she looked out of place. Out of context. Too high class for the Nana neighborhood. I assumed she must be waiting for a limo or a rich Japanese or Malaysian or Korean or Thai businessman. To get a closer look, I crossed the street, walked by her, smiled at her; and then went into the Angel Witch bar to watch some shows. In the Angel Witch, watching farmer's daughters putting on lame shows; I temporarily forgot about her. An hour later, I left the Angel Witch bar and started to walk back to my hotel. And as I was about to step off the curb of soi 4 I was STUNNED to see that she was still standing on the curb. I couldn't believe it. In the last hour not one of these big talking rough tough Kiwi or Aussie or English or American or German or Danish manly men had picked her up. Not one man had walked up to her and said "Hi". Everyman looked at her but not one man walked up to her and said "Hello". So I walked over. She towered above me. She was a big girl with a big body made up of big parts and the dress was so small it looked as if someone threw a postage stamp at a Christmas tree. Jesus Mary and Joseph what a load of sex. If this is other men's ideas of leftovers, please let this dog under the table so that I can feed on scraps. No wonder women have such contempt for men. This woman was the living incarnation of every man's sex dream and not one little weak willed fool had had the balls to pick her up. Her name was Gee. She was smart and professional. In the hotel room she delivered the goods, had fun modeling my clothes, and let me wash her all over in the shower. I can now honestly say that I have had intimate relations with one of the most beautiful women in the world. At least I know why I am in Thailand.

Apparently, when confronted with a real woman offering real sex right now these little mother's sons from Liverpool, and New York, and Tokyo, and Montreal are intimidated. Their doubts exceed their needs and they just walk on by—maybe there will something less intimidating in the Rainbow bar or at Soi Cowboy or over at Gulliver's. Maybe they'll meet the Girl-Next-Door in the next bar or tomorrow. I'd be interested to know how many men never had relations with anyone at all on their big-time sex vacation in Thailand. Maybe that should be part of the exit interview at Immigration at the airport as you are leaving. You have to stand up in public on a box while an Immigration official dips your penis in a beaker full of litmus testing fluid. If your penis can't turn the pink fluid blue than that means that you didn't bonk once on vacation. Your passport is then stamped 'Stupid' and you are prohibited from re-entering the country. I think I'd endorse this idea. In fact, to kick off this new social filter; I'll be the first one to whip out my wanger in public and do the test.

So that's it. That is the reason you see so many men lurching around the sex tourist parts of Thailand alone and lonely. They are not really sex tourists in the first place. They are love tourists. Men still not fully developed in terms of affection. Affection they were supposed to receive as young developing boys. The Girl-Next-Door never looked their way once when they were in school. And they aren't good for much until they get that part of their lives completed. The sex scene of Thailand is too much and too fast for these lonely guys. They still haven't got the smile and the laugh and the hand holding and maybe a kiss from the Girl-Next-Door in San Francisco or Minsk or Paris or Edmonton or Singapore. Like wandering asteroids they are always out of place and out of time. Always in an alien neighborhood—always far from home. I once saw a young, good looking sad sack wandering around the lower Sukhumvit road part of Bangkok. I would have killed to have had his face and his body and his youth and his health instead of being constantly handicapped by my own self. But he was always alone—broadcasting his needs and his dreams but just completely incapable of walking up to a woman and saying "Hi". A week later I was walking down soi 13 in South Pattaya and I saw him again sitting on the steps of my hotel. Now he was in a different city. Maybe he would meet the Girl-Next-Door in the new city. A part of me wanted to talk to him—to help him; but it is hopeless. He is in the wrong city and Thai girls are the wrong women. He needs to go home. Home to Gdansk or Vancouver or Madras or Osaka or Naples and join a singles club. There he will finally meet the Girl-Next-Door from his past. She will be divorced now with two children. She'll be overweight and starting to walk as if she has a hump on her back. However, she'll be a lively talker. There'll be the story about how she was runner up Prom Queen in High School. Actually, fourth in a field of seven; but her face still flushes with the retelling. And there'll be the other gripping narrative about how she was once so petite she had to buy her underwear in the girl's section in the department store. But she will be at the singles meeting because she is still a player in life. She will admire his big meaty hands with the black hairs on the back, and she will like his leased Jaguar automobile, and she will think him an exciting world traveller when he talks about Thailand. She will think that his shyness and sexual ineptness is a sign that he is different than other men. Something new. He will finally get his chance. I wish him luck. I wish them both luck. The piñata of life spills its gifts randomly. Some men receive so much. Other men receive so little. But any guy who is just looking for love should get his chance.

70. Two That Got Away

TT&A Part 57 14/8/2004

Guys get together and talk about the women in their lives. Women they have had relationships with. But I never hear guys talk about the women that they didn't have relationships with. Women they still remember years later. Lost opportunities. Past regrets. Fish they couldn't land in the boat. Here are two of my memories. Two that got away!

MORT: I am saying goodbye to Wan in front of the AA Hotel on soi 13 in South Pattaya. We were supposed to spend three nights together but she is getting the big goodbye one day early. She turns and starts walking up to 2nd road to get a taxi home. I turn and start walking towards Beach Road. I am a little regretful. I've just kissed off a two year relationship and a guarantee. But sometimes it is just time to move on. What's needed now is a quick trip to the Mini-Mart for newspaper, yogurt, nuts, and candy. Breakfast! Then a quick trip up to my room for my backpack. I'm being picked up at 8:30 for an all day beach and boating trip to Ko Lan island. This will be my fourth Ko Lan island beach and boating experience. I like the boats, I like the parasailing, I like splashing around in the water, and I like eating the Thai lunch under the big shed on the beach. I usually buy a souvenir. So my day is set. I'm vaguely wondering how long it will take me to meet another woman.

As I hit the corner of soi 13 and Beach Road I see a woman across the road on the boardwalk. I have been apart from Wan, womanless, for approximately one minute. I hate those long droughts. The woman across the road is so startlingly beautiful and so sexy that I just instantly break into a run, dodge the early morning traffic, jump the curb, crash through the bushes, and run right up to her. Boy, talk about a bee to the flower. She shows no sign of surprise. Apparently, this happens all the time. Jesus. Just once I'd like to be a woman. To have this much power!

Her name is Mort and she is from Korat and she is 18. Note: What is it about Korat? Is there something special in the food and the water in that town? Sometimes I think I'd marry a Korat woman sight unseen if I just saw Nakhon Rachasima on the birth certificate! Anyway, she is Korat brown, 18, and has that lean tight Thai physique I adore. Very wide set eyes, very high cheekbones, pouty lips, friendly and sweet. Stick a fork in me—I'm done! Standing there in the early morning sunlight looking at her beautiful face and sexually arresting body you just had to look up and ask God what he was thinking. Why was this innocent wonderful father's daughter cruising and selling at 7:30 in the morning? Anyway, I asked her if she would meet me at the same place at 5pm. I had the Ko Lan trip I had to go on. She was a little dubious about me keeping my end of the bargain but I swore/begged her to meet me at 5. So we had a date. Naturally, at 5; when I breathlessly dropped off the 10 baht bus and ran to our spot she was not anywhere in sight. I waited an hour. I had thought of her all day while I was on the stupid beach and boating tour. The parasailing and the boating and the splashing in the water and the Thai lunch on the beach seemed like instruments of torture—time wasters keeping me from Mort and our time together. It was like I was a teenager again—mooning and lamenting and filling myself with angst over a girl. Was I nuts? I never should have gone on the trip in the first place! Hell, I had already done the thing before. I should have just grabbed Mort in the morning and marched her right over to the hotel. Who knows—it might have been the next 10 years of my life! It might have been marriage, children, laughter, happiness, mating. All this could have been mine but Mr. Incredible Stupidhead had to go on a stupidass beach trip just because he had paid the bill, made the arrangements, and packed. No Thai would have made this mistake. They'd have followed their heart and acted on the impulse and have been better people for it. There should be a statue of me at the airport for arriving farangs. On the statue it would say: Don't Be As Stupid As This Man! No wonder women have contempt for men. I had the butterfly in my hand and I opened my fingers and let it fly away. Stupid. God I was stupid. Stupidhead. Idiot. Retarded. Keep me from breeding dumb. Numbskull. Doofus! Birdbrain! Imbecile! That's a good one. I'm an IMBECILE. And a fool. How about a driveling and bewildered asinine fool? Yeah, that fits. Have I mentioned unintelligent totally incompetent brainless buffoon? Sounds like me!

Sometimes I am just irremediably stupid. 'Someone should shoot me' stupid. I'll never see Mort again. I'll never forget her.

SUNISA: The second woman that got away was a big surprise called Sunisa. A big surprise and a big giant screw-up on my part. I'll be kicking myself for years. I had two days left of my vacation and I was a little too full of myself. On this day I had had two beautiful relationships and at 1:30am I was too wired to sleep so I went down to the hotel bar. As I walked in I spied a high class older woman sitting in one of the big chairs near the elevator.

About 35 years old. Some miles on her but good experienced miles. I have wonderful memories of woman that age. They like sex and they like men—"Dana honey, let's skip dinner and get to the main event!" And you aren't going to hear any boring stories about their mother or their sisters. It has taken them longer than the men in their life; but even they have figured out that that shit is boring. Now if they open their mouths it is to say, "Here inside the front door or do you want to go all the way to the bedroom?" And they have stopped torturing men like they did in their younger years. Now, if they are not interested—their motor's not running. And if their motor is running; well, it's all straight ahead, not many turns and no reverse!

She is wearing an emerald green silk top, black skirt, and emerald green heels. Green eye shadow, red lips, and big rings. All woman and class all the way. No ill fitting off-the-rack clothes and cheap baubles stolen from her daughter's jewelry box; but clothes that were fitted and tailored—jewelry that was quiet and heavy. A grown up woman with a grown up closet.

I ordered a Bloody Mary, we made eye contact, and I motioned her over with my hand. That's right. You read right. I motioned her over to me with my hand as if I was Mr. Bigshot—Mr. Frank Sinatra—Mr. Jean Paul Belmondo—Mr. Omar Sharif. That's right—I motioned her over with my hand like I'm calling a dog. She looked a little startled but she got up and she came over. We exchange names. And then, without a pause—I ask her if she wants to go Boom-Boom! She laughs a little and says, "Shouldn't we talk a little first—get to know one another?" And instantly, like getting hit in the face with a plank; I realized that I had made a terrible mistake. Because her speech, her command of English, her poise, her confidence was strictly high class. Suddenly I realized that she was ten times more classy than I had thought and I wanted her one hundred times more. Only the smallest shreds of dignity kept me from blurting out MARRY ME; or it's companion—I'LL BE YOUR SLAVE. So I started back-pedaling like crazy—but the damage had already been done.

In the hotel room things didn't go wrong but they didn't go right. With all of my experience and confidence and interest I still couldn't bridge the gap between expectations and reality. I felt as if the room was full of huge balloons that blocked my way and confused me. I couldn't move my arms and raise my hands without feeling as if they were attached to heavy weights.

Eventually, we ended up lying side by side on the bed reviewing my 'Learn to speak Thai' notecards. Dog-eared companions of many years that I have never mastered. Two adults having a student-teacher relationship. And I could never figure out how to bridge the gap!

Barmate: What do you mean you couldn't bridge the gap? Why didn't you just put your hands on her?

Dana: Well, that's not really what I wanted.

Barmate: What did you want?

Dana: Well, I guess what I wanted was a meaningful relationship.

Barmate: A what?

Dana: A meaningful relationship between two adults—a connection more meaningful than just sex.

Barmate: You're an idiot.

Dana: I've heard that before.

Barmate: Jesus, man—she was a hooker; oh, excuse me: a high class hooker—and you were a sex tourist. What did you expect?

Dana: I don't know—I guess I was having a dream.

Barmate: More like a nightmare! Do you really think she was interested in reviewing your dumbass Thai word and phrase notecards?

Dana: I don't know ...

Barmate: You're an Idiot—Stupid—Retarded—Moron—Doofus—Bird Brain ...

Dana: I've heard this before.

Eventually, around 3am I gave her 500 baht teacher / taxi money and she left. As she was leaving she stopped at the door and drilled me with a look of sexual smoulder that would have neutered kryptonite. Not to be friendly—but to show her contempt. I had the butterfly in my hand and I just wasn't man enough! Stupid. I'll probably never see her again. Another big one that got away.

So there it is guys: I'm not too proud to admit that sometimes I make horrible mistakes. Mort and Sunisa. Two big fish I never landed in the boat. Two lifetime regrets. I guess I'll just have to try better the next time. Wait a minute … I see a woman. And she is smiling at me. See ya later. Wish me luck.

71. It’s Almost Time

TT&A Part 58 23/8/2004

> *The Years Thunder By. The Dreams of Youth Grow Dim Where They Lie Caked in Dust on the Shelves of Patience. Before We Know It, The Tomb is Sealed.*—Sterling Hayden

Well; yip, yip, yippee: IT IS ALMOST TIME. I have my tickets in hand, I am 99% packed, my private parts have been shaved, and I am heading back to Thailand. Please notify all of the important people so that they can meet me at the Nana Hotel. I hate rushing around the country shaking hands. And I plan this time to not forget that I am an ambassador for my country. Since my country is power hungry, obnoxious, insensitive, and ignorant this will be easy. Normally, I am a sucker for a challenge. But give me a break. I am on vacation. So nothing new to learn, no changes to be made in my personality or my deportment; I’ll just be an American. Easy. I am also reminded by others smarter than me (apparently that includes everyone) that “Those who don’t remember the mistakes of the past are doomed to repeat them in the future.” Well of course it would be in the future—where else? But I digress. I think what people mean by that saying is that if I cast back over some of my experiences and errors in past visits to Thailand, that I can prevent myself from making those same mistakes again. Unfortunately, I have STM (that means Short Term Memory—I think). That is why I couldn’t get through medical school. Actually I never applied to medical school (I think) but this line has worked on bar pickups for twenty five years. So I guess I am doomed to more shallow relationships with more gorgeous naked women. I hate when that happens. A sympathetic neighbor of mine who is aware of my STM (that means Short Term Memory—I think) problem—he keeps reminding me about things I have borrowed from him—suggested that in place of memory I could use intelligence. Just review the past, examine the data, and come to reasonable conclusions about what new paradigm thinking would benefit me. Anyway, this looks like a good substitute for short term memory. Just think and then act. The only problem is that I am not smart. I had to drop out of Engineering School because I could not operate a mechanical pencil. So there it is. I am getting ready to go to Thailand again. I'll be behaving like an American, I have no memory of past mistakes, and I am not smart. No extra mental baggage to slow me down. Just Thailand and I getting to know one another—sharing our hopes and dreams—and learning about each others cultures. I'm going to Thailand guys—I'll send you all a mental postcard.

Hold My Baby?

I see a kite festival in a park in BKK and wander onto the grounds. I see a bench. I sit down. There is a Thai mother with a baby on the bench. We exchange smiles and hellos. I smile and make baby talk at the child. I say something about the kites in the sky being suay maak. She agrees and says I speak excellent Thai. I say "Nit noy Thai." More smiling and head bobbing. An excellent day in Thailand and a fun time with a real Thai. What could go wrong? Presently she turns and points to herself and points across the field and says "Hong naam". She has to go to the bathroom. She holds the baby towards me. She wants to know if I will hold her baby for her while she goes to the bathroom. Of course I will. I am flattered and proud to be asked. She walks away. In her absence I have the best time making baby talk. People walking by look on approvingly. I try to look nonchalant as if Thais are always trusting me with their children. It's great to be involved with the real Thailand and with real Thais and I am thrilled to be included in a teensy weensy way in the fabric of the culture. After about twenty minutes mom comes back. I return her child. The mom holds out her hand and says "100 baht".

"What for?" I say. She wants me to give her 100 baht for helping her go to the bathroom by looking after her child. As I rise from the bench and take the first step my knee nearly fails me so disoriented and disappointed am I by the experience. Thailand. Sometimes I feel sorry for Thailand. You wouldn't wish this on any country. Later I wondered if she pulled this routine on five farangs a day. Sometimes people like to email me and tell me that I am not sensitive to the culture and that there is lots I don't know about the Kingdom. Maybe I am one of the lucky ones.

End Of The Road

I am so happy I don't even have to think about how happy I am. All I have to do is be. Be with her. I pick her up every night around 10:30 and she walks me down Sukhumvit Road to her favorite Isaan soup maker and we sit on little plastic chairs at a little sidewalk table and have soup. Or she does. The ingredients of the soup are best not examined too closely (I can't even bring myself to look in the big pot on the street when the soup lady is stirring it with a big stick) and there is too much spice for me. I now have a scarred esophagus from this battery acid nonsense from a similar dalliance six months ago. I have learned my lesson. Then home to the Nana. Her walking ahead of me on the narrow sidewalk. Me following her ass and legs and high heels like a starved puppy on the tire tread trail of a meat wagon. In the room I draw a bath. Sometimes we sit in the tub together and I sponge her back. Then to bed. Sometimes Boom-Boom and sometimes not. It doesn't matter. It's over for me. The end of the road. This is all I want. Her face. Her hair. Her skin. Her dark skin and her dark hair and her brown eyes and her wide feet and her woman's curves. I don't want anymore. I don't want to see anymore. I don't want to think anymore. I don't want to hear anymore about anymore. I just want this. This happy End-of-the-Road for me.

One night her phone rang. She talked. I lay in the bed in a state of suspended animation. Rigid. Unbreathing. She got up and got dressed and left. Took her purse with her. I lay there in the bed staring at the ceiling and at the walls wondering if she would return. But in the deep inside part of me I already knew! I had been in this play before. I had been one of the actors in these Nana Hotel room plays before. I knew the play by heart and by sob and it always ended the same way. When the morning light penetrated the curtains I was still lying on my back staring at the ceiling. Tears crusted in my eyes.

It wasn't the End-of-the-Road for her!

Dana Report: Sanghla Buri

After the boat trip and the village tour and the bamboo rafting; we all got back to the guesthouse around 2:30 in the afternoon. For those that were interested, a trip to Three Pagoda Pass could be squeezed in before dinner. I'm at the age now where I don't feel the need to do every planned activity. After one or two touring things I like to lay down in the afternoon and go into a coma—or what middle-aged people call a nap. But I went anyway. It's a vacation. I can sleep when I am dead. Maybe I'd see something.

At the Burma-Thai border we were surprised to see dust clouds to 20,000 feet as over nine thousand war elephants and eighty thousand Burmese infantry were pouring through the Pass. Thailand was being invaded again! Birds screamed, locals fled, earth trembled, and the Japanese took pictures.

I took one of the colorfully costumed Burmese generals aside and explained the situation in Bangkok: the heat and the noise and the fumes and the traffic and the farangs and the crime and the ladyboys and the pollution, etc. He wasn't dissuaded. He was a man on a mission. Then I told him that the low-spark, ignorant farmer’s daughters at the King’s Castle bars in Patpong wanted 1500 baht for short time. His eyes nearly burst from his head. He had his engineers build a bamboo tower fifty feet high—raised three hundred of his military flutists and drummers up to the top—and sounded a general retreat.

Thailand was saved. I am still waiting to be thanked.

72. Loofah Sponge and Nerf Football

TT&A Part 59 30/8/2004

I’ve asked two different women, Poo and Poe, to marry me! They both said “Yes” and I am going to marry both of them. They both live in the same apartment building but on different floors so mechanically it is doable. It’s just a matter of timing and scheduling. If they didn’t live on different floors I would never think of marrying them both. I’d have to make a choice. I’m not stupid. But I don’t foresee any problems. However, I’ve got to start making some heavy bread. I guess I’ll finally have to bid adieu to my curb side business of Cornrows, Braids, and Extensions on Khao San Road. HANDS IN HAIR (the business name) just isn’t going to meet my future financial needs. Two thousand baht a week is enough when you are single and living on refried beans, boiled-again catfish heads, and a once-a-week banana crepe treat; but these two honeys are both high maintenance women. Example: When we were courting I took Poe to Swenson’s Ice Cream Parlor and she ordered a Banana Boat Float—size LARGE. Kinda makes you think. So I have applied for a position with the Bank of Thailand.

Not everything in your life is on your resume when you are applying to the Bank of Thailand Bangkok corporate office English Language Services Dept. for employment at the age of fifty-five. The older you get the more you have to slip and slide in the personal story that you tell. Especially me. My parents and the delivery doctor tell me that I was born normal but then things started to go wanky. Some stuff now I just can’t itemize on a suit-and-tie job resume. To wit:

Years ago, before emigrating to BKK, I had a ten year career in the Chiang Rai region as a featured karaoke singer, club singer, and Barry White impressionist. Admittedly, there were not many venues for these talents in Chiang Rai years ago but in that small social-entertainment koy pond I was the big fish. Special outside bookings could be very profitable. I sang and performed at many Burmese warlord bar mitzvah receptions. Usually it was helicopter chauffeuring going to and from these gigs. But if my song stylings were considered sub-par my return to Chiang Rai was part of a pack train of dubious merchandise including me. I learned to sing like a meadowlark.

When I moved to Bangkok some of my fans followed me and started talking me up in the local clubs. Pretty soon I got a job offer. The club was in an area populated by Arabs and Blacks. The Arabs were the mice and the Blacks were the cats. The sandal-and-turban people made the area look as if there was always a goat, lamb, rice and shish ka-bab festival going on. If the US was in charge; everyone of these kneel-and-pray people would have been profiled as a terrorist. But these lovers of the Koran were not the main event. The main event was the Blacks.

And I don't mean the shrimpy little Horn-of-Africa Blacks, or the east African educated blacks, or the American GI blacks, or the West Indian blacks with British accents, or the Empire blacks with rugby T-shirts, or the prissy little Parisian speaking Moroccan or Algerian or Tunisian blacks smoking French cigarettes hoping with their French accents and French clothes and French attitudes that people wouldn't notice that they were black, or the skinny natives of the savannahs of the eastern part of the continent from Kenya and Tanzania and Ethiopia and Somalia—running machines good for running down small gazelles but not much good for much else—ten thousand years of history and nothing to show for it but survival; I mean the BIG HUGE MONSTER BLACKS. The big mother-fuckers from the Congo and Nigeria. Men so big they could squeeze your head like a grape. Men so huge they could pound in a tent peg with their dick. Men who from birth to death will never have to apologize to anyone. Big black men from the Congo and Nigeria and Cameroon and Zaire and Angola. The biggest men in the world who could have run the world if they hadn't been slowed by too much testosterone and too much equatorial heat.

For some reason, the gene pool for frightening bigness drained off on the equatorial side of west Africa. Blacks that reminded one of the silver backed gorillas in their beyond debate maleness. Most of men's lives are spent bluffing—bluffing others and bluffing and lying to ourselves about what strong sexy guys we are. It's harmless and accepted socially as the inevitable preening and posturing that goes with being a man. Sometimes women even pretended to buy into the fantasy that was the average man's life and they married you. But around these west African equatorial blacks you just kept your stupid white boy mouth shut.

The men were huge and ponderous and big and tall and heavy and mean looking with big bellies and hands the size of pie plates and lifeless predator eyes. And everything was a deal. They were dealmakers. I once in an inattentive state made the mistake of getting in line behind one of these silverback couples in a Bangkok department store. The husband and the wife each had four new giant pieces of luggage (that is eight giant pieces of luggage in all) and nine carriages with over three hundred children's outfits on the hangers. They had bought the entire children's section of clothes. They paid cash, slammed the outfits into the new luggage, and then hailed a taxi. You know where they were going! They were going to the Post Office to mail the loot back to the home country where another three hundred pound confederate would sell them at a 300% mark up! Deal making! Only stupid little white boys with miniature penises have jobs. In the meantime, I am searching my pockets to see if I have enough money for a 45 baht gelato ice cream cup.

The early blacks in this section of Bangkok were traffickers and dealmakers. There was no such thing as having a job and being on vacation from a job. They would constantly be on the hotel room phone or the hotel lobby phones or using the phones of other businesses. It didn't matter what country they were in they were experts at using the phone. I've been travelling to Thailand for years and I still can't use the phone. I have to go to South Pattaya and have Anna the tour booking agent at the AA hotel make calls for me. At 50 baht a call I figure it's a deal. Now there is almost no regular phone action. It is all cell phones. You see these big giant men holding cell phones so small they can hardly be seen. It looks like they are talking into their big meaty hands. And you don't hear words like 'munitions' or 'France' anymore. Now the word-du-jour is diamonds! Hang around Siam Leather Goods in the River City Shopping Mall on the Chao Phraya river half-way between the Oriental hotel and the Shangri-La hotel and you will hear them asking the clerk to have the custom made crocodile briefcase made with special hidden compartments. And to send the bill to the hotel. And their custom made ostrich shoes size 14DDDD—could you please make the shoes with hollow heels and use screws instead of nails. And send the bill to the hotel. And since I am not bargaining too hard (the poor Thai clerk has sweat dripping off the tip of his nose)—when my wife Sharyce comes tomorrow—give here anything she wants and give her a 70% discount—and send the bill to the hotel.

The other thing that was intimidating about these black behemoths was their different lives. If you were the standard issue white boy farang in Thailand to ride an elephant and to visit a temple and to meet a nice girl—followed inevitably by the thinly veiled bragging postcards sent back home to your envious (loser) friends; coming into contact with these men rubbed your face in the ordinariness of your life. You didn't know shit about the world or about how the world really worked. You were a pretender. You couldn't compete with these guys on any level and their wife's clitoris was probably as big as your penis. No wonder their women were so pushy and so rude and so haughty and so contemptuous and so superior acting. They wouldn't use you to wipe their ass.

If you thought these big boys were intimidating you should have seen the wives! Imagine almost the same physique as the men only with a vagina. Block one of these honeys in an aisle at Foodland and you would get batted around like a shuttlecock at summer camp. Heads the size of rubber horse buckets, hands that could rip windshield wipers off cars to use as dental picks, and feet that could walk across newly split pea gravel like a Persian rug. No wonder the husbands thought the first Russian prostitutes to arrive were something. If the tired-ass Russian whore had white skin, dyed blond hair, and could get her feet up to her ears; the guy from Nigeria or Angola thought he had gone to silverback heaven. Additionally, the wives were carrying mountains of roiling moving fat, humungous breasts, and thighs and asses that would scare off a Komodo dragon. They would try to hide these super sized examples of femininity by wearing neck to floor loose flowing caftans. But it never worked. Moving towards you on a narrow soi there was so much moving and heaving and jumping under the caftans they always looked as if they were shoplifting TV's. Their bodies betrayed them. On all levels that a farang man could possibly think of these were the last women on the planet that he would want to or be qualified to associate with sexually. You won't believe what comes next. Be afraid. Be very afraid.

Well, when you are young and foolish and full of piss and vinegar you sometimes agree to do stupid things. I agreed to do Tuesday night shows at one of the clubs in this Black-Arab quarter. The club was the Sanuk Sanuk club and my act was in the Boom Boom room. I did Barry White impressions and song stylings. Well, what the Sanuk Sanuk club didn't tell me when I signed the contract was that Tuesday night was Ladies Night. Not a man in sight. Just a sea of huge, sweating Nigerian and Congolese and Cameroonian and Zairian and Angolan women liquored up and horny! Well, I would start in on my club act of Barry White impressions and if I do say so—I was pretty good. Damned good. The only thing sexier and more sexually exciting than me singing Barry White—is the man himself. Well, the results were predictable and always bad. After about twenty minutes of my man power; the big, horny, drunk, black mammies would rush the stage. My singing had made them wild with jungle lust. They would pick me up and start rubbing me all over their bodies like a giant loofah bath sponge. I had to wear ear plugs to protect myself from the moaning and the screaming and the grunting. Then some damn fool drunk cunt would throw me into the crowd. My band would just keep playing. Management rarely stepped in and now I am being thrown around the Boom Boom room like a nerf football. Sometimes cooler heads would prevail and I would be taken back up on stage and allowed to finish my set. But on nights when the police had been made happy and the Sanuk Sanuk club had scored some discount gin and vodka down near the Flower market; things would go down hill. I would be hauled up on stage, stripped naked, and forced to have sex with some of these monsters. That's when I first heard the saying "Are You In White boy?" It may sound funny to you now; but believe me, it was not funny at the time. No amount of Phom Mai Ow would make them stop. I looked like soi dog crawling up on a Volkswagen. Needless to say, every Tuesday night the Boom

Boom room was packed. The club made a fortune and I was making dough too. So I was torn. I was getting lots of attention and I was having young men's adventures and I was dragging down serious baht; but I couldn't help feeling that there was something demeaning about being a Congo woman's loofah sponge. Plus it occurred to me that in spite of numerous sexual experiences, I never actually felt anything. These women were so big it was like riding a bicycle into a tunnel.

So I quit. At the time I was living two floors up in a small hotel off soi 4. But I had to move. The women found out where I lived and started stalking me. Jungle Lust. What with them climbing up the trellises and the balconies and the drain pipes; a lot of stuff got pulled off the building. So I had to move. I ended up in Hat Yai for a couple of years managing a Muslim dyke bar. But that is another story.

73. Funeral Farangs

TT&A Part 60 4/9/2004

Recently while email chatting with one of the regular contributors to Stick's site I was reminded of something I had heard a while ago in the breakfast room of the Nana hotel in Bangkok. This particular Stick site contributor writes at length detailing the wonders and pleasures of rural life in Thailand. We hear about sunrises and sunsets, chatting with the locals, trips with family to near and far places to purchase things, fishing adventures, etc. The picture painted is lyrical, the writing is wonderful, the dream seems seamless. If you ignore sharing the bathroom with snakes and spiders, always having locals staring at you as if you have two heads, no civil rights, pretty much constant incomprehension of what is going on around you, and being treated as a retarded baboon because you can't say the same word with five different inflections (how many beers did it take to invent this language?)—the rural life sounds interesting and fun and relaxing. It also sounds like the Thai experience that all of the out-of-date guide books still prattle on about but most people haven't got an ice cubes chance in Hell of participating in. In my case I have to prioritize on my short dinky little vacations to Thailand so I end up spending my time as a sex tourist. Not much time to travel to out of the way places and stare at a sacred tree. So if I just had more time and could successfully reconfigure my mind there is a whole other wonderful Thailand that I could get to know. The real Thailand. The Thailand of the locals. Building a retirement house in a far away place amidst the real Thais would allow me to cycle down at the end of my life and reconnect with the better or best parts of me that the competitive Western world of my adult years had suppressed. Hopefully, if I behaved myself and took an interest in what went on around me and developed a reputation as a dependable honorable human being who always could be depended upon to buy ice cream cones for the locals children I would be able to live a quiet life of dignity and repose and tranquility. What could go wrong? Well ...

I am sitting at a big round communal breakfast table in the Nana hotel restaurant one morning and sitting to the right of me and opposite me are two gentlemen in their seventies. They have been friends for life and have both successfully retired to Thailand and both live in separate rural towns. And between the two of them in a very short period of time they have been to over 70 funerals. I have been eavesdropping and when I hear this whopper I can't resist speaking up. I know a big fat lie when I hear one and now I am going to have some fun in the guise of a questioning third party observer. "Gee", I say—"That's about 35 funerals apiece in about a year and a half! How is that possible? (You big liars)" Then I get an education. It turns out that in each of the towns that they live in they are the only farangs. Both gentleman live alone in their communities. No wives. No children. No girlfriends. No farang relatives or friends to insulate them from local society. No alliances. To the hyper-social Thais they must seem like fathomless wandering asteroids—curiosities—oddities—freaks—"Hey, Let's invite the farang to the funeral."

Because they have behaved in a respectable way for a long period of time and have earned the respect of the locals; they are now invited to EVERY funeral. They are given to understand that being invited to these funerals of the local people is a gesture of community and individual respect. OK, so far so good. Fine. But people are always dying and as soon as you go to one funeral you have to go to all other funerals from now into the future without a break otherwise someone will get his feelings hurt. The small communities of rural Thailand and the immediate surrounds of these gentleman are populated incestuously by individuals and families and power groups of the most Byzantine connections and to not attend a funeral would be like throwing a pebble into a pond. Ever expanding social ripples would travel and reaching outward as they traveled have social repercussions beyond the average farang's understanding. To go to one person's family funeral but to later not go to a relative of that family's funeral would attract the wrong sort of attention and comment. In for a penny, in for a pound.

So these lone farangs living the fishbowl life of the lone farang in a small rural Thai community are now tied into a social requirement beyond their ability to refuse. The funerals are often long, sometimes incomprehensible, nearly always concerning someone they didn't know and have no reasonable emotional feeling for, sometimes involve extreme or unappealing emotional behavior from the immediate family, and often involve public drunkenness and or other public behavior that can escalate not in favor of the odd man out at the ceremony—the lone farang. And surprise, surprise—they are expected to make a donation. So it turns out that for both of these gentleman their retirement memories are peppered with the social obligatories (can you say social extortion) of attending strangers funerals. There is always a fly in the soup!

To quote an email friend of mine: "Being the lone farang in a village, you seem to be something of a celebrity. A minor big shot and seen as the 'rich' guy. Being the rich guy they all want you to come to their funerals, weddings, parties, and holiday celebrations; mostly because I think they think you'll splurge and add some money and booze to the party, and because you ARE a minor celebrity and they want to show they have 'connections' or something." So, everyone wants to have a farang (curiosity—freak—figure of fun—bragging point) at their funeral.

And once you start attending funerals there is no going back. You can't just throw a couple of hundred baht into the tambon envelope when it comes around the village and skip a ceremony. Just won't do. Remember, they floated a fly on the water with the first invite to the first funeral. You rose to the bait. Now the hook is in your mouth. And of course attending these funerals is not done with a snap of the fingers and a magic carpet. Each event involves issues of communication (miscommunication), scheduling, transportation, cash and or gift donations, as well as less tangible issues like 'face' and diplomacy issues. And of course, everyone knows you are going so ..."Could you give us a ride?" Add chauffeur and freight delivery to your retirement resume. One of the quietly galling things about all of this is that they seemed to have acquired second careers. They were now full time professional farang funeral attendees requiring all of the professional behavior and scheduling expertise and sales / diplomacy skills of their prior careers. One of the attractions of the siren song of retiring to Thailand was the delicious notion of leaving all of the unremitting professional minutia of careers behind. And now they were doing it all over again. With nary a moment to themselves, they were now full time professional attendees of Thai funerals. Funeral Farangs! Sometimes they just wanted to scream. It seemed now that almost every social interaction had something to do with someone's death. Every ringing phone in their home, every note slipped under the door, every social stop on the street, every passing wave from another Thai in car or truck or on motorbike or motorcycle. Everyone wanted to play. Everyone wanted to be included. "Hey, let's go tell the farang about the death in Lop Buri or Phang Khon or Phrae; I'm sure he'll be interested. Maybe we can all go. And we can get him to carry the speakers and the tables and the food. He'll buy whiskey. All the farangs do!"

Being affable, friendly, outgoing, socially anxious-to-please guys; the first time they were asked to attend a local funeral they said "Yes". They were pleased to attend and charmed to be included and gratified at their climb up the local social respect ladder. Then they were invited to another funeral. Then another funeral. Then another … and another! Eventually, they started to get invited to funerals completely out of even the most remote conception of their local geographic area. They started to meet each other at funerals so far away from home that sometimes it was just easier to stay overnight rather than make the long tired drive back home. Two elderly white skinned foreigners bumping into each other in improbable places for improbable reasons. Now this part of their bucolic social Thai retirement years has become a giant pain in the butt. Depending on your point-of-view; the whole Funeral Farang issue has grown like a yeast or like a cancer. Both gentlemen are now privately wondering if they are known in their provinces for anything else other than their attendance at funerals.

Forget about the time and the interest they spent making
1. Donations to the local hospital and clinic.
2. Help spent on a blistering hot day digging a trench for the new well.
3. Driving locals around in the truck so that they can shop and visit friends and relatives.
4. Tutoring and teaching at the local schools.
5. Use of their freezer for locals fish, roadkill, and other food items.
6. Lending tools that are never returned.
7. Cash donations to every reasonable supplicant and cause.
8. Participation and interest in local affairs regarding zoning and self governance issues.
9. Babysitting local (and not so local) children.
10. Helping locals with issues of banking and documents and

faxing and phone calls and computer contracts and travel agencies, etc.

11. Coaching friends and neighbors on job interview techniques.
12. Etc's too numerous to mention.

They probably aren't going to be remembered for any of these good deeds or good thoughts or good actions. Just the funerals (and the weddings and the parties and the holiday celebrations). Reinforcing the boring life lesson once again that whatever you do that includes others must come from the heart—the notion that you are going to be remembered the way that you would like to be remembered is Slim and None—and Slim just left town! Funeral Farangs ...

So, do I really want to retire to Thailand? Do I really want to dodge snakes and spiders when my pants are down, be stared at all the time as if I am a two-headed baboon, and have all of my good intentions and good deeds converted to invites to funerals where I will be expected to act like a dancing clown at a rich child's birthday party? I'm not sure. I think this matter deserves a little more thought and mature reflection. And the ideal place for mature thought and reflection is across the street at the Rainbow bar. There surrounded by music, lights, laughter, and smiling women I can examine this potential lifestyle change in the cold bright light of logic and rational thinking. Yessiree, nothing aids logic and rational thinking like alcohol and almost naked women. Maybe I'll just put this whole rural Thailand retirement idea on hold ... for now.

74. Big Yellow Hat

TT&A Part 61 11/9/2004

I can't read French but I know French writing when I see it. And every time I was sitting down taking a dump in the 'charming Thai guesthouse' bathroom full of crawling and stinging and slithering and flying things I got to see it. On the wall at eye level was a note written in French. Once you tired of looking around at the inside of the bathroom and wondering how or why all the holes had gotten punched in the walls and in the floor and in the ceiling; you didn't have much else to do but sit and stare at the French writing and wonder what the note said. One day I just beat a French girl into the end-of-the-hall bathroom. Once situated, I yelled at her through the bathroom door—"Hey, do you know what this note on the wall says?" "Yes", she yells through the door. "It says, 'Don't step on the snake—he has feelings too!'"

What the fuck? What snake? Jesus flying crap—what snake? You mean there is a snake in this bathroom? Now I am looking at all of the holes in the walls and in the floor and in the ceiling with a new interest. I hate snakes. I am afraid of snakes. They terrify me. And now according to this French girl and this French note on the wall; I am sitting with my pants down on a crapper in a little room that has a resident snake.

I moved out the next day! I'm all for reasonable political correctness but the only feeling I want a snake to feel is the tires of my truck running over it. The notion that some politically correct French backpacker with more hair on her back than I have in my groin thinks that snakes have feelings too just makes me want to retch. Please ...! Well, you might ask what a smart guy like me was doing living in shithole like that in the first place. And the answer would be Youth. Yup, I guess there are two surprises here. Surprise number one is that I was once young; and surprise number two is that when I was young I was stupid. I know, I know; it's hard to believe but when I was young I was sometimes stupid. And one of the stupid ideas that I fell for when I first started coming to Thailand was that staying in a shit shack made up of boards and tin by the side of weed choked klong breeding snakes and flies was preferable to staying in $40,000,000 hotel with security and convenience and air-conditioning and friendly staff. It was the 70's and I was seduced by the politically correct siren song and wacky thinking of backpacking youth that said that living with the locals was a better way to live. You know; get to know the real Thailand. Witness spousal abuse and malaria and malnutrition and non-working fans and lack of hygiene in food preparation, and child neglect up close. Learn to say 'Dysentery' in Thai. They'll respect you for it. You'll make valuable Third World friends for life. And everybody knew in the 70's that a Third World friend culled from the ranks of the ignorant and the stupid and the mean beat an educated friend from the West anytime. Like I said, I was once young and stupid. So for a long time I had various housing adventures that always included living poor and with poor people and being inconvenienced and hot and sometimes sick and sometimes scared. I don't do this anymore. I am now an adult. If someone asked me today to make a housing choice between a house on stilts and a hotel with electric lights and air-conditioning and a lock on the door; I can make the right choice. But this deranged thinking of youth has amazing staying power and is still popular. Recently while standing in line one morning at a currency exchange booth on Khao San road I had to endure people (youth) in front of me and behind me prattling like magpies about trendy shabby Third World hovels they were staying in and the wonderful locals they had shared the craphole with. I thought my head would explode.

So anyway, when I first came to Thailand I had many housing adventures because once you stick the needle of political correctness in your vein and start mainlining it is hard to stop. In between these housing mistakes I would bounce back to the Nana hotel. So I would have a housing adventure; realize I had made a terrible mistake; and then bounce back to the Nana to recoup. This went on for years. And in all of this time the only thing in my life that was constant was a woman down soi 4 near the Bus Stop restaurant who sold soup and chicken breasts on bamboo skewers. She was no longer young and no longer girlie pretty and no longer shaped like an hourglass but she had a wonderful smile and bright eyes. In the beginning I tried the soups but I had to stop when I damaged my esophagus from too much spice. So for me it was strictly chicken breasts and a smile. Every single day. We didn't talk much but over the years it became a kind of friendly reliable relationship and an important part of my life. I liked her a lot. She seemed to like me. You never know. In the meantime when I was staying at the Nana I was going through bargirls like prunes through an old lady. Sometimes I'd arrive at this soup and chicken lady's stand with my latest love interest in tow. I learned early that under those circumstances the soup and chicken lady would just shut down. No eye contact, no smile, nothing. It made me feel bad. I sometimes got the disquieting notion that I had done something wrong. But I couldn't figure out what. Thais! Go figure. Anyway … more housing adventures.

A friend told me of a groovy place next to the Chao Phraya river on the Thonburi side. He told me I could move in around midnight. It was on the roof of the building. Well, at midnight it looked like I had made a pretty good choice. The stars were pretty and the breeze off the river was cool. The next day was a shock. The morning view was not of river and stars but of all the other roofs. Roofs in Thailand are used to store trash and mattresses and hanging laundry and more trash. That's all you could see. No wonder he told me to move in at midnight. Then the roof started heating up in the sun. I lasted a week. Back to the Nana and my chicken breast lady.

Another time I heard about a cult place for the financially challenged right on the river in Chinatown. Off I went. It was everything I had heard about. Filthy, cheap, convenient, and had a really interesting view (I love boats and stuff). Unfortunately I found out that Chinatown is full of Chinese people. Who knew? I can't stand the Chinese and apparently they don't like anyone else except themselves. If I had a one baht coin for every unreturned smile in Chinatown I'd—well, I'd have a lot of one baht coins. Somebody should tell the Chinese of Chinatown in Bangkok that Thailand is known as the Land of Smiles. I lasted two months.

I tried two places in Chiang Mai. These places were actually nice. Good deals. But I found out that Chiang Mai for me was boring. Back to BKK.

It went on like this for years. I tried subletting condos and apartments and guesthouses and private homes and special little hippie secrets (yawn) and always the debits exceeded the credits and I ended up back at the Nana. The colonial era Atlanta hotel on lower Sukhumvit at the end of soi 2 seemed like a good idea for awhile. But finally too snobby. I mean I'm a snob but these blokes were off the chart. The Honey hotel got a try for access to Soi Cowboy but I got tired of Soi Cowboy. Then I developed the notion that living in a real neighborhood with real Thais might have appeal. Driving around with the realtors was fun and interesting. I put some money down. Unfortunately, I forgot about real Thai dogs and real Thai trash and real Thai nutcase neighbors. But the dream dies hard and you keep trying. God forbid you should tell the totally hip female backpacker from

Oslo that you are actually staying in a modern hotel with modern features and high standards. You won't be dipping your wick in that tasty wax!

The best place I ever found was a little apartment on a soi off Second Road in South Pattaya. This place was really cheap and really nice and part of a bunch of little apartments on a nice private bit of landscaping. It turns out that if you take a week and just walk up and down the sois of South Pattaya from Second road back and knock on doors and peer through fences that you can find a lot of really nice places to live. But it didn't work out. It turns out that once you leave the ocean and the boardwalk and the Beach road fun of South Pattaya the area really just doesn't have much to offer. Don't believe me? OK, on your next day off or with your next bargirl heartthrob taxi out to Pattaya Park Tower and go up to the revolving restaurant on the 53 floor—there without having to pay 4000 baht for an ultra light plane excursion you can get a bird's eye view of Pattaya. It is a dull, flat, featureless boring landscape. Back to Bangkok.

And through it all; all the moving out and the moving in and the moving around and the returns to the Nana my chicken on a bamboo skewer lady always seemed to know where I was living and where I had been and when I had returned. It was amazing. I must have told her this stuff but why would she remember it? Of course the three places I tried on soi 4 further down from the Nana I suppose she just knew about because she could see me coming and going. Anyway, she always seemed to know about this part of my life and when I announced that I was back at the Nana I always got a big smile and bright eyes and a free piece of chicken. By now I had learned that her name was Gai. At least I think it was. Anyway, every time I said, "Sawasdee krap, Gai." I got a big smile and a piece of chicken. Works for me. One day walking up soi 4 from my digs near Uncle Rey's guesthouse I was amazed to see the sky turn purple in a second. It was the heart of the monsoon season and this wasn't going to be rain—this was going to be a mindfuck of nature pissing and blowing like some Biblical paroxysm of Old Testament fury. Up ahead I could see Gai squatting by the gutter washing pots and pans. I knew she had to push her wagon all the way up to the abandoned lot near the now location of the Nana station Skytrain overpass. I then knew that she had to walk and walk to get home. No taxis would be available. She'd never make it. I worried about her. When I got up to her I pantomimed helping to push her wagon up to the abandoned lot. She said 'No'. Then she said 'Yes'. Halfway to the lot it came down. It blew so hard it made us spontaneously yelp and yell from exertion and the rain came in sideways. The rain was cold. Ice cold. By the time we got to the lot we were cold and drenched to the bone and a little shaken. Standing in the instant sea of mud in the driving rain with no more than 6 feet of visibility we held on to each other for support. I asked her if she wanted to spend the night at my place. She said 'No'—then she said 'Yes". The trip back down Sukhumvit and then down soi 4 to my place was certainly a better idea than her walking home but it was horrible. By the time I put the key in the lock we were shaking spasmodically with cold, wet through and through, and holding on to each other for support.

In my apartment we stripped off and got in the hot shower together. Neither one of us would have wasted chivalry on waiting for the other one to shower first. Too cold. It was a life and death situation. So we stood and shook and panted under the streaming hot water together. I got out first and handed her a white bedsheet through the bathroom door. No way would the standard issue guesthouse white terry cloth towel have gone around her body. She might have been nicknamed Noy in the village years ago but those days had been left behind and now all of her was in the Maak Maak category. Round and brown.

Meanwhile the wind was gusting and blowing and panting like it was Nature's last chance to scare people, and the rain hitting the windows sounded like hail. She was staying the night. What to do? How to get from awkward to friendly?

I remembered that I had a big huge plastic bag of women's hats in the closet. In the beginning when I came to Thailand I was always hoping for something more than just sex. I wanted it to mean something (stop laughing). I wanted to make a friend. I wanted a connection. So if I picked up a nice girl at a bar and brought her back to my room I would try a little social foreplay first. For a while I had two laminated maps: one of the World and one of Thailand. I thought it would be fun to lay side by side on the bed and look at the maps. She could find her home town on the Thailand map and show me where she lived and I would show her where Boston was on the World map and show her how I flew to Thailand. I thought it would be a nice icebreaker and set me apart from the other stupid horndogs and hopefully we might connect on some level. I did this a little while and then stopped. Many of the girls could not find their hometowns on a map of Thailand and none of them could find Thailand on a World map and almost none of them had any curiosity about where I was from or how I flew to Thailand. Can you say disappointing? Anyway, no more maps. Then I got another idea. One day while cruising the aisles of the Chatuchak Weekend Market I found a stall selling women's hats. Big fancy hats with feathers and bright colors and ribbons and big brims. I bought 10 of them. The biggest fanciest hats I could find. When I tried this for foreplay it was like hitting the lottery. The bargirls loved the hats. All the hats. Trying on hats and posing in the mirror was a huge success. I was a hit. Big smiles. Jackpot! Think this is silly? Try and imagine a naked bargirl in high heels trying on hats and smiling. What do you think of this idea now? Jackpot.

So I went to the closet and pulled out the big black plastic trash bag full of hats. Dumped everything out on the bed. A bed covered with big fancy hats. I picked one up and put it on. Pointed at the bed and at her. Smiled. The dam burst. No more social tension. She leaped at the hats. Spent an hour trying on hats. Smiling. A big mound of brown with betel nut stained teeth and wet black hair and wide Isaan feet playing at being a rich woman. A beautiful woman. A sexy woman. A young woman. A desired woman. Her favorite was a big brimmed yellow hat with a big yellow ribbon and a big yellow feather. I danced around pretending to take pictures of her with my camera. I called her 'suay maak'. I was happy. We laughed together.

That night we went to sleep on each side of the bed. Adults. The next morning I awoke to find a brown arm around my chest, her beautiful black hair in my face, and the yellow hat on her head. Leaving together that morning I gave her the hat. Then I forgot about her. Two days later I was rounding the corner of soi 4 and Sukhumvit where the shoe repair guy is and way down the soi near the Bus Stop restaurant I could see a big yellow hat. Gai. When I got within hailing distance, suddenly as if connected to me by some morpholic thread, she turned and nailed me. Full intimate eye contact and a big smile. She waved her big soup spoon at me and pointed to the hat. Two more steps and I heard my name. "Dana ...!" I bought some chicken and then there was that horrible throat constricting pregnant pause that can only happen between two adults. I was supposed to say something. I was the man. I was supposed to be pro-active. I was supposed to be the aggressive interested party. We had known each other for years. She had trusted me. We had laughed together. We had had an adventure together. She had moved to my side of the bed. I had been so happy. I was supposed to ask her out. I didn't. Sometimes what a man really needs is nourishment instead of punishment. Smart men know this. My nourishment was standing in front of me. Waiting. She had been interested in me for years. Suddenly it all made sense! She had been waiting for this stupid farang to wake up. She had been patiently waiting for years. I was supposed to step into the relationship and act like a man and ask her out. I didn't. Her face fell like the brick cladding on the side of a building that suddenly gives way and ends up in a pile of rubble in the street.

Later that night I came out of the NEP with a G-Spot girl on my arm. Starting down soi 4 towards Uncle Rey's guesthouse, I looked for Gai. She should have been selling soup and chicken just a little beyond the entrance to the Bus Stop restaurant. All I saw was a big yellow hat with a big yellow ribbon and a big yellow feather. In the gutter!

75. Sometimes I Think They Just See Me Coming

TT&A Part 62 2/10/2004

When I first started going to Thailand I was struck by the high quality of things that were for sale on the street and in the shops. Unlike other places where the street stuff is touristy and junky, a lot of the stuff that catches your eye in Thailand is fun and nice. I bought things. I'm not normally a shopper but in Thailand I shopped and I bought. I bought so much stuff in the first few years that I used to travel with a big backpack. Now I travel light but in the old days I used to bring a lot of stuff back from my vacations in Thailand. So I have a practiced eye for what is for sale. When walking down lower Sukhumvit road in BKK my eye easily reviews the merchandise on the sidewalk tables. Now for me it is mostly same-same! Been there, bought that. Not many changes. My buying days off the street are mostly over. But you can get surprised.

One day while doing the 4pm stagger down Sukhumvit back to the Nana Hotel my wandering appraising eye spotted a table near the Greenhouse piled high with beautiful imitation silk shirts. This was not normal merchandise. A wondering man might have wondered where this extremely high quality merchandise came from. Closer inspection showed absolutely beautiful short sleeved, button down, patterned 'silk' shirts in all sizes and colors. Lying there on the sidewalk table in glorious plenty it looked like Xanadu. Five dollars each! I bought two. The lady who sold them to me was so sweet I had to resist the impulse to talk. Talking would have produced stuttering and drooling and grunting noises and lockjaw. To say the buying experience was a pleasure would be an understatement. Ah Thailand, how do I love thee? Back in the room at the Nana I took my loot out of its bag and laid them on the bed. Both shirts had streaks down the front where they had been folded. I couldn't believe it. Joy turned to disappointment. Ah, Thailand ... For some reason I had not been able to see the defects in the shirts in the daylight out on the sidewalk, but here in the room under artificial light the streaks and defects were glaringly obvious. No amount of rationalizing or wishing or denial would make this work. I can't wear these shirts back home in the office. They will have to go back. Nuts. Now I start to get the farang shakes because Thai retailers are not known for their 'The customer is always right.' return policies! And I don't want any trouble.

Back I go. This time the charming (please marry me) Isaan wonder who helped me the first time is gone and has been replaced by a mute. Now I am on high customer farang alert because the mutes of lower Sukhumvit do not have the best reputations (thieves and weasels) for customer service. So I take a deep tourist breath and start showing the mute the shirt and the defects on the front and I am pantomiming and smiling like a cat in a bird store. "NO PLOBLUM". He could not have been nicer or more anxious to please. I felt guilty. Eventually, I found two replacements that I liked. Different colors but I was happy and I felt good about the experience. Maybe I should lighten up on the Thais and chill out a little bit. More smiles. An even exchange. No bullshit. No problem. Back to the hotel. I'm exhausted but it has been a nice end to a nice day.

Back at the hotel I take my fabulous new shirts out and lay them on the bed. Yup, you guessed it. Both shirts have defective streaks down the front where they have been lying folded in a warehouse somewhere probably for months or maybe even years. Who knows? Defects that make them totally unwearable. I can hardly believe it. The mute that I had dealt with was in full accordance with me that the streaks down the first shirts made them totally unacceptable and now he has given me two more shirts that are exactly the same. He sells these shirts all day long. Apparently, they are all defected identically. HE KNEW. Now I'm angry. Tie me down bullshit angry. So back I go. Get ready for what comes next. Remember—it's Thailand.

As I round the corner of Soi 4 and Sukhumvit where the shoe repair stand is and look down the sidewalk, I can hardly believe my eyes. Everyone and everything is gone! In addition to shirts this vendor also sold a lot of other clothing items and had taken up about twenty feet of sidewalk with the ubiquitous tables and sawhorses and backdrop screen and overhead shade roof. Everything is gone. I am standing in an empty twenty feet of sidewalk between two other sidewalk merchants on either side of me. No other vendors are gone or are packing up so it is not a police raid. And the night is young. Prime selling time has just started. The only shop owner who is gone is mine. I am briefly disorientated. Am I hallucinating? Is this early onset Alzheimer's? Have I fallen down a rabbit hole and ended up on a different street? I look around to verify my surroundings. Nope. I ain't crazy and my shirt seller charming lady honest mute people are gone. Vaporized. I look down the sidewalk towards the Skytrain pedestrian overpass near the vacant lot to see if I can spot those big wheeled container things they all use to pack up at the end of the night. Nothing! Goose Egg! Zippo! Nadda! It is as if the ground just cracked open and swallowed them up. So there I am standing in an empty space holding two shirts I can't wear and Thailand has my farang money.

Honestly, sometimes I think they just see me coming!

School Girl

Well, just when you think that you've seen everything; along comes something that you haven't seen before! I guess that's what keeps us interested in life. On my last trip to Thailand I saw something that I had never seen before. Part of me doesn't want to see it again and part of me does want to see it again. It was late at night and I was hanging out at the end of the parking lot at the Nana Hotel. There is metal sign on wheels that says something in Thai. It is just the right height for leaning on and watching the scene. I wish I was a writer because the scene from curb to curb between the Nana Hotel parking lot and the Nana Entertainment Plaza is endlessly fascinating. It is no more than 6000 sq. ft. but it is a whole world unto itself. An adult world. Not an appropriate place for children. It is a world about adult needs and adult pleasures and sex and money and broken hearts and youthful dreams. The silk purse has bits of jagged glass in it. You can get hurt. I look up and see walking down soi 4 directly towards me two women. One is in her over-the-hill thirties. She's got a face like a ten mile dirt road and her body could absorb 9mm shots without flinching. The other is a SCHOOLGIRL. If I hadn't been leaning on the sign I'd have fainted dead away. This is not schoolgirl territory. There is no way that this is a good idea. I have never even dreamed this dream. The schoolgirl is wearing the schoolgirl uniform of black skirt, white shirt, white ankle socks, and black loafers. How old is she; 15? Who knows? In the States this would stink of set up and entrapment and you would run like hell. This is not the States, this is Thailand; and I am leaning on a metal parking lot sign in one of the most notorious red light districts in the world. They stop right in front of me. I don't say a thing. Just watching. Son of a bitch—it looks like they are both on the game! I can barely credit it. The schoolgirl is oh so young, and oh so giggly and immature. Where are the parents? The schoolgirl is also pretty and shaped like a woman. I start chatting. I'm in no hurry. It's go slow time with this new thing. Lots and lots of chatting and talking and silences. The older woman has discounted me. She doesn't think I am a player. More talking. I am starting to warm up to the idea. This schoolgirl is very attractive. Jesus what a piece of candy! My fingerprints won't be the first ones on her but with most of the Nana tribe you can't find a place for new fingerprints. I'm a little disoriented. I'm a little shocked and a little depressed and a little interested. Getting more interested. But there is no way in a million years I am going to follow through on this. Still, old habits die hard and part of me is on automatic. I throw out a test line—float a fly on the water. She responds that she likes me. I ask her how much for 'short time'. She says, "Twenty thousand baht!" and giggles. More chatting back and forth. I try to get her to drop to 10,000 baht just to see if she knows what she is doing. She won't drop—more giggling. That's it for me. Now I am not so sure of what is in front of me. Maybe she is not on the game. Anyway, she's too young and too immature. I turn and go into the hotel. Another day in Thailand comes to a close. I know I did the right thing.

I also wonder how I'll find her in three years!

76. Trip Report

TT&A Part 63 9/10/2004

Well guys I just got back from my semi-annual trip to LOS and I am still exhausted and enervated by the experience. I can hardly get my feet on the ground. I was going to post a trip report and then I decided not to. Too many other writing irons in the fire! Then I decided I would. In the meantime I was sending off long emails to friends. Finally I decided I wouldn't post a trip report because I was kinda emailed and storied out. Then the tidal wave of requests (one) decided the issue for me. So here is my trip report:

I had a great time. Nah, that's not right, I had a fantastic time. Nah, that's not right either. I had the best vacation in Thailand I have ever had and that is saying something. Some details:

Between my semi-annual little dinky vacations I spend a part of almost every day either reading about or writing about or researching or thinking about Thailand. So by the time it is time to get on the plane one more time I have a long list of things to do and adventures to have and people to meet. This all works if you nap once or twice a day that way you don't really need to waste too much time sleeping at night. I have found I can go about 8 days without solid REM sleep and still function. So anyway, I am not one of these vacationers who has relaxing vacations. But a blow by blow of every day would be tedious.

Rather than recount all of my tailor adventures, I'll mention just one. I had a Bangladesh tailor named Nassir in the Royal Garden Mall in Pattaya make up some pants out of fishscale print black leather. When I asked Nassir if he could make pants out of the material there was a long pause. What was the pause for? What did they normally use the material for motorcycle covers? Anyway, when completed I thought the pants looked fantastic.

However, this week the black people in my office asked me if I had changed my name to Pimpdaddy and was I running a string of Ho's. I guess fashion opinions can differ!

I was lucky enough to meet four people who I had met on the internet through the Stickmanbangkok site plus I had dinner with Stick at the Nana. I had asked Stick to not come up with a meeting place more than 1000 yards from the Nana hotel because if I get too far from the Mothership I start to get shaky and feel as if I am going to have to cross a border or something. The other four gentleman I met were kind of like blind dates. It was up and down. Two of them I hope will become long term friends. The others seemed a little subdued and maybe a little disappointed. I don't know what they expected but I am just a normal guy. In fact I am the measure by which all men are measured. I am thinking of changing my name from Dana to Normal. I got the feeling that these gentlemen expected me to be some kind of slobbering story telling deviate who would entertain them like a dancing bear in a circus. Well, at least I met two guys I could connect with and finally meeting Stickman was interesting.

I would like to go into detail regarding my health challenges and medical routines but even I am getting tired of hearing it so I guess we will just dance around that part of the vacation. Suffice it to say that early on I had to make some changes. My blood pressure / heart rate monitor was posting very high numbers and I could feel the steam engine in my chest so I stopped taking Cialis and Viagra at the same time, and I stopped the Nitric Oxide, and I stopped the Yohimbine, and I stopped taking the big blue pro-hormone pills, and I stopped the Testosterone patches. That left just Viagra in 25mg doses three times a day which worked fine. Stopping the other parts of the male performance supplementation program wasn't in the cards but the notion of my posterior myocardial infarction blowing out had little appeal. Nothing concentrates the mind like the thought of death.

I bought lots of gifts for office mates and had fun doing so but we really don't want to write / read 5000 words about that. I did have one charming experience though that I might have spent a lifetime in Thailand and never witnessed. I arrived at Robinson's department store just as they opened for the day. As the doors were opened and a few of us early birds went in I was stunned to see that all of the retail staff were lined up and waiing and smiling. Absolutely one of the most charming things you can imagine. Thailand the way we would all like to live it and remember it. If I ever have to pick anything up at Robinsons on future trips I will always get there just as they open the doors. Marvelous.

Spending time with the lounge lizards in the Nana was fun as usual. The repository of stories and information available from these guys is amazing. One of them has been coming to Thailand since 1964 he said he could remember when klong water was clean! These guys were very helpful to me more on that later.

Met a friend of a Thai friend here in the States. Her name was Laddawan and we spent an hour chatting in the lobby of the Landmark hotel. She was about 50, educated, very bright, bi-cultural (Thai and American), bi-lingual, and politically astute. It was a pleasure to meet a Thai woman who was not a bargirl. On a not quite tangential subject I noticed (or felt) that on this trip there was a lot less tension between me and the Thais. Everything was easier and more fun and friendlier. I can't quite figure this out but it was a nice change. Anyway, meeting Laddawan was a good experience because it helped keep the dream of Thailand alive for me. You really get awful tired of beating up on Thailand. You would like it to work. Anyway, that's what I would like.

Finally tracked down the Megabreaks pool room on the second floor in the Rajah complex on soi 4. It is now called Pro Pool. Since the name change the big new signs were not up yet but any bar on the first floor of the complex would be able to help me find them right? Nobody working in the bars within a stones throw of Pro Pool had every heard of them and I got the old Thais looking at me as if I have two heads' look. Finally found them ABOVE the last bar I had asked. Thailand. Anyway, it is a first class professional place with friendly knowledgeable staff and delicious air-conditioning. Nobody hustles you, the girls just do their jobs and stay out of the way, the manager was perfectly willing to give me some pointers, and beginners like me don't have to feel self-conscious. A much better place to spend some suffocating afternoon hours than sitting in those hot stupid open air bars next to the NEP or the Nana.

I made my bi-yearly day trip to Ko Lan for beach and boating and swimming activities but I have already written about that so I don't think I'll repeat myself. Getting away for the day is great and the water is clean. I had a run-in with a beach massage lady (these stupid beach touts are a drag) but that's just a part of the Third World (read: Stupid World) experience. If Thailand wants to market itself as a vacation destination the locals have to be taught not to harass the tourists. Enuf said.

Really made friends with the Internet rooms this trip. Was in the Internet rooms at least twice a day. A lot of fun. The rooms are like libraries where you can trust the patrons to act civilized, the rates are a non-issue to a vacationer, the girls are always cute and pretty (the girl at the Internet place next to J.P. Travel on soi 4 has absolutely stolen my heart), they are always air-conditioned so they represent a nice oasis experience from the city heat and noise, and it is fun to chat with friends. In one case I sat down and pulled up a message from a fellow who had just arrived in BKK. He gave me his afternoon schedule. I got up left immediately and walked over to Gulati tailors on Sukhumvit Ave. There he was. A gentleman I had been chatting with on the internet for a year. Fun.

Checked out the Beer Garden on soi 7 for afternoon delights but it was much, much, much too hot inside. Only a pick-up place for me if I was in a hotel on the same street. There was a frisky girl there making eyes at me but I decided it was too much of a hot slog back to the Nana. I'm getting spoiled. I remember I had a friend in Texas who thought nothing of driving 4 hours for a date. I refuse to walk more than 200 feet. Thailand does that to you.

Had some money management troubles this trip. Tipped a girl in a bar 500 baht when I meant to tip her only 20 baht. I had been licking her pussy like a deer at a salt lick so I was a little disoriented. More on that later. I had a street pickup in Pattaya manage to steal 1000 baht from me. My fault. But in the overall scheme of things these were absorbable losses since the majority of my pickups were 300 baht freelancers in Pattaya. and no barfine. I had more love affairs this trip than any other trip I have ever made and spent substantially less money. God bless drug addled mentally unbalanced over the hill freelancers. I love you all.

I didn't see any trannies in Pattaya which was amazing. I didn't go in any bars looking for them but normally they cruise the boulevard and Walking Street. Not one. Vaporized. And there was a lot more police presence on Walking Street in Pattaya. I learned to duck behind posts and step into stores when I saw them coming. This is the first time traveling in Thailand that I had my passport on me at all times. This passport thing is a real inconvenience but I have been persuaded that it is a good idea to have it on me.

Hurt both of my knees and my back doing you know what'. Room 201 at the Julie Complex hotel on the quiet end of Walking Street in Pattaya has a fabulous sliding window view of the moon and the stars and the ocean directly below. You stand in the window with your arm around your naked teeruk and wonder how life could possibly get better. Then to the bed. The bed wasn't just hard, it felt like it was full of metal. More on this later.

Had a first time experience at a gay clientele hotel called Ambiance that is in the heart of Boyztown. An email friend had turned me on to this hotel because of its great location. Getting back to the AA Hotel is kind of a slog and it is against the traffic so there is no 10 baht bus. The Ambiance is on the net and looked good so I decided to check it out:

Me: I am not Gay, I am Straight will that be a problem in this very fine hotel that caters to Gays?

Ambiance: No, not at all we support every kind of Love.

Me: If I meet Miss Right Now' and decided to share my life with her in this fine hotel will there be a guest' charge?

Ambiance: No sir! However, all guests must carry an ID card.

Me: What? Are you kidding? Almost none of the very fine examples of Thai femininity that I meet have ID cards especially the wonderful women I meet cruising the boardwalk. Virtually none of them have ID cards. How can this be so? I don't understand this rule.

Ambiance: Sorry Sir, that is our policy and we check all incoming guests for cards.

Obviously I didn't check in to the Ambiance hotel. Is this really their rule or were they just trying to screen out a Straight Guy? Who knows! Of course it beggars the imagination that anyone in this world would not want me but still I guess there is always a first time. Too bad—great location (and I love mirrors).

So anyway, I could go on and on and develop these little memories at length but that is not really what I want to talk about. What I really want to talk about was my love life this trip. We'll call this section: Mount Everest of Sex!

On the second day, as soon as my vital signs had quasi stabilized and I feared death less; I decided to stagger out of the Nana and see if I could find some bamboo skewer chicken. A couple of chicken breasts and a coke from the Mini-Mart was what was needed to start my vacation. Cruising down soi 4 who should I spy but Beer sitting on a plastic bucket. Now Beer ('Lovelybeer' in her email address) is probably one of the most bone lazy piss poor freelancers in Thailand but we do have a history together and she is sweet. She can also be depended on to do one thing well. Hell, I'm not going to marry the woman so goodbye chicken and coke "Hello Beer!" We do a U-turn and go back to the Nana. Minutes later, sitting on the end of the bed naked she says (in very good English)

"Dana, you do everything right except one thing."
"Really" I say. "What is that?"
"You are a Cheap Charley!"

Now minutes before, this numbskull was sitting on a big white plastic bucket staring at an uncertain future and now she is in the company of man she knows and trusts with a wallet full of money. Can you say STUPID? I gather up her clothes, get down on my knees and put on her shoes, put her feet through her underpants, and dress her. One minute max and she is pushed out the door. Now if you are wondering about the wisdom of pushing a naked woman out of your room clearly you have never been to Thailand. A dog in a kennel doesn't have to worry about where his next flea is coming from. A little time for regrouping and dressing and then I decide to revisit the idea of chicken breasts and a coke. Turning down a naked woman has made me famished. Halfway down the carpark outside the hotel who should I spy but Boom-Boom (Yes, that is her name). She is a little past her prime and her brain is no longer reliable but in her time she was the most voluptuous woman in all of Thailand with a figure that you would only see in a Japanese comic book. And a beautiful heartstopping sexy face. Her appearance has probably been her curse. But it is matched by an attitude towards sex that can not be improved. She can't say "No" and she won't say "No" to anything. She is my dream girl from the past. Up to the room and it is like old times. Except I can't finish (if you know what I mean) and we are consummating our love doing Ow-Ow (TT&A Part 30 Thai Newbie Primer). I am perfectly willing to drill for oil for hours with my Viagra addled equipment but finally she gives in and gives me a freebie. No charge because I couldn't finish. What a gal. This sounds like a day but the main event is to come hopefully. A couple of trips back I had met and fallen hard for a woman who works at the NEP across the street. I have spent the last six months thinking of her. The plan is to spend my vacation in BKK doing long time' with her every night (I am besotted with this sexual athlete), and spend the days just putzing around. I will go across the street tonight and try to find her. The chances of running into her are slim and the chances that she will remember me are slimmer. In the last six months how many men has she bonked and how many men has she chatted up and how many men have groped her? You do the math it depresses me! Anyway, I am pinning all of my vacation hopes on meeting this woman again.

Later that night I skip across soi 4 to the Nana Entertainment Plaza, cruise all the bars as a prelude; and then head for her bar. She is standing outside acting as a doorgirl. I can't believe my luck. I nearly fall down as my knees go weak. And I am stunned. I hadn't taken any pictures last time we had been together and I am not prepared for how cute and sexy she is. She is devastatingly cute and bouncy and fun: long legs dropping out of a short skirt ending in tiny feet and sexy heels, and a little girl bra that I know is holding back big perfect cones. I whip out the 600 baht barfine (Who is the Cheap Charlie now?) and off we go. In the room at the Nana it is like old easy times between longtime lovers. She remembers me and she remembers the time we spent together and she is an enthusiastic fuck bunny athlete who beats me to the bed. Jesus Mary and Joseph I can't believe my luck. I am absolutely loopy over this piece of sex candy and now I have her in my arms and I am going to get to spend the whole vacation with her. If you looked up Happiest Man in the World in the dictionary there would be a picture of me. What could possibly go wrong? Well remember this is Thailand.

After some shower play and some simply jaw dropping preface lovemaking it is time to get to the main event. I have stopped laughing and crying with happiness as she has told me about her Mickey Mouse T-shirt and about how it is part of a set of five Mickey Mouse T-shirts mind you she has been going on and on about these Mickey Mouse T-shirts while she is naked and athletic; but now it is time for the main event. As I ease into position to fly the plane into the hanger (if you know what I mean) or to deliver the mail to the mailbox (if you know what I mean); suddenly her bee sting lips say a two syllable word that she has never used before. I am not going to mention the word but it starts with c' and ends with m'. Well, it was like a portcullis slamming down on the entrance to a medieval castle entrance (the sweetest tasting medieval castle entrance in Thailand I might add). This two syllable word is not part of my playbook. Suddenly a vacation of nightly lovemaking sessions with a woman I worship has been reduced to short times'. Without the sexual main event there is only so much you can do before your tongue goes into paralysis or she gets lockjaw. So once again I am reduced to dressing her and seeing her on her way.

Well, it has been an interesting second day in Thailand. I have thrown a naked woman out of my room, gotten a freebie from an old friend, and held in my arms a woman that for sexuality simply can't be beat. But there is a fly in the ointment. I can't spend the whole vacation waiting around all day to have a short time with Miss Mickey Mouse T-shirt. A man needs more than a lick and a kiss. It is time for Plan B. So I decide to go downstairs and chat up the lounge lizards.

Me: Guys, I can't tell stories that go back as far as you guys but I do remember when the girls across the street at the NEP were bouncy and fun and petite and smiling. Now they are big and tall and clunky and awkward and unsmiling. And the successful bars such as the Rainbow bars and the Angelwitch bar are so successful that they are no longer any use to me as places to meet women because they are so jammed and so noisy that I can't even chat a nice woman up. So what am I to do? Where should I go?

Lounge Lizards: Go south son, go south. The whole scene is shifting south to Pattaya. Many of the country girls who are making this a career choice are bypassing Bangkok entirely and are going right to Pattaya.

Me: Pattaya hasn't been so great in the recent past.
Lounge Lizards: It is now mate! Got a cigarette?

Well, at 12:30 pm the next day Bell Travel dropped me off at soi 13 in Pattaya and I was stunned. Flabbergasted. There were tons and tons and tons and tons of happy, young, petite, smiling, sexually interested girls. Like locusts sweeping from horizon to horizon blotting out the sun. And every single bar I went into on Walking Street had naked girls either dancing or walking around or doing acts' or sitting with clients. For you guys who have spent too much time hanging around Bangkok in the last couple of years staring at bikinis let me just remind you what the word naked' means. You have probably forgotten. It means that these sexually interested goddesses were not wearing any clothes. Remember? I thought I had been transported back in time. So I immediately rented out three hotels. I rented out the AA hotel on soi 13 for early morning pickups (the girls start filling the benches on the boardwalk at 7 AM as if there is a time clock on a palm tree). I rented out a room on soi 6 for afternoon delights. The Beach Road boulevard girls disappear during the mid day heat so soi 6 provides needed companionship. Looking for love is just a matter of timing and geography. And I rented out a room on Walking Street at the Julie Complex hotel for night time pole huggers. Juggling three sets of keys and three sets of documents was no problem but I could never figure out with accuracy where my stuff was: Where is my shaver? Where is my underwear? Where is my toothbrush? Actually for logistical and save my knees' reasons I also ended up renting out rooms at the Grand Hotel on soi 14 on Walking Street and at the White Inn ($10.00 / night) on soi 15. So I am running 5 hotels in about 8 days. Busy. The interesting thing was that if you took a girl to one hotel one night and then to a different hotel the next night she was convinced you were trying to hide the wife from her. Anyway, by the time I had accomplished all of this the first day in Pattaya I was dead dog tired and I thought too tired for mattress polo. But around 9:30pm I forced myself out of the Julie Complex on Walking Street. Now the Julie Complex is way down at the quiet end of Walking Street. So I told myself that I would walk up to the start of Walking Street and just cruise the bars all the way down the street on one side only. If I didn't fall in love by the time I got to the hotel I would just crash. No pressure. I've had sex before. No need to push. So I walked all the way up the start of Walking Street where the Beach Road traffic makes the left hand turn and walked into an open air bar and sat down. And looked up. Into the face of Nom. That was it. Game over. Checkmate. She wasn't the youngest woman or the cutest woman or the prettiest woman or the sexiest woman in the bar. She was dressed stone cold broke and there was no make-up. I don't think she got called out much. But I just knew. She was it. It was out of my hands. I immediately asked to barfine (200 baht) her. She seemed a little slow off the mark. I don't think men were all over her. Then when the light dawned and she realized I was serious and that I was a serious person her face lit up like the sun. Well, by the time we got back to room 201 in the Julie Complex hotel we were both in love. We had had our picture taken and bought flowers and she was carrying a new teddy bear. And her hips rose to meet mine. And again at 4 in the morning. The bed full of metal almost destroyed my knees but I didn't care. So think about this guys! I know of men who wait days or weeks or months (and shall we say years quietly) in their own countries to meet that special someone or that Miss Right Now'. How long did it take me to walk from the edge of the street to the barstool? Ten seconds? Thailand. Nom became the love of my life and my long time' companion for my time in Pattaya. Never thought of Miss Mickey Mouse T-shirt in BKK once. I would pick Nom up every night at 10:00pm and say goodbye to her every morning at 7:00am. She moved into the AA hotel with me. We went to dinner at the Hopf House restaurant, went to a tranny show at Alcazar, and I took her to Ko Lan for an all day beach and boating day. Heaven. Took 10 seconds to find her. Thailand.

The reason I saw Nom off at 7am every morning is that I was two (or three or four) timing her. Sue me. I'm a man. I can love more than one woman at once. Remember, I'm normal. Anyway, laying in the bed next to her in the morning at the AA hotel around 6:30 in the morning I would know that happy faces were streaming in to the boardwalk and starting to fill up the bench opposite the hotel. Names and faces that I knew. Names and faces that knew me. 300 baht wonders that were fun short times.

Finally the early morning sexual tension would be more than I could stand and I would roll out of bed at 6:45am and start staggering around the room gathering up Nom's clothes. Then whip back the sheet to expose her sleeping on her stomach, and start dressing her. Muttering the importance of getting to the Internet room (as if Stick was sending me an important message), I would have her dressed and out by 7:00am. Then it got comical. Standing on the corner of soi 13 and Beach Road saying goodbye and kissing and hugging and making statements of commitment and love would be a daily morning theater that the girls on the boulevard bench would watch. They wouldn't move a muscle. No helloing me or waving to me. No eye contact. Nothing. They were like mute disinterested statuary. Finally I would flag down a 10 baht bus and off Nom would go. As soon as the truck was down the street a safe distance the bench of girls on the boulevard would erupt into waving and helloing. Comical. Over I would run. And then it would be wonderful early morning contact with Poom or Fa or Daow or Nid or others Always an immediate short time' over by 8:30am and then sometimes another around 10:00am. Fast fun 300 baht trips to the temple of love. The perfect way to start the day. Sometimes instead of running right over I would wave and then walk down the street to the Explore internet room between soi 10 and soi 9. Early morning chatting with my friends and with the Internet girls was fun. Then on the way back I would stop in at the little

Mini-Mart and load up on cartons of orange juice and donuts and weird Thai snack foods (question: How come so many Thai snack foods look like they were once testicles?). Back to my girls with the two sacks of breakfast loot. I would sit amongst them and pass out cartons of orange juice and food. One on my lap, my arms around two others, and one holding up a carton of juice to my lips. Early morning chatter and laughing. Easy. No pressure. Then a choice made and over to the hotel. Thailand. One morning walking down the boardwalk in my baggy beach pants with the black stripes and the turquoise elephants, silver jewelry halfway to my elbows, Indian tapestry white shirt, black Nike flip flops, flowers and necklaces around my neck while carrying two sacks of breakfast items towards my waving girls; I remember thinking that this is the Mount Everest of my sex life. The sky was clear, the water was beautiful, the palm trees were still in the early morning air, I could feel the warmth of the start of another beautiful day in Pattaya; and ahead of me was a bench of waving smiling sex. I would never be sexually more happy than I was right then.

So that was basically the start of my days in Pattaya. Heartfelt, heartwrenching goodbyes with Nom and then one or two love affairs by 11am. Then I'd go down to the Royal Garden Plaza Mall for a Bangkok Post and beef stew (a big plate for 60 baht). Swenson's for ice cream on the way back. A little regrouping at the AA Hotel and then a trip up soi 13 to catch the 10 baht bus to soi 6 for afternoon delights. Around 6pm I would transfer to either the Julie Complex or the Grand Inn or the White Inn in the Walking Street part of town in case I crashed into a lovely woman before picking up Nom again at 10am. I would cruise the pole hugger bars between about 7pm and 10pm and sometimes fall in love.

A word about the Go-Go bars of Walking Street this time around. In the past couple of years the Go-Go bars have been disappointing. Especially in the off season (I was there in September). This time it was as if someone threw a switch and everything was different. They were jammed and they were cranking and everyone was smiling and some of those everyone's were naked. The lineup of dancers at the Electric Blue bar was so outstanding that I went by every night just to watch. And every night I used to tip one of the dancers 100 baht just out of thankfulness. I also used to sit every night with the highline dancer / money earner (highest number of inter bar short times'). She was one of the most interesting women I have ever met. Not only was she gorgeous and sexy and feminine and fun; she was also whip smart and charming. Under different circumstances she could have been a cardiac surgeon, or the pilot of a 747, or a senator. But she was made for sex and she knew it. One night, sitting next to me naked; she let me put my hand between her legs. She was running like a river. Made for sex.

Another interesting bar was on the second floor about half-way down Walking Street on the right. Commercial real estate agents will tell you that in retail if the customer has to step up or down one step that you lose 50% of your traffic. So the owner of this bar had about 20 girls at the top of the stairs waving. It worked. Up I went. Inside it was a big room with a big stage in the middle and continuous shows. The shows were fun. I went every night. One show had girls dancing around in white dresses. Not too engaging I thought. Then they came out into the audience and put the dresses over your head. Naked and shaved underneath. That's the night I tipped a girl 500 baht instead of 20 baht. Had temporarily lost my mind (and almost my tongue).

The thing I liked about the bars on Walking Street was they hadn't forgotten what business they were in. They were in the business of selling sex. Not selling lady drinks. Not selling shows. Not selling big screen TV programs. Sex. Everyone knew what the game was and everyone was happy. Anyway, a couple of hours of this and I would or I would not meet someone special and then it would be time to go pick up Nom at her bar for the evening of love. Another wonderful day in Pattaya coming to a close. After effortless sexually satisfying days and nights Nom and I were fitting hand in glove I thought. Then the weird night. She comes to bed with the towel on. You know what I mean. The Thai women's towel that you can't get off with a crow bar and blasting caps. I don't say anything. To bed. No sex. OK, I've been down this road before. No problem. Next morning after paying for a night of inexplicable no sex I say La Gawn and Choke Dee and wave good-bye. Nothing lasts forever. I don't expect to ever see her again. Except this is Thailand. I hadn't gone to the bar that night to pick her up (Our affair was over remember?) and at 4am I get a call from the downstairs concierge that there is a woman here to see me. "What the fxxk?" No idea who it could be. It is Nom on the front steps of the hotel and she is crying. And then she is hanging on me and she is crying and carrying on. "I love you!" yadda, yadda, yadda, cry, sniffle, cry, "I love you." etc. Well, I know I have this effect on women but it seems a little over the top from a woman who 24 hours ago came to bed with the towel on. And bye the way, where has she been between the bar closing and 4am? I decide I don't want to know. I'm tired and it is my last day in Pattaya and I don't need any more sex and I am a little unsure what to do with this new thing. A soi dog lying in the street opens one eye and then closes it again. He's seen it before. The night concierge who is not exactly Captain Happy is staring at us out the window. An old crone shuffles by. I feel like I'm in a black and white Hollywood film from the 40's. My arms are around her and I am vainly enjoying the theater of the thing but I am still wavering. Then she whispers in my ear those magic words "I have sex with you no money!" BINGO JACKPOT WE HAVE A WINNER. Freebie number two and it is only my 10th day of vacation. That works out to 73 freebies in a year. 730 freebies in 10 years! At an average of 1500 baht per long time' that is a savings of 1,095,000 baht. In we go. And that is how my last day in Pattaya starts. Nom and I in each others arms until 6am then a return engagement with Fa from across the street, and then the 8:30am Bell Travel pickup to BKK. God bless Thailand and God bless the lounge lizards of the Nana hotel who told me to go south. I am going to buy the guy who asked for a cigarette a carton of cigarettes.

The final day in BKK was a return engagement with Boom-Boom out of the parking lot (I couldn't have dreamed it better) and then I picked up Miss Mickey Mouse T-shirt from across the street and she stayed with me until 2:30am when I had to carry my bags down to the lobby and check out for the early morning cab (cry) ride to the airport.

So Ends this Trip Report (and the best time I ever had in Thailand). I'll be back in March. I have to. I promised Miss Mickey Mouse T-shirt a pink Mickey Mouse watch (I wonder if they have Mickey Mouse condoms?), and I promised to take Nom to the Royal Garden Plaza Mall Ancient Photos store to have our picture taken, and I promised to buy Fa gold earrings. Hey, it's only 11 days. I did my best. See you in March.

77. Chemical Soup

TT&A Part 64 16/10/2004

I was once in a hospital room with another fellow who had the shakes. He was shaking so badly that he couldn't feed himself. It looked like Parkinson's. But it also didn't look like Parkinson's and he didn't respond traditionally to standard Parkinson disease treatment protocols. So an intern was sent in to take an oral history starting with the day the guy was born. I lay in my bed and listened through the curtain. After two hours they hit the jackpot. It turns out that when this elderly gentleman was 18 he had been in a gas attack in France during World War I. The old guy knew the name of the gas. This gas has a cumulative effect and can take decades to finally initiate dramatic effects. Luckily for this gentleman there was an antidote. Modern medicine was able to help him.

This is a good example of the fact that our bodies and our minds are chemical soups that can respond positively or negatively to incoming chemicals (foods, pollution, etc). We are partly what we ingest. Lately in my state and in many other states in the United States long term mental patients have been responding positively to megavitamin and megamineral therapies. These patients were not crazy. They had specific chemical needs. Their systems were sick. Many of these patients have been released. Chemical soup again.

In Thailand one of the biggest killers is hypertension (high blood pressure). Causes can be many including Essential Hypertension or Etiology Unknown (fancy doctor talk for We Have No Idea!). One universally accepted idea regarding at least one of the causes of hypertension is excess stress. Stress consistently delivered to a system that was not designed to handle so much incoming stress causes the body to reset the barocepters higher in response. Then even higher amounts of stress cause the body to reset the barocepters higher once again. Eventually, something has to give. Death certificates might list brain aneurysm or cardiac event or some sort of mental / electrical short circuit. The real cause was too much stress delivered over too long a period. You can only blow up a balloon so big before it bursts.

So if Thais are plodding behind buffalo ripping up paddy fields or sitting on the front porch of the general store watching the sun go down or looking for road kill for dinner; where is the stress coming from? Well, one form of stress is chemical—food. Spice. Thais eat so much spice from birth that they regard it as a food group. It really is a stimulant. Heart rates and systems unnecessarily and improvidentially stimulated since birth can not be a good thing.

I have an idea that I can't explain that well but that makes sense to me. To wit: regarding the Thai females mentally unstable flash violent prolonged temper theatrics; I am more and more developing the notion that it may be because of some bio / chemical psychological nutritional imbalance based on excessive amounts of spice in the diet starting with the fetus in the womb receiving the mother's blood and then followed by decades of excessive stimulants. I am more and more persuaded that this causes some kind of nutritional chemical imbalance that manifests itself in abnormal brain function. To chalk up the violent aberrant behavior of the Thai female to culture is simply not sufficient. I think something more basic to the human organism is going on here. Example: Eskimo women eat mostly seal fat and snow balls. No flash tempers there! The Terra del Fuegian women eat mostly mussels and grass. No outbursts there! The Japanese women eat mostly soy curd and noodles. Couldn't be more angelic. The Thais eat so much spice however that they actually don't know it is a condiment and not a food.

So here is my theory and my plan of action: Take away a Thai female's daily intake of spice for 36 months and you might get a stable reasonable adult acting mature woman that you could live with. Since these little darlings can't be trusted to go cold turkey on their own; incarceration will be required. I'm in charge. They'll be housed with me. There'll be some video taping. Hey, it's science. Who wants to get in on this? Let me know.

Teddy Bear

The size of the stuffed teddy bear plush toy is that of a three year old child and I can hardly see over the thing. I am small and the teddy bear is huge. They should sell periscopes with these things! Staggering down the boulevard in South Pattaya at night with this thing marks me to every hooker within a hundred feet. I might as well be wearing a neon sigh on my head that says Farang Fool or Easy Money or Jerk from America or Sex Starved Middle Aged Man. The hookers smile as I stumble by but don't try to reel me in. They know that it is hopeless for now. I am being drawn to another woman's web and until the anesthesia wears off I am immune to competing pussy. But they have marked me. They know that sometime in the future when the anesthesia has worn off and I am no longer making a public spectacle of myself that I am easy baht on the hoof. They smile as they put me in their future sucker rolodex.

But I don't care. I'm proud to be marked. I'm happy to be a spectacle. I'm secure in my future. I am heading for Pea and I couldn't be happier. I called her and she is expecting me. Last time I saw her was six months ago. A more wonderful, gentle soul it would be impossible to imagine. We flowed into each other like water. I told her I loved her and I meant it when I said it. She returned the feelings with hip and smile and laugh. When I gave her a cute little love note written in Thai she looked at it and smiled and put it in her purse. Later I realized she can't read

Thai. She wants only two things. To love and to be loved. I hope she likes the teddy bear.

Usually when I check into Pattaya I set up at the AA Hotel. Then I decide what other places I might be using. Pea knows all about the AA Hotel. It was our home together. This time however I didn't check into the AA hotel. I checked into the White Inn on the corner of 2nd road and soi 15. You would have to know about the White Inn to know it was there. No signs outside, a dark lobby, unsmiling receptionist. $10 / day and no questions asked. Why did I check into this obscure down market place? I don't know. What premonition was greater than force of habit? I don't know!

Pea works in the first open air bar on the right on Walking Street. As I step off the curb and down the stairs there is a momentary lull in the bedlam and then all twenty girls start screaming and clapping. Man, this must be some teddy bear! Can I buy great gifts or what? Looking around the bear I see Pea. Eye contact. Smiles. Then she bursts into tears. Man, this teddy bear idea was pure genius! The other girls are screaming and clapping. Then Pea is on the move. Pushing the other girls aside as she comes out from behind the bar. Now she is in front of me. Pointing. At her stomach. She is six months pregnant. In perfectly rehearsed English she says, "This is our baby!"

Now I am out in the street running. Running down Walking street. Like a small child who has forgotten to drop the bat after hitting the ball, I am still holding the teddy bear. And running. And talking to myself. "Don't stumble. Don't fall. Watch your left knee. Don't run into anyone else. Keep running. Run!" Too late I see the two policemen. Nowhere to hide. Too late to stop. I blow right by them. Short legs churning like the wheels on a steam locomotive. I leave loud Thai yelling and whistles in my wake. I hang a left and churn up soi 14. At the intersection of soi

14 and soi 15 I can feel the clamping down in my chest. Time to stop. Stop or die. I step into an Internet chat room and pretend to be emailing. Hiding behind the desk I don't see any pursuers. Later I make it to the White Inn.

The next day I get the last plane out of Bangkok to Phnom Penh. I have a sudden desire to see Angkor Wat. This remote jungle architectural wonder in another country has always fascinated me. Now seems like a good time to inform myself on the wonders of Asian history. The stewardess sees me sitting with the big teddy bear in my arms. In perfect English she says, "For your girlfriend?" I smile a deathbed smile. "You have good heart." she says.

I feel sick.

78. An Occupational Hazard

TT&A Part 65 23/10/2004

The ripping and the tearing of the flesh isn't sufficient to cause me to blackout. The pain is severe but it is a case of 100 wounds rather than a single bullet to the brain. There is still the outrage of consciousness and the ability to fight back. The frothing hounds are on me! The horses ran me down. The terriers pulled me out of the hole. And now the denouement is the hounds tearing at me. Men on horses are blowing bugles. I can hear my own language. I am about to die. Run to ground by the moralists and the politically correct. I never really had a chance. It is hard to beat numbers. But I did the right thing. I ran.

A prostitute and I had relations. She got pregnant. She decided to have a baby. I was told that I bore 50% responsibility and was now part of a 100% lifetime contract. No, I'm sorry. This is nonsense. A shit sandwich I am not going to eat.

So I ran. That was all that was left. The only way I could show my humanness and my value and my dignity. Are you happy moralists? That you got me to run? Well, you made a mistake! Burning at the stake is much more entertaining. As the subcutaneous fat heats up it spontaneously rents the skin and explodes in a satisfying snap and sizzle and pop. Better than TV. Maybe next time. Because if I do get a next time on earth I am still not paying for some prostitutes baby. So start piling up the brush around the stake. Because if you do see me again I'll be running.

I do not feel and I refuse to accept any personal or financial responsibility for a bargirl's pregnancy or birth child. None. Think the above example is extreme? Welcome to my world. Welcome to my dreams!

OK, let's imagine something more reasonable.

Let's imagine that while flying at 35,000 feet over Thailand that some of your semen flies out the window of the plane (could happen). And let's imagine that at the same time there is a young fertile naked Thai woman lying on the ground with her ankles behind her ears. And lets imagine that after freezing and then thawing that your plunging sperm laden semen shoots right into her (could happen)! She gets pregnant and decides to have the baby. You are informed by EVERYONE that it is 50% your responsibility and a 100% lifetime contract even though you were not there and have no idea who she is. Absurd? No, that is the law. The law today is that a man's sperm is someone else's source of legal extortion as soon as it leaves his body. How many beers did it take to come up with this crap?

Still not convinced. OK, every man can connect with this.

A woman named Nom in Pattaya that I had been spending some time with informed me on our last day that since we had been having unprotected sex that she was going to get pregnant and give birth and that we were then going to get married and go to America. She stated this to me as if she was quoting a law of physics. This seemed completely reasonable to her because every woman and womanette (young stupid girl) and government official and smarty pants morally correct person she has ever heard or come in contact with has told her that this is how the world works. No need to discuss this with me. I am not really a human being. I am just a bag of money. Well, fuck her and fuck everybody. I ain't paying. Ever. If you are a prostitute and you make a living by fucking for money then one of the risks you bear is pregnancy. It is not my risk because I can't get pregnant (I bear other risks). If you get pregnant than you took a risk and lost. Most risk takers lose. That is the nature of risk. Well, do something about it. There are options. But don't come to me. It ain't my responsibility and I ain't paying!

OK, still not fully engaged in this. Well, that is obviously because you have never been to Thailand. But that's OK. I'll give you an example that only requires common sense. Let's imagine that you pick up a 10 year veteran prostitute called Boom out of the car park next to the Nana hotel. Later in a court of law it is not reasonable for her to say she does not know what sex is. That is the business she is in. She contracts (product, price, and delivery) several times a day. You and Boom have unprotected sex. Later in a court of law it is not reasonable for her to state that she does not know what a condom is or what it's supposed benefits are. Again, that is so integral to her business that for her to make this statement would be unbelievable. And since this statement is not believable it is also a corollary that she understands the risk of pregnancy is enhanced by not having protected sex. For her to say that she understood what condoms are and what they are for but that she had no comprehension of pregnancy as an occupational risk is absurd. Again, if she made a statement like this in court it would have no currency. So let's review: Boom knows what sex is and knows what condoms are and knows why unprotected sex may lead to pregnancy and accepts this behavior as risk behavior in her profession. OK, get ready for the ride. Boom gets pregnant and decides suddenly that she wants to participate in the joys and wonders of motherhood and because it is your semen you are going to pay. Suddenly Boom has forgotten what she knows and now it is just what she wants. And what she wants is for you to pay for her latest enthusiasm. You are not involved in any way in the decision to bring the baby to term. It's just your money she wants.

OK, now how do you feel? A little used maybe? Oh no, not you! You don't feel used because you know that it is really the right thing for you to do. Really? Let's consider something that you have not thought of; and that none of the moral powers and governments and do-gooders and right thinkers even bring up. You had risks in having unprotected sex with Boom. One of the risks was contracting an illness. If this happened and you went to Boom and told her that she bore a 50% responsibility for your illness and now had a lifetime job to help pay your doctors bills what do you think her reaction would be? That's right. She would think you were nuts! Because in this politically correct world today it is strictly a one way street when it comes to discharging responsibilities. Men pay. Women don't. Sound like a double standard? I'll help you with this. The reason it sounds like a double standard is because it is a double standard. Well fuck all women and the politically correct double standard mean spirited horses they rode in on. I ain't paying for the baby. The baby that you knew was a risk and that you have options to terminate. If you want to have a baby that's fine. It's nice to have a hobby. But you'll have to get some other guy to pay. You made a mistake with me. You thought I was a sucker because I was nice. I treated you with dignity and respect. I bought you gifts. I listened to you talk and took an interest in your affairs. You lay your head on the rails and thought you heard the sucker train coming. Well honey you made a mistake. Rice paddy people aren't the only tough people. I'm soft on the outside but I'm made of razor blades and barbed wire on the inside and I respond instantly and poorly to extortion. I ain't paying.

I believe that if a child results because of a union between a prostitute and a customer that the man has no responsibility of any kind—moral or financial. I can't be the only one thinking this thought but it is so politically incorrect a thing to say that you never hear it. So I'll take the hits. I'll be the mouthpiece for sanity and male dignity. I'll be the sacrificial node. The notion that a man is 100% responsible or responsible in any way (that's right, you read correctly) for an occupational hazard that the other partner was aware of is so ridiculous as to be absurd. If a race car driver has an accident during a race he does not expect all the other drivers to pay for his misfortune. He entered the race fully cognizant of the potential hazards to himself and adult responsible behavior requires him to accept the risks of his actions himself. If I am ever placed in this customer-bargirl situation there is no chance that I will pay a penny. I don't owe the other party of the contract for hazards accrued, a contract she entered into willingly; and she isn't getting any money.

I refuse to assume moral or financial burdens of a child that a prostitute decides to bring to term. I will probably end up having to pay because some entity bigger than me will make me pay. But that does not make it right. It just means I couldn't defend myself against something bigger and stronger than me.

In the future if I am held responsible for the child of a prostitute I will run and hide and lie as long as the blood flows in my veins before I will willingly pay the 'moral(s)' bill. Ah morals, everyone's favorite word. But ask someone to extemporaneously talk on the subject for one minute and they can't do it. Because they haven't actually given it any thought and they do not really know what they think and why they think it and/or how they behave and why they behave the way they do. People using the word moral is like a dog barking. The first bark gets your attention but all of the other barks sound just like the first bark. Not exactly well developed thought. And oh so popular. Especially in fascist societies. Moral(s) is just a societal/personal coda for MY WAY. Different societies and tribes have arrived at startlingly different conclusions about moral behavior in identical situations. So clearly, morals are not absolutes—they are personal relatives. But try telling that to the holder of a moral(s) idea. You can't tell them because they can't listen. That is the seductive and the wonderful thing about morals—you don't have to listen and you don't have to think. Life just got a whole lot easier. When you were born; whatever tribe you were born into handed you at birth a big bushel basket of morals. Your thinking is done. Just learn to march. What's that sound? The knocking at the door! Oh yes, that is religion at the door wanting to come in and join the party. And babies are so cuddly and so cute, some of the most taboo morals are concerned with them. What's that sound? The knocking at the door! Ah yes, it is emotion wanting to come in. What a party we are going to have on planet earth. Morals are all about emotion—you either did good so you are moral, or you broke a taboo so you are bad. If babies were not cuddly and cute this would be an easier subject to discuss but we have an ingrown evolutionary engine to think that babies are cuddly and cute so that we will be predisposed to nurture them and protect them. This evolutionary yeast ultimately becomes part of the unfair social miasma that men are subjected to until death mercifully stops the bullshit. Just because another woman is grunting out another beating heart that the world does not need does not make her a Madonna doing a moral thing—and I don't have to pay for it.

To get your jackboot on my neck and make me pay you will have to chase me hard. Under no circumstances will I belly up to the bar of life and toss over my money to pay for one more woman's destiny adventure so that she can have a sense of self-worth and prove that she is just as much a real woman as her sister and her mother and her girlfriends who have already had children; women already breeding like roaches and sending the bill to the man. Somehow, thousands of years ago men lost the extortion battle between the sexes; and we are now expected to take all the risks, and take all the blame, and pay all the bills. And just to add a demeaning insult frosting to this cake of social insanity we are also expected/required to hold the door for the little darlings even after they are no longer fertile or sexually appealing. Well, no woman is that good in bed that long. I ain't paying! I opted out of this fool's game years ago and have never been happier. I am the equal of any man and I am the equal of any woman. Equals don't pay extortion. Send your baby bills and your moral(s) bills to some poor guy who believed your moans and thought your saying NO was a turn-on.

All we have is each other. Human relationships are our greatest hope and the source of our greatest happiness. There is no room for extortion in these relationships. You want to have a baby Nid or Wan or Fa? Fine! It's your baby. I am not the half owner of something that you wanted and that I did not want. That is absurd and indefensible. The logic of predators and thieves. And using biology and moral(s) against me to get what you want is cowardly and mean-spirited. Sorry, I guess that is redundant. We are talking about the behavior of women. Sociopaths with pussies. Welcome to the new fascists. The biology fascists. Sociopathic women acting in concert with small minded politically correct people. A new tool to bludgeon men with.

I do not feel and I refuse to accept any personal or financial responsibility for a prostitute's pregnancy or birth child. None.

79. Are We Crazy?

TT&A Part 66 30/10/2004

People who spend all of their time with others of like mind can sometimes lose the plot. Birds of a feather fly together and it is always fun to be part of a herd; but sometimes delusion can set in when there are no competing voices. For example: one of the ideas that binds all male farang visitors to Thailand together is that the Thai female is one of the best examples of female beauty and charm in the world. More gloriously beautiful, fabulously feminine, sexually provocative women simply can not be imagined. This is a common idea. Oh sure, you can mention the Laotians and the Cambodians and the Vietnamese to sound like a world traveler smarty pants; but most men after ten beers will forget the fancy stories and agree that the Thai female is the Alpha female. Period. So are we all crazy or is this just some convenient mantra of male bonding that we have all bought into?

Well, let me offer up a recent experience. Recently, I was waiting in the Park Street subway station in Boston on a Monday morning to get a train to work. It was early morning rush hour and people were streaming through the station. Half of those people were women. Many of them were young women. Not one of them was sexually appealing or sexually provocative or sexually appealing or fabulously feminine or drop dead gorgeous or exotically arresting or filled with erotic intrigue or looked like she could baby doll charm the birds out of the trees. It looked like some one opened the dog pound and let the dogs out. A more dispiriting herd of chunky clunky overweight sexually uninteresting unfeminine beasts it would be hard to imagine.

Contrast this with the experience you can have at any Skytrain station at rush hour in Bangkok. Just stand on the sidewalk and look up the stairs. Descending towards you will be women of heart stopping beauty and sexuality and natural charm. Swarms of them. So no; we are not crazy! We are not the deluded talking to the deluded. We are men who know. All things are not equal. Asian women are better. Thai women are best. Now, if you can excuse me I have to go lie down. I am exhausted.

Trickle Down Theory

The little child at the kite festival that charges me twice as much for bottled water as for my Thai companion is simply reflecting the trickle down theory of social learning. Every older figure of authority in her life does this so it must be right. We learn by imitating. She is now the unwitting host of a parasitic social theory of economic intercourse that will hold her nation back. Imagine you are a World Bank representative in Bangkok to talk to the Thai government officials about a World Bank development loan. While the Thai accented western educated Thais are presenting the features and benefits of loaning money to the Kingdom, you are thinking about the girl at the kite festival and the trickle down theory of economics that she represents. She would never understand why double pricing is unproductive. She is just a child. But if you ascend the social ladder from this child no one else above her understands why predatory flea market thinking can not work in a global economy either! The Thai government doesn't get the 900 million dollar development loan that it needed. Later, opinions are offered by the Thais that it was western racism. No. They need to interview the little girl at the kite festival.

Normal

I have an idea. Have you ever considered that the social sexual dynamics and social interactions and social results and social experiences that you experience in Thailand are normal? And that it is the rest of the world that is out of kilter! That's right; I am postulating that it is worth considering that Thailand shouldn't be getting any attention due to it's easy going social sexual dynamics. It is a world of normalcy. It is the rest of the world that has lost the plot regarding male female interactions. In our million years of evolution we have also had a million years to place emotional taxes and tariffs and taboos and penalties on every single natural human instinct and emotion. The rest of the world is the result. Sexless people in charge of scared people. I don't think people who travel to Thailand with a social sexual agenda should have to defend themselves. I believe their travel agendas and personal wants are as legitimate as anyone else's. It is the rest of the world that would profit from examining it's attitudes and it's behaviors!

A Good Responder And A Heartstopping Fear

My body is a good responder. If I overeat the wrong kinds of foods I gain weight immediately but if I cut back on eating the wrong kinds of foods I lose weight immediately. A good responder and a predictable response. Recently I had been overeating the wrong kinds of foods (carbohydrates, refined sugars, and fats). Almost compulsively overeating. I am an aware internal historian. I knew what I was doing. Then it occurred to me that I had not gained any weight. In fact I looked good. I was tired (sugar shock?) but I looked trim. Sitting at the computer in my underwear I looked 19. Pulling up my shirt and pushing down the tops of my pants there was no trace of overweight. My upper abdomen should have been distended from sugar bloat and there should have been an extra pound of unappealing fat below the belt line. Nothing. Alarm bells went off. This isn't normal for me! What could be causing me to not gain weight? Sickness? Serious illness? Then the word appeared in my brain. AIDS. Heartstopping fear! Jesus, what a serious game!

Efficient

Sometimes I am just interested in highly efficient sex. Usually at night to round off the day. No foreplay. No pretending. No tortured attempts at conversation. I'm a sex tourist. I want what I came for. I want it now!

I don't use short term rooms in bars. Too dangerous. There are so many of them and only one of me. Normally, there aren't any yum-yum bars around. Having sex publically actually makes me less nervous than going into a little room. And the transvestites have a man's strength. I'm a small weak man. They scare me. But I've come up with a method for highly efficient sex. Here's how it goes:

I take a Viagra dose around 9pm in my room at the Nana hotel. Then I leave and go across the street to the bars at the Nana Entertainment Plaza. I pick a bar, say the Rainbow. I order a coke. I watch the girls shuffle. I'm under no pressure because I'm not hunting. I'm not taking any of these woman home. I'm just waiting. Waiting for the Viagra to kick in. In about an hour; it's showtime. In my pants. I leave the bar, walk across the street; and start walking up the carpark towards the entrance to the Nana hotel. There are always freelancers in the parking lot lined up on both sides from the curb to the door. At a distance it's like I have night vision goggles on. Now I'm hunting. I pick one out. Ten words of conversation. Max! Into the hotel and up to the room. Thirty minutes later we are done. I'm happy. She's happy. Efficient.

An hour and a half later the Viagra will kick in again. I don't know why. Repeat. Only skip the trip across the street to the bar. Just nip on down to the parking lot. Fall in love again. Finally, down to the hotel bar around midnight for a Bloody Mary drink. Then up to bed. Another great day in Thailand comes to a close. Efficient.

Bar Girl Humor

Before you make your first trip to Thailand as a sex tourist you probably do some reading and research. And all the advice about farang-bargirl etiquette advises you to call the payoff money to the prostitute 'taxi' money. You at the door: "Here honey, here is some taxi money!" Of course the high volume pros have heard this nonsense hundreds of times.

My first time with a barfine girl in Thailand was a life changing short time encounter with a smart athletic fuck bunny. Me at the door with a 1000baht note: "Here honey, here is some taxi money!"

Bargirl: "It must be a big taxi."

Whorist No—Worshiper Yes

When I was a child I participated in fine arts. I had talent. There was a teacher. I painted with oils, drew with charcoal sticks, and used pastel chalks to draw flowers. At University I got a degree in Art History. And in the last 35 years it is aesthetics and the appreciation of art that has been one of the threads that has held my life together. I see differently than most people. I see more. Long ago I decided that none of the works of man could compete with a woman when it came to a work of art. I believe women are living works of art. I worship then as works of art. No bit of statuary or painting or architecture or craft can compete with a woman's impression on me.

I mention this as a prelude to something that happened to me the other day. In response to a submission that I had sent in to a web site that detailed some of my contacts with women of a sexual nature I got an email from an educated erudite knowledgeable man in which he referred to me as a whorist. I immediately emailed back to him and told him that I took offence at being labeled a whorist. A whorist to me is a word and a description that is negative and has negative connotations about the person. It brings to mind a man who is only interested in his needs and his wants. There is no feeling of partnership or appreciation. Just needs met and money exchanged. The commerce of sex. Whores and whorists.

When I pick up a woman and take her back to my hotel room her pants always drop faster than a French border gate. That is not what I want. I often make them get dressed again. Then I take both of their hands in mine and hold them at a distance and just look at them and smile. I appreciate them. They are works of art. This is always a surprise to the girl. It has never happened to her before. They have never been appreciated just for their beauty and their charm and their femininity and their personalities and their smiles and their laughs before. When it dawns on them that I appreciate them, their faces light up like the sun. Sometimes there is a partnership. I always try. It is what I always want. My dream is never a sex dream that only includes me. I dream of love. Love takes two.

So I am not a whorist. I am a worshiper. When I reached puberty my artistic ability fled as the hormones rushed in. But I never lost my appreciation for beauty. Thai women to me are living works of art. I worship them.

She Got Me

Every six months for eleven years. It adds up to a lot. A lot of relationships. Nine days to five weeks every six months for eleven years at an average of two love affairs per day. I know I would have been better off if I had spent the last eleven years in the arms of a woman who is now shaped like a bowling ball and has a mustache; but this is the best I have been able to do with my life. Please pity me. And never once had a girl stolen baht from me! A perfect record. The reason is because I am a man with a plan. I never let them see my wallet. As soon as I enter the room the wallet disappears. When they are not looking it gets stuffed under some clothes or stashed behind a piece of furniture. I don't need the wallet. The reason I don't need the wallet is because all of my bargirl money is in the window curtain. Every hotel window curtain has a big hem on the bottom. A chain usually lays in the bottom of the hem to give the curtain shape. This is where the bargirl money goes. As soon as I check into a room I cut the stitches on the curtain hem for about six inches and that hem pocket becomes the bargirl money safe. Bargirls and maids will never see it. Perfect. I put in three 100baht notes folded up together, one 500baht note, and one 1000baht note. I am covered for any love commerce needs.

One night on my way to Walking Street in Pattaya to pick up Nom I saw a freelancer with long legs, high heels, long black hair, pink bikini outfit, and dark dark skin. Electrifying! If it was daytime birds would have been falling out of the trees. I walked up to her, smashed my hands up to the sides of my head and started moaning and staggering around in front of her. OK, I'm not subtle. Sue me. The pink bikini top and bottom against the dark dark skin was dick hardening. A siren call a deaf man would hear. She was a ready teddy but I had to go pick up Nom. So many women. So little time. But who should I stumble across at eleven the next morning? You guessed it.

After the deed Thai women always go to the bathroom. This is as reliable as prunes ripping through old ladies. That's when I get the money from the hem in the window curtain. But this dark skinned wonder didn't go to the bathroom. So I ended up standing with my back to her fishing money out of the window curtain. I was a little nervous about this but what's the worry? Hadn't we just shared primal intimate personal feelings of love and loyalty? There was a 1000baht note and three 100baht notes in the hem. I took out the three 100baht notes and at the door gave her the ‘taxi’ money. But between the time I fished the money out of the curtain and the time I gave her the money at the door there was a lot of moving around in the room. She was dressing. I was dressing. Etc. And I wasn’t watching her like a bird watches a canary in a cage. After all, hadn’t we been lovers? I believe in love!

Three hours later I was at the curtain again (I try to keep busy) and the remaining 1000 baht note was gone. SHE GOT ME.

80. Let’s Meet In Pattaya

TT&A Part 67 6/11/2004

Two friends decide to meet in Pattaya to share drinks and fun times and male adventures. Pattaya is a seaside resort city with a wonderful boardwalk that travels the length of the city and next to the boardwalk of course is the beach and the ocean. Beautiful. Wonderful. The view of the ocean is just fabulous and energizing and the boardwalk is an example of a municipality in a third world country doing something right. The design and the construction and the landscaping of this huge city project was done perfectly. The ocean views, the palm trees, the beach scene, the promenade day or night, the gardens; it is all just a pleasure. Any first time visitor would be impressed but it is particularly impressive to someone coming down from Bangkok. Gone is the suffocating heat and the cloying humidity and the pollution. The ocean view welcomes you with open arms and your heart soars. Impossible to miss. Going to Pattaya and missing the ocean view and the boardwalk scene would be like going to see the movie King Kong and missing the part about the big monkey. Or going to see the movie Cleopatra and not noticing the Pyramids. Anyway ...

One of the friends is an expat and he has invited his buddy to meet him and visit with him in Pattaya. His buddy has never been to Pattaya before. It’s agreed that the first timer will get to Pattaya four days early and then they will hook up. So Mr. Newbie has Bell Travel drop him off at a fancy hotel on 2nd street that the travel lady recommended. He arrives around 12:30pm. On arrival he notices a bar across the street and he decides to go try one of those beers with the elephants on the can. Two beers later he has barfined Ba (barfine 2000baht—special deal for ‘hansum man’) and they are back at the hotel slamming like two cans in a paint mixer. Later that night on soi eight he stumbles into a woman named Eat. It is Eat's first night on the job and the owner has told her that all she has to do is help the customers buy drinks and she will make a lot of money. Eat believes him. She is innocent and fresh and young and full of hope and trust and her natural breasts are hitting her under the chin. The newbie feels as if someone has hit him in the head with a ballpeen hammer. He asks her if she will come to the hotel with him. She says yes but "No boom boom". They both wake up in the morning in love. Mr. Newbie says goodbye to Eat at 10:30 in the morning and stumbles into the Mini-Mart to regroup and recharge. There he lurches into an early morning knee trembler named Na who has a stomach so tight and flat you could bounce quarters off of it. Fifteen minutes later they are in his room and he is laughing like a hyena and trying to bounce quarters off of Na's stomach. By now his knees are gone so he just lays on his back for this one. That night he goes back to soi eight to find Eat but she has 'gone to be with sister'. Five minutes later walking down the middle of soi eight he looks up and sees an apparition coming towards him that no one in Edinburgh has ever seen. A farang and a Thai woman are walking up the street hand in hand. The woman has long black hair and black high heels and a skin tight neck-to-knees see-through white dress that looks as if it was sprayed on. Their walk up the soi looks like something out of a Fellini film. All the sidewalk facing bar patrons and bargirls stop and stare as the woman goes by. She is the most beautiful and the sexiest woman anyone has ever seen. They stare transfixed and respectful as she goes by. Mr. Newbie can't make his feet move. As they get close to him he is hypnotized. When they go by he can not even turn to look. Then he hears it. "She very beautiful woman!" Turning he sees a woman at his side smiling at him. Subsequent conversation establishes that she is thirty eight and has three kids. She is utterly charming. If prior to his trip he had told his friends in Scotland that he was even going to talk to a thirty eight year old woman he would have been jeered. He’s learning! And in addition to her natural charm she has an architectural feature that is giving him stabbing pains in both eyes. She has high natural melon shaped breasts that look like they are going to pop right out of the top of her dress. She says she knows about a hotel named the Bella Vista on moo 9 between soi 7 and soi 8. You know the rest. The next afternoon he asks the concierge in his fancy hotel on 2nd street if he knows where the tranny place called Tiffany’s is. The concierge smiles and asks him if he likes ladyboys. Well, Mr. Newbie knows an insult when he hears one so he tells the concierge to ‘Fuck Off’. He isn’t going in for any of that perverted shit. He’s all man all the way. And what real men like to do is shoot at things and have multiple sexual encounters with diseased prostitutes. The reason he is looking for Tiffany’s at 2:30 in the afternoon is that they have a shooting range in the basement. If these pygmy people have any 45 caliber handguns he feels like doing some blasting. At Tiffany’s the woman hands him his straw basket with a 100 bullets and smiles at him. If the Scots women had smiles like this the Romans would never have left. He finally has to move the target half way up the range just to hit the thing. He has lost his mind. Finally at bullet number fifty it is no good. He just can’t concentrate! He takes the remaining bullets and the gun back. Another smile. This time with her eyes. Jesus what a city! Staggering out into the sun around 3:30 he gets disoriented walking home and ends up trundling down soi 6. Jesus Mary and Joseph. In the first bar he sees a guy sitting with his pants down getting serviced in public. He doesn’t leave soi 6 until midnight. Now his knees are gone and his back is damaged and his hair is disheveled and he is having trouble getting both eyes to focus at once. He doesn’t care.

Thursday morning finds Mr. Newbie at the Mini-Mart looking like a wreck but feeling fine. He ain’t the same tourist who arrived on Monday. No sir. He's loose and confident and knowledgeable. He ain't taking shit and he knows the score. His balls have finally dropped all the way and he is 100% man. After he's drilled every broad in sight he may even run for mayor of this hick town. Standing on the curb with two bags of breakfast goodies in his hand he reflects that maybe today would be a good day to just chill out a little bit. He ain't no fool and maybe this would be a good time to dig down in the maturity well and pace himself a little bit. Then he sees her. Coming across 2nd street and headed right for him. Tall, body swaying like a snake, hair to the waist, dressed fancy, and the sexiest most beautiful face he has ever laid eyes on. If you took all of the most beautiful women in Scotland and put them together and then multiplied by ten you wouldn't equal the sex and beauty in this goddess. Watching her walk towards him he knows he is not worthy. He just ain't man enough. But he is grateful for the gift of just seeing her. Sunday he will find a Catholic Church and renew his faith. There is a God. And God has smiled on him. Thirty minutes later in the hotel room when she pulls off her pants out pops a surprise. He's learning! Something else he won't be telling the boys back in rough tough Scotland.

Friday his friend arrives and they hook up in front of the fruits and vegetables market behind Big Mike's Shopping Center.

Expat: Well, how have you enjoyed Pattaya so far?
Newbie: God, I love this place.
Expat: How did you like the ocean and the boardwalk?
Newbie: What ocean? What boardwalk?

81. The Child Seemed Such a Good Idea

TT&A Part 68 13/11/2004

You are standing in the operating theater and a miracle is about to happen. Soon your wife will give birth to your (meaning the two of you) baby! The child will be the living embodiment of your social contract of equalness. The final point in the triangle of love and commitment and selfless instinctive mating. You will never feel more love than you feel now, and you will never be more in love with your wife than you are now, and you will never be filled with more joy and wonder than now, and you will never be more of a man than you are now.

They say that love is not looking into each other's eyes, it is looking in the same direction. And that is why you got married. You found a woman who shares your dreams. You are going to pull in the traces together hip to hip and heart to heart like two strong happy hopeful Yukon husky dogs. Woof. That is why you know that this child is such a good idea.

When the child is born, do yourself a very private favor. Note the time and the day and the month. When you get home write it down on a little piece of paper and put the card someplace where your wife will not find it. That's right. I am asking you to hide something from your wife. You are a big boy. You can do it. Welcome to life.

Now; listen to your wife. And the first time she refers to the baby as HER baby write the day and the month down on the card. How long did it take for her to refer to your (meaning hers and yours) baby as HER baby? How long did it take? Days? Weeks? Months? HOURS? It doesn't matter. The point is that the first time that she refers to the child as HER child—that is the crack in the dam. And you better pay attention because you are standing at the base of the dam. Now note the next time that you hear her refer to the child as HER child. Write the day and the time down on the piece of paper. I guarantee the time interval will be less! After a while you will see a pattern. Emboldened by an indifferent society and an ignorant husband she is now referring to the child as HER baby all the time. Usually, after a little or a lot of this nonsense a husband will tentatively say something like: “You know honey, it is actually OUR baby. I am the father. Biologically, one half of the child is me!” That is when the wife will smile and make eye contact and pat him on the hand and say: “Oh I know honey—it is just my way of speaking.”

That’s when you will want to say: “There there dear, I know it is your way of talking. And the way we talk is the way we think. Your way of talking doesn’t include me. And you have taken my child from me with your way of talking!”

Then she will do it again and again and again and again and again! The preamble was the courtship. You have just lived the story. The denouement is coming up. Make sure that you take lots of pictures of the child, it is all the courts are going to leave you. And you are about to learn what everyone around you knew all along. All women knew and even some of the silent men in your life knew: it was never an equal contract. In fact, from the woman’s point of view; there was never a contract in the first place. It is the poor and the weak and the disenfranchised that insist on contracts. It is their only protection from the predators and the strong. The strong never want contracts. That is why women so often use the word silly or cute when referring to men. Silly or cute as in trivial or inconsequential. The same way the cat thinks of the mouse. No cat has ever spent time thinking of or living by contracts. That’s a mouse thing. Do the cat and the mouse ever compromise or negotiate? Well—do they?

The women are the cats. The men are the mice. All women know this. Few men know this. So the notion that the two of you were ever looking in the same life direction is absurd. She wanted a baby. She needed a man's sperm. Men are interchangeable to women. Any man would have done. You stepped up to the plate. You showed up at the church. Now she has got her mother and her sisters and her friends and her cell phone and she has got HER baby: what does she need you for? Well, there is one itsy bitsy teeny weeny little thing—MONEY. She needs your money. Now starts the denouement as you stand in the courts and find that there are now suddenly multiple ideas of the social contract; yours, your wife's, and the courts. Only these three divergent views are not three points of a triangle but three disparate starships hurtling away from one another! The child has no say. Good luck.

Same Monster's Ball

So women are self-centered, irresponsible creatures with no notion of social reciprocity. The term is sociopath. So where am I going with this? Well, I am simply trying to point out that if you get upset by some bargirl or her actions you are wasting your time and your energy. It could never have happened any other way. In business, if a product is advertised at a certain price and sold at that price—then a delivery has to be made. The rational modern man expects the bargirl to provide the services that were promised and that he purchased. He is offended at her lack of social contract character. But to her way of thinking there was never a contract. The only thing of interest to her is what has her name on it—the money. This is not a problem with a solution; because one half of the participants do not recognize social mores. So what can you do? Well, after a couple of beers it might occur to you that you are simply in the wrong theater. Maybe you should go to Manila or Singapore or Hong Kong or Vietnam or Rio or Cambodia or Cuba or the Dominican Republic. There you will find someone who will treat yourself and herself with respect. Only you won't. Same monster's ball—different costumes!

You'll Be Back

So what are you reduced to? You are reduced to gathering as many female contact dust motes as you can and trying to capture them in your hand. One girl kisses you, another whispers in your ear, a third woman puts her ankles behind her head, a fourth can stand on her hands in the shower, someone insists on washing you in the bath, another cries at the airport when you leave, Wan or Pea or Nid laughs happily when you start to circle the temple the wrong way, one girl lets you do this and another lets you do that, etc. It is never perfect with any of them. Almost 100% of the time there are disappointments. But if you add up all of the little experiences and kind of coalesce them; well, on the way home in the airplane you can tell yourself you had a pretty fine vacation and some fun and special sexual experiences with some wonderful women. Of course you had to do all of the work, and you had to sift a lot of sand, and you had to endure a lot of uncivilized behavior and abuse in this world of compromise and predation; but it's the results that count. You were able to put something together. You didn't fall in love and you were not really taken seriously by other human beings and there will be no marriage or life fulfilling mating; but you'll be back. This world of criminal opportunism, racism, ignorance, venality and greed was better than the place you came from. Jesus, what a world. It's tough to be a man.

Nobody else will see this! They will imagine that you are returning from a male paradise where the women are full of character and full of fun. And you will not be able to talk them out of this idea. It's like the guy driving out of the lumberyard with some really nice choice boards on top of his car. You think, boy; that must be some great lumberyard stuffed with great boards. What you don't see is that for that guy to find eight good boards he had to sort through piles and piles and piles of inferior grade under spec over priced trashy lumber. And no one offered to help him. There in the rain on a Saturday he had to do all the work alone, and take all of the risks, and provide all of the money, and not forget the standards that he has set for himself. You wouldn't call him a lumber sex tourist; he is just someone who wants value for his money and his time and his dream.

Stickman's Site

Currently, Stickman's site is the world repository for information regarding Thai female-farang male relationships. It is an open forum and all of the evidence is in. Cultural differences have been delineated and analyzed. However, I am not sure Thai female—farang male cultural differences are the main event. I think the main event is that we are talking about men and women. Men and women have little or nothing in common. Cultural differences/challenges is just the icing on the gender difference cake.

As a matter of civility and courtesy and hope I wish all cross cultural couplings between men and women nothing but happiness and success. But I don't bet on it. The odds are too long. I buy lottery tickets where the odds are 40,000,000 to one. At least I have a chance. But if someone starts to talk to me about marriage to a Thai—I start to pull fuses and shut down circuit breakers in my brain. Bad odds! In fact, if someone starts to talk to me about a lifetime contract with a woman I start to pull fuses and shut down circuit breakers in my brain just on general principles. Bad odds. No need to pick on the Thais.

Sperm And Money

The woman's chemistry set of life requires sperm and money. That's where you come in. Not your personality or your hopes or your dreams or your needs or your special features that make the special you. Just your sperm and your money. Lucky men go to the deathbed never learning this. The rest of us become philosophic—worldly—weary. Nothing slows the step like disappointment.

Every woman is a contestant and a hobbyist. They are competing against their sisters and their friends and their mothers who have already had babies. They have to prove they are as much a woman as these other women by grunting out more beating hearts that the world does not need. Hence the "Honey, I'm pregnant!" statement that eventually erupts from all of their bargirl bodies. Your very survival depends on never being in front of a woman when she says those words.

And every woman is a hobbyist. And the hobby is babies. A hobby is a personal endeavor that makes no societal contribution but gives pleasure. There is nothing more selfish than making babies. After methane gas farting cattle; babies are the world's biggest pollutant. They suck up oxygen that others need and expel carbon dioxide which is a poison. If you get trapped in a small room full of babies it is a fight (flight) for life as you try to suck up enough oxygen out of the air to make it to the exit.

And babies demand and place loads on goods and services and caloric output and stress and money far beyond their value. They make no contribution. The day I see babies holding jackhammers or paint spray guns or shovels on the Phra Pinklao bridge I might change my mind. In the meantime, don't send a woman back for the ammo. Because if she sees another big hipped wonder at the ammo dump she will forget all about you dodging bullets at the front line. The two of them will stand around under starburst shells and mortars and talk about babies. Men are the brooch on the costume of a woman's life. Utilized and valued strictly on a need to need basis. A man's cell phone directory in Bangkok has a few numbers—a woman's cell phone directory has 20-50 numbers—all women; don't look for your name. When she is talking to her friends; do you think your name comes up? You were part of the chemistry set that begat the child but you are not part of the societal equation.

Sociopaths And Contracts

Everyone knows that women are sociopaths so they aren't held responsible for their actions. Once again they escape responsibility. By sheer volume their combined crimes great and small against humanity dwarf all other criminals of historical note. A convention of dedicated male serial killers couldn't even get a nod from women. Amateurs. Women take and take and take and take with professional and pathological indifference on a scale that dwarfs all other criminals and crimes of history. And because they have the great and powerful kryptonite pussy once again they escape responsibility. They walk among us but they are not of us. The story of Eve and the forbidden fruit and the snake of sin in Eden was not the main event but just the story to mask the real deal—Eve was an alien—the infestation had begun. Women don't really need men. The smart ones know it and have happy lives of socially irresponsible self-indulgence. The less cerebral women also know that they don't emotionally need men—only on a different level—instinctively. Once the baby is born the wife with money attached to her name will leave the husband. She doesn't need him anymore. The man was only needed to provide sperm in the woman's chemistry set of life.

Marriage: Choke Chain Of Love And Commitment

The idea of a choke chain doesn't sound appealing? Then review what we have learned. Women are aliens who behave like sociopaths and use men to satisfy chemical and money and personal needs. You are disappointed in the behavior of your bargirl friend? Are you kidding? If they don't recognize and adhere to the most sacred contract—parenthood—what makes you think they are going to understand or live up to dinky little verbal contracts that you arrive at in bars? She didn't provide the promised services in the room—you see that as an outrage—she doesn't see it in any light—it doesn't exist because it does not have her name on it. You don't exist and you don't count. There is no social reciprocity with sociopaths. What you can not change you can at least understand. There are no other options. So get what you can. Fuck'em.

Now have fun. Welcome to Thailand.

Addenda:

The Child Seemed Such A Good Idea
Sperm and Money
After Methane Gas Farting Cattle ...
Sociopaths and Contracts
Same Monsters Ball
Honey, I'm Pregnant
Chemistry Set of Life

T-shirts with these titles based on this essay are available.
Contact Stick and he will send them for free

82. A Business Man’s Suit

TT&A Part 69 20/11/2004

I’m on the plane to Chiang Mai. I’m going up for mixed reasons. I’m going up to meet my girlfriend and her parents and her siblings (boring). I’ve done this before. My comfort level with this kind of forced conviviality isn’t very high (I’m a no-bullshit American) but I’ve agreed to do it. I have spent so much time with Pea that it is getting harder and harder to say no. I have also managed to wangle a meeting with a business friend of a friend in BKK. Well, actually Pea has. Pea and I are getting to the point in our relationship where we can both see the M word (marriage) starting to peek above the social horizon. She says she would love to go to America but she is lying. She doesn’t want to leave snakes and spiders and floods and suffocating heat and government graft and corruption and familial abuse and sibling hatreds. Ah, Thailand. Paradise. So lately she has gone into overdrive getting me interviews. If I get hired for a ‘good’ job in Thailand we can get married and stay in the land of double pricing and racism. Lucky me! I’m too old to resist so I have been going to these interviews. They are always horrific. But I keep going. It amuses me. I like Pea. If I can manage to schmooze this Chiang Mai meeting successfully it might develop into a job interview. If I could procure employment in Thailand from a position of strength I would move here permanently. Pea knows this. I must have told her. Mistake! The amusing part of this is that she can’t tell the difference between one job and another job. All she hears is the word job (marriage). Climbing into the back of a truck to be taken out to a tapioca field and being the managing director of the Oriental hotel are identical to her. Jobs. Marriage. But I am not moving here to have young men’s adventures or to flip banana crepes on Khao San Road. Anyway, for a number of reasons I am engaged in serious adult activity as I board the plane to Chiang Mai and I look like it. I am dressed in conservative business attire including a bankers style suit and tie and briefcase.

Shuffling slowly and interminably down the aisle of the plane I am behind two gays who look like they just graduated from Clown College for Queers. Social misanthropes of this egregious exaggeration you don't usually see in Boyztown in Pattaya on a Friday or Saturday night. Freaks! They are rolling their eyes and lip smacking and throwing their little hips around and flipping their scarves as if there is a wind blowing in the plane. Making public spectacles of themselves and sashaying down the aisle as if they are auditioning for a homo prison riot they are trying to validate their lifestyle choice by drawing people's attention to it and rubbing their faces in it. This doesn't seem like a winning influence tactic to me but this negative aggressive behavior has recently found favor with gay strategic thinkers: "Let's see, people have a built in predisposition to not approve of us; so let's make them disapprove of us even more, then we'll get respect." Genius. This is what mystifies me and disgusts me about these kinds of gays. What makes them think that the rest of us are interested in their private sex lives? How did this dumb idea get started? What butt fucking homo philosopher chiseled this into a velvet covered rock? Most people I do not want to see naked and I have no interest in anyone's sex life except my own. I think these people are stupid. Not smart. And it's not working. Thailand is full of heterosexual men and women and the third sex katoeys and men and women of homosexual inclinations but over-acting, eye rolling, lip smacking, limp wrist theatrical creatures like these are still a relative rarity. The middle class and high class serious minded Thais on the plane aren't buying what they are selling. You can tell by the sidelong glances and body language and facial tics and lowered faces that these traditional value Thais don't find Mr. Ass Lube and Mr. Squealer appealing.

So anyway, I am jammed up behind them as we go down the aisle and I am hoping (praying) that none of the Thais think that we are together. Sure enough, I have the aisle seat and they have the other two seats. Now, how did the Thai airline personnel manage to seat all of the non-Thais together? Well, there we are. Me and two guys who are obviously playing butt darts and swapping spit in their hotel room. One is white and has an accent from some part of the Empire and the other is a black of indeterminate origin. The plane to Chiang Mai is full of Thais of serious mien and ordinary aspect. Well dressed and well behaving. These two high heel shoppers stick out like a sore thumb. I mostly can't stand gays. Their aggressive behavior and public posturing and needless defensiveness and constant challenging of universally accepted public mores is ultimately childish and boring. We are not equal. But I don't hold it against them. I have a social contract with the world. If the world leaves me alone, I promise to leave it alone. I'm an open minded, extroverted, highly social guy so I start to chat up Mr. Empire on my right. Flying makes me nervous and it's an hour to Chiang Mai. He looks interesting and educated. Maybe we'll have some fun. He isn't having it. I keep trying with bright little conversation starters. He plays along a little bit but it's not really a happening thing. If Pea was with me she would have sensed trouble and reined me in but I'm all along and defenseless. I say something friendly to the black guy two seats over. That does it. Mr. Empire turns to me and starts to loudly lecture me in a parental way about how he doesn't appreciate the farang sex tourist in Thailand. This goes on at some length. I nod and smile in a friendly way. I am dressed in a business man's suit and tie and a briefcase for Jesus Christ's sake! Sensing easy opportunity he bears down harder. Now for all that he knows I could be going up to Chiang Mai to accept an award on behalf of the greater Thailand Cement Producers Association. Or going up to work on the Faculty of Medicine at Chiang Mai

University. Or flying up to help my daughter pack because she has been accepted to Chulahorn University. I could be one of the numerous computer government consultants here to help Thailand. Perhaps I am a representative from the United Nations Lychee Research project being administered by the Australian government. How does Commander Ass Lube know that I am not a missionary flying up to assume northern Thailand church projects. Perhaps I am a representative of Childreach International flown in from New York to help Thailand with foster child issues. Except for the color of my skin there is not one scintilla of evidence that I am less than a model citizen. And he has the same color skin. In the face of this nonsense and madness Mr. Interracial Buttfucker is judging me! Honestly, sometimes the level of bullshit in this country gets so high you just want to scream. He would have been easy to bait but as I age the easy win has less appeal. Been there. Won that. So I just sit there in my bankers suit from the States and let him beat on me. I'm small. I'm used to it. I get beat on as soon as I leave the house. I'm sitting there in conservative serious adult attire while a flamer lectures me loudly about proper social etiquette in Thailand. I can't figure it out. The only reason I can think of for this behavior besides sheer mean-spirited stupidity is that he and his gal pal friend are not 100% comfortable with their chosen public alternative lifestyle on this plane full of well dressed middle class and high class Thais so I am getting this public shitstorm to divert attention away from them. It is working. There is some social tension in the air. I can feel the little hairs on the back of my neck starting to wake up. You can tell by the subtle polite movements that the surrounding Thais are listening to this. They had been sitting there politely reading complimentary issues of the Bangkok Post but now they have been dragged to a lynching. They are looking and listening. Looking at me!

Priming the pump of hate is always popular and usually effective. It gets people elected and it often gets the girl and it gives communities cohesion. It also allows individuals to eliminate the tensions associated with fact filtering and decision making. But it is wrong in higher developed species. We haven’t spent millions of years battling our way up from the muck and the mire to behave like one celled organisms. These knuckleheads were using old methods and well worn tools to deflect attention from themselves and to get the community to focus on me. It’s a good plan. But it was only a one hour flight. There wasn’t enough time. Thank God. Commander Ass Lube wouldn’t have thought of this idea if Pea had been there with me, but sitting next to me all alone he is suddenly brave. Just another reason why I find gays so repellent. I’ll defend to my death their right to pursue their own brand of personal fulfillment and I will back up my opinions and philosophies in the voting booth. But Jesus Christ if you are not comfortable with who you are don’t crap all over me. Hey everybody. CHILL OUT.

Oh, by the way: I didn’t get the job!

The New Braggers!

When they tell you that they speak Thai they love to use the word ‘fluent’! “Hey man, what be the difference man?” I mean if you can speak Thai aren’t you automatically fluent? It’s hard for me to imagine an adult Thai bragging to me that he or she is fluent in their own language! They speak Thai. That’s it. Well, of course! But the word ‘fluent’ carries more weight, it has more panache. More sex appeal. Now we are into bragging territory, a territory so populated by young men that it is impossible not to bump into them. It’s like the tennis craze of the 70’s. People always played better at the cocktail party than they did on the court. And the running craze of the 80’s. People always ran more miles in the telling than in the morning. So now we have the fluency braggers. They don’t trot this nonsense out when surrounded by Thais. They know better. But if you are a farang and you don’t keep moving it is only a matter of time before one of these frauds gloms onto you and starts bragging.

Let me tell you something Mr. Fluent: Basic speaking and reading fluency in all languages is determined by two tests. Can you read the local mail (letters, utility bills, fliers, solicitations, advertisements, invoices, notices, political ads, etc.) that you receive; and can you pick up the ringing phone and talk back to the local on the other end. Additionally, if you can’t read bus and train and plane schedules, road signs, menus, jokes, newspapers, movie subtitles, comic books, shopping catalogues, electronics manuals, toy assembly directions, packaging labels, magazine advertisements, TV and cable listings, contracts and other various forms of legalese like eviction notices and arrest warrants and marriage and divorce documents, as well as all signs and revered monk bios in temples, etc; the kinds of text that are symbol and slang rich: then you are not fluent. Most of the big talking farangs with diplomas and certificates can’t do these two things. But I have to spend part of the rest of my life listening to them tell me that they can do something they can’t. They think that they are telling me that they can do something that I can’t. But what these fools are really telling me is that they can do something that they can’t. But there is more! When they lay this heavy trip on you about how they couldn’t speak the language when they first came here, but now they are ‘fluent’; they watch your eyes. The eyes are the mirror of the soul. The eyes can’t fake it. The eyes are the great truth tellers. They watch your eyes to see if you believe them. If you don’t roll your eyes with disgust, or go blind with opaque diplomacy, or launch into the facial tics of the abused; then they trot out the really big lie. Not only can they speak Thai. THEY CAN READ THAI.. You can practically see the handprint from the palm of God on their shoulder. When I hear this my knees usually go weak from incredulity. Even if it is true, this is the kind of information that isn't going to benefit you because no one is ever going to believe you. For instance: in my case, I am the greatest lover to have ever lived in the history of the species; however, I have found it best to keep that to myself. The true delusional, however, knows no bounds. He wants the world to know that he can speak and read Thai (fluently). This is all part of the boring young males hard wired need to establish dominance over as many other males as possible. I have never once had a farang in his 40's or 50's or 60's take time out of his busy day to tell me he can do something that I can't do; but you can't shut the young guys up! They can't establish dominance over other males or gather females into their harems through acts of violence anymore; so now we have these conversational set pieces that are supposed to establish social hierarchy. They imagine that they are setting themselves apart as more advanced but they are boring and predictable frauds.

So that's my rant on the farang Thai fluency braggers. Oh, and one more thing. Did I tell you I was fluent in Thai? Yeah, that's right. I CAN EVEN WRITE THAI. You know, fluently.

Sure I can …!

83. Mystery Money

TT&A Part 70 6/12/2004

Dana: I just don’t get it.

Barmate: Get what?

Dana: I just don’t understand it.

Barmate: Understand what?

Dana: I don’t understand where the money comes from.

Barmate: What money?

Dana: Thailand’s money!

Barmate: What the bloody hell are you talking about Yank?

Dana: I mean I know that the Thais are successful enough at growing rice that they can export it. But I mean just to pay for all the concrete pours in the inner city of Bangkok elevated highways and ramps you’d have to have shore to shore rice barges on the Chao Phraya river twenty four hours a day every day of the year. I don’t see that many rice barges. And I know that the Thais are so successful at breeding chickens that they are exporting chickens—but how many chickens would have to be exported at what percentage profit and at what total amount of baht per chicken to pay for the national health system? I just don’t get. Think I am being silly or argumentatively obtuse? OK, the next time you are tooling down the Friendship Highway behind an old truck loaded up with chickens—I dare you to think of it as big business. Stuck behind that old slow truck with a bunch of smelly feather flying chickens you might be having a lot of thoughts—but I doubt if any of them will be about big business. So where does all the money come from to run this country? The encyclopedia talks breezily about tin and lignite and iron ore and manganese and zinc but you never ever see any evidence of this. The Indians and the Pakistanis have skilled computer professionals working overseas and sending money back to the mother country. The Thais do not have a similar highly skilled work force that they can export, unless you count the bargirls working in Singapore and Hong Kong and Japan and Taiwan. Some countries have militarily strategic metals or excess steel production or gold and silver. Not Thailand. Chilies and Tapioca and bolts of Jim Thompson silk and packets of spice and rubber and fruits and vegetables and flowers and bamboo are simply do not seem enough to pay for the rich wives and the spoiled youth. Some countries like Bermuda have learned to efficiently mine tourism. Thailand hasn't learned how to do this yet. Thailand smiles at me but when it comes to money it's all predation and flea market thinking and abuse. Tourism as a one product generator of revenue works in Bermuda but it was only taken seriously after they tried and failed at numerous other things. For some reason no one wants to make money by being nice to strangers. They'd rather have the dignity of digging coal or growing potatoes. Bermuda now has a high standard of living for its citizens but they have to teach each generation the concept of customer service and smiling and the value of the repeat customer. Apparently, being nice to other members of our own species is counter intuitive. So tourism may not be the ace up Thailand's economic sleeve. Thailand is still a long way from understanding the value of the repeat customer. Thais do not regard stealing from foreigners as crimes but as opportunities! And in Bermuda there were no problems with racism and face. Asia is more complicated. So what is Thailand to do? Beats me. Some small third world countries like Costa Rica and Uganda are now using eco-tourism as an income generator. But this type of thinking requires governmental and citizen long term thinking to be successful. Thais are not long term thinkers. If they hadn't been embarrassed by other nations and cognizant of India's and

Madagascar's problems they would never have stopped denuding their forests. Most of the wildlife has been wiped out and the national parks are full of trash and private enterprise. Eco-tourism is not going to be in Thailand's short term economic future. OK, so where does the money come from now to run this country? Beats me! It's a real puzzler. OK, I get it. I'm not a complete economic rube—it must be cumulative. That's it. Lots of little amounts of money all thrown into the national GNP basket gets the countries bills paid. Really? Well, I'm not so sure. If you take a hundred pennies and add them up you still only get a dollar. Teak furniture and sneaker manufacture is just not enough. Where is the big stuff? The oil and the gas and the steel and the big manufacturing contracts and international deal making and money lending products? The Japanese moved onto the Chinese mainland in the 30's because as long term thinkers they realized they needed more resources. This caused a few problems but at least they were thinking ahead. Where is Thailand's economic future? Hell, I can't even figure out where Thailand's economic present is. How do they pay the bills now? The Skytrain is currently running at a loss. The subway will be a loss for years (decades). And both need to be expanded to be viable mass transit systems. So the government is faced with the social need to expand money losing economic infrastructure. The schools run at a loss. The national health system runs at a loss. Etc. Etc.

Where does the money come from to run this little third world country? Is the government just issuing worthless government backed notes? Beats me! So why should I care anyway? Well, I'd like to see the Thais win. I'd like them to earn a future where their beaches are clean and their drinking water is safe and their international word was their bond and their municipal trash was picked up and their environment was loved by its citizens and their children were educated. This is only possible in countries that can do two things: generate revenue and balance the books. And generating revenue is a lot more important than balancing the books—that has been proved by the profligate but practical ways of the State and Federal governments in the United States. If you can generate enough money you can be sloppy and stupid and corrupt and get away with it. But how are the Thais going to do that? Beats me? Heck, I can't figure out what pays for all of the fancy cars and rich kids and jewelried wives now. OK, I know. There is no middle class. There are just the rich people that perplex me and then the big bottom of the social economic pyramid who have only a pair of flip flops next to the bed. Even so, how much money can you skim off a string of noodle shops or steal from airline landing permit fees? One of the western world's 20th century mythic memories that has hardly faded in the States is the Stock Market crash of 1929 and the domestic and international economic depression that followed. Nobody would wish this on anyone especially in our now globally incestuous market economy. But sloppy loan practices and poor banking oversight and no national accountability that spans the current governmental office holders and bogus credit extended to ignorant credit card holders is a toboggan ride that is only going one way—down hill. I would like so much to be wrong about this. I would like so much to find that there is something intelligent and forward thinking and economically alert and enormously clever going on in Thailand that I am just not aware of. I've got my fingers crossed. Nobody likes to see a car crash. But in the meantime—it's a mystery. I just can't figure out where the money comes from to run the country.

And if Bangkok the capital is an economic head scratcher, the rest of the country is a mystery wrapped in an enigma. As soon as you leave Bangkok the rest of the country is poor, desperately poor, or no-hope poor. People have no money! Which means they have no extra discretionary funds, no savings, no ability to get loans to start businesses, no ability to obtain or pay off mortgages, no knowledge of credit or personal finance, and no way to acquire assets. Hell, Thailand is so poor that it can not support the three marks of civilization; tax collection, trash collection, and social welfare. All civilizations are judged and scored by their ability to collect taxes, pick up the trash, and provide lives of dignity for the indigent and the helpless and the needy. Ancient civilizations could do this. Thailand can't. Thailand can't afford to do any of these very basic nation building activities.

Much that is modern has to be imported. Most manufacturing is light contract manufacturing that provides jobs but does little to improve peoples lives. It takes a lot of rice barges and apparel contracts to pay for the fancy cars and the fancy ladies and the oil and gas infrastructure to support them. So where does the money come from to run this country? If Thailand is paying for these 21st century accoutrements of civilization by printing non gold backed or non hard asset backed or non international banking community respect backed money eventually the economy will fall. And Thailand will not be able to get World Bank bailouts because it has few hard convertible assets and little world banking expertise or respect.

So when I come to Thailand twice a year the whole vacation experience is even more out of the context of my life than normal because there is something science fictiony to me about the economy. Coming into Bangkok at night always seems a little spooky and fake to me because I can't credit the modern city skyline that I see with any modern financial reality. It just further underscores and right at the start of my vacation the unreality of the whole Thailand experience. As if he whole country was really some kind of clever fraud—a giant amusement park successfully selling itself as a country. During the daytime when I am using the Skytrain (the trip from the Nana station to Saphan Taksin on the river is the best example of this) I sometimes wonder if I am not involved in some giant train set. As the Skytrain whizzes modernly by the buildings I wonder if there are actually any people in them. And if there are people in them I wonder what they are doing. If they are doing something modern and internationally competitive and complex and narrowly focused in a business sort of way, I wonder where they learned to do that thing. Because Thailand does not have a modern educational system. Other countries and capitals and cultures have demanding and competitive western value based educational systems that act as farm teams supplying needed modern workers to a modern work force. Thailand does not have this. So I am reduced to imagining that the buildings are empty. False fronts in an amusement park country that has no obvious source of income.

Please don’t get me wrong. I am not really criticizing Thailand. I am just mystified. I love every rai of Thailand. And I love every Thai. I just don’t understand how they do it. How they generate the revenue to pay the bills. The only conclusion I can reach is that there must be a lot of super smart Thais who are gifted at economics. I hope so.

84. Dana's Dream

TT&A Part 71 13/12/2004

Well, it's all over but the shouting and the cashing of big giant royalty checks! After years of research (barcrawling) and writing (making stuff up) my book is going to be published. I'm going to miss wanking at the keyboard but no good thing lasts forever. In another triumph of hope over experience a publishing company has agreed to take a chance on a new writer. These crazy ass nuts obviously belong in a 10 step program for gambling but who am I to argue with madness. The whole publishing gig was on the knife edge for a while but I seduced the publisher's wife. So we are ready to go. Hey, there can't be any problems there! I've already spent my advance check on Botox injections, penis reduction surgery (I didn't want to—I had to), and hair implants (on my balls). I have signed off on the galley proofs (I was drunk) and a publishing date (ongoing lies) has been set. For various stupid-ass New York literary agent pansy reasons I can't give you a preview of any of the book here; but I can print out some of the testimonials that will appear on the back cover of the book, and in various print ads, and on the sandwich board I plan to wear at the up and coming publisher's convention for new authors to be held in a burned out building in Afghanistan. I'm excited. So, just to whet your appetite; here below are some of the testimonials.

In the event that there is not enough room in the final draft for all of these testimonials on the front and back covers of the book plus the media and print advertising; I may be faced with the knife-in-the-heart task of doing some winnowing. In that case, reader input would be appreciated (ha-ha-ha). So if some of these testimonials are your favorites just email me and I will enter them in the giant impressive author testimonial mainframe computer (shoebox). And also, if there are any testimonials that you are not

100% in support of just let me know (like I give a rat's ass). However, any missives that reek of negative or critical thoughts will be assiduously ignored. Remember, this is all about me! Records will be kept. Downbeats will not receive autographed copies (new author bribes accepted). Speaking of which, for you obsessive record keepers and calendar buffs and celebrity hounds and social failures; my first author reading and signing party is scheduled sometime in July at the Nana Plaza. Stay tuned. Boss Hogg says the second floor overpass will be finished (yeah sure) and we can use it for the festivities. Anyway, stay tuned. And remember, in the words of the great 20th century philosopher Frank Zappa—"Brown shoes don't make it—Quit school, don't fake it". In other words, if you are not a hip-hop happening guy don't bother coming to the book signing. Because it is going to be a party! Dicks will be examined at the door by gap toothed mamasans. Anybody with a limp dick will not be allowed in. Word to your mother baby!

Testimonials:

"I luf book too much. You my big, big author!"—Noi

"This book rocks. I can't wait for my first erection!"—an eight year old reader

"Stories, anecdotes, and thoughts that perfectly embody the sick person's 'cry for help'. I suggest we don't give him any!"—Sigmund Freud

"We do not condone, support, or endorse anything in this tome of obviously fictional stories. You can buy it through our website."—Bangkok Post

"Bestest buk I ever dun reded. What's a BJ?"—Dana's mom

"I give it four stars. You pay me taxi money?"—Nap

"Inspirational literature that burns with a phosphorus hot flame of wit and intelligence."—someone who looks a lot like Dana

"It's a page-turner. I've been reading and re-reading. I've reserved a place for him in Hell."—God

"It was buy this book or get an operation. I think I made the right choice."—Pat the tranny

"Beats the Elizabethan crap out of anything I ever wrote!"—Shakespeare

"Poetry, lyricism, new ideas, gentle thoughts, literate gifts of love. Nope, none of that. A great read."—Confucius

"I read it under the covers with my special friend."—Michael Jackson

"It's crap and he's crap!"—Dana's father

"A good book. A great read. Very entertaining. But not quite balanced. We have just as many dysfunctional citizens and stupid whores as Bangkok."—Pattaya Municipal Government

"I liked it because it wasn't too heavy. I could read it and pleasure myself at the same time."—Anonymous

"I read this wonderful book in a state of happy rapture. The author's ability to capture the Thai scene was absolutely spot on. And his love of the Thais and the Thai way of life shines through. I have new girl for you. You want talk her?"—mamasan

"This book is full of sex stories and degradation. We are ordering 4 million copies and giving them to our parishioners as proof of Satan."—World Council of Churches

"Sa Wa Dee Ka Dana: We loved your book and we think you are a wonderful writer. If you ever want to say hello just walk into any bar and ask for us."— Na, Ba, Gai, Pea, Noi, Nat, Poom, Yaow, Pim, Lon, Wan, Pob, Pa, Pie, Songkla, and Nid.

"Well, it's all over now! We can just burn all the remaining pens and paper. There is no point in any more writing. After 6000 years of authors messing about with the lesser literary peaks, Dana has taken us to the Mount Everest of writing. Close the creative writing classes and shut down the publishing houses. There is no need for additional writing or more books."—Homer

"A riveting read and everything obviously true. I'd like to meet this guy. So that I can punch him in the face."— farang woman

"An engagingly written narrow niche publication targeted towards the frustrated males of the West. We can not really recommend it. But you can purchase it through our website."—NewYorkTimesBookReview.com

"Better than I could have done. But, what the hell; I'm drunk all of the time. We have nothing to fear but Dana himself."—Winston Churchill

"I read every book of it. You pay me 600baht?"—Wan

"Reading this book was my last request before being taken to the gas chamber. I never could make good choices!"—Federal Prisoner #69P4PSOY4NANA

"I loved this little bookie! Didn't we once own Thailand?"—Queen Elizabeth

"An amusing read but does not shine the spotlight enough on other important and rewarding cultural parts of the nightlife scene."—Obsession Bar Tranny Worker's Union

"A fuckin' pissar sprat shitdorg mut poofendick clotcunt spendoof book man!"—rugby fan

So that's it guys (and gals). This book will be my life's greatest achievement (OK, I'm a loser). All of you who have been loving and supportive during this long personal literary travail (writer word) receive my heartfelt (white people talkin') thanks—the rest of you can burn and twist in the fires of hell for eternity. See you at the NEP.

85. Do I Stay Or Do I Go?

TT&A Part 72 20/12/2004

1974—St. John, United States Virgin Islands

On a day off from the shipyard I decide to hike across the island. No plan. Just a meander ever east until I reach the dry end where the trade wind strikes first. Nestled next to a hurricane harbor is a bar. I buy a Heineken and climb the hill behind. Halfway up I sit and drink. I can see up Sir Francis Drake passage and the British Virgin Islands. Turning inward I can see a small red roofed building far away in a valley. Suddenly the building disgorges children. No sound. They are too far away. It must be a schoolhouse. Then following the children is a woman. A young woman with hips wider than her waist and breasts pushing against her shirt and a single braid down her back. The young faraway schoolteacher is short and broad like a Dutch peasant woman in an Old Masters painting. A Rembrandt mistress who is reliable and strong and loving and fertile. In a second I fall in love with the woman and we marry and build a house. I get a good job. My heart sings. Then there are children. Wait a minute! Disconnect. I don't want my children going to school on this island and growing up in this society. And if this place isn't good enough for my children it shouldn't be good enough for me either! All in a second. Do I stay or do I go? Down the hill I stumble and hitch back to Cruz Bay. I withdraw my savings from the bank, fill up my water jugs at the town square pipe, and pick up canned goods at Miss Lillian's grocery. Miss Lillian's—the local grocery where if you are white either she or her son always dump the canned goods in on top of the eggs! The next day I sail back to the States.

1998—Chiang Rai, Thailand

I am sitting halfway up a hill with a bottle of Chang beer waiting for Nom to return. Out of the crop burning haze and smoke she appears as an apparition. Hips wider than her waist, breasts pushing against her shirt, a single black braid bouncing in back. She has a plain face and a peasant body. Barefoot. She is not exotic or cleverly sexy or mysteriously oriental—no soil for a Kipling poem. She knows nothing of bar girl make-up or Frankenstein shoes or long painted nails. But she is a woman to her bones. And I am inexpressively happy. She could be Eve to any man and she has picked me. Like the old who are amazed and grateful to wake every morning I am amazed and grateful to see her every morning. The curve of her dark Isaan hip under the covers is testament to a million years of womanhood before her. She has the confidence and hypnotic appeal of sexual destiny. Woman is! Every man must start from scratch. Sexual games would give the illusion of power and of inclusion but like all wearied men of wisdom and experience I knew I wasn't equal. She was suay maak. I was a grown-up boy still under the covers with a flashlight and a magazine. At my age and with a spotty record as a human being I deserve little. She is also fertile. If I stay there will be tests for me. Tests of love and commitment. Tests of fatherhood and manhood. Not the manhood of bragging and battle and sexual conquests; but the manhood of the silent heroes. The men who come home every night to the same brown eyed woman. My eyes stray to the jet contrails high up in the sky. I can always use technology to escape. She has fewer options. I feel shamed by my choices!

She has been climbing trees and plucking orchids: Using her broad peasant feet with splayed prehensile toes and clunky short fingered hands. There is a trickle of blood running down her leg. But it is not from a motorbike accident but from an orchid gathering accident. A grown up village girl still delighting in childish things. Next time I see scars on the retail girls of Bangkok I will imagine them from flower hunting adventures rather than from getting thrown off the pillion seat into oncoming tuk-tuks. One orchid is over her ear and one is at the tip of her braid. And one example of Epidendrum is being handed to me. I know a lot about orchids including the Latin names. She only knows that they are beautiful and they make her smile. What she knows about orchids is what I know about her. She is beautiful and natural and makes me smile. On the way down the trail to the guesthouse I pull out of my shirt pocket the rubber banded Thai words and phrases note cards. The first thing we did together and now a parlor game between lovers. She says "Mai aow!" and pushes them away. "Tonight"— she says, "We must talk of important things!"

Do I stay or do I go?

Thai Galactic Airways

I'm no scientific reader or anything and I'm not the brightest light bulb in the hallway; but sometimes I think I can detect criticism of Thais and of Thailand in the reader's submissions on this website. I think this is wrong and I think this is mean-spirited and I take offence on behalf of all Thais everywhere. I haven't been to every country in the world yet, but I'm sure that if I did get to every country in the world; I don't believe that I would find a more open-hearted, generous, friendly, intelligent people than the Thais. Did you know that Thailand is known as the Land of Smiles? That should tell you something. In fact, if this is something that you could measure somehow; I believe that the Thais are probably at the top of the evolutionary ladder. I believe the brilliant, talented, good looking New Zealanders are probably second; but right now I am just talking about the Thais. One of the pieces of evidence (in my humble opinion) that the Thais are intellectually superior (in a DNA sort of way) to most other people is that they sometimes have a hard time giving directions to wandering farangs. Let me explain:

The Thais have never ever been lost so they don't know how to give directions—you learn by doing—other peoples like the farang have been lost so often that they have developed the skills necessary to give directions to others that are lost. If you have never come in contact with anyone who is lost there is no way that you could have developed the skills or the mindset necessary to give directions to lost people. This isn't the Thais' fault. It is their gift. The fact that the Thais are so poor at giving directions is not a mark of inferiority but a mark of superiority. Thais have never come in contact with another Thai who has ever been lost. They themselves have never been lost. Their navigational and geographical and spatial senses are so superior that they have not had to learn to process information regarding direction giving. This is the mark of superiority of intellect. These are mental giants. It wouldn't surprise me to find that the spaceships of the future, plunging in and out of time warps and other spooky dimensions, are piloted by Thais. They are the space Argonauts of the future that will probably be responsible for locating other worlds for population sites or for natural resources like chillies and catfish or for inter-galactic navigational beacons. So don't bother asking Thais for directions! They just can't do it.

Ask yourself this question: Has a ten baht bus ever gotten lost running up and down Beach road in South Pattaya? I think that you know the answer! Has a motorcycle taxi delivering you from Robinson's department store to the Nana hotel on lower Sukhumvit ever gotten lost? Again, I think you know the answer! These gifted wonderful intelligent Thais are able to focus on their destination like iron filings to a magnet. Ever watched a pig hunt truffles in a French forest? Think Thais seeking their destination! Has anyone ever called you a French truffle hunting pig? I think not.

So, if you are a lost farang don't blame the Thais and get them mixed up in it. You are lost and incompetent—not them. They know where they are and they know where they came from and they know where they are going. How can they possibly be expected to give you directions? You are lost. Not them. And asking a Thai to give directions forces on them an unkind and maybe impossible mental task—you are asking them to gear down. To be less than they are. You wouldn't ask Einstein to count crayons. Too much gearing down for the man's big brain. Hell, the experience might make his hairy head explode. Same with the Thais of Thailand. You wouldn't ask Yo Yo Ma to play the banjo. Well, not twice. Because the first time you asked him to play the banjo he would beat you within an inch of your life with his Stradivarius bow. You wouldn't ask Beckham (soccer star popular with the fish and chips set) to play youth soccer. He might break a leg trying to block a six year old. You wouldn't ask Willy the Shake (Shakespeare) or Homer or Milton to write train schedules. You'd end up with three extremely well written suicide notes. And it would be your fault for underestimating people and not treating them with the respect that is their due. Well, as the night follows the day; you shouldn't ask and it is futile to ask Thais to give directions. They just can't do it.

If you are a farang and you are lost it's your fault—don't try to get the innocent Thais wrapped up in your problems. You are the incompetent one—they are the gifted ones. They just can't give directions. Don't believe me? OK, try this: On a Saturday or a Sunday in Bangkok get the Skytrain and go out to the Chatuchak Weekend market. Find the main entrance. Now walk in any direction for five hundred yards. Now ask a Thai for directions to the Chatuchak market. Good Luck. Remember to remind yourself as the life slowly drains from your body in the midday sun that it wasn't the charming smiling Thai's fault. They smiled. They tried. You wandered. You died.

I am 54 years old which means that I have another 46 years left on Earth. If in my lifetime space travel becomes available and affordable; I'm going! But I'll make my starry travel plans based on smell. If I smell pat tai jey or tom kloeng or plar chon than I'll know that it is Thai Galactic Airways and they'll never get lost. You can fly Singapore Heavenly Stars Airways or Korean Universe Airways or Cathay Pacific Andromeda Air based on rumors about the stewardesses; but I'm flying with the Thais. I want to come home again.

So come on farangs of the world. Be big enough to recognize the gifts of others. Thais just can't give directions. It is because they are superior to you. Just go with it.

86. Yes and No

TT&A Part 73 27/12/2004

OK, let's talk about the concept and usage and results of Face in Thailand. First we'll play an imagination game. Let's imagine that one Thai department head calls another Thai department head on business. Simple right? Not in Thailand. Let's imagine that each department head is incompetent and knows it and only got the job because of connections and corruption. Naturally they don't want to be reminded of this. In addition; one department head has dominion over the other. They aren't equal. Plus one department head knows that the other department head's wife is trash. He knows this because it is his daughter. Etc. Now the stage has been set in Thailand for the complicated game of Face where the object is not to hurt anyone's feelings. So since not hurting someone's feelings is the paramount part of the department head to department head communication that means every other part of the process comes in second; things like clearness of thought, accuracy of data, presentation of ideas, conviction of feelings, and objective analysis. All of these wacky western notions come in second to not hurting anyone's feelings. So in the interests of not hurting the other department head's feelings and by the way not losing your own job it might actually make more sense sometimes to say Yes when you actually mean No and to say No when you actually mean Yes and to say Yes when the real answer is No and to say No when the real answer is Yes and to sometimes say neither Yes or No artfully when it is not exactly clear which answer will benefit you or benefit the other guy or benefit you both. Confused? Of course you are! Since I am a westerner I can explain this to you with unambiguous clearness of thought. The reason you are confused is because this is confusing. Think I am being silly? Try to get a Thai to make a simple declarative statement like "The reason you are confused is because this is confusing." They probably can't do it. And the reason Thais have such a hard time making simple declarative statements is that the value of the statement is never as important as the value of the result. Face is factored into everything. The problem is that adding Face to the linguistic water doesn't make it clearer; it makes it muddier. In Thailand you (and they) are always dealing with muddy linguistic water.

OK, you thought my example was too extreme? Let's try this. Two Thai governmental or corporate department heads are talking to each other. Neither knows the other. Both are saints. People of virtue. Both are also mentally stable and open minded and well educated and generous with new ideas and able to consider criticism within the context of the job necessity of getting the most for the least in the most ethical manner possible. But remember, they don't know each other. So they don't know this about each other. So here we go again. They are Thai. The concept of Face is in their bones. So they will hedge their bets by taking the middle road. Couching their responses in ways that could mean Yes and might mean No and could be interpreted later to have meant No but might sound right now like Yes. Etc. And to further cover their asses when they hang up they will creatively and artfully and busily do approximately nothing so that no performance commitments can be held against them until they figure which way the wind is blowing. In other words nothing gets done. You think the Thais don't work hard? Oh yes they do! They work like demons at the Face dance. I think one reason the west might have given up on this nonsense a long time ago is that we just don't have the stamina for this dance.

And then there is the ultimate concept of Face or what is sometimes called Saving Face which is to just disappear. I once went into the Hopf House Brewery restaurant on Beach road in Pattaya around 2pm to ask if I needed to make reservations for dinner that evening. There were three employees who all received at one time or another the inquiry from me. One at a time they all just disappeared. It was explained to me later by an expat that in some complicated notion of arcane Thai thinking that they were participating in face saving. If the Thais think that they save face by running and hiding they need to re-examine what it means to have character. Character is when you stand and deliver and take responsibility for your actions. Not when you run and hide. Thais love to blather on about how special and unique the Thais and Thailand are. I think of them as the 'run and hide' people. Whose face did they think they were saving? I'd like the smartest person in Thailand to email me and explain this to me because it makes no sense. Oh that's right I almost forgot. Communication in Thailand is not about making sense; it is about not hurting the other person's feelings or not hurting your own feeling's or not hurting the feeling's of both of you or not! Oh, forget it. Think I am being unfair? Consider this. Thai mechanics for airliners, and Thai pilots, and Thai air traffic controllers, and Thai surgeons, and Thai police investigators, and Thai food inspectors are all products of a run and hide culture that places face above accuracy of thought or deed. Scared now? You should be!

And please don't respond with the word Culture. That is just the placebo salve that the politically correct smear on every social wound of incomprehension. In the past I used to respond to this western blathering about Culture and ask for some erudition on the subject. I found that the person using the word Culture invariably couldn't string together three sentences on the subject. It was just knee jerk Pavlovian expostulation to no purpose except to get the eye of the cute little girl in the backpack. In the last 10,000 years thousands of cultures and tribes and nations and groups and languages have come and gone. All things are not equal. Not everyone is competitive. In order for there to be winners and survivors there have to be losers. People who can not communicate with each other clearly are not going to be on the winning side of anything. Competitive international contract negotiations and fulfillment and successful politics requires communication between both or all parties of minimum absolutes. Both parties must know that Yes means Yes and that No means No. Every time. That is not possible in cultures or languages that add the concept of Face to the linguistic mix. Can you imagine if computer software was written like this? Where Yes sometimes meant No and No could mean No but it might also possibly mean Yes? Computer programs wouldn't work would they? Well, language is the computer program for a civilized society! There is nothing more basic to language construction than the concept of Yes and No. People mixing in Face lose the ability to make the most basic language conclusions.

Think I am picking on the Thais? No I am not. I am just using them as an example of a common problem in cultural social development. If people talking to each other can no longer distinguish between Yes and No than we might as well go back to the Stone age and start over. Want to have some fun? Don't believe me? Here is a question of a common construction that involves no face: "You don't really have this—do you?" Now plot how many different answers you could get. Now add face to the mix and plot again. Good Luck. And I hope you are not a surgeon trying to order blood for a 2pm surgery. In my own business here in the States I have talked to people; that is, attempted to take to contract (I am a salesman) individuals from 52 countries in the last year. Many of these countries my company voluntarily no longer solicits business from because the responses we get to direct questions as a part of the sales/contract process are incomprehensible gibberish where No can mean Yes and Yes can mean No and sometimes either one at various and mysterious times can mean absolutely nothing. Recently my company has stopped doing business with the Haitians and the Jamaicans and the Vietnamese and the Chinese for this reason. We are not even sure they know what they are talking about when they are talking to each other. To have our signatures on documents where the other party can not distinguish between Yes and No or see the value in being specific places us at unacceptable risk. So our services which would benefit these people are not offered anymore. Too bad.

As long as Thailand hangs on to the concept of Face in language Thai to Thai and Thai to the rest of the world communication can not be dependable or competitive. Too bad for Thailand. This is an example of a language de-evolving. Evolving languages get more specific and dependable. Languages that are not evolving are symptoms of cultures and peoples and points of view that are not evolving. It is now a competitive global world. You are either getting ahead or losing ground. Thailand is going backwards. The world will rumble and stumble forward and leave behind the people who couldn't decide when to use Yes and when to use No.

And that is what I really think on this issue; you know, unless you might get your feelings hurt. And then I mean the opposite!

87. I’m So Lonely

TT&A Part 74 31/12/2004

“Please God, help me. Breath on me. Keep my candle from going out. Please God, help me. I’m so lonely!”

Pattaya: While Noi went to visit a friend of hers and her friend’s English boyfriend, I went to a tailor on 2nd street and got him to sell me his cloth measuring tape. That night I had Noi stand naked next to the bed. I knelt down on my knees, laid my head against her hot hip to steady myself and measured her. I measured the width of her shoulders, and I measured the distance from the base of her neck to just above her knees, and I measured her hips and her waist and her bust. I felt as if I was measuring Eve. To her it was nothing. Standing there completely naked in front of a man. She had the confidence of ten million women who came before her. A woman is. A man must become! To me, it was mystery beyond comprehension. I felt as if I was kneeling before St. Peter; a puny supplicant, begging to be let into heaven. There are a million Nois—products of Isaan. Splayed toes and wide feet, short bodies, dark skin, brown eyes, black hair, pretty lips. Faces not too exotic—eyes not too squinty. I don’t care that there are a million Nois. My Noi is the end of the line for me. I don’t want to ever meet another woman. I want to spend the rest of my life coming home to her. She is my Everything.

The next day while she was lazing around the pool, I went to Mike’s Shopping Center on the north end of Beach Road. A lady in the woman’s underwear section was very nice to me. She helped convert my measurements to sizes—then she helped me buy fancy underpants and bras. Then she took me in hand and walked me over to another clothing dept. where we found nice Capri style pants and matching shirt. She helped me buy other things she knew a girl from Isaan would like. Finally, a make-up kit. Buying the box of make-up accessories was overkill. Please love me!

That night Noi tried on her new clothes. Everything fit perfectly. It was fun for both of us. It was our first time together and we were traveling down the road that each secretly hopes will lead from friendship to loveship. I was losing my heart faster than water flows through your fingers. She was pressed so tightly to me in our sleep it felt as if we were one.

The next six months was long distance emailing, letters, gifts. Even a tortured phone call that a Thai woman friend of mine here in Boston helped me with. My return to the bar was to be on a certain day at 10:30 pm. I had bought us His and Her gold nugget watches. I was wearing mine. Hers I had hidden in a Smarties Candy container and then wrapped in wrapping paper. She had told all of her girlfriends of my arrival time. I stepped into the dark bar at precisely 10:30pm, there was a little pause—and then an explosion of clapping and yelling and screaming. I never felt so loved. Noi was up on stage dancing and it was if I saw her for the very first time. I was stunned at her beauty. After she was through dancing she came down off the stage and I gave her the gift wrapped present. Every single girl in the bar and on the stage watched as she opened the gift. Then they all could see that it was a Smarties candy tube. A little disappointment. So I opened the tube and tipped it out into Noi’s hand. Little colored candies started to fall out into her hand. Then some gold. Then more gold. Then the gold watch fell out into her hand surrounded by the brightly colored candies. The place went nuts. Bedlam. Even the battle-ax mamasan was smiling at me. Hands reached down and pulled the two of us up on stage. Girls helped her put on her watch. Then we held out our two wrists for all the world to see. We were a couple.

We spent two weeks together. Serious weeks. Getting to know each other takes weeks. At night when I was writing she would be wrapped in the white bath towel—washing my clothes in the sink and hanging them up outside the window and singing. Before I left to go back to Boston I took a picture of her. She was smiling and looking so beautiful and so happy. Holding out her hand to show off the watch.

Another six months of long distance love. I had the picture of her and her watch laminated onto a T-shirt. She had a birthday in the meantime and she sent me a picture of herself at the birthday party. The girls had thrown a surprise party for her at the bar before it opened. It was a wonderful picture. She was smiling and blowing out the candles on the cake. And she was surrounded by all of her best friends. Everyone full of life and love. I took the picture to a T-shirt place. I had some of the background deleted, cropped the picture, and then had it laminated on a T-shirt. It looked really great.

It was my third time returning to Thailand to see her. We were scheduled to spend 18 days together. If everything went well I was thinking about bringing up the subject of marriage. I wanted to be the father of three daughters that looked just like their wonderful mother. The bar entry scene was another huge hit. I was wearing the T-shirt that had her picture on it where she is showing the camera her watch. Then I gave her a gift wrapped parcel. The bar went stone quiet. Out tumbled the T-shirt that had the birthday party scene laminated on the front. Nobody had ever seen anything like it before. Four of the girls recognised themselves on the shirt. Pandemonium. Laughing. The shirt was passed around the bar. All the girls were hugging me and smiling at me. Except one. No hug and no smile from Noi. Little hairs stood up on the back of my neck.

Two days later in Chiang Mai I got up early and went down to breakfast alone. The lump under the covers didn't move or call out. Due to my age I was able to do something at breakfast that I would not have been able to do as a young man. Stay calm. Very, very calm. Spooky calm. Don't bother me and don't let me near weapons calm. No public displays of self-pity. No roping someone into my personal hell with unwelcomed storytelling. No giant public sighs or aggressive facial ticks or other calls for help. No jamming the food with my fork, or slamming the cutlery around or abusing the help. Just stone quiet calm. Greek philosopher waiting to take the drink of poison hemlock calm. Breakfast over I straightened out the dishes, signed the chit, wiped my mouth with the heavy napkin and then got up. It was time to go upstairs. It was time to start the salvage operation. Salvaging my dignity. The lump under the covers hadn't moved. I went to the closet and got all of her clothes. I went to the bathroom and gathered up all of her toiletries. I packed her bag. Then I pulled back the covers and made her stand up and I dressed her. No protest from her. I took her to the airport and exchanged her tickets. Then I explained to the ticket agent that I loved Noi and I would appreciate it if she would look after her and make sure she got on the right plane. As a young man I would have spent some time on good-bye theatrics: maybe a tear. I'm not young anymore! I turned and left.

In the taxi on the way back to the hotel I talked out loud—

"Please God, help me. Breath on me. Keep my candle from going out. Please God, help me. I'm so lonely!"

88. Adult—Child

TT&A Part 75 8/1/2005

Recently I was reminded of an especially astute and handsome farang (me) who had notated in an email a while back to a western man who was involved with a Thai woman in a hopefully mature way that the trouble with farang-Thai relationships was one of human development. The farangs were adults and the Thais were children. More and more for me this is the issue! You can only go so far with children and you can only expect so much from children. And the beauty of this for the child (read: Thai female) is that there is only so much responsible and mature behavior they can be expected to exhibit or be held individually or socially responsible for. They are children.

I was reminded of this recently in reviewing two new Thai sites that an email friend had turned me on to. Both sites are excellent and I would not have found them on my own. Reading the reader submissions or letters or posts from ex-pats or farangs of the shorter duration variety you are continually struck by the Adult-Child slant. The other thing that these sites reminded me of is how much we know about the Thais. That is really what I want to talk about here. There are now many excellent Thai themed sites for farangs on the web and the thing they all have in common is the density of the information. The information comes in every category but the most common thread of information relates to social commentary and Thai behavior. We actually know a lot about the Thais and how they think and how they behave. Since it is not particularly sexy to get too analytical regarding Thailand this isn't the sort of thing that gets much play on the net. But if you put on your western trained analytical glasses and read the sites for content we farangs know an incredible amount about Thai behavior. In fact, the point could be made that because of their often poor powers of introspection or unwillingness to 'hurt the head' that we farangs in many cases know more about Thai behavior than they know about farang behavior. Normally, this situation would be of limited import but I am about to do the loop and connect the dots here.

It all has to do with the Adult-Child thing. Thais are not reading these farang sites so they have no clue how much many farangs know about how they think and why they behave the way they do. So their blissfully ignorant opinions of us are not disturbed by facts. The Thais think we know nothing and that we can be easily fooled. Every time they get us to pay 20 baht for a 10 baht item, or they are rude to us in public and get away with it, or they make some factless remark and get away with it; they assume that they are the dominant part of the relationship. What they don't know, what they can't know; is that we know exactly what is going on. Just because we don't go into an Asian paroxysm of rage over some issue of face, or pull a knife, or refuse to pay the inflated price; does not mean that we are ignorant of what is going on! We are simply playing a game of stamina and prioritizing.

Not every social slight from a child is worth going to the wall for, not every overcharge is worth pulling knives for, not every act of rudeness is worth the social and mental energy required to get involved with. In other words, this nonsense from these children is simply not worth our time or the raising of our blood pressure or the empty gesture of face saving or dubious vanity of proving them wrong and proving us right. They are children. Social reciprocity is not possible. Adult mature responsible behavior to get the right price or to get respect or to keep our dignity simply isn't worth the effort.

When I go to Thailand I am treated like an object by simple minded greedy children from the first day. And they assume that because I don't react that I am dumb. No Thailand I am not dumb. In your childish behavior you display your cards for all to see. I can read you like a book and I can spot you at a thousand yards. But I am in Thailand on a mission. The mission is pleasure. I am in Thailand to make myself happy. It is called a vacation. So I have the tunnel vision and limited social needs of the happy wanderer with enough money in my pocket and a return ticket back home to civilization. The fact that I have a brown stripe down my back from you shitting on me really doesn't bother me that much. I just consider the source. Children. So I'll keep coming to Thailand and you'll keep shitting on me. It is all part of the social mix. But don't think you are getting away with something. I know exactly how you think and I know why you do what you do. I'm a smart, educated farang capable of absorbing incoming data and reaching accurate conclusions. We are not equal. Some day I might be the president of the World Bank. Your silver tongued, smiling and waiing emissaries will be in Geneva asking for a bail-out loan for your government and your people. You won't get it.

89. It's Nice to Meet a Man Once In a While

TT&A Part 76 22/1/2005

I have a neighbor that likes all things related to knitting. Knitting patterns, the history of knitting, knitting people and personalities, knitting chatrooms, and of course the activity of knitting. She has a collection of knitting needles from all over the world. She likes to go to faraway cities and countries and attend knitting conventions. She likes to meet like minded people and share stories and ideas. She is a happy, well adjusted human being who has found an activity and an interest that gives her life meaning and makes her happy. She has a scrapbook full of pictures of people she has met in her knitting activities and travels.

I have another friend who loves sailboats. This is one of the constant threads that has held his life together through thick and through thin. All things related to sailing are of interest to him. He travels the world when he can to attend marina shows and antique boat shows. He takes pictures of friends he has met. He corresponds on the internet with like minded people. When walking down a dock, or at a boat show, or in a harbor; if he sees a boat that he finds interesting in some way, he takes a picture. He has scrapbooks full of pictures of boats that he has seen and admired over the years. Taking the scrapbooks down and reviewing the pictures gives him a lot of pleasure. If you get him going, it is like a dike bursting; he will talk your head off about boats. He has an enthusiasm, an interest. He follows through. His life is richer and he is more interesting for the experience.

I have an acquaintance friend who likes the company of Asian women. He is willing to travel long distances to spend time with attractive, fun, Asian women. He likes them. He listens to them. When he is in their company his heart rate drops and his blood pressure goes down. He likes everything about the experience. He corresponds with many of the women he has met. He has made friends. Women he meets introduce him to their friends. He genuinely likes women and they can sense that so they introduce him to their friends. Good things happen to good people! Sometimes instead of renting a room in a hotel; he will rent a suite. He will then set up a photographer's studio. If women are interested he will take professional quality photos of them. They are all interested. He gives them the photos and the negatives. It's just for fun. After he has taken one or two women's photos it is like a tidal wave. Suddenly there are women knocking on his door 24 hours a day. They bring outfits, they bring friends and family and children, they bring money (he never charges). Women love to have their picture taken. They love to display themselves for men. Men love to be in the company of attractive women - it is nature. It is normal. Usually, after about 10 days, he has to pack up and move to another hotel. It is the only way to avoid all the attractive, normal, well-adjusted women who want to have their picture taken. Sometimes, with permission of course; he will have a particularly appealing picture copied in Pattaya on Walking Street and then have the painting shipped to his condo in Brazil. The woman almost always gives her permission. She is flattered. When my friend is not in a faraway place spending time with women of interest to him; you can sometimes find him on the internet talking to other like-minded men. These are conversations of enthusiasm and interest. If you ask him at the office what he did on his vacation, he will tell you. If he had sexual relations he might mention it. It is all part of the mix. He has scrapbooks and photo albums at home that detail his experiences. Taking the journals down from the shelf from time to time gives him pleasure.

What is the difference between these three people, these three personalities, these three a vocational lives?

THERE ISN’T ANY DIFFERENCE.

And yet; the happy, well-adjusted man who is listening to his hormonal and gender programming is branded a criminal or a sex tourist. His pictures of his women friends represent part of his life—part of his family—His intimate loving contacts with members of his own species. But this doesn’t get any respect because unless a single man places himself at 100% risk and signs a lifetime contract (marriage); nothing he does or thinks or feels has any value. And the things he does think or does do or does feel are suspect. He is guilty until proven innocent. And he will never be proven innocent. Because society’s notion is that a single man must be deficient in some way, maybe even a criminal. This thinking makes single men nothing but pawns or tools of society or of a single woman. I resent this. I reject this. This insults my intelligence. And because I don’t bow my head and I don’t buy into this, because I have a sense of self-worth and personal dignity that hasn’t been neutered by the family value’ people and the predatory single woman just looking for a husband so that she can have a culturally acceptable way to have ‘her’ baby, I am disliked. Not only is this unfair, it is also stupid and ignorant. If you pursue the thought of this man’s critics to it’s logical conclusion; someday it will be illegal and immoral to have sexual thoughts of any kind unless you are married. Well, I reject this as the future of our race and I reject criticism of this man’s enthusiasm. I do not believe he needs defending. And I salute him. I like him. It is nice to meet a man once in a while!

If you want to tell me in your low register manly voice that you married the first woman that you had sex with—good luck to you. I hope you are happy the rest of your life cleaning up slop in your leased fish and chips shop and going home at night to your wife who is now shaped like a pear. Knowing that you are superior must carry a lot of compensating weight because you sure haven't got anything else. Just whisper one thing to me—where in the house are you hiding the girlie magazines? Well, Max from Manchester and Ollie from Oslo; you pretend not to respect me but I am making love to the girls in those magazines. Because I am such a manly man? No, because it is easy! There is no bigger fool than the fool who brags about fucking women. It's easy. Women throw sex at men like farmers throw corn to pigs. Sex is the basest currency. And you can't even do that. Have you ever noticed that it is the people with the least that are the most judgemental? They haven't got anything else. At your own lynching look down on the crowd. You will know two things. They are all better than you. They told you so. And they are all failures.

If I am flying home from BKK it is not unusual for the gentleman sitting next to me to ask me where I am coming from. If I answer that I was vacationing in Thailand, it is not unusual for him to ask me if I met any pretty girls. If I say "Yes, yes I did meet some pretty girls."; the next question is sometimes "How many pretty girls did I meet?" If I quote a double digit number I am almost always branded a sex tourist. Now he feels superior and he has a naughty story to tell at the office when he gets home to Edmonton or Dubai or Taipei. Well, he might be right. I might be a sex tourist. But he might also be completely wrong. It might be that I am not a sex tourist. I am just compelled by the circumstances of life to sift that much sand looking for a diamond. I was once seated next to a gentleman on a plane who offered the riveting personal narrative that he had just spent twenty six days in Kuala Lumpur playing golf eight hours per day. He spent twenty six days of his life chasing a little ball around eight hours a day and this imbecile is judging me? When exactly did I miss the memo or the meeting on all of this? When did dodging Malaysian snakes on the fourth fairway become more interesting and exciting than having a beautiful naked woman in your arms? And at what secret planetary meeting did the sexless and the nitwit receive the power to judge people who know what their genitalia are for? If your fat sexless companion is enough for you; then I am happy that you are happy. The world needs happy satisfied people. But I want more. I can still dream the dreams of youth and hormones and hope and my tail is still wagging. I shouldn’t be mislabelled for it.

I’m a man. I am not a criminal. I’m a man. If you ever meet me I hope later you’ll say: “It’s nice to meet a man once in a while!”

90. Acceptance and Happiness and Love

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> *"I'll fly away and meet God on his golden shore. Where ever that may be. What's more delicious than the final falling away? The push off. The spinning weightless fall towards a painless future. Suicide as a marker of evolution! A decision of strength and higher consciousness. All relationships pale beside me falling and God rising up to catch me in his arms. Goodbye and Hello*!"—I.D.H.

One: Ship's name—Sanuk; Captain—Dana; Destination—Pattaya

If the farang sailor lay down on the starboard side and grasped the hot bronze turnbuckle with his left hand he could just reach over and touch the dolphins! Same on the port side. Laying his mahogany chest down on the baking hot teak and grasping the shroud with his right hand; he could just lean over with his left hand and make contact with the slippery forms. Whichever side he chose the dolphins would crowd over and crowd in and press against each other and compete for attention. He would touch them and stroke them and press against them. All the time he would be talking to them. In the low kind conspiratorial voice that we reserve for friends. Low and confident and kind and friendly and intimate. Connected. With much to lose and little to gain the dolphins had offered their friendship to the man. He had accepted and found himself ushered into a theater bigger than himself. Sometimes he would crawl down into the bow chains with a deck scrub brush and scratch their backs. They would push and shove and squeak and chirp with pleasure. Down in the chains right on top of the water his boat was removed from his vision. There was only the horizon and the sky and the water and the glistening torpedo shapes of his friends.

He knew he was a part of something beyond himself but he didn't know more than that. Humans have limits! When he tired and crawled back up on deck the dolphins would flip and corkscrew and somersault and squeak with pleasure to end the game.

Sometimes during the day or the night they would disappear en mass. Probably out hunting. Then they would return. If below he would hear their squeaks through the hull. Friendly squeaks of pleasure and fun. This had been going on for fifteen days. Quiet seas and steady winds meant hardly a sail had to be touched. The ship ploughed on towards the next port as if pulled by a string. The empty chart showed a steady line of x's advancing inexorably towards Pattaya. The next harbor was on the next chart. No need to worry. This chart was empty. Just water and position fixes marching towards Pattaya.

Pushing the ship and himself hard like in his racing days, the sailor put the Babuyan Islands to port as he started down the South China Sea. Surrounded now by Vietnam, China, Malaysia, and the Philippines he was now in paradise. There were friendly brown flip-flop women at every place on the chart. But he didn't stop! Something was luring him back to Thailand. It wasn't a Wan or a Noi or a Fa or a Lon. No slim-hipped wonder was waiting for him. His mooring off the new pier in Pattaya Bay awaited but no raven haired smiler would be on the dock waving. But still he pushed. Night and day. Traditional maritime pleasures held little appeal this time—there was an urgency from an unknown source. He must get back to Thailand. He didn't know why!

One night he was awakened at dawn by the sound of squeaks through the hull right next to his ear. But these were not squeaks of pleasure and fun. They were agitated and high pitched and frequent. He lay listening; trying to divine the meaning.

Wondering if something in their watery lives required him. Then the hairs rose on the back of his neck. A message was being sent. He came up on deck and immediately looked over the stern to see if a squall or a ship or a rogue wave was sending a message of death. A helmsman's habit formed long ago. But there was nothing. Just early morning flying fish and streaks of dawn. So he turned to face the bow. The dolphins! They were all massed around the boat as the sun was coming up. A thousand of them. Turning and laying on their sides and looking at him. Then en mass they churned to the bow, tore off in a streak; and then arched to the right. Then they circled back and repeated. Tore off the front of the bow on his course and then arched to the right. The third time they did this it occurred to him that they might be trying to tell him something. He dropped down below and looked at the chart. Nothing. Clear water ahead. Groggy with sleep his arm slipped and pushed on the sextant case he had been using to anchor the chart. There under where the sextant case had been was a reef. Right up ahead. Close. Deadly. Bounding to the deck he took the beckets off the wheel, slacked the mizzen sheet and bore off towards the right. The dolphin course that they had been showing him. He was saved. Saved by his slippery friends!

After making the course correction the sailor looked up. The ship was surrounded by dolphins! Ahead and astern, port and starboard. Laying on their sides. Looking at his eyes. A thousand smiling slippery forms. Suddenly they shot ahead and disappeared. Then up ahead and a mile abreast a thousand upwellings became a thousand leaping, jumping, splashing, smashing, slippery, smiling friends. Right course taken. Final validation from a higher power—no rocks or reefs ahead. Altruism only comes from a higher consciousness. Felt abstract bonding and demonstrated love. The sailor wondered what else they knew! Did they know something about his future that he didn't know? Did they save him from his present so that he could meet his future? He wondered if he would ever see them again.

Tell this story to a scientist and he will wonder how the dolphins knew of the position of the reef when it was over the horizon. They miss the point. That is not the most interesting question that you can ask. The most interesting question is why they took an interest in the man. They had nothing to gain. Traditionally we act to avoid pain or to seek pleasure. But this was neither. This was altruism. A mammalian species to species connection beyond understanding. We are all acting on a bigger stage than we know. Sometimes when the house lights go down and the curtain goes up it is best to just go with the flow. The theater of life is always bigger than us and we are connected to each other in ways beyond our understanding. At sea sometimes the person at the wheel will suddenly feel the hairs on their neck go up. There is a message being sent. Turning and looking over your shoulder you will sometimes see a big wave or a ship or a squall. There is a new actor on the stage and he is bigger than you. You have been warned. Now it is time to pay attention. Your life is about to change. It is time to go with the flow. Always listen to the hairs on the back of your neck. It is a message of involvement. Something bigger than you is calling. You are about to be involved in something bigger than yourself. You have to know when to jump. Jump off the moving train to save yourself. Or jump on the moving train to find yourself. You have to learn to listen!

Two: What Is The Message?

It is 7am in South Pattaya and I am feeling fine. I have just said goodbye to Wan in front of the AA hotel and I am now on my way to the Mini-Mart on 2nd road to pick up the Pattaya Mail newspaper and some cashew nuts and M&M candies and some yogurts and a carton of orange juice. Breakfast. It is already heating up. Another typical early morning experience in Pattaya that I love. And I have learned that instead of taking my breakfast loot back to the hotel, that it can sometimes be very profitable to go down to the boardwalk next to the ocean. Who knows what beguiling beauty is waiting to have nuts and yogurts and orange juice with me?

But this morning is different. Walking up soi 13 I suddenly feel the hairs on the back of my neck go up. Electrically charged message receivers. Instinctively I turn and look over my shoulder. But there is no rogue wave about to roll over the transom and inundate the vessel. There is no ship without a lookout on a self steering course that means death to all before it. There is no black horizon with silent lightning bolts stitching the sea to the cloud. It is just soi 13 in Pattaya early in the morning. I could see Beach road and the palm trees and the boardwalk and the quiet ocean beyond. Quiet. I turned and continued my walk up soi 13. The hairs on the back of my neck stood out like miniature porcupine quills all the way up. By the time I got to the curb of Second road I was exhausted. “OK” I heard myself saying, “I’m paying attention. But what are you trying to tell me? What is the message?”

As I stepped off the curb of Second road to begin the trip across to the Mini-Mart my right eye spotted a big yellow car far in the distance. A canary yellow 1933 Rolls Royce Phantom II Continental Saloon with black window frames and door handles and detailing, smoked glass, and gold plated spokes. Like a deranged mystic staring at the sun I couldn’t tear myself away. Hypnotised. Now stopped two feet off the curb and oriented towards the apparition like a coastal range finder at right angles to the beacon. But this was no beacon. It was just a big yellow car. What did it matter? How did it involve me? The big yellow apparition was a long ways away. I looked around. Was anyone else involved in this? Was anyone else staring at this car? Nope. Just me. I felt a connection. A disquietude. My throat was constricting and the back of my neck was getting tingly and my eyes felt dry. I was losing my self. Crossing the street with my eyes averted felt like treason. As if I had forgotten my role. My right tracking eye noticed that the car changed lanes twice. As I jumped the curb it was now in my lane. It's lights flashed. I ran into the Mini-Mart like a roach escaping under a baseboard.

Standing in the back of the Mini-Mart staring into the drinks cooler I have the random thoughts of the early morning riser—"I've been coming to this Mini-Mart for years and I can never for the life of me remember which one of these little orange drinks I like ... I wonder if Noi will be on the boardwalk this morning ... I wonder if that big Rolls Royce has gone by yet ... I wonder if there will be the same interminable brain fry of a wait at the checkout counter as the cashier puts in a new cash register tape—you'd think that they would do that the night before ... If I turn around and see that yellow car I am going to shit in my pants!"

Walking up to the check-out counter I can see that the sweet Thai father's daughter is putting in a brand new cash register tape. Time slows as if it is an experiment in Einsteinium physics at La Cern. You can almost hear the grinding of overtaxed synapses in her brain as she grapples with the vicissitudes of mechanics and logic. Oppenheimer at the Los Alamos Proving Grounds didn't have a problem of this complexity with the atom bomb. "Chill out" I say to myself. "It's Thailand. Once you puncture through this idiocy barrier the rest of the day is a coast." Then the big yellow Rolls Royce pulls up outside! It fills the window. You can't hear the engine. A quiet behemoth of luxury and power. A great beast that looks out of context on this shabby Third World street. The large hood ornament is cut crystal. A bare to the waist Thai woman with flowing hair and wide set eyes and high cheekbones. It’s not sexy. It’s commanding! The symbol of an alpha woman. There are three occupants. Two men in the front. A woman in the back. The men’s heads don’t move but their glinty reptilian eyes track and then lock on to me. I feel like a naked woman with someone’s eye at the keyhole.

Three: Connection

Early morning breakfast paper and goodies in hand I should exit the store, cross the street, and start down soi 13 for the boardwalk next to the sea; a brain synapse plugin due to repetition and happy memory. But I don’t. Instead: like a common streetwalker, I turn right and start walking down the sidewalk. Slowly, hugging the curb; ramrod straight posture, clear sinuses, little hairs standing on the back of my neck. Something tells me that the big yellow car that I spotted on the horizon has come for me. I can’t explain it but I can feel it. It changed lanes twice to no purpose. It flashed it’s lights at me. It stopped in front of the store. The guys in front made eye contact. My instincts tell me we are connected. Walking down the sidewalk with the quiet monster creeping up behind; I feel like a bargirl being followed by a farang. Except that I don’t have the confidence of a woman. Inside of ten strides I can feel the insides of my psyche crumbling like an old building’s brick facade. My throat is going desert dry and I can feel the clamping down inside my chest. I now have to throw my feet forward. Gone is the confidence and the easy gait and now the bottoms of my legs have concrete blocks attached instead of sandals. Finally, it is no good. One of us will have to stop. Either the following car will have to stop and release me; or I will have to stop and will a confrontation. I stop. I turn. The car eases up beside me and stops. Standing on the curb where the door frame separates the front window from the back window I can see inside.

Four: Sex And Power

Looking in the front I can see that the driver is a bullet head who looks like Odd job in the James Bond film Goldfinger. His front seat companion is an impassive Thai in his forties with a face of little short scars. Muay Thai memories! He is wearing the too-tight shirt of ex-police. There is a stainless steel chromed Glock on his lap—invisible to outsiders because of the smoked windshield but easily accessible. An employee willing to stop a bullet for his mistress in the back. The yellow touring car a giant beehive of fated lives. The worker bees in the front sworn and happy to protect unto death the queen bee in the back. In the Glock's mirrored finish I can see the reflection of an AK47 strapped to the roof. It is painted purple to match the purple plush velour of the overhead. The front of the car exudes power and potential violence waiting for the order to spring into kinetic violence. The back of the car exudes female sex. Eyes rolled back, arched spine seizure coupling beyond personality. Sex and Power. The big time! Both front seat occupants (I will call them Glock and AK) are in love with their passenger. Neither is consciously aware of it. More than two or three neuron switches at a time taxes their brains but they would defend her to their deaths. They are satellites orbiting her sexual planet inexorably falling in towards her over time. Their final immolation in her sexual force field is their dim dream and source of their loyalty. I stand on the curb looking. Frozen in time and space. Their snake eyes move but not their heads. Blasting caps couldn't get smiles out of these guys. I am not fooled. One aggressive move towards their female employer and I would end up in the boot wondering where all of the skinny knives came from. But once accepted by their passenger; one hand raised to me would trigger their unthinking defence and signal the death warrant of the offender. Jesus, what a big game.

Five: Heap Of Wheat

The sound of the rear window lowering the last inch alerts me to the passenger compartment. I step to the left. A face fills the window and looks at me. I am staring at the hood ornament come to life. A face of timeless beauty and fading youth. Wide set eyes and high cheekbones and dark skin. She is turned to face me and gripping the windowsill with both hands. It gives her the straight up support a short woman needs and the black window frame surrounds her face like a gilded frame around a Rembrandt. She knows that. She knows everything. This car is all about calculation and focus. I'm standing by a riverbank in two foot grass thinking it is time to look for snakes. All I wanted to do was pick up a newspaper and some breakfast snack foods and go down to the boardwalk. But I have been turned into farang statuary. I can't move. Her face stares at me. No girlish flirtations. No practised guile. She is gripping the sill with both bejewelled hands. I start to feel the leaning forward that presages the jumper. I am about to tumble into her eyes. Her eyes that are the mirror of her soul. A soul that knows I am the one.

I can feel the blast of air-con escaping from the driver's side window. But no chilled air escaping from the back compartment. The air-con is off in back. The woman is naked to the waist. Sweat bursting from her hairy temples, matted black groin hair rising from her embroidered skirt belt glistening with sweat, her bare breasts mounds around which rivulets of female musk run. She likes it hot. Her red lower lip is high frequency vibrating from sexual need and sexual promise. A woman has needs. But I'm not next in line. I'm last in line. The last impact crater on her moon will be me. It's our fate but my choice. Until I touch the door handle. Then choice will fly away and I will be swallowed whole. Giving myself to something beyond my ability to understand or control.

Unlike most humans she is hirsute! Thick sweaty mats of musky hair running down her stomach and her arms and her legs and landing on the backs of her hands and the tops of her feet and clotting and filling up her pelvic girdle. Low brow, monolithic eyebrow, filed and pointed front teeth, one red pupil and one grey flecked pupil. This is not an alpha woman who is used to men making and keeping eye contact with her. And this is not the girl next door. Her small aged breasts have streaks and stretch marks. I don't care. Her waist has lost it's girlish shape. I don't care. I dream of laying my head down on her stomach as on a heap of wheat and dreaming of fluffy clouds. She is a woman to her bones. In the shower she won't have to be shown how to put her arms up with palms against the tile. And a gentle press between her shoulder blades would trigger the bend over reflex. The stones on her fingers are the silly secondary stones that Thailand endlessly promotes. But these rubies and emeralds and sapphires are not the neutered tumbled round shapes attractive to the teenager or the housewife from Hamburg; these ring stones are great huge rectangular boxes with sharp vertically slashed sides. They look like they were cut with chisels. They scream sex and power and libido. One of these great sharp stones under my nut sack would rewrite the sexual contract every night.

Reading her eyes I can read the offer! She is not begging. There is no seduction. Stepping off the curb would deliver myself to a Thai Transylvanian picnic of sexual slavery amongst the jungles west of Sangkhla Buri. I would be a slave to myself. A self only dimly dreamed up to now. A younger Dana would feel the warning hairs rising on the back of his neck. But I am not receiving any messages of danger. Only the pressure in my chest and the stretched muscles in the backs of my legs as my body and my mind wrestle with the fateful act of leaning forward. At a certain age you are only left with two choices; fetal position and whining victimhood, or moving through curtains of time and experience towards the next adventure. I am leaning forward. Not yet fully committed, but not scared either. The rest of me at age 54 is falling apart but my ego and my libido are still intact. Like a dog scenting the morning breeze, I can feel the rest of my life on the cusp of my very next decision. There won't be a second chance and no one will believe my story. I am all alone. Like a philosopher astronaut cutting his own tether to drift towards a personal dream and an unimagined future. I have to act alone! She won't help me. It is not about seduction or about predation. It is about choice. My choice. I am being offered a gift that can not be duplicated. I am being tested. Am I man enough?

She has waited her life to meet me! Am I ready? When her sharp pointed front teeth scrape across my jugular vein will my heart race like a hummingbird's heart or beat like a metronome of acceptance? Her eyes go from opaque to smile. But not to seduce. Just to show the humanity and the depth of the water. I have to be smart enough to know that seduction is not necessary. Nothing I have learned in bars or with bargirls is relevant. It is 'start over' time. The eyes tell me that the door is not locked. But I have to be able to step through. Mr Glock and Mr AK in the front are not going to open the door for me. That's not in the playbook. Not yet. This is going to be two birds on a branch; fated and mated for life. No talking, no negotiating, no posturing. Quiet deep water reflecting the sun by the day and the moon at night for whatever eternity is available to us.

Six: Radio Stars

Standing on the shabby Pattaya sidewalk in the early morning sun holding my bag of groceries; suddenly with the spooky science fiction time machine vision of a rat looking down a cosmic drainpipe I can begin to see my future. Stepping off the curb and into the car I will not only leave the West and my Self behind but also plunge into past and present and future wormholes of space and time where dimensions don't compete for place but exist together. Life lived in the now but without the limiting context of past and future. It can make buying gifts for the wife problematic. Sometimes she knows what I have bought for her before I have decided what to buy her. Sometimes she knows the sex was great before we had any. A happy life of inclusion and exclusion. Our inclusion admits of no needs. Others feel excluded. They shouldn't. We are two Ishmaels that have found each other and now revolve around each other like radio stars. Glock and AK and the accountants and the lawyers and the vendors and the monks and government people and townspeople all seem to be aging. Helpless responders on the treadmill of mortality. Not us! We have escaped. Fallen into each other like the conscious suicide who imagines he is falling towards a rising God. A suicide of ego leading to happiness and acceptance and love. We will marry and spend the rest of our lives living on her jungle estate outside of Sangkhla Buri near the Burma border. The house staff will be Vietnamese virgins and the gardeners will be retired Burmese warlords. The source of the money will be a mystery. I will learn to breed key fish and spend my days raking the hot white pea gravel in the Garden of Contemplation. She will age gracefully in the housetop cupola while the slow moving fan dries her nails.

She smiles. If I reach for the door handle she has landed me in the boat and there is no going back. I should summon all of my critical faculties and Western trained predispositions to logic to make this decision. Instead I look at her bare shoulders. I feel like early Spring grass in the morning breeze. Still rooted but wavering. Scenting the future on the wind. If I step off the curb and touch the door handle I will never see the AA hotel again, and I will never meet Noi on the beach boulevard again, and I will never take a date to the Hofs House restaurant again. It will all fade away as the past and the future fly away from each other.

Stepping off the curb towards the car will be like pushing off into a raging stream full of rapids, great beauty, excitement, joy, wonder, and perhaps the chilling gathering roar of a waterfall ahead. A sensible man would stay on the curb, smile at the Korat brown, high cheeked Thai face in the car window and then wave goodbye. But that sensible man would have to be a blind man. I can see her soft shoulders and her small hands with the large rings. Her jade wrist bracelets match her green eye shadow. Her two tone red lipstick is singing a siren song of sex and grunting and moaning in the night. Her long ink black hair will sweep forward and tickle my chest as she rides me. Her musk scented sweat dripping off the tip of her nose onto my chest. My last conscious act of selfish volition will be to step off the curb here on 2nd road in South Pattaya in front of the Mini-Mart. As I touch the door handle I will feel the gathering vortex. She will be pulling me in. I will not be resisting. I will feel adrift and happy. I'll spend the rest of my days saying "Yes Honey!" and love it every time I say it. I will be entering a life of shared sexual slavery and shared psychosis. Acceptance. Happiness. Love. Thailand is finally going to have all of me! No more trips to Don Muang airport to return to the States. No more planning the next trip back. The screw will have finally turned the last time. When I am with her I won't want to be anywhere else. And when I am not with her; I'll be in a state of suspended libido—waiting to be with her again. Like a swami who can control his heart beat, my pulse will drop to almost zero until I am with her again.

Seven: Jasmine And Sandlewood

In the beginning sometimes it felt as if two galaxies of need had joined together creating the happy chaos and calm of love. Other times, I had the disquieting not so subconscious pinpricks of a lost farang boy-toy in a gilded cage. But as past and present and future looped and folded in upon themselves like the fevered dreams of physicists the rough edges of my thoughts were worn down. I would grow out of this idea and be shamed by the memory.

Like the new monk that chafes at climbing the ladder early in the morning to ring the temple bell and chafes at carrying morning water pails up the hill, after a while the physical became inconsequential. She had chosen wisely. Fate makes no errors! What wouldn't have worked with me at age 24 or age 34 or age 44 was a work in progress at age 54. Acceptance. Happiness. Love. Falling into something the way the jumper leaves behind his life and plummets towards the dimensionless future. She could have come for me thirty years ago or twenty years ago or ten years ago. But I wasn't ready. So she waited; knowing that her age and the lines in her face would not matter. Two beating hearts meant for each other. Now on the same schedule. Days of quiet. Nights of intertwined slumber. No night time fluttering lips or twitching limbs. The nightmares are gone. Two who have slipped into a pool of love and left no ripples behind. Just open hearts and generous spirits. A faraway face might see me raking the white pea gravel in the Garden of Contemplation while she dried her nails under the fan in the house's rooftop cupola. But that was just the daily dross because our hearts were still beating. She was in me and I was in her. In this life or the next. The Nirvana of Continuem.

The jungle compound between the Khao Laem reservoir to the east and the Burma border to the west is a land that time forget. Populated by elephants and snakes and stateless refugees not allowed back into Burma and denied identity cards by Thailand. A forgotten people living hopeless lives of hunting and gathering. The living dead. And useless. Gravitating to the compound for expected jobs they were disappointed. The men couldn't fathom or learn to operate anything with moving parts and the women were so simple that they hadn't figured out how babies happened. Standing next to the landing strip behind the house as planes came and went; they stared fixedly and uncomprehendingly. No upward gaze of the cargo cult for them: they hadn't even figured out the electric fence yet. It cracks and zips and buzzes and burns day and night as they repeatedly lurch and walk and lean and stumble into it. The wife feels that they outrage the landscape and is thinking of having them all shipped to our high altitude tin ranch in Bolivia. I would like to demur but I probably won't. I try to assuage my guilt by blocking with pleasure. I had a boat shipped in by chopper to sail up and down the reservoir. I thought it would be fun.

While she is shipping the jungle dwellers to our ranch in Bolivia to labor in the mines; I spend the summer skimming across the reservoir. Beating, reaching, or running it is all the same. The Twenty-First century incursion makes no impression. The dip net fisherman look like something out of an old National Geographic magazine. No one makes eye contact. No one waves. No one smiles. I am a ghost. Without visual or social currency. At the end of the season I step out of the boat and never look back. Two years later at a festival in far off Ubon Ratchathani 700 kilometers to the east I see the catamaran again. Shorn of the mast and the rigging there were only the two hulls and the trampoline deck. The hulls and the deck were covered with laughing children and being pulled by an elephant. I began to wonder if I was hallucinating.

As love takes over and seeps into every fiber of my being matters of the mind become unimportant. Selective memory won't be necessary. No one will ask about my past. Thoughts of the future will be irrelevant. Love and time do not inhabit the same chart. My future is in other hands. It is the Now that requires handling. Learning when I am part of the developing equation and when it is best to be feeding the key fish. Learning new ways to deal with issues of personal dignity and self respect. Wisps of dignity like frayed ropes on a camel's pack. When I stepped off the curb and into the car I left the West and my Self behind. That sticky stuff on the bottoms of my shoes comes from her web. Somehow I must travel from her game to our game. My game will never happen.

On long solitary drives with Glock and AK I would often get the feeling that packs of slit-eyed slathering soi dogs should be accompanying us like a 15th century Transylvanian carriage. It all seemed so unreal. But looking out the window would show only the low key landscape and litter of Thailand. Sometimes while being squired around in the dreamy disconnect of my new life I would think about my dolphin friends. Where were they? Were they happy? Did they ever think of me? Having a fishy flash from the past seemed no more strange than any other part of my new life. I wondered if they knew what future they had saved me for and if we were still connected in some way. I wondered if I would ever see their smiles again.

Struggling back up the cosmic drain pipe of confused time dimensions and plopping out on to the sidewalk I realize that if I step off the curb and touch the door handle that there will be no going back. No more manic energy and thoughts spent on visas, no more worries about being deported or jailed, no trips through customs alone and nervous. No watching for and dodging police as I amble down Walking Street. I will become the second snakehead on a two-headed hydra of privilege and power. Winters will be spent in Zermatt skiing. Spring will be jewelry and fashion buying trips to Paris. Summer in Bolivia on the ranch financed by Indian slave labor and tin. The Fall in Bangkok will be the busy season attending galas, and openings, and lawyer and accountancy meetings, cultural events, trips to the palace, and multiple meetings with police and government officials. I will be like a dog on a leash. There, but not involved. Always the two FSG's (front seat guys) will accompany us. Plus assorted staff and obscure Thai friends and relatives of the wife. We will move like quiet liners through the fogs and the mists of countries entry and exit procedures. Never a raised eyebrow, baggage check, questioned document, or query. Almost as if a call had been made in advance. As the years go by I will stop waiting for the other shoe to drop. Our love will fit and wear like old gloves. My aging body will start to exhibit hair where hair never grew before and my breath will start to smell like musk. We will grow into each other.

Trips to Paris were always hurried affairs. First the trip to the tailor who had her dress manikin. Into his hand she would shove fistfuls of fashion ads she had ripped out of magazines. Weeks later the postal person in Sangla Buri would start making trips to the compound with big cardboard boxes. Or the heralding trumpets of elephants and screeching of tropical fliers would announce the inbounding of a STOL plane to our remote compound in the Thai jungle. A turn around at the end of the strip and taxi up to the gazebo and a small dark pilot would open the door and hand out a big cardboard box that my arm couldn't fit around. Another shipment from France. Another manikin measured custom made Parisian outfit had arrived for the wife. A woman who spent most of her time bare to the waist in sarong and flip-flops. Carrying the box across the close cropped lawn looking for cobra and krait and viper I could always feel the smaller items sliding around inside. Every outfit came with matching purse and shoes and jewelry.

Sometimes the boxes were never opened. Other times she would model the new outfits for me; Paris fashions within an elephant ride of the Burmese border. Sometimes I would wonder if I was hallucinating.

In the beginning, I used to try and engage the pilots in happy eyes and happy talk but they weren't having it. As soon as the package was delivered they would slam the cockpit door, gun the engine, and get out as fast as they could. Standing in the steamy humid heat of the high peaked bamboo gazebo with our cooks Good Luck finch cages bumping my head I would get the chills. I lived in a bubble of love and planetary nirvana beyond expectation and dream but it didn't travel well. Nobody wanted to stay. Nobody wanted to be dusted with the cosmic pollen of love without strings.

Paris was also one of the stopovers for the diamonds. Stones would be picked out in South Africa and then flown to Paris for consultation and design. Blueprints and stones would then make trips to Amsterdam and New York for primary and secondary cutting. Glock and I would usually courier the stones. Spooky trips with a non-speaking Thai whose sworn promise to his employer was to kill anyone who imperilled me.

Paris and France was full of Thais with various histories and stories and importances and some of them got visited. Once in a while when near the coast I would be able to smell the shore. Low tide and the oxygen rich organics of the mud and the seaweed would waft inshore and carry me back to my sailing days and my youth. I would loved to have rented a car and spent a month driving from one French boatyard and marina to another boatyard or marina looking at boats and talking to sailors. But it was all out of reach now. Part of my psyche that was sucked into the black hole of my past when I chose her. Even the blessed who have acceptance and happiness and love have to make compromises!

Walking arm and arm through the villages and the cities the locals wei to us when we are together and wei to me when I am alone. But few smile. Few make eye contact or step forward. They genuflect and step back. Power and respect freely recognised and freely given. Not necessarily love. She only receives love from me. I only receive love from her. If I am alone and I try to tickle the village girls, or shake the village boy's hands; they flee to the protection of their mothers. My power by association protects me but isolates me. People are alternately attracted and repelled. The only person in my life who makes eye contact with me is my wife and no one makes eye contact with her.

Tedious pointless questions never arise! Who is she? Where is she from? Is she human? Whence the power? Out of what well are we dipping the money? Why the landing strip in the jungle? Few come to visit. The runway is surrounded by generators and lights. But I have never seen a night landing. Do they happen while I am away? The sound of gunfire at night. What is that all about? More things I don't need to know. I don't have to be knowledgeable or competitive or competent. My power and my protection comes from love. A hand raised to me would mean instant death delivered by Glock or AK. Sometimes I wonder if the locals can scent death on me. Only the one thing. She has filed down pointed front teeth ... Kinda curious about that.

I will choose to see what I want to see and what I want to hear. Best to ignore the way the police stop and divert traffic for us and best not to hear the pistol shots at night. Just close the window and turn up the air-con. Once in a while I will talk to the key fish. I will wonder what it would be like to walk alone again down the boardwalk in South Pattaya to Swenson's Ice Cream. But then I catch sight of my elegant wife directing the gardeners. Her single off center braid tickles her rear. Her clear acrylic nails glint in the sun. Her green eye shadow matches her green platform sandals. A potpourri bag of jasmine and sandalwood shavings hangs around her neck and her small heaving breasts are running with sweat. She wears only a gold silk skirt. I stow any thoughts of tourist pleasures and ice cream treats.

Eight: Maturation

So this is what my twice a year trips to Thailand were all about! It never had anything to do with meeting cute naughty girls or feeding cut bamboo treats to happy elephants or climbing to the top of a temple for the view or the imagined ex-pat future; it was all about maturation. Marking time until I was worthy. They say that the worst thing that could happen to you would be to have all of your private moments made public. Well, she watched every one of my private moments in Thailand. Without judgement. It wasn't a matter of patience. Patience was never the issue. It was just a matter of time. How many more times did my heart have to beat until I was ready for love! That day the big yellow car flashed it's lights as I was crossing 2nd road in South Pattaya was D day. Decision day. Time was up. She knew it. Did I?

She waited because she knew that I was the one. The hairs rising on the back of her neck years ago had presaged a message that she listened to. She didn't need dolphins to help her. I was the one! But we were on different schedules. Now it was time! My fading body and increasingly dreamy mindsets are irrelevant. It's flash the car lights time! Decision time. Commitment time. Time to be two birds on a branch. Will I be smart enough to step off the curb and touch the door handle? There won't be a second chance! My intact libido and compromised 54 year old physique are the patina needed on my ego to be ready for love. Now it is possible for me to be connected to someone by a silver cord of information. Bits and bytes of soul and mind.

Monks spend their lives chanting and self sacrificing and waiting and hoping for the freefall. The delicious leaving behind. The escape. The unburdening of life's woes. Nirvana! They could shortcut the process by stepping off the top of a very tall building. Or by accepting love when offered. Love is a kind of suicide where you leave your self behind. As you fall towards God's uplifted arms you always see love. Love is coming for you. But you had to make the commitment first. You had to throw the baggage off the train. Standing there in the early morning sun with my future in the shadow of the back seat I knew that if I stepped forward she would move over. Contract signed. She would freefall too. Into my arms. Like two dust motes in an uncomprehending embrace we would live out our lives being blown by the wind. Sure there would be some structure. The Sangkhla Buri compound as home, Zermatt in the winter, Paris in the spring; but it would all be like indistinct fast moving images through a dirty train window. The only thing that would count would be us. If my hand reached out and touched the door handle I knew that the screw had turned for the last time. Contract signed. Writ large in my soul's ink. All would be left behind. There wouldn't be any more trips to the Nana Entertainment Plaza to look at girls. There wouldn't be any more passport stamps to the United States. She would forget her children and I would forget my family. And there wouldn't be any more submissions to Stickmanbangkok.com.

Already I can feel the winds of change as the gravitational attraction of the car starts to effect my sense and my sensibilities. Present and future already displaying themselves without regard to chronology. My brain has shut down. All I can hear is the sound of the car and the sound of my heart in my ears.

Finally, I step off the curb. Seizing the moment and making the commitment to the freefall. The release we are all instinctively attracted to when we teeter on the edge of a tall building. So that is what I do. That is how it all ends. And begins! I step off the curb in front of the Mini-Mart on 2nd road in South Pattaya and touch the door handle of the Rolls Royce. As my hand makes contact with the door handle and my love moves over inside, the hairs do not stand up on the back of my neck! There is no rogue wave or overtaking ship or black squall in this theatre. All safe now. Right decision made. I have finally graduated. I am a man. The car door frame is like a portal to Nirvana. My final voyage and no squeaking slippery friends need to look after me. As my hand touches the door handle and the commitment contract is signed a great whoosh of tension leaves my body as if someone has opened up a psychic relief valve. This will be replaced by an incoming inflationary wave of love as I pass through the door frame and sit next to my future. Before I open the door I take one last look over the car's roof towards Pattaya and the sea. The sea and the sky is the normally featureless tableau of nature. Clear light blue sky and flat dark blue sea. Suddenly just off the beach there are a thousand upwellings that burst into a thousand leaping dolphins. Individuals and groups and families and packs of leaping, spinning, somersaulting, splashing dolphins. They line up abreast for a mile and splash and smash and jump and flip and squeak and smile. Thailand. Land of Smiles. Final validation from a higher source—no reefs or rocks ahead—right course taken! It's time to go!

A wrapped-in-rags trash picker across the street has been standing in the early morning light staring at the car. Canary yellow with gold wheel spokes and smoked glass and crystal hood ornament it looks like a great beast and beacon of the life she would never have and had scarcely dreamed. Standing by the car looking over the roof at the city and ocean beyond I was having my last personal moment. The trash picker could see my lips moving. But she couldn't hear the words. But my new life inside the car heard the words.

"So Long Guys!"

91. Uri of Udon

25/3/2005

Dana, Cent And Pothole Do Bangkok

Barely one hour past noon the clippership CENT and the clippership SANUK and the clippership POTHOLE RESEARCH all passed under the King Thaksin bridge. Traffic stopped, children cried, and 'good luck' birds wheeled and dipped in exultation as the three overpressed clippers raced for nun can #2 off Yok Yor and the prize. The prize for the first ship across the Ratchawong ferry landing line was freedom for the Australian jailbirds that had shipped in Adelaide. The prize for the owners would be top price for the bargirl Frankenstein shoes, and pink cell phones, and spices crammed between decks. The prize for the captain who crossed the finish line first would be lunch with Uri of Udon, the most beautiful woman in the world.

The first fatality was the CENT under the command of a Malay prince who had risked all for lunch with the Thai siren. With his topsails overexposed to a brief williwaw from the Thonburi side of the river, he stood at the wheel and watched helplessly as she rolled her starboard studdingsail booms under, dug in her forefoot, broached and capsized. Women standing on the Oriental Hotel terrace under parasols gasped in horror.

Next to go was the beautiful long black singing scythe of a ship known as the POTHOLE RESEARCH under the command of Captain Boss Hogg of Sukhumvit's soi 4. After seeing a picture of the beautiful Uri of Udon in a copy of the Pattaya Mail he declared that she wasn't a woman, but an angel sent from heaven to earth to give him life. Vowing to never spend another night with a lumpy dumpy Caucasian woman; he left wife and family in the States, chartered the POTHOLE RESEARCH out of Germany and joined the race. Unfortunately, he and the black three-masted steed he was riding didn't pass under the bridge first, but second behind the CENT. When the CENT broached and capsized, she did so right in front of the POTHOLE RESEARCH. The crash was spectacular. The screams could be heard all the way to the top of Wat Arun.

Captain Dana of the iron and steel barque SANUK witnessed the debacle as it played out before him. Third in the Chao Phraya race to the finish until the aforementioned events, he now was the certain winner except that two 300 foot clipper ships were disintegrating before him in a welter of debris and blood. He couldn't head up because he already had her cranked in to windward as much as was possible; and he couldn't fall off to leeward because of a line of rice barges captained by a retired NEP mamasan. Nothing for it, he posted his officers with guns at the masts with orders to shoot anyone who tried to let go the halyards. The man at the wheel was encouraged to steer straight with a gun in his ear. With topmast wedges turning to oaken pulp, skysail masts and yards cracking, and the lee rail under; the great long heavy barque picked up her copper bottomed heels and rushed for the line at over 18 knots! With another Thonburi shore williwaw striking the topsails, she started to roll over just like the CENT. Sailors leaped for the rigging as the deck rolled under, but she was past the rice barges now and coming into flat water. The line was crossed. The race was won!

Captain Dana and Uri from Udon were married in June. The Malay prince and Captain Hog were the best men. They both went on to become great legends of the sea. Dana and Uri retired to the suburbs of Patong. She painted her toes and he raked the white pea gravel in the Garden of Contemplation. They named their first child Sanuk.

92. Sometimes Sex Is Not Enough

TT&A Part 78 9/4/2005

It is 2:30 in the afternoon and I am feeling frisky. There is a tent peg in my pants and I'm interested in love. The problem is that at 2:30 in the afternoon in Pattaya nothing much is going on. The best girls on the beach boulevard are gone by 10:00 a.m. and the open air bars on Walking St. don't really start smiling until about 4 p.m. The girls on Soi 6 are sitting outside in the street and in the glare of the afternoon sun most of them don't look too appealing. Experienced expats will tell you that the problem can be solved by going up to one of the bath houses on 2nd Road. My last experience in a bath house in Bangkok was so expensive and so horrific, however; that I am burned off on that form of socializing. If I have a recommendation from a lifetime friend notarized by God I might consider it again; but not now. Too much rigmarole and too much money and too much risk. I used to have a plan B for every afternoon at a bar just at the start of Walking St. where Uri from Udon could always be found. A forty year old sex machine who would suck the tongue out of my mouth and make me laugh in the shower. However, lately I have been going by the selfsame bar every night at 10:00 p.m and picking up Tum for 'longtime' so Uri has cut me off. Some kind of arcane Thai bargirl territory thing. Hey, why can't we all just be friends? So anyway; it is 2:30 in the afternoon and I'm in a loving mood but I don't really have any good ideas. If I cruise the Royal Garden Plaza one of the rich women will want to take me some place in one of their cars. This always makes me a little uneasy. I never know where we are going or what I am getting into or how I am going to get back. Propositioning some of the incredibly mouth watering young after school candy in the mall has sometimes got me in trouble. So I am kind of flummoxed.

I get dressed anyway. I put on my $3.00 black Nike sandals, $5.00 green turquoise elephant beach pants, cotton Indian shirt, and assorted beads and bangles and necklaces and jewelry and flowers and clatter down the marble steps of the AA Hotel on Soi 13. I hit Beach road and turn right and start walking north. I don't cross over to the boulevard. It is too soon for that. A little reconnoitering first. I'll just walk up to the Internet room beyond Mikes Shopping Plaza and check my messages. Then I'll make the beach walk home. If I spot something fine. If I don't spot something that is fine too. On the way up the sidewalk my left eye is scouting the boulevard. Same old—same old. Some familiar faces but nothing new. A little depressing.

Internet messaging over I cross Beach road and start the walk back to the hotel. Familiar faces. Nothing new. Nothing special. Striking out. I keep walking. Finally I can see the 4th floor terrace pool flags of the AA Hotel and I know that I am about done. Experience has told me that if I do not fall in love between Soi 10 and soi 13 then the rest of the beach boulevard walk down to the Royal Garden Plaza is a waste of time. I sit down. It's quiet.

One bench down is a gaggle of trannies. I know gaggle is for geese but what else would you call a bunch of trannies? Wait a minute—how about a 'pervert' of trannies? Anyway one bench down is a group of trannies and since I am the only thing moving I attract attention. One thing leads to another. They look better than any of the motorbike scarred scags I saw walking down from the Internet room. As soon as I start my approach they are all up like a group of black footed ferrets. One of them named Pat has a flat tight stomach and the squinty eyes of the sex gifted, the Chinese, and the insane. I grab Pat's hand and we cross the street. She is taller than me so I assume she is bigger than me. But I failed to extrapolate that if her clavicle to clavicle measurement is only 12 inches then her other measurements will also be small. I can hardly get in. It is like trying to force a two inch bolt in a quarter inch bolt hole. A machinist holding a pair of German made calipers will tell that is impossible to force a two inch bolt in a quarter inch bolt hole. But a cross-eyed Transylvanian mechanic holding a 2 lb. Romanian railroad hammer will say,

"Totsifarne Aupapogorneamantucel Zisapemestecanyajun Iarasintelleagaurmene!" or in English—"Just Hammer The Bitch!"

So I start hammering her. It's just a matter of time! Looking down I can see the side of her face and she has the expression people get when they are sitting on the toilet with hemorrhoids. This is not exactly what I was thinking of an hour ago when I was putting on my jewelry and dumping talcum powder down my pants. And I do not really want to develop a Pattaya beach boulevard farang reputation as the guy who makes girls look as if they have hemorrhoids. I'm a love child. I have standards. What is needed is a lubricant but the only thing I have is dishwashing liquid. NO WAY. A year ago I tried to use dishwashing liquid as a lubricant and some mysterious chemical in the soap caused all of the skin on my penis to peel off. I mean all of the skin. All seven layers right down to the tissue. And I mean all of my penis; from the pubic bone to the head. Like a snake. Most frightening three weeks of my life.

Me at the Bumrungrad hospital in Bangkok talking to a Thai physician with an Australian accent (educated in Perth and has a son in Ohio)—

Dr: How can I help you Dana?

Me: Well Doc, as you can see all of the skin is peeling off of all of my penis and I am a little worried.

Dr: How did this happen?

Me: Well I was butt fucking a tranny and I used JOY brand dishwashing soap for a lubricant and … (Now the Dr's head drops down and he is silently staring at his clipboard) …!

Me: Oh come on Doc! This can't be the first time you heard this story!

So anyway I'm pounding Pat the tranny and there is no lubricant and she looks unhappy. Finally we are done and I am sitting on the bed watching her dress. Technically I guess we (or at least I) have had sex but it was not exactly what I was planning on. And it gets worse. Sitting there in the glare of the artificial light of the hotel room I can see clearer now. Her high heel boots are all scuffed up and dirty and one of the heels looks like it is going to come off. Self applicator bottles of shoe shine polish are 80baht at the pharmacy but this has not occurred to her as a good idea. All her other clothes are also shabby. She looks like she sleeps under a bridge. What looked good in the tropic sun next to the palm trees beside the highway now looks third rate and shabby and unsexy. I can feel my lungs deflating. And I am reminded of the saying that 'We do not pay women for sex—we pay them to leave!'. Finally she is gone. I carom around the room spiritless and down. Maybe I'll pick up Tum tonight at the bar. She has been my longtime lover for years. In fact I think I'll buy her some gold earrings. I really like her and I believe she likes me.

Sometimes sex is not enough.

93. Social Currency

TT&A Part 79 18/4/2005

> *"In front of his eyes, the rain came down in swift, slanting strokes—italic script across the unopened black cover that hid the secret hours that lay ahead."*—Ian Fleming

Sometimes it's all about social currency. Ian Fleming of the James Bond novels was an author making money for his publisher. So the above quote probably looks like great writing.

Really? Let's try this a different way. Suppose I had written those words. I am a nonpublished scribbler and I am not making money for anyone. I can easily imagine someone saying that the quote reads like overwrought comic book melodrama.

What's the difference? The difference is social currency. Ian Fleming had social currency so people assumed that what he said and thought and wrote had value. I have no social currency so people assume that what I think and what I say and what I write has no value. Same words—different currency.

If you have no social currency you are invisible. But it does not mean you have no value. It just means that you are not attracting attention to yourself in a positive or in a negative way. You may be doing many wonderful civic things but it is behind the curtain stuff. Anonymous contributions to the general good. I am getting really really tired of people beating up on farangs in Thailand. They don't behave well, they don't dress well, they don't mean well, they smell; ad nauseum—So lets get out the keyboard and start the beating. Another easy target for the mental midgets who imagine that fascism is a philosophy. I have been going to Thailand every six months for a long time and contrary to many peoples self-serving opinion of me I have been all over the damn country and participated in a large and random and representative bunch of activities. And everywhere I have gone I have run into farangs. Or foreigners. Or ex-pats. Whatever you want to call them. This is not unique to Thailand. There are over 300 countries in the world and there are foreigners living in or visiting every country. So the subject of farangs in Thailand is not really that interesting. But I am heartily tired of the beatings. It has not been my experience that the farangs of Thailand are markedly different than the foreigners in any other country and it has certainly not been my experience that the farangs of Thailand are markedly different than the natives of their own country. If one magnet is attracting gold and another magnet is attracting brass then maybe the difference is in the magnets. I spend a great deal of my time in the so-called (by someone else) 'cesspit' of South Pattaya and the farang men I meet there are in the main smart, kind, educated, reliable men. There is something self-filtering about the process of getting to South Pattaya in the first place. For some foreigner to be in a bar in Thailand he had to have a dream that he followed through on. That takes focus. He had to have a job so that he could save money. That takes skills and discipline. And he had to have a high tolerance for social bullshit once he got to the Kingdom. That takes maturity. So just as a minimum the average farang I meet is a skilled mature man with discipline who can focus on a dream and save money. These are not losers. These are life's winners. I love the fact that getting to Thailand is so difficult. It means that the guys I meet in Thailand are the winners. I don't know who these unhappy little whiners are who are having their lives cluttered up with smelly filthy farang. I'm meeting funny smart guys who I would allow to babysit my children.

If you are not really experienced enough to take sides on this issue I suggest you use the internet to read the Pattaya Mail newspaper. Any other paper in Thailand is fine, I am just using the Pattaya Mail as an example. You will be surprised perhaps at the plethora of stories and features and news by and about farang that are involved in charitable or beneficial programs for the community. Per capita Pattaya probably has the highest percentage of community interested farang and farang sponsored charitable activities of any city in Thailand. These are the invisible farang. The guys who go to meetings at night and talk about ways to raise money for orphans and hospitals and churches and amputees. In the pictures they are often wearing dress clothes and smiles. They are the invisible farang. The behind the curtain farang. Part of the backbone of the community. And there are thousands of them. They and their families and their friends and the people they influence outnumber the so-called 'filthy farang' by numbers so great that it is not really an interesting conversation. These winners from other cultures who have decided to spend some of their time on earth in Thailand do not deserve the negative broad brush that is used by knee-jerk politically correct ignorant sensationalists. Beating on people is easy and fun; that is why it is so popular. Taking the time to get to know someone is harder; and it takes a grown-up point of view.

I'm proud to be a farang in Thailand and I am happy and glad to meet the other farang. Winners.

94. God I Love This Town

TT&A Part 80 23/4/2005

> *"Take that damn thing off." and he was on her like a falling I-beam.*—Annie Proulx

I'm naked and sitting up and Dum is naked and sitting up. Her small bony hands are squeezing the flesh under my shoulders so tight I know it's hematoma time. Sweat is running off of us like a torrent, she is gasping the marathoners oxygen deprived death rattle, and her anus is oozing. It's a hot hot rainy night in Bangkok and the humidity level is about 100%. It's a death zone for most living things on this night at 2 a.m. but she is not going to stop now. She has been riding my dick like a piston gone berserk long enough to know that it is just a matter of time now and she will have an orgasm. She's all bones and make-up this girl but one giant clitoris in heat under the right circumstances. And tonight everything is right. The three foot speakers are pumping out the little Thai songstress Tata Young and her Dhoom Dhoom is giving Dum the rhythm she needs. She's wired and pumping now and if she comes down crooked she'll snap my dick off but I'm past caring. It's sexual commitment time. Some guys beat the train at the crossing—some guys don't; but they all signed on for the ride. She can't see because her hair is in her face and I can't see because her head is in the way. We are doing 90 miles per hour flashing over the Taksin bridge!

This how we initiate new cars that I buy. Every time I buy a new vehicle we take it out and fuck while driving. The sex and the nakedness in public and the danger and the wind in our hair from the open window is intoxicating. And the hotter and the more humid the better. I piss in the mother's milk of all the little pukes who complain about it being too hot and too humid in Bangkok. Little whiny mortgage holders and pansy breeders who know what is best for everyone else. The flaccid and the weak who rode into town on their Bibles. Well, fuck them and fuck the Bibles they rode in on. Run it up to about 130 degrees and keep the humidity up around 95%. Now lets see who the players are! Dum and I will be there. Naked. Jesus Mary and Joseph these little suit and tie losers just want to make me hurl; with their savings plans, and their responsible behavior to their dependents, and their mature citizenry. The only things that count are chaos and anarchy and violence and sex. Any other dream is the weak who can dribble but can't shoot. Line up you babies. And let the pimp slapping begin. Do you know who gets my respect? Whores who steal from me! That's what they are supposed to do. At least someone is living right.

Leaving Thon Buri behind and barreling over the bridge this night in our new car at 90 miles per hour I still don't have the plates and the papers and the insurance but those are small things. Actually I haven't made the first payment to the little Chinese guy with the soft fat hands who runs the mototaxis in my neighborhood either but I can take care of him. I took the precaution of getting pictures of most of his family and all of the stupid places they live. We'll have a little talk. But there is one problem. Whenever I buy a new car I have to take the front seat out and take the carpet out and unbolt the seat channel tracks and take the seat channel tracks out. Then I drill seat channel track bolt holes further forward and reinstall the seat channel tracks and reinstall the seat further forward and put the floor carpet back in. That way my short legs can reach the accelerator and the brake pedals. On the way to the mechanics or when driving just purchased vehicles home I can just reach the pedals with the tips of my toes so it all works out. But on this hot humid rainy night in Bangkok every time Dum drives down on my dick my knees come up and the tips of my toes leave the brake pedal and the gas pedal. She thinks I'm grunting and screaming because of the sex. That ain't the reason.

I lose control about three quarters over the bridge and slam into the guardrail. So much for Dhoom Dhoom and if this doesn't go right our arms and legs are going to look like we are dancing to The Ketchup Song. The concrete and the metal mate like two soi dogs on a schoolyard playground and the car slides about 75 yards welded to the barrier. Now Dum is screaming. Best sex of my life. Sex before pointless violent death. Unbeatable. Violence and sex—the sandwich everyone dreams of eating. The door handles are skimmed off like a putty knife slicing pimples from an old man's ass. The hood flies up and now I'm blind. Up ahead is a storm drain with a missing cover. Wouldn't have mattered if I did see it. No time. The front wheel drops into the big drain hole and we do a cartwheel like a Midway Island gooney bird coming in for a landing. Dum never stops humping. Nothing trumps the call of a woman's orgasm. Down on the roof and the metal coffin slides a little and stops. We crawl out of the flaming wreck to the Nu Virgos singing Stop Stop Stop. Completely unhurt. Naked. Dum is holding her purse and her dildo. I am holding my dick and a fistful of CD's. There is always time for music.

I flag down a pickup truck from Ban Tha Bor with a load of plaa raa, fermented fish paste. On this night, wet fermented fish paste! I tell the driver he can do Dum in the back if he lets me drive. Dum's gonna smell great tonight. God love this little rural snake dodger; he had a great sound system. I twisted the dial off cranking it up—took a big hit from his whiskey bottle—and Dum got shagged to Don't Call Me Baby by Madison Ave. Her arms and legs were flailing around like a half-filled inflatable doll and she was spraying fish paste juice like a wet dog shaking his coat. I drove us to the Oriental Hotel. Dum finally gets her orgasm. I pull up in front of the lobby door and we all tumble out. The fish paste peddler who has been banging Dum is pantless and has the glazed look of the too happy, Dum is naked and covered with slimy bits of fish, and I am holding a whiskey bottle and a fistful of CD's. The uniformed doorman doesn't want to open the door for two naked people who just got out of a fish paste delivery truck at 2:30 a.m. I give him 2000baht and the door opens. The lobby is empty. We go to the front desk. So so many things could have happened in this bastion of what is classy and correct and elite; instead 5000baht and my Platinum card gets us rooms. Since they are slamming my card I wonder what we are going to get. Top floor. Penthouse with private pool, Jacuzzi, and a view of the river and Thon Buri beyond. Fuckin' A Man—we are going to bang on every horizontal surface and push and grunt all over the snow white carpet. We'll pull the curtain cords down, cut up chair cushions with the complimentary serrated steak knife from the en-suite kitchen, and tie them to my knees and her ass. No $400 per night rug burn for us. We're pros.

I put Super Freak by Rick James and All Along The Watchtower by Neil Young and Big Legs, Tight Skirt by John Lee Hooker in the machine and pipe it into the shower speakers. I'm in there an hour singing and screaming and throwing the fruit from the complimentary fruit basket against the tile walls. High on life finishing the snake dodgers bottle of whiskey. Dodged another bullet. Still alive. Dum says she doesn't want to join me. Says she wants to do yoga. Go figure. While I am in the shower I hear a huge booming crash. What the fuck?

Out of the shower and I slam into a piece of furniture because the apartment is pitch black—Dum has killed all the lights except for a glow coming from the living room. She has pushed the two thousand pound eight foot tall teak armoire over on its side and dragged it up in front of the picture window that overlooks the Chao Phraya river and faces the skyscraper condos of Thon Buri on the other side. Two floor lamps have been moved behind the armoire for back lighting. She is naked and on top of the armoire in the Vrischika-Asana (Scorpion pose) yoga position. Head arched back and pointed into the room, fish paste pussy pressed against the glass.

Dum: Aren't all the boats on the river pretty dahling?
Me: Boats my ass—you are just hoping some Thon Buri condo perverts have telescopes.

There is always time for exhibitionism. Hit the lottery when I met this woman.

An hour later Dum and I are sitting up in the bed trying to figure out the remote. The TV is playing You Promise Me by In-Grid. Public sex, a car crash, and a near death experience! Come on Bangkok. Is that all you got? Let's jack it up—130 degrees and 95% humidity for 150 straight days. Who's a player?

God I love this town.

95. Language Criminals

TT&A Part 81 30/4/2005

Recently (27/4/2005) Ajarn Wannabe posted another submission on languages and learning languages entitled: MORE ABOUT LANGUAGE. Mr. Wannabe likes languages and in particular the learning of languages and this is presumably relevant to the Stickmanbangkok site because tourists or expats may be considering the wisdom or the techniques related to learning Thai. It's nice to have a hobby. Personally I like bows and arrows. Mr. Wannabe's enthusiasm is infectious and his knowledge is compelling and there is some evidence that he is one point on the three point triangle of mathematics-languages-music that defines the gifted. People who are mathematics gifted or linguistics gifted or musically gifted have mental abilities that can not be readily explained. However, either through indifference or ignorance he neglects to mention the four weak links in the 'learn-a-language' chain. Think all the links in your yachts chain are identical? OK, take a portable x-ray machine down to the boat and x-ray each link. You better be wearing diapers when you do this. To promulgate ideas regarding your personal enthusiasm to the general public without examining and making public all the links in the chain is intellectually dishonest. In business it is called a sin of omission and if you are a stockbroker or an insurance broker you are required to purchase 'sin-of-omission' insurance to protect you from client lawsuit. A sin of omission is when you know something about the product or the service that the client would benefit from knowing and you neglect (omit) to tell them. The easiest example is the real estate broker who neglects to tell the potential purchaser that every spring the basement floods. The four weak links in the 'learn-a-language' chain are what I call the Four Big Lies about learning languages.

The First Big Lie about learning languages is the ‘osmotic learning’ lie. This is the universally accepted and happy idea that you can learn a language (Thai) osmotically. In other words, just by being surrounded by native speakers in Hat Yai or Chon Buri your brain will acquire the language the way a sponge in proximity to water will acquire (soak up) the water. It’s called osmosis. Well, this may work for sponges but it does not work for people. You can not learn a language osmotically. If this were scientifically true rather than just the fuzzy thinking of the romantically inclined I could place a human being in a kennel for an appropriate amount of time and that human being would learn to communicate with dogs by growling and woofing and barking. Think that example is absurd? Wait a minute—I thought you believed in the notion of learning a language through exposure and osmosis. Surely the dogs language is not as complicated as Thai. It should be easy. Don’t get upset with my example—it’s your theory. Like a lot of western social science ideas this osmotic learning idea can not be supported by facts. It’s just the happy anecdotal nonsense that can not stand rigorous testing. The reason osmotic language learning does not work and can not work is because you do not understand how technically the language (Thai) is put together in the first place so you have no reference point for the incoming language data you are receiving. You can be reactive but you can never be proactive because you do not know what you are doing. What people blithely call osmotic learning in languages because it sounds sort of scientific is just fancy language for mimicry. Parrots do this. But no one in their right mind would ever say that a parrot is fluent in the language. What so-called osmotic language learning is good for is picking up accent and speed and nuance and colloquialisms and slang and exceptions and confidence. But this can only be possible once you understand technically and instinctively how the new language is constructed. Otherwise what you are trying to do is put together the jig saw puzzle when there is no picture on the front of the box. Lots of pieces (data) but no clue. I hope you have a lot of time.

But this notion of learning a language osmotically is like a monster you can't kill by driving a stake through the heart. It is because the notion of learning something by just being around native speakers satisfies everyone's need for some human endeavor that is fast, fun, and easy. It is called sales. A little like telling an overweight person that they can lose weight just by thinking about it. You know—mind over matter. Well, I hate to be the bad guy and the party pooper here but you can not lose weight just by thinking about it. And you can not learn to be fluent in Thai just by being surrounded by Thai speakers. But it does sell a lot of airline tickets. Every year Suzy or Ken goes to France to live with a real French family and learn French by—you know—just being around them. So Suzy and Ken are happy because they got out of the house after graduating from High School, and the airlines are happy because they sold tickets, and the French family is happy because they are getting a little something for being so international and broadminded. When Suzy and Ken come back to the states their friends and their parents hear them say some things in French. Wow the program worked—my son can speak French. No he can't. Only the French knew this but they were too polite (and they haven't received all of their payments yet) to say anything.

Some obvious problems with this theory of osmotic learning should not require mention but I'll do the heavy lifting here and take the hits. The first problem that should instantly occur to anyone is that you are only repeating (mimicking) what you are hearing. How do you know the 'native speaker' is speaking the language correctly. Answer: you don't. The reason you do not know if the native speaker is speaking the language accurately is because you don't know anything. Remember? You do not have a working technical knowledge of how the language is constructed in the first place. You didn't need to learn all of that boring shit because—you know—you were just going to learn Thai through osmosis. Let me give you a sad example. Right now there are many well meaning hard working Thai students taking 'learn-to-speak English' classes in their Thai schools. The problem is that the Thai teacher does not know how to speak English. But the trusting student does not know this. After four years of getting 100% on every test and quiz the student believes they know how to speak English. Hold on, the heartbreaking part is coming. Many rich Thais send their sons and daughters to western countries like Australia or England or the United States because they have a parental commitment to help their progeny become citizens of the world. Once enrolled in a western university the Thai child is stunned to learn that they do not know how to speak English. They fail and have to return to Thailand and to the parents. The child's failure and the parent's loss of face (they bragged to all of their friends) becomes a family secret that no one talks about. Another problem with osmotic learning is that you are learning to mimic those around you. In my own city I come in contact on a daily basis with native speakers who speak English incorrectly. If these were the knuckleheads I was learning from I would sound like a knucklehead. Since the osmotic learner lacks basic knowledge about how the language is constructed they have no way of know if what they are hearing has any value.

A second problem with osmotic learning is content. If all the French family talked about was professional wrestling and grape stomping for three months that is pretty much all you know. That ain't (oops) fluency Pablo.

The third obvious problem with the theory of osmotic learning is time. Even if osmotic learning had value the question is how much time would be required. Thirty years? Twenty years? Ten years? Remember you are receiving no structured formal training in the language. You are just trying to puzzle out all of the little bits as they come in. In MORE ON LANGUAGE Mr. Ajarn mentions something of value being accomplished in three weeks. To which I say, "What drugs are you on?" The only thing that I can think of that you can accomplish with certainty in three weeks is losing all of your money in a bad investment. To not mention the intellectual bankruptcy of osmotic learning is criminal.

The Second Big Lie about learning languages is that it has value because it allows you to get a keyhole look at another culture and this has value. No it does not. Learning another language teaches you so little about that culture that the concept has no value. Learning the Thai word for water buffalo teaches you nothing about the culture. The only way you can learn about a culture is to live in the culture. There is no substitute. But boy-oh-boy is this idea popular. This idea started in the late 18th century when the Grand Tour for the sons of estate holders was being replaced by the concept of university education. The concept behind the Grand Tour since the late 16th century for the future estate holder or business holder was that doing a little touring of the world before settling down would make the son a more civilized and educated and broadened person and hopefully more qualified to run the estate and administer the human and business issues. But the tours got a little expensive and the sons spent a little too much time in women and too little time in thought. So the university idea was accepted as a substitute. Cheaper and more formalized. And part of the curriculum was languages. And the way these language courses were marketed to the unenthusiastic students and their bills paying fathers was that learning languages was not just technical and mechanical—why it also broadened your learning and horizons by teaching you about another culture. The marketing started early for this nonsense and was so successful in selling this intangible unproven idea that the self same marketing is used today to get Tom and Nancy and their parents to sign up for language classes in junior high school or high school. The difference (and marginal improvement) is that Greek and Latin has finally been dropped and everybody downgraded to French and Spanish and Italian. And at some universities now they have even now dropped that nonsense. It is now possible to get a bachelors degree in liberal arts with no language requirement. It was never anything other than a marketing scam and a stupid waste of time and a lot of schools are now starting to come clean on the issue.

The Third Big Lie in language learning that the super knowledgeable Mr. Ajarn neglects to bring up is the quaint notion that learning a language improves a person. More marketing and sales language by the language lobbyists (teachers and schools and travel agencies). No it does not. Learning Thai does not improve your character. Depending on what psychologist or scientific thought you are attracted to your character was either formed at point of conception or by age nine. There is not one scintilla of evidence that mastering a language other than your own makes any significant additions or deletions to your character. More silly marketing and sales lies to get you to sign up.

The Fourth Big Lie in the 'learn-a-language' arena is that you do not have to know how your own language is constructed before you embark on learning another language. Wrong. If you do not know how connectives and pronouns and particles and qualifiers and adverbs are used in your own language you have no meaningful technical point of reference for learning another language. 99% of English speaking people do not know technically how their language works. Responsible foreign language teaching would first start with your own language. Only once you had proved technically competent and understanding of the grammatical and constructive basics of your own language; would you then be qualified to learn another language. But since this increases the time commitment and increases the difficulty and lowers the 'fun' no one does this. They (the teachers and the administrators and the schools) know they should teach this way but they don't. More marketing and sales and irresponsible behavior on the part of the language teachers. It's all a scam.

So let us review. Osmosis is not a way to learn a language, only a way to improve on basic skills already acquired through formal structured training. You are not going to become fluent in Thai by owning a bait shop in Kamphaeng Phet. Learning Thai will not teach you enough about Thais or Thai culture for that sentence to ever come out of your mouth. Only living with Thais in Thailand will allow you to understand why they pass on blind corners and continue to buy tickets in a crooked lottery. Application of personal discipline and focus in learning Thai may fine tune basic personality traits you already have, but learning a language should not be confused with altering character for the better. If that were true governments would be requiring prisoners to learn to read Ovid in the original vernacular. And lastly, learning Thai without understanding basic language constructs (your own language is always the best reference) is a shortcut that leads nowhere. The average (I am not talking about the linguistically gifted- a category of brain competence no one even pretends to understand) adult westerner can not learn the tonal languages in a reasonable enough amount of time (relative to his stay on earth) or to a reasonable degree of proficiency to make it efficient. This makes it a waste of time. Time to humans represents life. If you are wasting my time you are wasting my life. That is a crime. People who recommend or encourage adult westerners to learn tonal languages without apprising them of the Four Big Language Lies are either ignorant or they are trying to sell you something. Either way it is behavior calculated or potentiated to steal my time and steal my life. These are criminals.

96. Way Ahead Of You Baby

TT&A Part 82 7/5/2005

> *"No matter how good she looks, some other guy is sick and tired of putting up with her shit."* —Men's Room, Linda's Bar and Grill; Chapel Hill, North Carolina

It's 2 a.m. and dark as pitch. No moon and no stars. July. Pizza oven hot all day and now cloying sweltering hot with a hot wind coming in the windows. Boom is naked. Her real name is Ratharawarin Pichaironnarongsongkhram but she whored under the name Boom. One of her legs is up on the dashboard with her foot scrunched under the windshield and her other foot is hanging out the window. It ain't about sex. It's too hot for sex. A woman's pussy needs air. We've been driving all day and driving hard down from Sangla Buri. It's her truck. A gift from me. She never maintained it. When I had the truck delivered to her I contracted to have a guy come by and pinstripe her name BOOM on the drivers side door. When he arrived she had him put her name BOOM on the passenger side door also. Well, she kinda missed the point but if you had downed a couple of beers it was kind of funny. She was an ex-prostitute and the doors said BOOM BOOM. Anyway, what the pinstriper should have painted on the drivers side door was CHANGE THE OIL and what he should have painted on the passenger side door was PUT WATER IN THE RADIATOR. But hey, that's white people talking. We're in Thailand. South of Bangkok I notice the dashboard instrument readings for oil pressure and for water. Nothing. Nadda. Zippo. Finit. Empty. I don't say anything. Just keep the pedal to the metal. Smashing south full of anger and heat I wonder if the cat Boom befriended in the 'P' Guesthouse parking lot in Sangkhla Buri will find another engine block to sleep on. Turning the key for ignition in the morning would sometimes be followed by startled cat noises and cat gymnastics under the hood. Looking out our windows either Boom or I would see the fast disappearing cat. Apparently coming back late at night from poking around the Thai countryside like tourists was a dream come true for the cat. He would wait for us to disappear inside and then crawl up under the hood and go to sleep on the warm engine block. Worried about him getting caught up in the fan belts when the engine started I had taken to pounding on the hood and yelling before getting in the truck. Local Thais and local children would stare at this farang behavior open mouthed. Sometimes the kids would run. One morning I came out to find Boom with the hood up. She was putting a blanket and crumpled up newspapers on top of the engine. "For the cat" she says. The wisdom or lack of wisdom of putting flammables on an engine block had not occurred to her. Why should it? It is Thailand. A funhouse of mirrors where nothing makes sense. Now I am idly wondering if there is still an engine baked blanket and toasted newspapers under the hood. I had asked her to remove the nest before we started the long trip but talking to ex-prostitutes is a little like talking to children. If you are not offering them sweets or money they tend to be poor listeners. Oh well. Fuck it.

I met Boom two years ago in a bar in Phuket. She was the highline girl. Top earner. Tall and leggy and beautiful. High firm breasts and some Japanese in the face. Dyed her hair blonde on the top. Japanese used to rip their pants pockets getting to their wallets. She didn't do anything for less than 10,000baht and a trip to Tokyo was a 100,000baht in her bank account before she got on the plane. First class all the way and there had to be a car and a driver waiting when she got there. The more she demanded, the more they paid. A couple of years earlier she had been selling minnows out of a rubber bucket in Phang Khon and now she thought she was in a James Bond movie. Favorite position was anal. You can't even dream a dream this big. I fell in love. I thought she did. She moved out of the bar and in with me. I gave her an allowance and paid all the expenses. She shook and trembled and cried in my arms, “I’ll never have to be a bad women again—I’ve found love!” We set up in Jomtien. I moved us there to escape the Phuket Japs. Too much temptation. I sent her to school so that she could learn to read her own language. She studied hard. I was 54 years old and dreaming a dream that was too big.

In a two year relationship of the husband-wife variety there were some little bumps in the road. Some lies I caught her at. No biggee. All worked out. A man’s gotta be reasonable. Then some bigger lies. Then some more lies I didn’t call her on. Girls and women in Thailand are brought up on soap operas where everything is the man’s fault and the woman is never understood and there is always lots of drama of the yelling and crying and sometimes violent variety. Women of Thailand think this is the way things should be. Boom is angry. She is angry because she knows that I know she has been misbehaving but I am just keeping quiet. That is not what she wants. She wants confrontation. She wants drama. She wants to be the center of her own little soap opera. She wants an excuse to throw things and yell and scream and threaten to kill herself and threaten to kill me and threaten to go back to the bars. She wants to have fun of the 25 year old Thai female variety. I’m 54. That train left the station a long time ago.

Plan B is already in place. I have rented a place at the Right Spot Hotel just beyond Soi 16 at the extreme end of Walking Street in South Pattaya. In a recent life of missteps and wrong decisions and negative vibes and the deadly emotional stew of self pity and anger and dreams of violence and revenge this is at least one decision of mine that was the right decision. The Right Spot Hotel is located so far down Walking Street that most farangs do not even get that far. Then it is located in a cul-de-sac at the end of a very narrow alley of no particular aspect. It is so well hidden that the moto-taxi guys at the corner of Walking Street and Beach road have to be given directions. It is so well hidden that when I have friends come to visit I have to stand out on Walking Street and flag down their hot wandering dispirited asses before they give up and turn around. Down on this extreme end of Walking Street is a little community of friendly people. The maids at the hotel are friendly. The night watchman is friendly. Even the birds are friendly—sometimes landing on me in the morning as I sit in the sun under the big tree out in front. The little bungalow style rooms are very unusual with a perfect mix of Thai architectural elements and modern features. The big bed is on a raised platform and the spa sized tubs are so big Uri and I can swim in them like seals. All in all a great place to hide. Quiet, private, affordable, and a good refuge from Boom and her mercurial roller coaster Thai-fueled juvenile tantrums. At a certain age a man realizes that he needs nourishment, not punishment. Ten days of hiding out here and soaking up the sun in the morning under the big tree should get my heart rate down and stop the twitching at night. If I have to travel further afield soi 16 joins up with 2nd road in a very unspectacular fashion used only by locals. If my paranoia exceeds this remote connection to highways and byways I can always run the Phantom motorcycle south on Walking Street and then go out to the end of the new maritime park where there is an access road that climbs to the top of the cliff where the skyscraper condos are. This ain't Boom territory—I'm safe. If you are a fuckup at Plan A's in your life, you better at least be pretty damn good at Plan B's. The Right Spot Hotel sanctuary is a good Plan B. I'm moving in tomorrow while Boom is at her language classes.

We had gone to the 'P' guest house overlooking the Sangkhla Buri reservoir to try and put things back the way they were. At least that is what Boom told me. But I also knew because I had overheard her on the phone that she plans to move out and dump me. It's all an act and it's all a lie and I'm playing along. Nine months into our relationship the Phuket Japs found her. Or she contacted them. I'll never really know. The phone would ring and I would pick it up and someone would hang up. Or she would get a call on her cellphone and go into the bathroom to talk (in Japanese). Packages started arriving. I intercepted one and opened it. Inside was a stack of 1000baht notes and a letter in Japanese and a phone number. I had a friend hack her cell phone and her computer. Japanese numbers and names and correspondence. There was now a big black snake under the bed and it had Japanese eyes. She was irresistible to them and she couldn't say 'no' to temptation. They wanted the Caucasian hair and the Thai body and the Japanese face and the tight little rectum that made them feel like they had real penises. Sellers and Buyers. Unbeatable. Because she doesn't know that I know—she is using this last time of ours together to make amends and to leave a nice memory. In short, I am getting the fucking of my life. She is a big strong girl who thinks rape and love are both four letter words. Why quibble? The only bump in the road was mindlessly stupid indefensible behavior of hers on the third day. We had signed up to take an elephant tour. She bounced out to the tour van wearing a short white 'fuck me' skirt and tube top. For an elephant tour. Three hours later the elephants come to a river. The bank is a sheer drop. The elephants have done this before but they are practically standing on their heads negotiating the steps on the way down. Up in the sedan chair Boom and I have gone vertical with our spread apart feet on the front rail and our backs arched over the back rail. The mahout has his knees jammed behind the elephants ears and his body arched back. His head is lolling and then I see his neck snap to attention and his eyes nearly burst from his head. Once we reach the river I pull back Boom's skirt. No underpants. That's my Boom. Treating me to make-up sex and trying to leave a good impression while flashing shaved pussy at a local who could not afford her if he saved his stang coins for a hundred years; thus insulting and demeaning both of us.

Rolling down hill with the ocean in sight and the Welcome to Jomtien arch sign up ahead I withdraw my legs from the foot well and put my feet up on the dashboard. The firewall is so hot my feet feel as if they are going to catch on fire. Yellow flames licking like snakes tongues are crawling out from under the hood. Look from Boom—"My Pen Rai," I say. Farang-Thai on this hot lonely night for 'go screw yourself honey.' Last night in the quiet dark night of the little cabin overlooking the lake she had told me that she wanted to go back to being a prostitute, especially servicing the Japanese. She still loves me but one little trip to Tokyo couldn't hurt. I can't even believe I'm hearing this shit. Well, I can believe I'm hearing it because I am living it—but no sane person would believe this stupid fucking insensitive crap. The room smelled like her sex and the mosquito coil and her perfumed hair and the incense stick she had gotten at the Three Pagoda Pass temple that afternoon. A single candle threw light and shadows on the varnished round stones that formed the floor and the walls. Smells and sights out of Asia that should have been markers of pleasure. Emotional tidal lines of exotic pleasure in a faraway land. I could see and I could smell but I could not feel pleasure. All I could feel was the knife in my heart. Why does God hate us so? Why does he do this to us? Why did he deliver these monsters to us? What is the cosmic point? Whose horrid black joke is this—to make us addicts to women and then taunt us with their strengths and our weaknesses? But this is not what I say. My mouth opens and I hear myself say, "Sure baby—no problem. I'll always support you. I love you. I love us!"—then I fell asleep dreaming about packing in Jomtien the next day.

I slide the truck in under the palms at the seawall and kill the engine. From one side to another and all around there are little flames licking under the hood. Kinda pretty on this dark night. We grab our stuff and head for the apartment. I know tonight she is going to fuck my brains out as a last good-bye. She thinks I don’t know …!

Way ahead of you, baby!

97. This Field Is Full Of Them

TT&A Part 83 14/5/2005

> *"Never give in—never, never, never never, in nothing great or small, large or petty …! Never yield to force; never yield to the apparently overwhelming might of the enemy."* —Winston Churchill
>
> *"Unless it has something to do with snakes!"*—Dana

Year: 1959
Month: August
Place: Boston

I'm 10 years old and I have been on summer vacation for a couple of months. Bored. It's hot. I'm kicking a tin can down the road. I'm a shy quiet unaggressive kid. Out in a field I can see two kids about my age. They are doing something. The field is pasture land gone to grass and they are way way far away. The grass is up to my shoulders. I wonder what they are doing. I step off the road and start pushing through the grass. The grass is so thick and so high that you have to push your way through it as if it were a solid. You can't see your feet. Stumbling over rocks. Lots of big rocks and flat rocks and rock piles. One slow step at a time. No way to hurry it up. Eventually I come up with the kids that were just dots from the road. They are bent over and holding a cloth sack.

Me: Hi guys—what are you doing?
Guys: We are tipping over rocks looking for snakes. This field is full of them.

The trip back to the safety of the road was the first conscious notion of time that I can remember. Time stood still as I slowly pushed my way through shoulder high grass in a field full of snakes. Couldn't go fast and couldn't see my feet and kept tripping over snake rocks. It was also the first time that I had a ten year olds glancing blow with the concept of mental stability. I had the feeling that if I did not get out of the field and reach the safety of the road I might lose my mind. I don't like snakes. If you are a snake kisser that is your business, but I don't like snakes.

Year: 2004
Month: July
Place: Thailand

Flash forward to 2004. I'm in a toy Thai plane flying back to Bangkok from Viangchan. The plane is so small that if you lean out into the aisle when the pilots are landing you can see the tarmac rushing up towards the windshield. The twin prop of questionable maintenance has been chartered by a big necked Russian so that he can get to his six foot tall Ufuckastan whore with Ukrainian prison tattoos as soon as possible. Show a middle-aged Russian a South Pattaya white skin peroxide blond with a chipped front tooth in a leopard skin body suit and he thinks he's in an Asian Vegas. Stupid. But timely. Me and a few others managed to catch this plane when Thai Air was having a "Mai Pen Rai Sir—Solly Sir—No Ploblum Sir—Plane Fly Tomollow Sir" day. I had gone to the Laotian capital looking for some boy-girl action but it had been pretty disappointing. Not enough infrastructure and the girls too shy for my taste. Now I just want to get home. I'm a farang horse that can smell the Soi 4 barn. The Nana hotel mothership is calling me the way a space station calls an untethered astronaut.

Flying from Viangchan to Udon Thani there was a guy in my field of vision that was just impossible to ignore. The seats on the plane were arranged like on a train so even though he was in an aisle seat one set of seats ahead of me and on the other side, he was seated facing me. The plane was not very full so really as far as field of vision goes it was just him and me. And what a specimen. I'm 54 years old and no virgin but this guy was really attention getting. Like I said, I've been leaving the house 7 days a week for the past 35 years and seen a lot of weirdoes, freaks, and human roosters but this guy was pretty interesting. He was in his late 50's; but probably not much older. Vietnam era. About 5'9" tall but looked taller because he was only about 6% body fat. I don't mean he was gaunt or sick; I mean this was one leaned out stripped down dude with big hands and big feet and big veins. For the entire flight he sat at attention in the seat with his veiny hands on his thighs and a 10 mile stare in his eyes. Military brush cut, polished army boots, no socks, army shorts, and grey para-military style T shirt. No jewelry or watch. Just ropey veins and stringy cut muscles and tight chest and flat stomach. Scary. Looked like he was made of barbed wire and razor blades. He was also a homosexual. How do I know? Because he didn't care that I knew. One of the Vietnam grunts who never went home. Never wrote home. And never thought about home. Ended up in the Kingdom and just settled in to a life of freedom that he could never have imagined in America. Maybe living on a military fixed income, coming and going as he pleased, and playing butt darts with special friends. Other guys who hadn't gone home. Thailand had become home. A place of license and freedom. And ass lube? If this guy was using ass lube it had bits of glass and ground up shell casings in it. This fucker was tough.

I wasn't attracted to his homosexual lifestyle; I'm not into that—but I was attracted to what he had done with his life. He had walked the walk and made a success out of Thailand. I had to respect that. He was the real deal. I had been nothing but a failure. Import export, interest in a tour company, teaching English, selling sunglasses in front of the Royal Garden Plaza mall in Pattaya, ownership of a bar in Sangkhla Buri, etc.—everything I had tried had failed. But I wasn't through with Thailand yet. This human rooster with the 10 mile stare gave me renewed hope. By the time he got off at Khon Kaen I had made up my mind. I wasn't going back to Bangkok. I would give

Thailand one more try. I got off at Nakhon Rachasima. I bought a little house and some land outside of town. If faggot ejects from a warzone and thirty some years ago could make it so could I.

The second day I saw a snake outside the house. No biggee. After all; it was Thailand. It's a jungle, man. But the next day I saw another snake and the next day I saw another snake. So I went into town and hired 8 Thais and rented two wheelbarrows and bought ten 55 gallon drums of gasoline. One at a time we laid the drums in the wheelbarrows, opened the filler caps on the lids, and then four guys to a wheelbarrow; wheeled the drums all over the property dribbling gas on the ground. Took all afternoon. Then we set the ground ablaze. I had the 8 guys stand guard by the house to watch it while the entire plot of land burnt to a crisp. Snakes we had not seen while trundling the wheelbarrows over every square foot of the land were now slithering and flipping and frying. No problem. Next morning I did a survey of the grey ash and black charred remains of my land and it was snake free. If homos can live here so can I. This is my last fucking stand in this country.

That day I drove somewhere, I don't know where; and bought 100 beams about 12" by 12" and around 30 feet long from a mill that processed trees for the Thai railroad. I also rented some jacks. Back to the house with the shit and the same 8 guys from before. Carrying this stuff was easy because when I had moved to town to make my last stand in the Kingdom I had bought a Vietnam era military vehicle of uncertain vintage. The kind of big mother truck you see being used as a troop carrier. It was huge and heavy and it had some kind of road grading blade on the front. Anyway the hydraulics were shot so the blade didn't work but it cleared the highway by about 8 inches so it was no problem. I installed oversized tires in the front and added some extra leaf springs and painted the blade blaze orange. It would have been a lot easier to have a Thai with a goiter and a club foot and a torch cut the blade off but it amused me to keep the thing. It became my symbol that I wasn't taking shit from this country anymore and I wasn't going to fail anymore. If a zonked out homo can make it here so can I. Get out of the fucking road. Farang coming. Unloading the lumber two frisky banded kraits slithered off the back of the truck. No ploblum. Workin' on that …!

Anyway back to the house with the beams and the Thais and some shovels and the jacks. We start digging and by the end of the day we have beams in under the house. By the end of the next day we have jacks under the beams and by the end of the week we have the house eight feet in the air. Back into town to get a cement mixer and I have truck deliver a load of telephone poles from the utility company. Dig the holes, pour the cement, cut the poles to length, insert the poles in the wet cement, bash them and crash them in under the beams—and by the end of another week the house is sitting on top of poles set in cement and eight feet off the ground. I'd like to see the Thai snake that can jump that high. Another trip into town for tin snips and 100' of duct work tin and some milled lumber at the lumber yard. I cut the tin and hammer anti-snake hats around the poles. I use the milled lumber to build a set of stairs that I can raise up at night with a block and tackle. The first night I go to sleep with the stairs raised I sleep like a baby. Now all I need to do is find a woman and a job. Things are humming now and if I ever stumble across this guy from the plane I am going to thank him for giving me the inspiration to change my life. Maybe I'll make a donation to the local homos club. Whatever!

A week later I am going down the steps and just as my foot is about to land on the bottom step the bottom part of my vision sees a 12 foot King Cobra sunning himself on the step. With the athleticism of the scarred witless I lunge forward and crash on to the ground. Then I am up and running. Towards the truck. The record length for these venomous terrors is 24 feet but 12 feet is plenty long enough for me. These are high intelligence animals that can zip right along and sometimes decide to attack rather than retreat. Since my breakfast was left-over bangers and a half bottle of whisky I know I do not have the fine motor skills to be slippin' and slidin' with snakes. I'm running. The thing people do not understand about a lot of snake species is that longer snakes are not just longer as in a piece of 10 foot rope is longer than a piece of 6 foot rope—they are also bigger. Much bigger. Big thick bodies. Big big animals. And the King Cobra will attack (I think I mentioned that). He ain't afraid of you. His passport says Thailand and you only have a visa and he knows it.

Into the truck and hit the ignition. A violent thumping under the hood. What the fuck? Out of the truck with the claw hammer, smash at the hoods release hook, open the hood, and I am staring into the eyes of a viper that has gotten caught up in the fan belts when I turned the motor over. He must have crawled up on the warm block last night when I came home. Now I lose it. I just lose my mind. Just start smashing at him with the claw hammer.

As soon as he is dispatched I get back in the truck, put it in gear, floor the accelerator and just start racing around the property. I race and smash and crash and circle and reverse and brake and skid all over the damn property from road to fence line and everywhere in between. The road grading blade that normally cleared the highway by about 8 inches is now digging up what's left of trees, bushes, logs, rocks, and snakes. I've gone berserk but berserk with a plan. Property cleared I back up to the tree line and head for the tool shed. The truck goes right through. Another 10 smashes and the tool shed is level with the ground. I open the truck door, hop out; and pick up a can of gasoline.

Now the house …! Some Thais have stopped on the road and are watching the farang in the military vehicle. Fine. Watch this you fuckers. And I start smashing into the poles that are holding up the house. With their concrete footings the poles look like giant cloth covered temple gong hammers. Once knocked out of the vertical they lose their compression strength and stability and are pretty easy to knock over. Eventually, the house is mostly unsupported and tilting. Window boxes that I had planted with daffodils to please a brown skinned woman with soft arms and small hands have crashed to the ground. Tears are bursting from my eyes. A few more instances of pole demolition should do it. Backing up to the property line to get a good run at a corner post I am suddenly struck with the cut crystal clarity of thought gifted only to the savant and the mystic and the insane.

Sitting with the ass end of the truck against the fence I put it in neutral to handle this epiphanel moment. The lean mean homo fighting machine on the plane didn't have a ten mile stare because of warzone flashbacks. Nor did he have the erect posture and focused nonderivative stare of the philosopher because he had penetrated to the lodestone of some oriental philosophy. He had been snakified …! He had been caught out in the middle of a field full of snakes and never made it to the safety of the road. He had lost his mind. Open his refrigerator at home and there was a black snake there. Moving slow because of the cold but you had to push the heavy body aside to get to the milk. Getting dressed in the morning there were snakes hanging off the clothes rack. From the front door to the steps across the porch you had to watch your feet. Sitting on the crapper he could feel the presence of a colored snake draped over the toilet tank behind him. He was sleeping with snakes. They were in his bed. When visiting with his Nam buddies he would brag that his house didn't have any rats or mice or crickets or locusts or frogs or birds or scorpions or spiders. Snakes got them. Making lemonade out of lemons. His Nam buddies would smile indulgently. Everybody had a story.

I wondered how long it took him to lose his mind. How long was he in the field pushing the grass aside trying to get to the safety of the road before the 'overwhelming might of the enemy' got him? A month? Six months? A year? He had been here thirty-five years. And then it was about me. I was angry. I had been fucked again. It had all been a lie. This guy was not someone to mimic or admire or follow or emulate or make into some philosopher hero. He was a loser. I had gotten revitalized and rehopeful by a chimera. A loser. He wasn't lean and fit looking because of some admirable internal engine of focus—he was nuts. Probably only got the food the snakes left him. He had been defeated by the greater primal forces of evil incarnate in a country that thinks adding a chili to a fried scorpion is cuisine. I had been following the wrong star, hitching my wagon to the wrong dream. I was a farang fool again and a nation of people that could not tell time had defeated me again. Unfuckingbelievable.

A few pushes with the gear in low and another supporting pole comes down. Then the house slowly leans and sags and touches the ground. I push in a wall. Out of the truck with the gas can. Into the house and I grab my passport, money, and manuscript. Spill the gas and drop a match. Driving away in the rear view mirror I can see the small fire outlined against the jungle hillside. Import export, bar ownership, sunglasses salesman, English teaching, and now this. Something else I couldn't do. I'm a beaten farang. But I'm a farang on a mission. I've got my passport, my money, and my manuscript. Next stop Don Muang International airport. And I am flying out of this fucking country. So long Thailand.

98. Only Once

TT&A Part 84 21/5/2005

Sometimes you just have a premonition. You get a message. You just know you have witnessed something that you will never see again. Like sitting in a car at a railroad crossing and watching the car ahead of you try to beat the train. You'd pay to see that again but you know you will never see it again. The moon landing—if you were there. You'd like to see that again but you know you probably won't. Stuff like that. Catching the Nana car park whore Boom Boom trying to steal your Rolex sized Vegas style gold nugget watch by stuffing it up her pussy. Priceless. And probably a one off.

In the old days in Thailand I saw a show in a private club on the Thonburi side of the Chao Phraya river that I will probably never see again. At the time I was friends with a big tall blonde Bondi Beach girl from Australia who danced in a little bar on Soi 4 off Sukhumvit road. During the day she worked for an advertising firm in Bangkok and at night she danced. It wasn't a sex thing. She wasn't a hooker. But she was young and full of hormones and she liked the exhibitionism part of the experience and she liked the female bonding with the other girls. So she would work all day as an executive in downtown Bangkok and then she would dance in this little bar at night.

Well, to say that she was an attention getting female would be an understatement. 5'11" in her bare feet and now add 6" heel boots. Long long blonde hair and pale blue eyes. Statuesque body that you would expect to be holding a surfboard. If you were looking for a small dark thing from Isaan this wasn't your kind of girl but if you were from China or Japan or Korea you were mesmerized. Hypnotized. Stricken. So they were constantly hitting on her and begging her and soliciting her and trying to impress her. It was fun and exciting to be offered obscene amounts of money for four minutes work. And of course the more she said no to sex the harder they tried to impress her and make her happy. She knew she wasn't going to have sex with any of them but they would talk and she would listen.

Sometimes she would agree to go with one of them to another club. Invariably this would be an exclusive Asian Only club that no one else would know about. She enjoyed this: Being squired around at night in big blacked out sedan cars by spooky drivers and rich clients to secret clubs. More adventure for a young surfer girl from an Australian suburb. Anyway, some nights I used to go down to her little bar and watch her dance. She was an excellent dancer and a beautiful woman and after she was through with her set she would sit with me and tell stories. One night she said, "Dana honey, I was at a private Asian club last night and saw a dance routine that you absolutely have to see before you die!"

"What's it like?" I say.

"I'm not telling you anything—we're going right now!"

"Wait a minute." I say, "They aren't going to let me into one of those private Asian places."

"Don't worry." she says, "One look at me and we'll get in! By the way, do you know anything about guns?"

"Noooooooo!" What the fuck … …!.?

Thinking about great shows I was reminded of an opinion I saw on a Thailand website:

"There is erotic dancing in BKK. Sloe-eyed grinders of expertise and interest schooled by obsession in thoughts and displays of sex. They hypnotically seduce with the practise and expertise that comes to the novitiate. The denouement in the hotel room may be disquieting and disappointing but the selling was without improvement. They are called ladyboys."

I figure Surfer Girl and I are about to see a ladyboy show.

Off we go. Over the bridge at night in a taxi with Surfer Girl giving directions, a little wandering around in a downmarket part of Thonburi, and then I find myself knocking on the shabby door of what looks like a warehouse. The peephole slide opens and a pair of Jap eyes are looking at me. But not for long—a fifth of a second max and I can see the racist portcullis coming down. But then he sees Surfer Girl standing behind me. The door opens so fast he nearly throws his little shoulder out of joint. We were in. It was a place about the size of the Polo Entertainment Lounge on Walking Street in South Pattaya. Big place and big stage. Routine acts. Every Jap and Korean and Chinese in the place smoking like a chimney. Girl comes out with a chair and does the "I'm Naked And Watch Me Drip Hot Candle Wax On Me." act. Big girl. Kind of girl who could kick down a door in a drug bust. Naked. You can hear the chair complaining. You wonder about how she can take the hot wax—especially on her tongue. If she were sexier you wouldn't be wondering about anything. Just staring at her like a hungry dog. Maybe I've seen too many naked women. Maybe I should have stayed home. You wonder about the open flame up near the ceiling and there is only one exit. Next is the "Hawaiian Girls In Grass Skirts" number. Cute and evocative of simpler times. One girl had a way of leaning forward with her hands on the waist of the girl in front of her and moving her big hips just so. Incredibly sexy. I'd have crawled over jagged glass with my ass on fire to get to her. Then there is the standard "Get Lots Of Naked Girls On Stage And Have Them Sit Down And Spread Their Legs" number. I'm having a mental yawn. Maybe I've seen too much pussy in my life. Maybe I should have stayed home. There is a girl who does something with flaming sword swallowing. I'm looking at the open flame and the ceiling again. Between the 300 hundred guys who are smoking and the long open flame up on stage this has to be the worst fire trap in the world right now.

After that a truly exceptional tranny came out and did a torch love song in French. Like many successful tranny entertainers working the private high line Asian clubs you simply could not imagine a more sexually provocative, fabulously feminine, and gloriously beautiful creature. She was wearing a spaghetti strap emerald green silk sheath dress that went to the knees. She had a halo of black blossom flowers in her hair and a black blossom necklace of flowers and wristlets and anklets of black blossom flowers. The black blossoms of the flowers and her black heels and her black hair contrasted against the emerald green dress was startlingly beautiful. Instead of being slit up the side in the Mandarin style the tight green sheath dress was slit right up the front to the crotch. And there waving and bobbing and moving around as she sang was a huge rampant curved black dildo with a head the size of a plum. The room went stone quiet. At the end of her number the applause and whistles were deafening. She deserved it. As she made a farang style deep bow to the audience her hand went up and took the halo of black blossom flowers off of her head. When she straightened up the flowers were hanging on her dildo. Boy oh boy—talk about stand and deliver!

I looked over at my blonde companion. "Was that it?"—Nope, that is not what she brought me to see. Next was the standard lame number with the big surprise at the end which is always a crowd pleaser. Twenty girls come out on stage in diaphanous dresses and bare feet. They are kind of dancing around like they are water sprites in a school play or something. New guys are a little perplexed and maybe a little disappointed but the veterans have quietly moved to tables near the stage. Then the music changes and the girls leave the stage and come out into the audience and climb up on the chairs and tables. You get to put your head under their dresses and lick their pussies. Wonderful. The way the world should be.

So I'm thinkin' that is it—but suddenly the place goes almost totally dark and then Money Honey by Clyde McPhatter comes on at maximum volume and a row of purple spots highlights the run from the dressing room door to the stage. And out of the dressing room comes a chins-up and arms-up line of thirty women in knee high stiletto heel black boots, black vests, black lipstick, black gloves and black masks. No pants and no conga line for these bitches. They ain't bending over for anybody. They are smoking black cigars and wearing black backpacks covered by black capes. And these jacked up whore honeys can dance.

Someone has taken this group of dick suckers to a gymnasium or a military base or a dance studio and has punished these girls. They were told to 'shut the fuck up' or they won't get paid and to leave their teddy bear backpacks and their cellphones at home. Then they were transformed from amateur whores doing the Bangkok shuffle into balls-to-the-wall dancers. They dance up onto the stage like sexual colossi, split into two groups; and just make all 300 of the Japs and Koreans and Chinese forget about their cigarettes. Left and right, forward and back, up and down; they own the stage and they own the room and they own every man in the place. And they don't look sweet. This wasn't a dance routine about being feminine and cute and trying to get some guy's attention. These women were angry. They looked like sexual killers—angry hostile jacked up man-eaters with barbed wire in their armpits and razorblades in their cunts. Money Honey by Clyde McPhatter is then replaced by The Sinatra Song by Miss Kitten and they pair off and go into a lesbo routine that is standard setting for sexual deviancy. Thirty women and thirty dildos. Thirty rectums and thirty pussies and thirty mouths. You can paint your own picture. Then that is replaced by screaming. They just start screaming and the sound system is playing something that is just continuous screaming. When the screaming starts they put fake theatrical ampoules of blood in their mouths, crack the capsules and start spitting and drooling blood. There is a flying leap of thirty girls that ends in a thirty girl split on the stage and as they are coming up they reach back under their capes and into their backpacks and haul out thirty Uzi submachine guns and thirty extra clips. They jam the extra clips in their boots and then in Thai accented English they shout out something that sounds like "Kill—Kill every one of the Motherfuckers"!

Then they just lower the barrels and squeeze the triggers! Of course they were firing blanks but the combination of sound system screaming, and alcohol, and darkness, and packed-in-bodies, and black lips spouting blood was more than the psyche could bear. Fight, flight, or fetal position triggers went off like trip hammers in the minds of the audience and panic flamed up like a lit match thrown into gasoline. It was great. With omnipotent Ishmaelian indifference to my species I sat and watched one of the best shows I have ever seen. A once in a lifetime display of sex and sound and light and fear and violence. Fantastic. Transporting. Wonderful. The only improvement would have been live ammo. And remember this wasn't about sweet. The black masks and shaved pussies and black lips snarling blood and the shooting was something I had never seen before. Never even dreamed it. Neither had anyone else. There was a stunned pause when they started shooting and then 300 Japs and Chinese and Koreans alternately either hit the floor or were hopping over themselves like slant-eyed frogs trying to get to the door. The Korean next to me was in a fetal position crying and a Chinese guy went by in front of me doing the duck waddle because he had just shit in his pants. Seemed funny later. But at the time it was all about sex and violence. The two happiest bedfellows. When the first clips emptied they took the extra clips out of their boots and continued shooting. They looked like thirty wild eyed insane killers. Screaming and screaming and screaming—throwing their masks and their cigars into the audience and pumping out round after round directly into the faces of the Chinks and Japs and Sliteyes with the little penises. These big bloody women were pissed. They wanted to be raped and there wasn't a single man in the house who could do it. 'So let's just kill them!' Next to me Surfer Girl is wearing one of the black masks, she has a cigar clenched between her teeth, and her right hand is plunged deep in her pants. Girl Power. The single finest show I have every seen in Thailand. The following day I had to go to Bangkok to pick someone up at the airport. The next time I got an invite to the club it was closed down.

Only Once.

99. The Switch

TT&A Part 85 28/5/2005

"A swarming and splicing of desire and reality ..."—Alison

Wan announced to me that we had to go visit her sister. I didn't even know she had a sister. Now I knew. I hate visiting other peoples' relatives. I mean what has it got to do with me? The fact that someone that I am socially involved with is blood related to someone else couldn't possibly involve me in any way. Not in a million years. Look up the word 'boring' in the dictionary and the meaning should be listed as "visiting someone else's relatives". Irrelevant. Time wasting. Stupid. A total waste of my valuable life that is not going to impact me in any way! However, it was one of those non-negotiable announcements that men sometimes get from the women in their lives. Wan and I had been living together for a while. Now we had to visit her sister. OK, I get it. Wan and I are getting serious and talking about marriage so now my future wife has to get her sister's approval. Women. Social animals.

Her sister lives in a remote part of Thailand. After an eight hour bus trip from hell we arrive. There she is. I'm tired. Barely functional. Near death. Can hardly move. But Wan on seeing her sister screams and leaps and runs and throws herself into her arms. The two of them are clasped in each others arms and spinning. When I finally get to within 'hello' distance I am stunned. Flabbergasted. They are identical. Identical twins. Medically identical twins. And since they have been spinning I know realize with a start that I don't know which one is my future wife. Wan reaches out and grabs my arm. Problem solved.

Wan: Honey I want you to meet my sister Wan.

Me: Your sister's name is Wan?

Wan: Yes, we are both named Wan. We are twins. That way there is no confusion.

Me: How can there be no confusion … oh, never mind (Thailand).

We spent three days in the dusty wilds of Isaan and I had to make sure that Wan the fiancée wore a hat everyday so that I could tell them apart. Reminded me of a conversation I had years ago with my doctor in the States who had identical twin boys.

Doctor: I tell you Dana this whole identical twin thing is a mind fuck sometimes.

Me: How's that Doc?

Doctor: Well, first there is the practical problem. You can't tell them apart. Parents who say otherwise are lying

Me: What's the real problem?

Doctor: The real problem comes if you actually think about it.

Me: What do you mean?

Doctor: Well, you don't normally think about what the word identical means until you have identical twins. Identical means without difference. Now when you consider all of the permutations and combinations of chemical things that go into the construction of a human being to have two human beings that are identical is downright spooky. I am an educated man and a smart man and a doctor and I am still uncertain about the whole thing.

Me: What do you mean?

Doctor: Well, if they are identical without difference are there really two human beings? Discounting that there are two beating hearts are there really two identical human beings or is it really one human being and two bodies? Or is one a clone of the other?

Or are they both clones of each other—no original, just two copies? And if neither one is the original and neither one is the copy in what way do you interact with them. My boys do not like to be more than three feet from each other. They finish each others sentences. They dress identically without trying. I often can not tell who I am talking to. And they early on discovered that they could fool me—their early and first conspiratorial victory over the adult world. It's a constant mental circle and you always arrive back at the same unsolvable conundrum. Is it one person duplicated twice or is it one person and two bodies?

Reviewing this conversation with my doctor from thirty years ago suddenly two identical twin girls each named Wan seemed to make more sense—sort of. Anyway, soon after the trip to visit the sister in remote Thailand said sister decided to move to Bangkok to be nearer us (read: her sister). OK, no ploblum. She moved into our apartment building. OK, no ploblum. My future wife Wan got her identical sister Wan a job at her place of employment. OK, no ploblum. She spent almost all of her spare time at our house. OK, no ploblum (sort of).

Eleven months later and nine months after Wan and I had gotten married we all decided to take a three day holiday to Kanchanaburi. I welcomed this because I had been a feeling a bit off for the last month or so. Nothing dramatic or symptom obvious or even noticeable to others but something sometimes just didn't seem right. You know how sometimes there arises from out of nowhere some disquieting teredo worm of doubt in your mind about something. And you are not even sure what the subject matter is. Well, that is where I was at. Something was in me and I couldn't identify it but it was not something that made me feel comfortable. Anyway, off to Kanchanaburi.

At Kanchanaburi we visited the Hellfire Pass museum which memorializes the many Allied and Thai people who lost their lives as slave labor conscripts to the Japanese. There was a war on: the Japanese needed a rail link from Thailand to Burma; and prisoners and Thais were used for labor. The results were predictable. Abuse and death wholesale. The museum which was partly influenced and financed and managed by the Australians in cooperation with the Thai government is wonderful. Really first-rate. You can watch a historical movie and see historical photos, view a large table top model of the construction of the railroad, read about and witness various artifactia, listen to the Australian guides, and take a walk through the forest and walk for a bit along the rail path. Walking along the path of the rail line as it passed between the blasted out walls of rock on either side I got another one of those disquieting thoughts. As men do I was explaining everything and being Mr. Professor and Mr. Entertainer and picking up bits of metal and old railway spikes and showing them to Wan. She was smiling. That is what men do. They are constantly puffing away at the social-marriage balloon hoping not to lose the women's interest and the women are smiling back hoping that is what the man wants. It was cool in the rail trench and pretty and the sun on our backs was nice. The other Wan was behind us.

Back up at the museum building the girls had to go to the bathroom so I took the opportunity to go out onto the cantilevered deck that overlooks the forest. It's a fantastic view and gives a good impression of the madness of the whole enterprise. Looking at the natural tropical topography and forest the notion of blasting and pick axing and digging a railway from Thailand to Burma just looks insane. But those are only part of the mechanics. The lessons of logistics and tools and landscape and scheduling and goal setting and health issues and planning are not the only lessons that this museum should teach. The other lessons that this museum should illuminate or remind ourselves of is the value of human dignity and human uniqueness. We all deserve dignity because we are human and because we are human we are all unique. Every response to us should be based on our uniqueness and our humanity. An excellent example of this is when you get married. You are responding to each other as non-duplicatable totally unique human beings and declaring in a public forum at your marriage ceremony that you pledge loyalty for life to the notion of humanness found in your mate. Nothing could be more offensive than violation of this pledge of love and loyalty.

After the museum we went back to Kanchanaburi for a floating restaurant dinner on the Kwai Yai river and then over to the V.L. Guesthouse hotel on Sanchuto road to book side by side rooms for the night. Have you ever heard of the V.L. Guesthouse in Kanchanaburi? Sure you have! That's the hotel where when you get the premium rooms for more money the air conditioners don't work and they refuse to give you a discount in the morning. No, wait a minute; maybe that was another hotel in Thailand. Anyway, during dinner on the river I caught myself looking at my wife's face. Don't know why.

You know how sometimes you can just get a message? The wife of the soldier who knows instantly the moment he is shot? The person who knows irrevocably and it turns out medically correctly that they have cancer. The airplane passenger who suddenly goes wild with emotion until he is ejected from the airplane. The plane takes off. The plane crashes. That night in the bed at the V.L. Guesthouse hotel in Kanchanaburi I lay with the bone deep dread that comes from irrefutable knowledge. I pushed myself up on my hands and pushed myself back against the headboard and the pillow and lit a cigarette. It was time to decompress. There were no guns in the room so that just left decompression. Cigarette over I very carefully put it on top of the air conditioner. Moving slowly and robotically to stay composed. Emotionally incandescent with anger. Then I poke Wan in the shoulder. Hard. Not nudging or pressing or pushing or caressing. Poking. Poking isn't like anything else. It violates a persons space and then it violates their body. You poke into someone. It is assault. The kind of body contact that goes right to the brain of a sleeper. The kind of aggression and hostility and anger and human contact that can't be ignored. Another poke. Punching will be next. She rolls over and turns and looks at me. She doesn't look at my face or my figure. She looks into my eyes. And there is no wifely smile now because I am telling her something about a railroad spike. Her brain has processed my eyes and my pokes and she knows the game is up. This is middle of the night stuff.

Me: How long has it been going on?

Wan: About four months.

Me: What was the point?

Wan: There was no point. Identical sisters just do things.

Me: No they don't. Monsters do things. You are both monsters. Not human. Not loving. Not loyal.

Wan: You don't understand ...

Me: When was the switch made?

Wan: On the bus trip to Pattaya four months ago when we stopped to buy fruit. We switched clothes in the bathroom and we switched seats when we got back on the bus.

Me: You fooled me!

Wan: We can fool everyone. We are identical twins!

Me: Why ...

Wan: Wan will explain it to you. She is coming now.

Me: How do you know she is coming now?

Wan: We are identical twins. We are connected by a DNA cord of consciousness.

Just then as if on cue the bedroom door opened and there stood my wife. She stood and looked at me. No smile. Just the eye connection. Then she said,

“Honey, my sister and I are identical twins. We are the same person. Just two bodies. We both love you as one. It can never be any other way. I have the solution.”

Then she came and got into bed with us.

Wan—Dana—Wan. Thailand.

100. Thailandius Absurdum

TT&A Part 86 4/6/2005

> *"Within five years, evil squirrels will conquer the world and make us all slaves in their nut mines."* —Scott Adams (Dilbert)

Think this is absurd? I can see you have not spent enough time on the ground in Thailand. Interacting with the locals in Thailand will challenge your reserves of patience and your notions of civility and your here-to-fore successfully suppressed violent urges. And they are all in on it. I don't mean to make it sound as if you are facing an organized cabal of liars, thieves, weasels, and ignoramuses; just that they are all Thais, and Thais often have a completely different way of looking at things. And different doesn't mean the same as or slightly different from; it means sharing no commonality—hence the often heard farang expostulation 'From Another Planet'.

Thailand for the average western educated farang used to logic, and order, and universally held notions of customer service and business ethics, and other social niceties and efficient rule-by-government necessities will be astounded and challenged to find that there is a whole culture stumbling along without these things. It can be a bumpy road. And every bump is a surprise the first time. Hence the oft heard or bleated or sighed expression—Only in Thailand.

And as an additional surreal set-up for this cross cultural experience you are prepared in advance by every single Thailand guidebook telling you that in the Kingdom you must not raise your voice or act aggressive or go goggle-eyed with frustration or remonstrate or demand to be treated fairly or imagine that you have the right to be defensive. It just ain't cool. Who wrote these guidebooks—the Thais? Boy, talk about a set-up; everything will be different and absolutely no matter what happens to you it's jelly fish time. No matter how much Thais or Thai culture pokes it's finger into your gelatinous tourist farang non-citizen no-legal-rights body you can not resist or defend or remonstrate. I'd like to get the back story on these Thailand guidebooks that happy well-intentioned researching farangs read before they come to The Kingdom. I used to think the United States Constitution and the Declaration of Independence and the Bill of Rights were maybe the most important and the most influential documents ever produced. The product of writing and marketing and political geniuses. But more and more I am persuaded that the Thais that managed to infiltrate 100% of the Thai guidebooks and plant and sell the notion that no foreigners in Thailand had the right to defend or remonstrate or complain because it just wasn't 'cool' are the true Machiavellian geniuses.

Anyway, I love visiting Thailand but it is not always a lovable place. It is a tough gig where often things don't make sense and it is best to just roll with the punches. A lot of people go to Thailand once and never go back. I am sympathetic. The fact that I love to go there and I am never happier than when deeply embedded in the barely suppressed criminality and stupidity and squalor of a red light district is not defendable or explainable to the tourist who went once and never returned. Hell, I can't even explain it. In Boston I spend my time saying intelligent educated things to intelligent educated people; dressing in business suits; and living in a historical district with gas lamps, brick sidewalks, people with more degrees than a thermometer factory, and Labrador retrievers with trust funds. Then there is Thailand. I'm pretty much an addict by now. And like all addictions it is not a state of mind that can be explained or sold to others. So I don't try. When in the States I have learned that my Thai enthusiasms and experiences don't sell well. People here are saving their money to go to Disneyland in Florida and ride a clean rollercoaster. I'm saving my money to go to an often filthy country full of sometimes rude people who may treat me like shit and also let me ride their daughter. I love the Kingdom. I just can't explain it. I do better now in Thailand than I used to. It took me years to learn to just relax and go with it. Try to see the humor in it. Give up trying to right every wrong. Stop getting pissed at every injustice visited on me. Stop walking so fast. And coincidentally the Thais are now reacting to me differently. Less tension—more smiles—cheaper girls. So below are some examples of the Thai experience. Enjoy.

1. I was stopped by a policeman in Lumpini park and informed that I had been littering and that I had to pay a fine. The two of us were standing on a patch of newly mowed grass that looked like a putting green. Not a piece of litter in sight. Anywhere. I managed to negotiate the amount of the fine down but I paid. Helloooo ... Is anyone listening out there? I paid a fine for something I did not do and in circumstances that denied even the possibility that I could have done so. Welcome to Thailand. The stupidity and the absurdity of this just about give me brain freeze. If you were a corrupt police official engaged in the 'litter-fine-farang-extortion' racket wouldn't it behoove you as a bare minimum to at least make sure there was litter under foot—under the farang's foot? Apparently not.

2. I picked up a nice woman at the Nana Entertainment Plaza and we went to my hotel room. She required a condom to 'be safe'. I liked her and she seemed to like me. A couple of nights later she said that the condom was not necessary because she 'liked' me. What happened to 'be safe'. Sadly, this is very common.

3. In many restaurants if the waiter/waitress makes a mistake the owner of the restaurant takes it out of their wages. But there is an easy solution to this. You, the customer, are expected to pay. You

ordered a roast beef sandwich and they brought an egg salad sandwich—no problem—you pay for the wrong order. There are only three possibilities here: the waitress pays, the owner absorbs the loss as a cost of doing good business, you get fucked. Guess what they do in Thailand. You guessed it.

4. At the hotel room door my short-time lover announces that she is going downstairs to the hotel disco to be with her friend. Then she asks for taxi money. Do they ever listen to themselves? Last time I checked there is no inside-the-hotel taxi that goes from the ninth floor to the lobby. Still—some idiot farangs and probably all Japanese would give her a 'taxi' fee to use the elevator. Nice work if you can get it. No wonder western feminist volunteer groups can't get the girls to quit the business.

5. A woman selling snacks early in the morning on Walking St. in Pattaya tells me one cake is 10baht and two cakes is 10baht. I'm in my traditional early morning stagger mode in the hot early morning of Pattaya but this calculation I can do. I pick up two cakes and give her 10baht. She takes it. Makes me wonder how she calculates the pricing. If two cakes is 10Baht and one cake is 10baht, is zero cakes 10baht? Is that how she makes up for the one cake to two cake shortfall? I make a mental note that tomorrow in the early morning heat with my barely functioning early morning brain to ask her how much zero cakes cost. No answer will surprise me.

6. A tourist photographer on the first terrace at the Doi Suthep temple in Chiang Mai says 'pictures' includes everything. I don't ask what everything is. Later on when I go to pick the pictures up he wants an additional 'developing' charge. I refuse. He gives me the pictures. They never quit.

7. A taxi driver who works for the Nana Hotel takes me to a gem store instead of to the place I had directed him to take me. So I

flag down another taxi. As I am getting in the second taxi the first taxi driver guy comes up and grabs me and starts yelling. Apparently he feels I should pay him for taking me to a place I did not request to be taken. (An aside here: this is a perfect example of why Thailand will never be taken seriously in the world community. This behavior is just so stupid no one has the time for it.) I yell back at him. A policeman shows up. No one can speak anyone else's language. I end up paying the first taxi. But I'm not done. Later on back at the hotel I grab the taxi driver by his belt and drag him into the hotel and tell my story to the manager. I get my money back. Idiots. When I finally enroll in that Thai language class that will make me as cool as the overdressed expats wearing suits and ties in 100 degree Bangkok weather the first Thai word I am going to learn is 'Idiots'.

8. A tranny pickup off the boardwalk in Pattaya does not want to take her underpants off because … : she is doing some pantomiming that I am supposed to understand. What? What the hell am I paying for here? More Nonsense from the Nonsense people in the land of Nonsense. The service she wants to provide I could get from a pat of butter on my dick and a toothless dog. Do they ever listen to themselves?

9. I am in a shop on Sukhumvit road looking at beautiful silk bathrobes. I want to get one for Wan. I pantomime to the shop girl that Wan is about this tall—I touch a place on my arm. So we have to be looking for a bathrobe for someone that tall. They do not have any. The ones they have are for taller girls. "No Ploblum"—the shop girl says, "Just Get Bigger Girlfriend."

10. I go into a place in Pattaya to rent a motorbike. I know in advance he is going to require that I leave my passport. No way am I going to use my passport as collateral. But I have brought to Thailand my other expired passport. I give him the expired

passport. He doesn't even look inside. This should not have worked. It did. Only in Thailand.

11. I'm on a tour and we have been taken to a restaurant. We order. The food never comes. We wait over an hour. So finally I get up and tell the guide I am leaving and going back to my hotel. A restaurant person chases me down and tells me I have to pay for my food. I say "No, I do not have to pay for food that I order—I only have to pay for food that arrives!" Eventually, the guide steps in and tells the restaurant she will pay for me. Another reason Thailand will never be world competitive—a nation doomed to be the world's tuktuk drivers.

12. A hotel I am staying at in cold Chiang Mai has thermostats on the wall but no heat. OK, things do not always operate; I understand that. But wait, it gets better; THEY HAD NO IDEA WHAT I WAS TALKING ABOUT. Apparently I am from the planet Zebron in the Whitemania galaxy and I am the first hotel guest to expect the wall thermostat to actually mean something.

13. A roadside eatery outside of Kanchanaburi has a step up deck and place to order the food. But the tables and benches are in the road. Inconveniently and dangerously so. They are the ubiquitous solid poured concrete benches and seats that you see all over Thailand. Heavy. Apparently when they were delivered the truck driver and a helper put them in the road. Everyone else is too lazy to carry them up to the deck.

14. A hilltribe woman in Pattaya blocks my way and shoves her box of jewelry at me. The stuff is cheap and uninspired. I've looked at all of this stuff before and I am just not a customer. But she does have a round silver disc hanging around her neck that I like. I point to it. Another hill tribe woman shows up. They are like snakes. Travel in pairs. I say "Tao Rai?" to the woman with

the disc. Headshake. I try again. Another negative headshake. The second woman explains that the only stuff that is for sale is the stuff in the box. So I reach out with both hands and carefully take the silver disc off the first woman's neck and put it in the box. They sell it to me for 200baht.

15. I have made a reservation at the Parkway Inn hotel on Sukhumvit. I get there very late— way past the 'we will hold the room for you' reservation window. Sometimes when you are traveling shit happens and you are just much later than you thought you would be. So I am very late. I tell the hotel I have a reservation for a room but I am very late and I am very sorry and do they by any chance still have the room. They reply that the room is available but I can not have it because I had a reservation and I am too late. So I take a hotel business card off the reception desk and go over to the Nana hotel lobby and get a hooker to dial the number of the Parkway Inn hotel for me. Then I get on the phone and ask if they have any rooms available. "Yes they do." they say. I reserve it in my name over the phone. Then I go over immediately and get the room. The lady at the desk does not even bat an eye. Thailand. A house of mirrors.

16. Leaving Thailand at the end of your vacation you are at Don Muang airport. A big international airport. If you have check-in baggage it has to go through the x-ray machine as part of a security check. If you have carry-on luggage you just walk around the x-ray thing. I could have 20 pounds of plastique explosive in my carry-on luggage and no one would know. This never fails to astound me. I am sure many many people have pointed out the logical inconsistency and security lunacy of this but nothing changes. Amazing. Perfect end to your vacation in the wacky Kingdom. The kingdom of mirrors. A funhouse where nothing makes sense.

17. I am trying to get a bus ticket from one remote part of the Kingdom to another remote part of the Kingdom. The bus is full. The bus clerk asks me if I would like to ride in the luggage compartment under the bus. I think he was kidding. I hope he was kidding. He must have been kidding.

18. A slightly frightened, non-aggressive, and not very athletic woman does not run fast enough or soon enough at the start of the parasail launch so she is ignominiously and dangerously dragged the length of the barge like a teak log and slammed into the sea before being hauled from the ocean for her 'vacation experience'. She lands bloody and angry. Wants her money back. "No can do." they say. But she can have another exciting scenic parasail for half price.

19. I'm on a tourist beach tour thing and there is a guy renting equipment for snorkeling—fins and snorkels and masks. You pick your stuff out of a big box. One of the masks has no face plate. He says he'll give me a discount. What?

20. A knock on the door. I look through the peep hole. A maid. I have put the DO NOT DISTURB sign on the door knob. I did this so that I would not be disturbed. I believe this is how this system is supposed to work. I know I am handicapped because I am just an unhip westerner surrounded by people and culture so fantastically groovy that I could not possibly understand it all; but still—I think this is how this sign thing is supposed to work. I open the door a crack and smile at the maid and point to the sign. This should take care of it. There is a system well understood by everyone and I am a paying customer and this should take care of it. She looks down at the sign and reaches out with her hand and turns it around so that it says PLEASE MAKE UP ROOM. I give up. I open the door and let her in. Thailand. Another planet.

21. Wearing sunglasses when you go to the Royal Palace is the biggest mistake that tourists make. It is always hot and the sun bounces off of the walls of the buildings with a glare like bouncing off a snowfield. So everyone wears sunglasses. But then they miss the fabulous colors of the tile and gem and gold encrusted walls. So when I go I always buy a mulberry bark (paper) umbrella from the guy across the street. Last time it was 100baht. Two hours later I am leaving and he says "Would you like to sell the umbrella?" "Sure" I say—"How much will you pay?" "Ten baht." he replies. 100baht to 10baht in two hours. I don't think so. I take it home. Pride goeth before the fall. Same for greed.

22. I am going to be at the We-Have-No-Idea-What-We-Are-Doing Hotel for about 8 days. Around the third day the desk woman asks if I can pay for the first three days. No problem. I pay. No receipt and she does not write it down on anything. We have a conversation about that. I get nowhere. A couple of days later again she wants money. I pay. Again no receipt and nothing is written down. When I finally check out everything is perfect. She remembered everything. But this is Thailandius Absurdum.

23. I'm standing near the guy who sells the crickets and scorpions and fried cockroaches and beetles and other gross insect monstrosities to the Isaan bargirls from the Nana Entertainment Plaza and he starts yelling at me. He points to a sign. You have to pay to take a picture of the insects. I don't have a camera. I'm not interested in his insects and I am not in that tourist category and I am just standing on the sidewalk planning my next move. And let me repeat for the record: I DON'T HAVE A CAMERA. It's a good thing the police did not get involved otherwise I would have had to pay to take a picture with a camera that I did not have. You know—all countries have dumb people; but I honestly think Thailand is competitive in the 'dumb people' category. If

'dumb people' ever becomes an Olympic event I'm putting my money on Thailand.

24. A temple popular with tourists (read: guests to our country from all over the world) in Bangkok has just installed brand new western style toilets in a brand new building. No toilet paper. Look I don't want to be some colonialist imperialist hardass here—you know, someone who actually has a brain—and unfairly expect every Thai to be able to extemporaneously expound on the meaning of Newton's Third Law of Motion; but it is hard to imagine something more species common and basic than shitting. The mental leap from messy rectum to toilet paper should not even be recorded in a book on the Theory of Evolution.

25. I'm in a no-name part of Thailand west of Kanchanaburi. Early morning and I am going down the dirt road to the market for some breakfast. I hear birds. Then I see cages. Lots of them. They are next to the road and must have something to do with the house I can see. These are not birds that are for sale but pet birds. Lots of them and very pretty. The sun is coming up on a new day and the birds can feel the warmth and they are happily singing. And I am happy. Standing in the sun and talking to the birds. Then the yelling starts. A guy near the house. Yelling. Bad looking face. More yelling. I decide to ignore it. Make a western farang stand for non-lunatic behavior. Mistake. Now he is coming for me. I'm small and weak. Wouldn't stand a chance. So I move off down the road. So what was the yelling about on this beautiful morning in the Land of Smiles? I don't know. Thailand is a house of mirrors. But it is not always a funhouse.

26. I don't drink alcohol in bars so I never lose my mind. I am always alert. Sometimes this helps. I go to one of the second floor rip-off bars in the Pong. It is awful so I turn to leave. Now I am surrounded by unsmiling bargirls and two guys who insist that I

have to pay for the 'show'. Well there wasn't any show and I ain't paying and they have picked on the wrong guy because I have not been drinking. But there is something clever about this little bar. When you go in the bar and the door closes behind you it perfectly matches the paneled wall. So if you do not work there, or if this is your first time in the bar, or if you have had too many drinks; you can't see where the door is and you can't find the door and your sense of discomfort and disorientation grows until you hand over the money and someone opens the door. It's a routine—a trap—part of the bullshit sold as exotica in the Land of Scams. But I have been in one of these hidden-door places before so I kinda know the deal. So I just push through the crowd and go up to the wall and start feeling my way along in the dark looking for the door handle. I look like a horse's ass but I do not care. I know that the logic of my actions is on my side and eventually I will find the door. The little crowd of extortionate thieves watches for a few seconds. Then someone opens the door.

27. I drop off the 10baht bus in South Pattaya (actually 5baht but I haven't got the strength to deal with every issue) and go to the window. All I have is a 20baht note. So I hold the note up so that the driver and his wife can see it. I am waiting for my 10baht in change. They are waiting for the 20baht note to come through the window so that they can zoom away and screw the farang. It's a standoff. So I start to turn on my heel as if I am going to walk away—a grunt from the cab—out comes the change and in goes the bill. So why is this story in a submission called Thailandius Absurdum? Because if this husband and wife are doing this 10 times a day seven days a week they need to examine how they are living. This is absurd.

28. I give my laundry to the girls at the front desk at the AA Hotel. They run a little side business doing laundry for the guests. It's a deal because it is convenient and fast and affordable.

Three hours later it is delivered to my room. There is a sock missing from the pile. I have paid for the service in advance and I have tipped the porter for bringing it up. So I go down to the desk to inquire about the sock. The sock is found on the floor behind the counter. It never got done. Now they want an additional fee to wash the sock …! I just take it.

29. I make inquiries at the Rajah Hotel on Sukhumvit in BKK about bringing female guests up to my room. So obviously I am a client who intends to bring prostitutes up to his room. I could be bringing female guests up to my room at night to watch CNN or discuss contemporary Thai politics or help them with their Chula University Marketing degree homework but the chances of this seem remote. More likely since I am a single foreign western male and I am renting a hotel room in a red light district; I am bringing female guests up to my room to pull down their pants and have sex with them. The clues seem obvious. This social conclusion does not seem like rocket science to me. But apparently it does qualify as rocket science at the Rajah hotel because the key they give me is to a room that has two single beds. So I go back down to the lobby desk. Another 5000 calories expended and more stupid smiling and idiot pantomiming and eventually we get it taken care of. It's a good thing it was easy to plant rice otherwise these idiots would have starved one thousand years ago. As in most things in life it helps to be young and strong but especially so in Thailand—not for the bedroom athletics but for the social bullshit. It's a tough gig in a strange place populated by people who rarely say, "Does this make sense?"

30. I got so disgusted with Pim and her cell phone that one night I put it in the toilet tank. Not 3 seconds later (almost got caught) she was in there taking a dump and the phone started ringing behind her. She lifts up the lid to the tank. Yelling. Seems funny

now. She wanted to know why I did that. She could not make any mental connection between my emotions and my actions. My behavior was completely inexplicable to her. Two people staring at each other in a bedroom late at night. Two different planets.

31. Sometimes things are so absurd and ludicrous it is best to just go with the flow. I haven't seen Fa in six months. I got into Pattaya the night before and the next morning I go across the highway to the boulevard at Soi 13 and there she is. She sees me. Big smile and wave. I run up. Smiles. She points to her earrings and says, "I am still wearing the earrings you bought for me last time." I never bought her any earrings. I almost open my mouth to correct her because I am a westerner and westerners are in love with facts. Then I snap out of it. "I'm glad you like them" I say. She smiles ... I stagger a little as if there is a wind blowing—a temporary loss of equilibrium—now they've got me agreeing to things that never happened. Remember, you are outnumbered. It is only a matter of time before you go native. Just go with it. In a couple of years you'll be working for a mahout picking up elephant plop and thinking your life is better than the lives of your friends who stayed in the old country. Delusion has set in. But who knows? Maybe your blood pressure is normal and their blood pressure is elevated. Thailand. You have gone through every stage since you got off the plane years ago and now you are down to "Who Knows?"

Here is another absurd example: I go into the Cats Eye bar on the second floor of the Nana Entertainment Plaza. I sit down. A woman comes up to me and sits opposite me and says, "I hope you like what I am wearing. I put it on this morning thinking of you. After meeting you here last night I have been thinking of you all day." I have never seen this woman in my life! I tell her she looks great. Now they've got me acting crazy.

32. I go into a bar that also has little food items you can buy. I am with two friends. The bar has a big new laminated and prominently displayed sign that says that they have a new line of 50baht pizzas in different flavors and combinations. We all order these little pizzas in three different flavors. I order a pepperoni pizza with extra cheese and one of my friends orders a hamburger pizza with green peppers and my other friend orders an onion and mushroom pizza. We are all brought cheese pizzas. The sign means nothing. Placing orders means nothing. What the customer wants means nothing. Thailand.

33. I have told a friend of mine that the next time I go to Thailand I will look for some books that feature the bargirls and dancers. These are great books if you have an interest in this sort of thing. Lots of high resolution photographs of happy smiling whores. Narrow niche small market publications but very nicely done. Not necessarily politically correct though. I ask about the books at the bookstore on the second floor of the Royal Garden Plaza mall in South Pattaya. I go to this place every morning to buy newspapers and often deal with the same woman. She is young and very attractive and whip smart and fun and speaks pretty good English. She is also completely unattainable because she is a 'good' girl. OK fine—every country needs good girls and lots of them and I wouldn't change her for the world. She says that they have two of the books on my list but they will have to order the third book. It will be in tomorrow afternoon. The next day I show up and she takes me to the shelf where the three books are. We do some friendly chatting and helloing. It is hard holding the books and bursting the protective cellophane wrappers to ignore the contents of the books. She is looking. I am slightly embarrassed. I say something innocuous to break the tension and she responds that she wouldn't have any interest in the books. "Why is that?" I say. "Because I am sexier than any of those girls." she says. I look at her. She looks back. She smiles and

winks at me. Jesus, I thought she was a good girl. Now I am confused. Thailand. A funhouse with mirrors. Now of course I can't get her out of my mind. Being tortured. Women in Thailand must look at farang men the way cats look at mice. This little theatre in the bookstore is a perfect example of how something ordinary can become absurd and surreal in Thailand in a second. People like to talk about how if you learn to speak Thai that you will be able to more successfully integrate yourself in the society and more easily know what the Thais are thinking. I am not sure I believe that. I think it is a funhouse with mirrors. I'm not convinced that non-Thais can ever be sure about anything.

Well, that's it guys—thirty three examples of Thailandius Absurdum and I was barely trying. If we got 100 farangs together and they each had 30 examples, that would be 3000 stories. If we got 1000 farangs together in the Polo Entertainment Lounge on Walking Street in South Pattaya and had them all drink three shots of whiskey and four beers and a mouthful of gin to cleanse the palette we would get 30,000 stories. If a guy comes back from a vacation to Thailand and he does not have any stories—he didn't go.

101. Cut Off The Braids

TT&A Part 87 11/6/2005

Are you like me? Do you sometimes hanker for the good times? Do you sometimes wish you were back in Thailand? Back in the soft sweet brown arms of an Isaan smiler? Of course you do! I can't be the only one. So I'll bet you have sometimes thought of something to assuage those feelings. Something I have followed up on. Yes, that's right; I am talking about getting an inflatable doll.

Don't pretend you don't know about such things. They've had them since World War II (honk if you love the plastics industry). The only difference now is that there is a range of possibilities that would startle the imagination of a poor lonely farm boy in the 50's. Personally (can we talk?) I have been having diverse and rewarding relationships with inflatable Thai and other Asian inflatable women for years and I have scrapbooks full of wonderful pictures to remind myself of love shared (no emails please—I am just validating your dreams). And of course what man does not love to buy gifts for his Thai girlfriends? If you go into Mike's Shopping Mall in South Pattaya there is a women's store inside on the left that has wonderful wigs. In addition your real Thai girlfriend will help you shop for those little short pleated skirts with the suspenders favored by the smart set in high school, little back packs, little white ankle socks, white blouses, and black loafers. Nothing says love like giving gifts and your Thai inflatable honey will blush (optional accessory—I recommend it) when she opens the packages with her warm lifelike pliable latex hands. And don't forget to go to one of the document providers on Khao San road and get her a Thai ID card that says she is 18. If you want to have fun—dress her up in your own country in this schoolgirl outfit and then take her for a walk in a cemetery. She'll give dead men hardons. If you are new to the world of inflatable relationships or if it has been a while since you gave yourself to a woman of latex a little review might be in order. But first just let me say that I love you man. I understand you. You are special. We share something; and like me—your love is quenched by latex fires.

Inflatable dolls now come in every size and nationality and race that you can imagine. They can be idiot basic and cheap ($20.00—”She doesn’t look like the honey on the cover of the box but she will get the job done!”) or fully accessorized and life sized in a single mold latex body casting—Tera Patrick Erotic Love Doll ($314.50). The Tera Patrick love doll is so life like I’m probably not man enough. She has an erotically noduled customized-to-fit (?) futurotic mouth (sounds scary). Inflatable love companions can come with the basic plastic hair and three holes or they can come with real hair, wireless, scented, water fillable, glowing, squirting, moaning, talking, vibrating, and dual language (Alicia Rio Latin doll speaks English and Spanish—great, someone who will say No to me in two languages). The Japanese high end inflatable love dolls are so lifelike that they are posed in clothes on the web sites so as not to offend anyone. Real woman or anime—up to 600,000 yen (inflatable Love Doll stylings by Hideo Tsuchiya—40 years in the business—some children want to be doctors—some want to be ...). Makes you wonder why the Japanese come to the Rainbow bar at the NEP when they’ve got 600,000 yen of love in the hotel room closet. A Buddhist ceremony is available that will consecrate the souls of these dolls.

600,000 yen for a fuck doll? Holy Boomsing. No wonder the Japs overpay for the real thing in Thailand. If they are willing to pay this much for a fake woman I guess it stands to reason that a real woman should cost more. The only problem is that in the wacky and denigrating world of the Thailand nightlife industry

(industry—what a joke; since when is spreading your legs on par with smelting steel?) the logic may now be faulty and reversed. It may be that the Japanese Love Doll has more value and provides better service than the real Thai bargirl. Warm your inflatable doll up in the bath or with an electric blanket or in the balcony sun and then pound her like a carpenter at a hammer convention. No arguments, no headaches, no moods, no CELL PHONES, no locking herself in the bathroom, no towel nonsense, no condom nonsense, no motorcycle scars, no stretch marks, no spooky prison-gang tattoos, and no "NO". You would think the Japanese would be paying LESS for the real thing at the Nana Entertainment Plaza. Question: Do the Japanese Love Dolls come with 4 inch deep vaginas and batteries that only last four minutes? Just wondering.

A booming business in Tokyo by a company called Doll no Mori that will for sure come to Thailand to service the Japanese is Love Doll delivery. Love Dolls of your choosing delivered to your home or office or hotel room complete with optional outfits and toys. 13.000yen/hour or 45,000yen per 24 hour PLUS delivery charge. For this kind of dough she better be blowing me before I finish signing the delivery receipt. For this money I want her to apologize for Pearl Harbor and the Nanking Massacre and do it on all fours waving her ass to the song God Bless America.

600,000 yen for a love doll? Well, not to be outdone in the conspicuous consumption love doll department; a United States company is now selling a love doll so lifelike that the basic model costs $6499.00 (shipping $400.00 domestic and $800.00 overseas). Holy fuckwad. $6499.00 for a love doll equals approximately 259,960 baht. At 500 baht per South Pattaya boardwalk short-time pickup that equals 519 fucks. For that kind of money this United States doll better be paying me to fuck her. Naturally she is also available as a She-male and an animatronic version is coming out. Careful, don't make them too lifelike—we'll end up paying them alimony. If you have been reading this and thinking, you can now read the future. Soon it will be possible to send in naked pictures of your Pat Pong lover plus measurements plus specifications (hair color, length of fingernails, depth of pussy, motorcycle scars, stretch marks, shaved eyebrows, tattoos, type of labia flaps, etc.) and receive in return an animatronic totally lifelike fully accessorized love machine that will love you and tell you so and mean it when she says it. She'll probably also irritate the hell out of you by making cell phone calls to her other Bangkok based animatronic love doll sluts while you are banging her like a spastic on yabaa. It's a wonderful world coming for the man who loves to love Asian women. In addition I suppose for a premium you could also get a Thai inflatable love doll that would come with family and other relations—jealous violent boyfriends, farangs in Germany calling her on her inflatable cell phone, sister who needs new eyeball, sick buffalo with prostate disease, abusive but kindly father, child with three legs who needs surgery, etc. Of course the future of Thai inflatable love dolls that has us all excited is that you could send the specs of your girlfriend and specs of you and get two lifelike fully accessorized moaning dripping squirting animatronic dolls. Put them together and watch. Voyeur paradise. All right, I know what you are all thinking. You could also get a pre-op Tranny Love Doll from the Obsessions bar and a post-op Tranny Love Doll from the Cascade bar. Put them together and film it. Hey, you thought of it. I just said it.

Speaking of women: Women love to have lunches and meetings and coffee get togethers where they get drunk or silly and proclaim that they don't really need men. Right back at you honey. I'm saving my money and it ain't for you. I'm going to call my Love Doll Noi and I may even marry her. We may even have children in the future. Little inflatable water fillable Love Doll children. It is only a matter of time before pregnancy and birthing will be Love Doll features. Thai inflatable Love Dolls won't know who the father is.

Current inflatable Love Doll features available are 400lb capacity (no farang jokes please—this is about love), pierced nipples, removable ass and vagina (I'll bet you can't do that with Nan or Nip or Num or Noot or Na), solid head (I can't say that about every South Pattaya boardwalk pickup I have encountered), realistic feet (I'd be interested in this—I love shoes man), blinking eyes, massaging ticklers (no idea), removable multi-speed vibrating bullet for extreme pleasure (don't even know what this means), perfumes (I like patouli oil musk—reminds me of Ann Arbor in the 60's), and a repair kit. Kinda makes you wonder what the barfine would be for one of these honeys. Oh, by the way—the French dolls don't have three holes; they have three 'loving inputs'. Fuck the French.

Before I get to the subject of Asian dolls let's just examine the market: You can get—

Fatty Patty (stick your finger in her flesh and the doll takes twenty minutes to reform).
Cyber Chic (stick your mouse anywhere, Mr. Tape-On-Your-Glasses).
Perfect Date Doll (has a hole in the top of her head that will hold a beer can).
India Nubian Love Doll (well, which is it?)
Old Lady Love Doll (too gross to joke about)
Betty Viscous Punk Slut Tattooed Sex Doll (it's a Sex doll? What a surprise!).
Meme the Midget (probably life sized)
Inflatable Wife (no holes and dress won't come off—probably funny after 6 beers).
Nancy Nurse (with removable uniform and stethoscope).

Police Officer
G.I. Jane Army doll
GiGi the French maid (open your 'loving input' bitch).
Cleopatra (Fuck the French—OK, she's Egyptian but this ain't a geography lesson).

So now the Asian love dolls. No, wait a minute. How drunk can you get? There are also inflatable animal love dolls that you can shag.

Livin' Lamb and Talking Sheep and Love Ewe are very popular and can be purchased with every accessory you can imagine including having them say they "Love ewe (get it?)" or maybe "You hansum man—I luf ewe too mutt." I guess love can never be wrong if both parties are smiling. Personally I'd be interested in producing soi dog and elephant and water buffalo inflatable love dolls for the local Thai market if anyone wants to make an investment.

The Soi Dog Love Dolls would come with muzzles—I hate getting snapped at with my pants down. The Elephant Love Dolls would come with ladders and helmets. The Water Buffalo Love Dolls would come with nicknames and a roman candle you could stuff up their rear to wake them up. I hate an animal that's sleeping when I am balling it. Maybe that's just me.

Erotic Love Piggy (where does the erotic come in?)
Cathy Cow (she moos when she cums—I shit you not)

and (my hand on the Bible) there is an Inflatable Moose Love Doll—personally I would be afraid of antler damage on the headboard—hard to explain to the wife who has just come home from a two day Feminist seminar run by a post-op Obsessions bar Thai katoey who now hates men.

Wife: Dana?

Dana: Yes, honey bunny!

Wife: What are those scratches on the headboard of the bed?

Dana: What scratches?

Wife: And what is this Inflatable Moose Love Doll doing in the closet?

Dana: What closet?

So if you feel that you are caught up now on the bare bones basics of the inflatable love doll market let's get to the main event which is Asian inflatable love dolls. Personally, I'm a specialist in the love department. It's Asia all the way for me.

Asian love dolls come with or without every accessory imaginable and in every price range. In fact many of them have more accessories than the real thing and cost more than the real thing. The Japanese love dolls are so lifelike they are spooky. I'd probably start giving them money and apologizing right away.

In the United States most of the inflatable Asian love dolls are the incredibly expensive and lifelike Tera Patrick doll (Euro—Vietnamese); the Asia Carrera love doll (kind of Euro—Filipina); Muzuki and Tokyo Rose and Mai (schoolgirl in pigtails) and a popular Anime Love Doll (long purple hair) and Suki and Suzi Wong (discover her oriental secrets)—all Japanese; Ming and Suzi Wong—Chinese; porn star Kascha—(Tahitian and Swiss); and Wan (kind of a lame Thai). Wait a minute: wasn't Suzi Wong both Chinese and Japanese? Hey, this latex lady gets around. I guess if you go to China or if you go to Japan you only have to know how to say two things: “I'll take noodles.” and “I'll take Suzi.”

Currently there are no domestically produced Laotian or Cambodian inflatable Love Dolls being produced which just shows how far behind the modern West these poor backward deprived countries are. Having to make do with their own women must be a terrible burden.

People ask me: “Dana, with your lifelong interest in all things Asian and your tremendous sensitivity to all Asian people—how come you have never vacationed in Laos or Cambodia?”

Well, now you know. No domestic Love Doll manufacturing. A vacation to faraway exotic places full of goofy people is one thing—but I don’t want to be surrounded by savages. Nuff said.

So Now Let’s Rumble

I like the names Ming and Suzi Wong but the dolls are too white faced for me. Also I don’t really like the Chinese that much. I also like the names Suki and Tokyo Rose and Muzuki and Mai but I have the fear that when I get the dolls out of their boxes and nearly burst my heart blowing the things up that they will have the ‘no top-big bottom’ pear shape of the sexless lardbuckets that pass for sexy ladies in Japan. Idiots in ankle socks who think rough sex is saying the word ‘No’. If there is one thing I do not want to hear from an inflatable doll it is the word ‘No’. Not my thing. So it’s Wan the economy inflatable siren from vaguely Thailand for me.

At home she slides out of the box in a compacted plastic mass that is a little daunting. Everything is stuck to everything else and a little caution is in order. This chick cost some dough and one tear and she ain’t going to be much fun. Already there is tension involved in the experience because trying to exhibit mature patience with a raging hard on is an exercise in contradiction. Just like the real thing.

Anyway she is finally separated from all of her various plastic parts and then the blowing up begins. This is when you realize you aren’t 25 anymore. Damn near kills you. Good thing she is petite. If she was some life-size Soi 5 Nigerian blow-up doll you'd never get her fully inflated. You'd end up banging her with just her torso inflated and her big black flat legs flailing around. It also occurs to me between heart stopping wheezing stops for air that it is a damn good thing you do not have to inflate real women. I mean I'm at the age now where I have to sit down after blowing a whistle. Goodbye three or four love affairs a day—hello to one or two love affairs a day. I guess there is always something to be thankful for.

At last she is inflated and she looks fine. Now for the up close and personal part. The consummation of farang-Thai relations. Except there is some kind of problem. You can't get inside. Anywhere. It seems that the inside parts of her are stuck together. More goddamned foreplay is required. Just like the real thing. Well, actually; that is not true. With the real Wan from the Hollywood Strip bar at Nana Plaza no foreplay was required. The first time I barfined her years ago was an experience I never forgot. Over to the Nana Hotel with this piece of sex candy and I am actually nervous. What a rube! Into the room and she immediately throws off all of her clothes and gets up on the bed on all fours and waves her ass at me and looks back and smiles. Nearly had a heart attack. Then banged her for hours. Just goes to show that if you want the most uninhibited satisfying mind blowing sex of your life hook up with a lesbian. But I digress.

Anyway, no foreplay with the real Wan. But this inflatable Wan is going to require a little more attention or I am not going to be able to 'fly the plane into the hanger'—if you know what I mean. So off to the kitchen to get some cutlery. My knives, forks, and spoons have imitation pearl handles. Just the right length and nicely rounded. So now back to the bedroom with my erection and some soup spoons. Insert soup spoon handles in various special places and voila—we can now 'deliver the mail to the mailbox'—if you know what I mean. Now to the main event. Modesty prevents me from going into the sexual details of my private life but let me tell you this hot little Buriram bitch was a real ready teddy and had been in that box a long time. An inflatable doll has needs. And I'm no slouch in the bangin' department either. I know how to make them cry and I know how to make them laugh and I know how to make them squeak for more. And this plastic bitch is beggin'. "Do me—you hansum man!" she squeaks in Inflatabledollese.

Only one problem. Wan had braids. Short plastic braids that stick out from the side of her head. Now normally I find braids quite appealing. My first girlfriend at college had braids and I have pleasant memories of post lovemaking braiding activity. I would sit up at the head of the bed and she would sit between my legs and I would braid her love tangled hair. So there are pleasant memories. But times have changed and these braids of Wans are a whole different kettle of fish. If you are involved in Yum Yum (oral) sex or Ow Ow (anal) sex there is no problem. But if you are flogging away like a jackrabbit on yabaa in the traditional Boom Boom (missionary) position there is a big problem.

There with her in your arms and your ass going like a piston the two of you set up some kind of sympathetic harmony of motion that causes her braids to start whipping from side to side. You are trying to give the Thai minx the best that you have got in the interest of international relations and she is beating your head in with her goddamned stiff plastic braids. They are flapping and flipping and snapping and whipping and bashing you in the face. You have to close your eyes for protection thereby losing the opportunity to look soulfully into her sexy button eyes. You try moving your head down but that causes ass insertion problems. You try moving up but there are other problems. You try getting her sexy inflatable legs up over your shoulders but your head is still next to her head. Proof if you ever needed it that there is no perfect union and that every relationship between a man and women requires compromise. So I get up and head for the kitchen. Back with a pair of scissors. Then up on the bed on my knees and cut off the braids. "Sorry honey—but Daddy has needs! Now get your little inflatable feet behind your ears and get ready to rumble."

So that is my advice guys. You don't have to wait until you are back in the country of racism and squalor and stupidity and pollution and noise and twelve foot king cobras that will attack without provocation to satisfy your love needs. Just go down to your local love equipment emporium and pick up Wan or Suki or Ming. You'll be glad you did.

Time and Tide wait for no man but if you are willing to stand on the station platform of Life as Social Ostracism and Humiliation and Uncertainty come and go you will be ready to step aboard when your train arrives. Your train is the Asian Inflatable Love Doll train and the commingling of your flesh and it's latex will be a soulful spark unrivaled by other galactic collisions and collusions. Like two spiraling galaxies you will tumble into each other and become one. Let others board the flesh train—you are wise enough in the marrow of your different bones to know that your love is quenched by latex fires. Later on when you are standing at the gates of St. Peter waiting for the interview to get into heaven it may be that there is just one question: "Did you get on the right train?" You will be able to say "Yes, and she had every accessory and option and lifelike feature that a man could imagine or deserve or dream". That is when you will know what it is like to be a winner; because St. Peter will smile and say, "Wait until you see what we have up here!"

But Cut Off The Braids!

102. Compromise

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I drop off the baht bus one block before the left hand turn in front of Walking Street in South Pattaya and cross the street. It is 4p.m. and I am headed for my favorite open air bar. Usually I don't have good luck with open air bars in Pattaya. Actually, in the last 5 years due to changes in the Thai nightlife scene (that's my excuse) I haven't had that much luck with most farang traditional nightlife venues but I sift a lot of sand to make up for it. Better lucky than good and through no credit to myself I have stumbled on an afternoon open air bar that has been good to me. I am now going to go see what the afternoon offers. I step off the curb and go down the steps and sit at the bar. Ten minutes later (I shit you not) I am laying 200 baht down and barfining Uri from Udon. Plain face, about 41 years old ("I no bullshit—I tell truth"), cantaloupe breasts that look like advertisements for an 18 year old, and a winning smile. Next I have to get us to the AA hotel on Soi 13 and stumble through the relationship part of the experience. Now the hard part starts.

But first I digress ...

You know why a guy doesn't mind holding his wife's purse when they are shopping at the Royal Gardens Plaza mall? Cause that's where his nuts are! His balls are in her purse. She moved slow and quiet. He never saw it coming. First she laughed at his farang stories. Then she tested him by telling stories about her sisters in Udon and her mother with the bad leg. After that she let him get a little. Setting the hook. Then she did some flanking. Showed him pictures of her cats. They are named Fluffy and Muffy and Puffy. Asked him if he liked the butterflies exhibit in Chiang Mai. He heard himself say he "loves Thai butterflies!" That night she agreed to get in the shower with him. His friends (who aren't his friends anymore) once actually heard him say: “Yes honey—I agree that Tata Young is an underrated Thai National Treasure”. Start sharpening the knives. Another farang is about to be filleted. Then there was the trip to mom’s house—”Gee Mrs. Fuckwad, I can see where your daughter gets her beauty!” In the kitchen the ex-mamasan mother tells the daughter to kill the gai. They are married in a month. On their honeymoon she gives him a cellphone so that “We can talk all the time!” Money runs through his fingers faster than prunes through an old lady. Dead Man Walking. When she cut his balls off with a bamboo spoon he didn’t even feel it. By then there had been about 200 cellphone calls. Two hundred times the cellphone straw had been shoved in his brain and sucked out his manhood. Now he carries the purse. The purse with his balls!

So here is my question. Is God a Feminazi? I mean there are animals that have both the male and the female genitalia. It’s a complete package ...! No need to mess around with others. Everything is right there. Fast. Fun. Easy. Abundant precedent. I don’t need Na and Noi and Num and Nip and Non to tell me that kittens are cute and butterflies are gentle. I’d rather tour an axe factory and then shoot guns at frogs. Man stuff. So why didn’t God just give men everything they need? Why don’t we have dicks AND pussies? I’ll tell you why—because God is a Feminazi. The whole male-female thing was set up just to give men the most misery that an organism can absorb. The whole male-female invention was based on hate. Feminazis hate men. No one would have created the world we have today where men are forced to carry purses in malls and agree that they like sisters and mothers except someone who hated men more than the Devil hates good. God is a Feminazi. Another good reason for not going to church. Men going into Church to worship God has to have the Feminazi in heaven laughing like a hyena.

Think of this: I am once again on the cusp of the future; come with me as we explore a brave new world. With both male and female genitalia if someone told you to "Go fuck yourself" you could take it as a good thing:

Anybody: "Hey Dana—Go Fuck Yourself."

Dana: "Thank-you very much sir—don't mind if I do—take my calls, I'll be gone for about twenty minutes".

More Fabulous Examples:

1. Checkbin Controversy at the Hollywood Strip Bar:

Dana: I ain't paying this bogus bill.

Mamasan: Go fuck yourself.

Dana: Don't mind if I do. How much barfine do I have to pay myself? Wait a minute, I just remembered; I don't have to pay any barfine to myself.

Mamasan: Go fuckee yourself.

Dana: No ploblum thunder thighs.

2. Dana at the Registration Counter at the Chiang Mai Hotel in Chiang Mai

Hotel Clerk: Sir, you pay 325 baht 'guest fee' if you bring girl to room.

Dana: I won't be paying any 325 baht 'guest fee'.

Hotel Clerk: Why is that kind sir? You hansum man!

Dana: I'll be fucking myself.

I think scientists should stop wasting time and resources and taxpayers money on silly stuff like stem cell research and cloning and documenting the gnome and get to work on something important like me having a dick AND a pussy.

Think of it brave readers: you would be seducing yourself. I'll bet you won't be getting a headache either—you'll be getting to the main event and fast. You'll be taking yourself out to dinner and not having to spend as much. The only one talking will be you so the conversations won't have those awkward pauses as you try to puzzle out what the fuck she is talking about. Cellphones? No problem—the only cellphone is yours and it is OFF. STD's and Aids; forget about it—you are fucking yourself. Kiss the condoms goodbye. Mood swings, visits to stupid boring family members, wearing identical cute little outfits, pretending to listen when her lips are moving, wracking your brain trying to buy her another stupid gift, asking her opinion about things 'cause your supposed to, opening the door to your home and actually allowing her fat water buffalo mother to come in, worrying about her happiness in bed, etc: ALL THINGS OF THE PAST. Kiss all the crap goodbye. You're fucking yourself now and talking to yourself now and buying things for yourself now, and only worried about making yourself happy in the bed now. Welcome to mens' reward for the last 10,000 years of mindless crap and drivel where our sexual needs were dependent on another uncaring unresponsive brain dead carbon based life form. We paid our dues guys. For hundreds of generations. Well, TIME'S UP. Big fucking time. Time is up. As soon as the scientists get this whole 'male and female genitalia in one package for men' thing figured out women can make love to women and talk to women on their cellphones which is all they really wanted to do in the first place; and men can happily fuck themselves. God, I just hope I live long enough to see it. And if some woman wants my semen to fulfill her destiny and have HER baby she can fucking well pay for it. I want $100,000 per drop and I'll ship it to you. I don't even want to see you. And no I don't want to know about the issue of my seed; my son or my daughter—more emotional extortion to get me to go to the chicken plucking plant for forty goddamned soul destroying years to pay for it.

Sign for the package Noi, impregnate yourself, and never contact my again. You see—all I wanted from you was the money. I never cared about you at all. I just wanted the money. How does that feel?

OK, digression over—back to Uri from Udon.

So the 20 minute walk to the AA Hotel with Uri from Udon is a twenty minute relationship I can not possibly benefit from. It's an unequal battle—men against the Feminazi in heaven and every minute spent in the company of a woman is risk. That is why I don't like to have the hotel room more than 200 feet from the point of contact. Hello, How Much, and Get Naked. No room in that relationship for dignity robbing talk about hopes and dreams and high school boyfriends and children and kitty pictures and ... excuse me—gotta go the bathroom and puke ...!

OK, back now. Anyway, on this hot night in South Pattaya I am gauging the long walk up the Beach Road to the AA Hotel with Uri. It's against the traffic so there are no baht buses to jump on for quick delivery. I'm going to have to spend time with a woman and pretend I'm interested. I've done this numerous times and it is a lose-lose situation. If we go up the sidewalk it is painfully slow because the vendor tables block the sidewalk and you end up doing the farang death march as you and your teeruk single file up the sidewalk. She's ahead and you are behind and then you are ahead and she is behind and then sometimes you are holding hands in the rare interval where two human beings can actually walk side by side—and all the while you are chattering like a magpie trying to keep the social balloon inflated until you get to the hotel. Exhausting. If you cross over and make the distance up to Soi 13 on the beach boulevard side of Beach road it seems easier at first but all the way up you have to dodge tourists and trannies and freelancers and locals and construction debris. Plus you have to factor in dangerous highway crossings. Heads you Lose—Tails you Lose.

That is why I always try to stick to the 200 Foot Rule if possible. Dana's FIRST RULE FOR SEX TOURIST ENGAGEMENT: No contact made more than 200 feet from the front door of the hotel. Eliminates phoney baloney relationship building and maintenance. You can walk 200 feet with someone and not say a thing and they think you are just shy. And believe me they are probably not going to say much either. They don't give a fuck about you. That is why I love the Nana hotel in Bangkok so much. From the top floor of the Nana Entertainment Plaza to the front door of the Nana is within the 200 foot rule. Hell, you don't even have to leave the hotel. Or the carpark. Another find was the AA Hotel on Soi 13 in South Pattaya. At 7 a.m. in the morning the knee tremblers start lining up opposite the hotel on the boulevard. Well within the 200 foot rule. I have picked up a woman, walked to the hotel, taken her up to the room, fallen in love, and then given her taxi money at the door and never said one word. Now that's what I call a relationship. Another geographical wonder is the Diamond Hotel in South Pattaya at the end of the alley called Soi Diamond on Walking Street. All you have to do is stand with one hand on the door handle and hold your wallet up. Girls from the bars run over. Honk if you love meaningful relationships ...!

I'm always amazed to see guys putting girls in taxis. At night you can see guys in Washington Square or Soi Cowboy or in front of the Nana Entertainment Plaza on Soi 4 putting whores in taxis. Obviously these guys have to transport to where they are staying. Big mistake. In the taxi she will talk to the driver for the 20 minutes to an HOUR that it takes to go a couple of miles across town and you will hear him use the word FARANG ten times. In the bar doing the pickup you actually temporarily believed your alcohol fueled lies about how you are handsome and clever and worth knowing. By the end of the cab ride you'll be lucky if you can get it up. In the beginning when I was green I used to get involved in these whore transportation issues. No more. I don't care now if she is humping my leg in the bar like a terrier on yabaa; if we are more than 200 feet from the hotel she ain't a part of my life. You gotta have rules.

But on this night with Uri of Udon none of this is an issue because from the bar at the beginning of Walking Street to the moment I put the key in the lock at the AA Hotel she does not stop talking. Hook cables up to her mouth and you could power 100 vibrators. Just thinking. Anyway, she talks ("I am a one man woman—I will be your only woman."), and laughs ("I'm so happy to be with you."), and charms ("You hansum man—I no like Thai man."), and tells stories (has a son—spent 5 years in Singapore as a maid) continually. I am a salesman by trade and it occurs to me by the time we reach Swenson's Ice Cream that she is selling me. Softly and charitably it occurs to me that this selling is the over-the-top desperation of a prostitute who is forty-one and has a plain face. You could throw a rock in a crowd in Pattaya and hit something younger and prettier than her. And she knows it. My heart softens.

Well, an hour and a half later I am a whipped smiling puppy! On the way to the hotel she had been a Gatling gun of charm and winning talk and clever bargirl mannerisms. She trots out ever bargirl smile and cliché and trick. I am not some sailor boy that just stumbled out of a landing craft during military exercises. But she is selling and I am buying and I appreciate her attempt to do business. I imagine she is overselling because she realizes that she is not 18 anymore and she is up against a lot of competition. Later I learn that the other reason she was starting the selling early was because she knew something that I did not know. She knew that she was going to say NO in the hotel room to some things. But every NO would be annulled by a YES regarding something else and delivered with enthusiasm. The selling of Compromise by the experienced hustler. Sometimes it works with farang, often it doesn't. On the 20 minute trip to the AA

Hotel she is hoping compromise will work with me. She knows I have a pocket full of money and she knows I would like to spend some of it on smiling women. She is hoping one of those smilers will be her. But her game is compromise. She is taking a risk. She is nervous. I am oblivious.

Up on the bed the first NO is to sex without a condom. Normally, this is a non-compute for me and I help them dress and leave. But she has so convincingly sold me on the trip to the hotel that I put on one of the stupid things and press ahead. Well what she delivered as a YES compromise was missionary style sex of athleticism and stamina and enthusiasm that was memorable. Towards the end, up on straight arms and locked elbows; I asked her to punch me in the face and she didn't even hesitate. She is no boxer but if this all the farang wants—if he'll accept this as a compromise replacement for wanting to fuck without a condom; she's a ready teddy. With the muscles in her body from her dug in heels to her hamstrings bars of leveraging steel she arches her back up off the bed and starts a rain of blows that temporarily staggers me. Punching me with her right hand and slapping me with her left hand and punching and slapping and punching and punching and punching and slapping and spitting and groaning. I snap my head back to escape a head butt and then she goes into a frenzy of slapping and punching until finally she can't hold her arms up anymore. A trickle of blood is dropping out of my nose onto her neck and the ensuing orgasm feels like my intestines are coming out of my penis. And to think it all started with a NO and a compromise. She has a plain face and a forty one year old body and she knows she has to work for the money. God bless pros. You can have the newbies from Isaan—I'll take the experienced older woman anxious to please!

Now to the shower and I get a NO to the 'hide the soap' game but a YES compromise to everything else I can think of. And I am talking stamina. She ain't looking at her watch. Whatever the farang wants and for as long as he wants. I have some experience with indifferent inexperienced shower games with bored bargirls—this was not that experience. Made up for years of disappointments in the shower. Forgot about the NO.

Now out of the shower I am feeling frisky but I get a NO to oral sex—she sees my disappointment and offers up anal sex as a YES compromise. "Uri, I accept your compromise!" And so it went. A delightful experienced professional with enough brains and enough business sense to know that a NO has to be followed up by a YES. The selling of Compromise. And as a part of the compromise package she delivered kisses and kissing from start to finish that you simply can not find in Thailand. Good Thai girls—Bad Thai girls; it's all the same. Don't want to kiss you on the mouth. A thousand year history of sexual liberty in their society and none of these numbskulls has discovered kissing. (I figure when the Thais discover kissing they'll also discover toilet paper and napkins in the same place). So the farang is always disappointed. Here comes Uri. "You mean the farangs like kissing? And I don't have to worry about being butt fucked or wrestling over condom issues? OK, no ploblum." Uri was the best, the sexiest, the most aggressive and enthusiastic and skilled kisser I have ever come in contact with. All part of delivering the compromise package. She wouldn't do oral sex but her kissing would make me forget the NO.

Uri and I have been spending time together now for years. I know the limits and I know the game and I always have a wonderful time with someone I respect. In all of that time and intimacy and built trust over the years none of the NO's have become YES's, but something is always delivered up as a compromise. It's called smart business.

Sometimes Compromise Can Be A Good Thing.

103. Just Figured It Out

TT&A Part 89 25/6/2005

Month: May
Temperature: Center of the Sun
Humidity: Supposed to be only 82% but that's a lie.
Sounds: Only two—soi dogs panting and soi dogs dying.
Place: An open air bar in South Pattaya.
Time: 4:00 p.m.
Principals: Dana and an Australian.
Beers Drunk: Four—Dana one; Aussie three.

Dana: I just figured it out …!

Aussie: What mate?

Dana: I just figured it … out …!

Aussie: I'll have another beer darlin' Nok Nam Nim Plop Rim Putt …

Dana: I just figured it out matey.

Aussie: It's mate you dumb Yank.

Dana: Sorry!

Aussie: Figured what out?

Dana: I just figured out why so many Thais have an attitude problem with schooling.

Aussie: Beers on me—want one?

Dana: Listen to this—this is a like some kind of social commentary breakthrough.

Aussie: Pass the nuts.

Dana: No, listen to this—my last girlfriend's name was Ratharawarin Pichaironnarongsongkhram. Her nickname was

Ram. And her best friend's name was Napakapapa Sirivadhanabhakdi and her nickname was Di. And her sister's husband's last name was Snitwongse-Na-Ayudhaya. The maid at the AA Hotel with the big pimple on her nose who delivers the Snickers bars every day at 5:15 said I could date her if I could spell her name. She said her name was Sruangsuda Sutithamrongsawat which she delivered to me in an unintelligible accent. I assume her nickname must be Wat but I guess now I'll never find out. More pussy I won't get. Her supervisors name is Picharnmeth Jungrungreangkit and her nickname should land on Kit but somehow is Poo. My present girlfriends name is Nappassorn Ithisarnronachai and you would think her nickname would be Chai but it is Nap for some reason. Anyway I'm not really talking about nicknames here. Her sisters first name is Khemasorn and she married a guy named Jesadaporn Supornsaharungsi and his best friends name is Rattaphumi Pattanapongpanich and he works for a guy named Apichatpong Rattanajerungporn who owes money to a guy named Phutanet Srirattanawutthi.

Aussie: We've got blokes like you in Australia. We put them in hospital.

Dana: No listen … I'm on to something here …!

Aussie: Did you at least try?

Dana: Try what?

Aussie: To spell her name.

Dana: Whose name?

Aussie: Miss Big Pimple.

Dana: Who?

Aussie: Jesus mate—the maid at the AA Hotel with the big pimple on her nose who said you could bang her if you spelled her name!

Dana: No.

Aussie: Why not?

Dana: That's not the point ...

Aussie: It bloody well is the point—haven't heard about the monkeys and the typewriters have you?

Dana: What?

Aussie: It's common knowledge—put a coupla monkeys on a coupla typewriters and give'em enough time and they'll bang out Shakespeare. You should have at least tried—you might have gotten lucky.

Dana: No listen—I'm on to something here. And by the way I'd like to see the monkeys that could pound out names like Suksawat-Na-Ayudhya and Sarthastahuchana and keep a straight monkey face. Maybe these gifted Australian ...! Are you from Australia or New Zealand?

Aussie: This is why we drink ... Australia.

Dana: Anyway, maybe these gifted Australian monkeys can stumble across names like Romeo and Juliet but I don't think we are going to see any hairy fingers keyboarding names like Siriwattanaphakdee and Chongchakrabhandhu and Kanchanahatthakit. No—listen to me mate: I'm on to something here.

Aussie: I get it—you are talking about where the Thais get their nicknames.

Dana: No. No. Forget the nicknames. I'm not even sure about that stuff. Sorry I even mentioned them.

Aussie: OK. Want a beer?

Dana: No—listen; what I am talking about is why the Thais sometimes have an attitude problem towards education. In just the smallest social circle you can imagine we have Sruangsuda Sutithamrongsawat and Picharnmeth Jungrungreangkit and Nappassorn Ithisarnrongachai and Khemasorn Supornsaharungsi and Jesadaporn Supornsaharungsi and Rattaphumi Pattanapongpanich and Apichatpong Rattanajerungporn and Phutanet Srirattanawutthi. Did I leave anyone out?

Aussie: You forgot Ram otherwise known as Ratharawarin Pichaironnarongsongkhram and Di otherwise known as Napakapapa Sirivadhamabhakdi and Eer otherwise known as Want A Beer?

Dana: Thank-you and let us not forget that the Deputy Mayor of this fine town is Wattana Jantaworanart and the Mayor of this wonderful burg is Niran Wattanasartsathorn.

Aussie: I knew that—want a beer?

Dana: No, I do not want a beer; thank-you very much—and are you listening?

Aussie: Yes you damn Yank I am listening and I probably could have spelled Sruangsuda Sutithamrongsawat the name of the Snicker's Bar maid at the AA Hotel with the pimple on her nose and be banging her in the towel room right now instead of waiting for you to sneak up on the point of all of this.

Dana: OK—here is the point.

Aussie: Want a beer?

Dana: My point is that when three year olds in Thailand are first confronted with their names and told that they must learn how to spell them it isn't the same as when three year olds in other countries are first told their names and encouraged to learn how to spell them. What is your name?

Aussie: Want a beer?

Dana: Your name is 'Want a Beer'?

Aussie: No—it's Da Mac.

Dana: Exactly—a total of 5 letters and two of them are the same. Probably only took you a week to learn to spell it by scratching in the sand outside your billabong.

Aussie: My what?

Dana: Never mind. But imagine if you were three years old and you were told that your name was Uttawadee Rattanapaibooncharoen and your mommy's name was Buachompoo and your daddy's name was Watcharapong and your grandmother's name was Napakapapa Vithayachockitikhun and your best friends name was Watcharapong Amrattanachetchaem and the name of the revered monk at the local temple is Dhammawatcharaphan and now we were going to learn to spell them. You'd be four years old by the time you accomplished this herculean Thai feat and you would be completely traumatized. You'd have accomplished brain fry at age four that most farang college students don't reach until age twenty. And at age four you would also have wisely concluded with the few functioning brain synapses left that education and learning things is not a road you want to go down any further. Hurts the head. In short, you would develop an attitude. And you would not be alone. This would be happening simultaneously all over the country.

Aussie: So what you are saying is that the reason Thais sometimes have a hard time with schooling is because at a young age they are traumatized by the whole learning thing when they are confronted with the task of spelling their own and their families and friends names!

Dana: Exactly!

Aussie: Only one question …

Dana: What's that?

Aussie: How bad is the pimple?

Dana: What pimple?

Aussie: The big pimple on Sruangsuda Sutithamrongsawat's nose.

Dana: What difference does it make?

Aussie: Well Yank—it's 5:00 p.m. and if I hurry I can get to the AA Hotel in time to spell her name and bang her in the towel room.

Dana: Nok Nam Nim Plop Rim Putt?

Barmaid: Yes sir?

Dana: I'll have a beer!

104. A Healthy Alternative

TT&A Part 90 2/7/2005

Year: 2001
Place: Boston
Time: 2 a.m.

Dana: Honey, are you awake?

Susan: Yes.

Dana: I think we need to talk.

Susan: What about?

Dana: Well, I am sick and I am about to go into a long dark tunnel in my life. I don't know how long the tunnel is going to be and I do not know if I will come to a light at the end of the tunnel. So I think it is time we said goodbye. When people get sick everything changes. We can't go on together. It is time for us to part.

Susan: OK, when do you want me to leave?

Dana: Today.

Susan: What are you going to do?

Dana: I'm going to go to Thailand.

Susan: Why are you going to Thailand?

Dana: To die.

Year: 2002
Place: Right Spot Hotel, South Pattaya, Thailand
Time: 1:00 p.m.

Dear Susan: You do not know who I am. My name is Tum. Dana and I were lovers before he met you. When Dana entered the end stage of his disease he asked me to come and help him. The reason he asked me is because he did not love me and he did love you. I hope someday you will understand that. In the end when he was skeletal and delirious he never lost his dignity and he never lost his love for you. The last thing he said before dying was "Tell Susan I will wait for her in heaven." Dana died in my arms two days ago. I will cry a million tears. But first I must work with the monks. He will be cremated here in Thailand. I am currently going through his journals and talking to his friends to identify the parts of Thailand that would be appropriate to receive some of his ashes. I will scatter half of his ashes here in Thailand and then I will bring the other half of his ashes back to the Vineyard and scatter them there. If you would like to help me scatter his ashes on the Vineyard in places that were important to the two of you I would be honored. I would like to meet the woman who captured his heart.—Tum

In the story above the main character contracts a terminal illness and decides to go back to Thailand to die. Going back to Thailand to recover from illness or to deal with terminal life conditions is not new. Thailand offers something to the ill that sometimes western environments can not offer. The ability to relax. There are two ways to deal with illness and to deal with fate. One way is to fight and the other way is to not fight. There is some medical evidence that the less aggressive more accepting approach can sometimes be more helpful to the body as it struggles to regain the homeostasis of health. Too much stress is never good. But in many western environments it can sometimes be well nigh impossible to relax. It is not enough to take thrice a week yoga classes if you have been told you have inoperable brain cancer—you're whole external environment must also be more relaxing. Thailand can offer this.

When I was sick in Thailand I adopted a schedule. In the mornings I would sit outside under the big tree at The Right

Spot hotel in the sun. I was too sick to read. I would just sit quietly in the sun while the birds chirped and the maids smiled. Then around noon I would walk up soi 16 and get the baht bus to Jomtien beach. There I would swim in the ocean and get more sun. I had a theory that the combination of the salt water and the sun was good for me. Healthy radiation and healthy primal ancestral waters working in synergy on my sick system. Then I would get the baht bus back to Soi 13 and walk down to the AA Hotel. There I would pay a fee and go up to the fourth floor terrace and use their pool. Swim some laps and then lay in the sun until my bathing suit dried. Now it was afternoon. I would walk down the boulevard and stop at Swenson's Ice Cream. Any western trained doctor who tells me I should not have been having a daily ice cream treat at Swenson's just does not know what he is talking about. Fabulous. After Swenson's I would be starting to drag so I would catch the baht bus down to Walking Street and then the mototaxi back to The Right Spot Hotel. Nip across the street to the Chinese owned convenience store for some corn-on-the- cob (twice as expensive as corn-on-the-cob sold halfway up Walking Street—"this is Chinese corn—special corn") and juice drinks and yogurt and then back to my room. Reading and a bath and call it a day. If you look at this itinerary I was actually working a health loop from hotel to hotel. My caloric intake was cut in half, I ate no bad foods, I drank only bottled water and juices, I told my sad story to no one, and I suffered no bargirl entanglements. I got better.

Why did I get better? Well, probably because I was fated to get better. But I have to believe that changing my lifestyle to one that emphasized relaxing had to be a factor. You can do that in Thailand. Can you do that in your own country? In your own country if you are suddenly faced with the spectre of your own mortality or frightening illness can you leave wristwatch and work and worry behind? No you can't. Your body never has a chance! You can do that in Thailand.

Consider this: You have been separately and competently diagnosed by multiple western doctors and labs and surgeons in your own country with inoperable brain cancer and your thoracic cavity is so full of tumors and masses and spaghetti filaments of cancer wrapped around every one of your organs that the surgeons doing the exploratory surgery just closed you back up again and sent you home. To die.

So you decided to die in Thailand. You said goodbye to friends and family, put your legal affairs in order, sold or converted or gave away all of your assets and flew to the Kingdom. When you got off the plane at Don Muang airport in BKK your stomach was distended from disease, your legs were shaky and you had trouble focusing. Your bag was full of pills. But it is OK. You have decided that Thailand would be a good place to die.

So you negotiate a long term discount for the sixth floor ocean facing suite at the AA Hotel and settle in. You have a computer installed. You establish a routine. You forget about the past. You stop carrying a watch. You don't have a cell phone. You don't have to be anywhere. You can't be late. You don't have a job so you can't fail. No quotas to meet or bosses to please. No mortgage payments or bills to pay. You smile at the locals. You get sun and exercise every day. You stop worrying. What is there to worry about? You have come to die. You stop eating junk foods and you stop compulsively overeating. No alcohol. No bargirls. Too stressful. You regress within yourself. You mentally and physically retrench. You forget about your friends. Not with calculation—it is just that the past starts to slip away. The present is clattering down the marble steps of the hotel in the morning sun and getting blinded by the smile of the vendor lady across the street as you go out for a walk and a paper. Another day of sun and absolutely nothing that has to be done.

Six months later it occurs to you with the flash of an incoming mental comet that you have not died. Not only have you not died but the tumor and mass distended stomach that you arrived with when you landed in Bangkok on a hot and humid night has gone away. Your legs are no longer shaky. And your mind is clear. What is going on here in Thailand? You are supposed to be dying. What is Thailand telling you? Well, maybe what Thailand is telling you is that if you can forget the watch and the work and the worry you might get a second chance. You lived like a fool and you deserved to die like a fool but Thailand will give you a second chance. I can not think of a bigger smile than that.

Four months later there is a knock on your hotel room door at midnight. Through the peephole you see an acquaintance who is the regional manager for a trekking tour company. He has a problem. He has a tour of nine people due to go out tomorrow at eight a.m. and the tour guide has just been hit by a car and is in the hospital. Could you possibly just this once step in and take his tour out? You demur. You came here to die. You can't do it.

The next morning at 8 a.m. you meet the group of tourists. You take them on an eight day tour. The hardest thing is making sure to catch all of the buses and trains on time. The rest is fun. The people are friendly and it is fun to ride elephants and bamboo rafts and tourist around the country. When you return the manager still has not found a substitute for the injured tour guide. So you take out another tour. More fun.

A year and a half later you are still guiding. It has become your lifestyle. You are fit and lean and brown and happy. On a return trip to the States you decide to get a full body MRI scan. No sign of tumors or growths or masses or spaghetti. All vital signs and markers fall within the normal range. You stopped taking the pills in your bag eons ago. You are not going to die. You are going to live forever. Thailand. Sometimes to get better you have to be a good listener. If you are in Ohio and you are sick or you are in Auckland and you are sick or you are in Jeddah and you are sick or you are in Capetown and you are sick maybe your body is telling you that it does not want to be in Ohio or Auckland or Jeddah or Capetown anymore. Time to buy some airline tickets. All those sad sack relatives and friends that fed into your victim stories—leave them behind. It's time to push all the health chips into the middle of the table. Time to go to Thailand. And don't waste time and energy with explanations and goodbyes and validation seeking—just pack your meds and go. Time to go to Thailand (TTGTT).

I had a Thai friend who had a period of mental and physical illness in his life so he went to a temple and checked in for five months. Today he is a beast of good mental and physical health and intends to live forever. So what really happened in that five month period in that Buddhist environment? Was it a special herb soup or Buddhist chant or bone marrow centered belief system? Well, maybe. We all like to come up with attractive stories and theories for the results of our lives. But my take on this is that what happened on that island on the side of that Thai mountain with the stunning views of the ocean was that his body got to relax. Thailand.

If you are so sick that you despair of western medicine being able to help you I think that going to Thailand might be a good idea. But I think you should dispense with the romantic notion of checking into a remote monastery somewhere and pretending that you know what is going on. The cultural gap is too wide. Remember you need to relax. My recommendation would be to find a hotel or a guesthouse or a beach house in a place that you love and then get in touch with the local expat clubs. Build a nursing or hospice or hospital or doctor network that you think you need. In the very beginning, stick with the western values that you are used to. Don't worry. Thailand will soon work it's magic and start to wean you off of some of this western influence. You won't know that it is happening. Good health can be insidious too. Creeping into you and up to you without your knowledge. Like the exploratory insect with waving antenna. Trying to make a decision about whether this body is worth the effort. And I think it is particularly important not to form bargirl alliances. Opinions differ on this. Some would argue that a woman's touch and woman's smile and a woman's laugh is the best medicine. An attractive idea. The only problem is that all of the women in Thailand come equipped with families. If your system is fighting for life that is not the best time to be getting into an argument with Noi's brother because he thinks you should buy him a pool table. If you are getting off the plane in Bangkok with the sure and certain notion that western medicine could not help you then you need to write on your hotel mirror—LAST CHANCE. Stay away from bargirls. You need to retrench and join the local library and make nondemanding friends with expats and find a charitable organization to volunteer your time to. Helping others will help yourself. Arguing with Wan or Nip or Fa about daily payout rates is the same crap that made you sick in Australia or Germany or England. No more arguing. No more defending yourself. No more conflicting emotions. No more trying to please. It's all about you now and you do not have to defend yourself to anyone. You are fighting for your life. Thailand is your last arena.

If you are getting off the plane in Bangkok with the sure and certain knowledge that you are going to die than all of the above applies. But additionally you need to locate the hospice groups and people that will hold your hand and treat you with dignity in your last days. These in most cases are not going to be Thai people. The Thai culture is not quite up to speed on treating the sick and terminal and the unattractive with dignity. Find expat informers that can help you. And as long as you have the strength to hobble to the Skytrain or to the taxi you might give some thought to volunteering to help others. One of the medical mysteries is that helping others improves our health. Nobody knows why. But it is the results that count. Stop obsessing over yourself so much. Everybody has a story. But yours is getting boring—even to yourself. Thailand is no different than anywhere else. They have the indigent and the lost and the injured and the lonely. The blind and the cripples and the people with wasting diseases. Orphans. Going from bed to bed blowing up balloons and then tying them to the patients toes will make them smile. And everyone of your smiles is money in the health bank. If I was in this situation in Thailand I would try and find a hospital that allowed volunteers to come in and hold babies. I think holding and talking to babies would help me get better. I have never held a baby. I have never had anyone say they loved me. I have no one who will visit my grave. I would like to hold a baby.

In conclusion: for most people Thailand is a place to visit and have fun. But for others it might be helpful to think of Thailand as medicine. A place of medical mystery that can turn your sick and dying health picture around. No more watches. No more work. No more worries. No more striving. No more making excuses. No more guilt. No more being so anxious to be accepted. No more defending yourself. Just sun and smiles. Later when you have the strength—laughing. Then perhaps helping others to laugh. It is called relaxing. The human body was not built for all of the incoming data that the average westerner is constantly required to deal with. We were designed to be walking around on the Serengeti Plain looking on the ground for something to eat. The first casualty of our modern competitive data rich highly stressed lifestyles is increased blood pressure. That is the lip of the hill. The push that starts the toboggan down the slope of ill health. Is Thailand a guaranteed antidote for the miasma of medical problems that you have gotten yourself into? Maybe not. But it might be your best second or last chance.

Thailand. A Healthy Alternative.

105. Every 50-60 Minutes

TT&A Part 91 9/7/2005

Dana here with an idea of such happiness and brilliance that it simply beggars the imagination with its ability to solve problems and make people smile. To wit: I propose to solve all of the pesky problems endemic in transporting ourselves from BKK to Pattaya. No more car trips or taxis or bus services.

I propose that Beach Road and North Pattaya Road and Pattaya 2nd Road and South Pattaya Road be turned into runways. Planes from Tokyo and BKK and Hong Kong and Singapore and Calcutta and Jeddha and London and Oslo and Paris simply land directly in South Pattaya on one of these four runways. Depending on usage issues and wind direction planes could either land on Beach Road or South Pattaya Road or Pattaya 2nd Road or North Pattaya Road and disgorge their happy tourists directly into the yawning sex hole of Sin City direct. Imagine this: From around 8:00 AM until 12:00 midnight 747's and 777's and 767's and big whale Airbuses would be landing every 50-60 minutes on one of these road/runways. Holy jumped up Jesus what a sight. You think a bunch of trannies cruising the boardwalk is attention getting? Wait 'till you see a Cathay Pacific 747 touching down around Soi 6 on Beach Road—reversing engine thrust, hitting the brakes—and coming to a stop just in front of Walking Street. What a sight. Right wingtips just missing the palm trees on the boardwalk and left wingtips just missing the light poles on the sidewalk. Pilots eyes big as pie plates as they watch the Walking Street arch sign filling up the windshield—brakes screeching—soi dogs hiding—roosters crowing—and waiting bar girls holding up their dresses in welcome. As part of the community spirit hordes of bargirls would serve as plane tugs and tow the planes around so that they could take off on South Pattaya Road.

This is how I imagine the aviation future in Pattaya: A single two hundred foot two inch diameter rope would be stretched out from the airships towing ring and 600 bargirls would grab on and pull. You haven't lived until you have rounded the corner of Beach Road and South Pattaya Road and seen hundreds of girls in heels and various outfits pulling a 747 around the corner. Airline company speakers on the backs of trucks pumping out techno music with an African beat and Thais with megaphones giving orders. Welcome to the pyramids Pattaya style. Of course the pilots could have made the corner on jet thrust and brakes alone but the towing routine was a sap to the community whiners and Pattaya Mail letter writers who were always complaining about too much noise; and too many beach chairs and too many boiled egg vendor ladies being blown out to sea. The scene was also good public relations. The new routes direct to Pattaya were advertised worldwide with the photos of the girls towing the planes and the caption:

Pussies Pulling Planes—I'll Bet You Haven't Seen That In Dubai.

Business boomed. Imagine coming out of the internet café on South Pattaya Road and having a Singapore Air or China Air or Virgin Atlantic airliner screech by and then yank itself into the sky. Now that's what I call a Pattaya experience.

I know what you are thinking and I can predict the emails. You are thinking—"Oh come on Dana; how practical is that? How can you have big planes landing on city streets choked with baht buses and cars and trucks and tourists and dark skinned girls and motorcycles? Simple. That is what we are going to do. We are not going to make any special accommodation for the planes. They are just going to be added to the mix. Imagine this: It is a typical day or night in South Pattaya on Beach Road or Pattaya 2nd Road or North Pattaya Road or South Pattaya Road with the usual urban traffic chaos of cars and trucks and motorcycles and pedestrians and baht buses and a 747 streaks in from out of nowhere at 300 miles per hour—lines up over the Garden Cliff condos of North Pattaya—lowers down like she is going to lay an egg—and then just fucking slams the tarmac and starts the landing of death. Flare before touchdown usually followed by brakes and spoilers as needed followed by reversing engine thrust. Depending on the Chonburi airspace beers and cabin crew sex; these landing sequentials can come in any order—usually touchdown was first. Then rollout.

The big bellied metal monster slams down like a hand smashing a barfly spraying people and vehicles and sidewalk vendors like a sneezing drunk. Death and destruction and chaos and fear and confusion and elation at a another load of tourists. What a show. And to think that you would be able to witness this every 50-60 minutes.

God I'm glad I was born in this century. I will get to witness one of the finest shows of avarice and greed mixed with high technology and pointless death that a man could wish for. Jesus I love this town. Pattaya just keeps getting and better and I believe with the addition of this farsighted and convenient street/runway plan we will able to go from 20,000 whores in a three mile stretch to 70,000 to 80,000 whores in a three mile stretch. Jesus Mary and Joseph it almost makes me want to go back to church to thank a loving God for making this possible. The air traffic control tower for these flights arriving and departing from these four runway/streets will be the top of the Marriott Hotel on Pattaya 2nd Road. We'll pitch the satellite dishes and communications towers over the side and set up an airport landing control center on top of the hotel. Air traffic controllers will dress like Thai DJ's and high school girls in short pleated skirts with suspenders and little backpacks will serve drinks. Perfect location. Wait a minute ... ah, fuck it—there isn't going to be any air traffic control tower. Only sissies need landing instructions. Once the planes leave BKK or enter Chonburi airspace the pilots and copilots and engineers and stewardesses will be allowed to drink and fuck. No worries mate. Fuck the tower. 767 from Hong Kong coming in—Dana on board.

Futurists (read greedy businessmen) are already chatting up the idea of building a fleet of amphibious big bellied flying boats that could streak in out of the day or night sky at hypersonic speeds (Tokyo-Pattaya: 47 minutes)—announce their landing intentions with sonic booms—and then splash down in Pattaya Bay and end up on the beach. You think the beach is crowded now with beach chairs and umbrellas and touts and Thai families and long tail boats and …! well, wait until you see 25 to 30 long haul carriers lined up wingtip to wingtip on the beach from Soi 6 to Soi 13. Now you are talking commerce. But right now that idea is just silly dreaming. My idea is practical.

So who is with me on this? Who can imagine a bright and happy aviation future in South Pattaya? If you have any ideas on this get in touch with me. I am now working on the preliminary documents to present to the mayor. My people will be talking to his people and his people will be having some power lunches with important people and it will then all go into committee. The plan right now is for the inaugural flight to arrive at 10:00 p.m. New Year's Eve. The plane will be painted up to look like a giant can of Foster's Lager and will be covered stem to stern on the fuselage and the engine pods and the wings and the vertical stabilizer with logos and bar names like:

Sexy Girls Agogo
Super Baby Agogo
Black Pussy Bar
Cheap Charlie Bar
Spicy Girls
Bubbles
Lipstick
Kitten Club
Living Dolls
Electric Blue

Carousel	Rodeo Girls
Peppermint Agogo	Misty's

The inaugural flight will be 200 blind drunk Aussies and 300 big dick pre-op katoeys. I will be first off the plane. The mayor and I and the CEO of the airline will make speeches. No one will listen. Richard Branson of Virgin Atlantic will be there and declare that he is going to butt fuck a tranny as a way to promote this new air route for Virgin Air (the fact that an airline named Virgin was going to be making trips to Pattaya seemed a little contradictory but no one said anything). Then the party will begin. 50-60 minutes later another plane will land. 50-60 minutes later another plane will land.

With this new service we will be able to fly to South Pattaya direct. No more Bangkok. Works for me. Let the Nigerians and the Arabs and the Japs and the Russians waste their time and their money on the dancing overpriced elephants at the NEP. Times are changing and a sex tourist has to be adaptable. Unless you want to go trolling in Bangkok discos and clubs on the company expense account Bangkok is now yesterday's news. It was fun while it lasted and I have great memories of a city that changed my life. But it is time to move on.

In the words of the great blues guitarist B.B. King:

The thrill is gone
The thrill is gone away
The thrill is gone baby ...!

You know I'm free, free now baby
I'm free from your spell
Oh I'm free, free, free now
I'm free from your spell
And now that it's all over
All I can do is wish you well

If you are a newbie or an expat I recommend that you download The Thrill Is Gone by B.B. King and play it. Then you will know what it is like to be heading down to Pattaya on a 767 or an Airbus leaving Bangkok behind. Or in my words:

The joy is over honey
I loved you like a whore that pretended to
Love me back
The joy is over honey
I loved every minute
Every minute in the sack
But I'm older honey
And you're lookin' like hell
It's movin' on time
Pattaya time
I wish you well

Embarrassed and humiliated
Scammed and robbed
Even when I was green
I loved the scene
I loved you baby
Loved you like a whore that pretended to love me back

But the joy is over baby
I'm Pattaya bound
Don't look for me at the G-Spot
Or anywhere around
The thrill is gone honey
I'm movin' on
Do you hear that honey?
Hear that sound?
That's me baby and
I'm Pattaya bound

He who travels lightest travels fastest. It is time to get up on top of the train and start throwing off the baggage. Bangkok is nothing but baggage from the past. It is Pattaya's time and my time and your time to grin again in the arms of brown skinned girls who know how to smile and laugh. Pattaya girls. And just like the sex tourists that are adapting; the Pattaya girls will also quickly adapt, and soon find nothing unusual in great aluminum leviathans thundering in from a clear sky and slamming down every 50-60 minutes. High school girls with flat tight stomachs going down the escalator in the Royal Garden Plaza, and local girls sitting on the seawall, and early morning cruisers near Soi 13, and sweet vendors in sois and shops, and bargirls next to Mike's Shopping Mall, and brand new wide-eyed freelancers just in from Isaan will barely blink as another flying bomb with wheels down and flaps down slams and screeches and smashes thru local baht bus and motorcycle and pedestrian and car traffic as it plows down the road/runway. Hey, is life great or what?

Sing Hosanna, Dreams Can Come True.

106. A Grateful Metropolis

TT&A Part 92 16/7/2005

Preface

Sonic booms will announce my night time arrival as I sweep in out of the west in a hypersonic delta wing gold float plane made of spent uranium, brushed plutonium, and Thai noodles in epoxy. Sweeping in off the Pattaya Bay deck at 4500 knots I will then pull the yoke into my chest and head for Polaris at 16000 knots. At seventy miles high as I float over the suborbital zero gravity top the few seconds of weightlessness will have my naked big bulb dick waving like a Spring tulip in the sun. Then a screaming dive down to Pattaya using the waving bargirls on three miles of crescent beach as a navigational aid. Splashdown 500 yards offshore at 700 knots and two complete kayak rolls off the beach to kill speed for sand contact. A high-heeled six foot tall katoey in a black fishnet bodysuit will carry me ashore and deposit me in my solid gold baht bus. Another visit to Pattaya has started.

Public Announcement

This is the future gentleman and it is coming faster than anyone could have imagined. When I first promulgated the notion of turning Beach Road and North Pattaya Road and South Pattaya Road and Pattaya 2nd Road into runways so that long haul and short haul airliners could land direct in Pattaya thus saving the car and bus and taxi trips from Bangkok the wisdom of this idea was instantly apparent to everyone. Pattaya municipal movers and shakers were all over this idea like a dog on a bone; or in Pattaya parlance—like an over-the-hill bargirl on a fat German's sausage. But nothing could have prepared them and prepared me for the firestorm of interest worldwide in this idea. Although it is true that it is July and the inaugural plane load of Pattaya bound smilers is not due to arrive until 10:00 p.m. New Year's Eve; already the smell of money from this forward thinking idea is wafting around the world and investors are now throwing pebbles against my windows and slipping business cards and blank Swiss bank checks under my Nana Hotel room door.

When this idea was first made public by me on the Stickmanbangkok.com public forum in the submission TT&A Part 91—Every 50-60 Minutes: I had to rush out of my room at the Mothership (Nana Hotel) and run down to the Angels Disco in my Superman pajamas (cape included) and get the fire extinguisher. Then back up four flights of stairs and turn the fire extinguisher on the email inbox which had caught on fire. This idea puppy makes Newton's falling apple thing look like a historical yawn. Rich men do not always get the credit they deserve but one thing they are recognised for is their ability to sniff out a truffle of opportunity. And this direct air route to Pattaya has excess baht up the kazoo written all over it. Investors are lined up to bid on landing rights like the fuzz faced Cobra Exercise hopefuls lined up at Tony's Disco and Whorarium. The fires of Dresden are nothing compared to the heat and light that this idea is generating and the snowball of genius and greed and optimism and machismo jockeying is now rolling downhill and growing in size even as I type this.

The first thing that is going to happen is that in October when I am next in Pattaya I am going to be presented with the Medal Of Pattaya (MOP) by the Mayor. The ceremony will be held on Walking Street. I hear that the gold medal is Trink sized and has an obverse relief of a bargirl superimposed on the fuselage of a 747. It is hard to see what she is doing but the plane looks happy. The medal reverse has the Pattaya mantra and motto: DON'T OVERPAY.

Upon receiving the Medal Of Pattaya (MOP) on Walking Street in October my first order of business will be to hold an all night block party from Soi 6 to Walking Street on the Beach Road boulevard and get all the construction holes filled in. Screw the black plastic pipes. No one knows what they are for in the first place—especially the Thais. We will just get good and hammered and throw all the black pipes and other shit in the holes and then fill them up with dirt. A grateful Metropolis may ask me to run for Mayor.

Speaking of running for Mayor; it is rumored that when I am presented with the Medal Of Pattaya (MOP) it is also going to be announced that this is officially the Year of the Dana (beats Rat and Pig). There has even been some wild talk by men with strange accents and big wallets of changing the name of the seaside metropolis from Pattaya to Danaville. But I have counseled against this. Besides, I think —ville— is a French word (Fuck the French). Many other ideas have been floated and endorsed by me as part of Pattaya's new aviation and profitable future and a partial list appears below:

1. The arch sign at the head of Walking Street will be replaced with a 100 foot high statue of me with my legs spread and planted on each side of the street. You will have to walk under my genitalia to access Walking street. Warning: Don't look up at my private parts as you walk between my legs otherwise waiting watching katoeys will throw nets over you and you will graduate to another world of pleasure.

2. There will be a bronze statue of me sitting on a bench on the boulevard at Soi 13 waiting in perpetuity for Fa.

3. There will be a life-size statue of me inside the lobby doors of the A.A. Hotel.

4. There will be statuary of me in every bar. You can pray to Buddha and then reflect on me.

5. Bargirls grateful and stunned at the incoming tsunami wave of baht brought in by these Airbuses and 747's and 777's and 767's will name their children Dana. Very flattering.

6. Additionally, grateful bargirls with names like Lek and Noi, and Na and Toy, and Bang and Joy will be renaming themselves Dana. Thousands of bargirls will be named Dana. It will be possible to fuck me all over Pattaya. This should make some of you very happy.

7. The Tahitian Queen Bar on Beach Road will be forced by Dana Decree to change it's name to Dana Bar—everybody is sick and tired of reading about this overrated place.

8. There will be a new newspaper in town: the Pattaya Dana—All Dana All The Time.

9. All farang-bargirl and farang-bar altercations will be adjudicated by Dana. I will always find in favor of the farang.

10. Investors will pool their resources and there will be a Dana Air airline—10 big mother Airbuses smashing down every 50-60 minutes with slant-eyed inflatable dolls strapped to the wings and a hood ornament of me on the nose of the great leviathan. "Look up in the sky: It's a bird—it's a plane—it's a plane with Dana on the nose." Powder your pussies girls—Dana coming in. Flaps down-Wheels down—Dana down—Skirts up—Panties down. Time to Dana.

11. South Pattaya bargirls acting as tarmac ground crew for the arriving planes will be dressed like Pattaya Dana in elephant decorated beach pants—Indian cotton shirt—black foam flip-flops—silver jewelry up to the elbows and necklaces and flowers and beads. Waving the planes in with wands in each hand and

dressed like Dana this ground crew will have the Japanese tourists snapping pictures like … well, like Japanese tourists. Danas everywhere. Can you say Paradise?

12. Already in the Municipal works—even before the first inaugural flight of juiced up Australians and big dick katoeys is due to arrive on New Year's Eve is Pattaya specific and Pattaya minted Dana currency—not accepted anywhere else in Thailand but earns a usage discount in Pattaya. Sex paid for with Dana Doubloons earns a free blowjob. The 500 baht gold plated coins will have a smiling Isaan female face on one side and a picture of me on the other side. "Hey sailor—is that a roll of Dana Doubloons in your pocket—or are you just glad to see me?"

13. Part of the profits from the Dana Doubloons will be spent to search the Internet going back 10 years and identify any farang who ever said anything negative about sex tourists or men in general—these dweebs will not be allowed in Pattaya. Go pick berries with your sisters. Pattaya is for men and for women. And we know what we like.

14. Departing Pattaya vacationers boarding planes on Beach Road or North Pattaya Road or South Pattaya Road or Pattaya 2nd Road with Dana Doubloons still in their pockets will be banned from further visits to Pattaya. The Dana Doubloons are to pay for sex with the most wonderful women in the world. If you do not want to have sexual relationships with the most wonderful women in the world do not get on the plane in Oslo or Montreal or Sydney or Paris or Dubai or Manila.

15. Farangs caught in Pattaya by the Bay not having sexual relationships with the most wonderful creatures God every created will be forced to have public sex in Soi Diamond on the steps of the Diamond Hotel with 60 year old mamasans. A stable of these toothless greasy foul mouthed creatures in green gum

boots and filthy bras will be kept on hand by me and used nightly. Sorry guys—with the glory also comes responsibility. I have to do this. There have to be standards. The Fuck of Shame will be at midnight. Cameras encouraged. Free film compliments Dana and the Pattaya Municipal Government. OFFICIAL PROVISO: No condoms will be sold in Pattaya as of New Year's Eve at 10:00 P.M. when the first incoming 747 painted up to look like a giant can of Foster's beer touches down. If you don't want to have sex do not get on the airplane. Story time is over. You either are a player or you are not a player. If you have opinions and philosophies leave them at home. Better yet: don't even come. Loser.

16. Bargirls and Gogo Girls and Freelancers with the 'Mark of Dana' on them will be off-limits to all Pattaya players. The 'Mark of Dana' will be a picture of me tattooed above the tunnel of love. If you see this it is time to zip up Heinrich or you are going to be butt fucking an ugly mamasan at midnight on the steps of ... well, you know. The first three girls to receive the 'Mark of Dana' will be Fa and Uri and Tum. Don't even think about it. These Dana honeys are off-limits. These girls are so off-limits that ... well, they are off-limits asshole.

Conclusion

Well, that's about it for now guys. Some of these ideas will start at 10:00 P.M. on New Year's Eve when the first planeload of happy smilers arrives direct in South Pattaya without having to catch a bus or a taxi or a car from Bangkok. Some of these ideas are going to be put into action when I am presented with the Medal Of Pattaya (MOP) in October. And many of these ideas are being put into action right now. Like a lightening strike fire streaking across a plain of dry summer grass new ideas are in the wind for Pattaya. Having planes landing every 50-60 minutes on North Pattaya Road or South Pattaya Road or Beach Road or Pattaya

2nd Road disgorging tens of thousands of happy sex tourists and trillions of baht is going to irrevocably and improvingly change the face of South Pattaya. I wouldn't be surprised if in my lifetime the capital of Thailand moves from Bangkok to Pattaya. Who knows?

But for now we do know one thing without doubt or hesitation: in the future when men are leaving their places of employment all over Asia and Europe and India and Malaysia and points further afield early Friday afternoon and boarding planes for Pattaya direct; it will be called 'Doing a Dana'.

So the next time you are strolling down the boardwalk with a Swenson's ice cream cone in one hand and a brown skinned gift from God in the other hand and you hear a sonic boom— look out at the bay. See that ballistic speck pulling a wall of friction fired oxygen flames? That's me baby. Buck naked and burning the watery deck with exhaust at 4500 knots. Just as my GPS issues a Klaxon warning and tells me I have crossed the line that connects the two Pattaya Bay headlands I will sternum slam the yoke and go vertical at 13,000 knots. It's me baby. Dana. It's the weekend and I'm coming in. Boston to Pattaya—two hours.

All Hail Pattaya—All Hail Dana—All Hail Pattaya

107. Take Me To Your Leader

TT&A Part 93 23/7/2005

It's been a great vacation—at 13,000 miles per hour and 60,000 feet you can cover some ground: Rio – Cuba – Cambodia – Angeles City – Vietnam – Dominican Republic – South Miami Beach – Tokyo – Recife – Amsterdam – Kuala Lumpur – Bali – Indonesia: and now Pattaya just over the curve of the earth. Consorting with the women of the world is not only about sex and love; it is my right and obligation as the most superior man in the world. Millions of women fax and email and snail mail and eye mail me requesting my attention and my seed and my strong western arms. At headquarters in the poolside garden condos on the grounds of the Marriot hotel in Pattaya my staff enter incoming data and collate and file and schedule. Once a week I have my ground crew at the A.A. Hotel go over the plane and then I head out to spread more Dana vibes. Hang on girls. I'm doing my best. Dana's coming.

It's been a great three months in the skies and the pussies of the world but I am starting to fade. I'm in need of nourishment, not punishment; so this horse is now headed for the Pattaya barn. I'm anxious to leave testosterone adventures behind and zero in on the latitude and the longitude of Swenson's Ice Cream on Beach Road in South Pattaya. Even though I know all twelve digits of the latitude and longitude coordinates by heart and could direct the plane just by thinking of the destination; I am tired from three months on the love road and distrust my mind. So I manually punch in the nav request and wait for computer chips to do what my own cerebral mainframe computer could normally have done on its own. My mind is so tired. So so tired. I want to go home. Home to Pattaya. When the numbers glow up on the nav screen it is a thrill. Visual confirmation of my state of mind. A mind so tired all it can think of is home. Briefly the two rows of green numbers look like little palm trees. Then a mind-body cockpit Klaxon alarm sounds warning me that I am losing concentration. The plane is looking after me. Like a tired bargirl making a promise to a farang—I mentally pledge to regroup; but first I steal one more look at the latitude and longitude symbols. They are the candle in the window on a dark night and the smile at the door to a weary traveler. I am going home. Home to Pattaya.

Amsterdam was a bore and Cuba was too desperate. South Miami was a kick but better for looking than hooking up. If you don't speak conversational Spanish you are wasting your time. Vietnam had breathlessly beautiful creatures but you had to sneak around like a criminal and the women were too greedy. Tokyo could be great but only if you were Japanese—the culture is just too inclusive. The woman of the Dominican Republic were ready teddies and hot. Enthusiastic fuckers. I'll be going back. But the two best places on the planet outside of Thailand for me were Recife and Rio in Brazil. More on that later. Malaysia sounds scary because of the Muslim influence but you are only going to go to Kuala Lumpur to the 6000 girl whorehouse. Wonderful. Beauty and exotica and friendly smiles and diversity and sheer numbers beyond anything else in the world. This has to be one of the best kept secrets in the world. I'll be returning time and again. But I won't stray more than two streets over unless I have a Koran surgically attached to my forehead. Too dangerous. Similar to the creepy feeling you get now on the bus trip to Angeles City in the Philippines. You might as well have a target painted on you for any unemployed undereducated Muslim punk who hasn't actually read the Koran but thinks you should die for it. Bali and Indonesia were simply wonderful. Lovely chilled out creatures without the mercenary behavior of the now westernized Thais. I'll be returning time and again.

If Bali and Indonesia had more infrastructure they would be in the running with Recife and Rio. Recife and Rio are must returns. Recife is a social urban clusterfuck of vice and chaos and danger and sex. I loved it. Rio on the other hand was just the opposite. Tremendous infrastructure and efficiency and simply astonishing sexual creatures. Beautiful big buxom strong aggressive voluptuous creatures that could rip your jugular vein out of your neck and convince you it was great sex.

But that is all part of the recent vacation past for now. I am now headed for Pattaya. The end of my vacation and my final sexual wind down will be in a familiar place of no particular aspect but many pleasant memories. I pull the yoke back and climb from 38,000 feet to 80,000 feet. There in the weightless wonder of the edge of space I shut the engine down. In the cramped cockpit of a machine that can almost read my thoughts there is time for reflection. In Pattaya I am going to visit with Gary and Oi. Oi was a Patong highliner who has fallen in love. Half Thai and half Japanese and 100% smouldering. Reminds me of Brazil. The confidence of a sexual predator. Japanese face, short Japanese arms, and Thai body. Heartstopping. I hope Gary and Oi invite me to their apartment for coffee. There I will pretend not to look at Oi and she will play with me like a cat plays with a mouse. Gary will know and observe the sexual drama but he is OK with it. Part of the accommodation he has had to learn to share his life with a force field of sexuality greater than his own. The Pattaya experience.

Then I'll visit with David and his long time companion. A solid stable intelligent easy woman that makes you think that marriage might be a good idea. I hope they invite me to their place in Jomtien. I would like to just be a part of a successful pairing. A farang and a Thai woman without issues or dramas. Two birds on a branch. Hip to hip and song to song.

Then it is on to parts of my past. I'll be hooking up with Fa and Uri and Tum and I can't wait. I am just unreservedly excited about meeting them again. Long time hookups. Easy times. Wonderful sex. I have made up T-shirts of these three honeys with photos of their smiling faces laminated on the shirts. An old gift trick that never fails to amaze and please. A man with a gift and an erection. A woman with the need to feel special. A timeless equation.

And then of course there will be just the looking—one of the most pleasant parts of the Pattaya experience. I am not talking about the looking that goes on in the Gogo bars but the daytime observing. Thai women going about the business of their lives. Shopping or traveling or talking to their friends. Dark skinned women with noodle thin arms and small waists and flat tight stomachs and wide cheek bones coming down the escalators in the Royal Garden Plaza. Women of such exotic aspect and sexual power that you are brought to a metabolic halt as they go by. I am 55 years old. For 40 years I identified myself to others and internally as an atheist. Then I came to Thailand. I am not an atheist. I worship women. They are my God. The women of Asia. The women of Pattaya. Pattaya is my church and I don't have to be dragged there to worship. Worshiping in the church of Pattaya has changed my life—changed me. I now have something to believe in. Something to look forward to. Something to give my life meaning.

A Klaxon warning in the cockpit nearly gives me a stroke and snaps me out of my reverie—the gauges show the exterior surfaces are heating up as we drop like a rock into atmospheric soup and the ground is rising up to meet me. I start flicking switches and the cold fusion plant causes the engine to explode and bark and roar like a night time African lion only inches from the tent wall. Terrifying. The capillaries in the backs of my eyes nearly burst from the acceleration as we go from zero miles per hour to the speed of a 38 caliber bullet in seconds. More navigational switches and screen punching and the course for Pattaya is illuminated. My arrival will be late late afternoon. Just for fun I am going to come in from the west with the sun at my back—a mythic entrance of power and advertisement. I am the fastest homo sapiens on this third planet from the sun traveling without passport or obstacle. My existence is my political portfolio and all governments smile and turn away as I enter their airspaces and territorial trivialities. I am Dana.

Down below I pick up the Gulf of Aden as a visual and just start ripping across the Arabian Sea. By the time I hit the Indian subcontinent the leading edges and frontal surfaces of the plane are starting to glow and pulsate. Subharmonic vibrating puts a flutter in the control surfaces that the computer has to dampen and the cockpit starts to house a background groan like an old man having an orgasm. The plane is stressed. Time to sit up and rearrange my internal organs and clear my nostrils and find the Zen center of my mind. Minutes at 13,000 miles per hour has me flashing over India and then it is the Bay of Bengal and dropping down to 13 degrees north latitude for Pattaya. As I start eating up the Andaman Sea I switch on the collision avoidance systems that will identify any arriving or departing planes from Beach Road or South Pattaya Road or North Pattaya Road or Pattaya 2nd Road runways. Pattaya direct aviation has become so popular that it is now like flying into a flock of seagulls at a municipal dump and at anything over 1000 miles per hour there isn't much time for collision avoidance. I have the right to shoot down anything in my flight path but debris dents my tiles so I try to avoid this. So I am now hyperalert—the living embodiment of my place at the top of the evolutionary pile. The scattered green diamonds below and to starboard of the Mergui Archipelago on the western Burma border announce the Bight of Bangkok coming up. Soon I will be headed for Ko Lan as a visual at 4500 miles per hour only 100 feet off the water. Streaking in from the west with the sun at my back no one on the beach in South Pattaya can see the ballistic Dana. But the renting of the fabric of the universe triggers reptilian responses. People start to turn on the seawall and get up from their deck chairs and come out on to the balconies of their skyscraper condos. Like the elephants of Patong that knew a tsunami was coming before they could see it—these South Pattayaites know that Dana is coming. Then there are the sonic booms. It is Dana time. Time for everyone to reflect on the wonders and the joys of life. To key in on my iconic and mythic status as a way to reappraise their own lives. I am on my way to secular godhead status and the earth's six billion beating hearts instinctively know what they can not intellectually process. When sex tourists from Mars arrive and say "Take me to your leader" I will be the chosen one.

Straining to see to seaward the watchers and waiters silently compete to see who will spot me first and gain face through association. Soon there are separate and same-time shouts from the North Pattaya Garden Cliff condos and the roof of the Marriot hotel on Pattaya 2nd Road and the Pattaya Park Tower. I've gone from ballistic speck challenging space and time to an incoming 21st century machine pulling a wall of superheated water and flames and sonic booms behind me. There is a wake of startled fish and a nose cone rainbow before me. As I clear Ko Lan I kill the engine and shut down the fusion plant. Residual power will be channeled into chute deployment, spoilers, control services, electrics, computer and hydraulics. Nothing else will be needed.

This setting sun as a backdrop approach calls for something special. The Skipping Stone approach: or in military parlance; the Military Issue Float Plane Skipping Stone Landing Approach

(MIFPSSLA). We are going to regress to youthful fun. Leave for a moment the technology and the power and the narrow performance margins behind and participate in communal bonding through shared memories. Remember when you were a kid and your dad showed you how to skip a stone across the water? Well tonight this hot mass of brushed plutonium and spent uranium and Thai noodles in epoxy is going to leave the 21st century behind and become a little girls skipping stone on a pond in Isaan. As my airspeed drops to 600 miles per hour I touch down lightly. It is like hitting concrete and my ejection seat sensors slam the seatbelts in so tight I can feel my clavicles and chest wall bones bending but the bay is flat water tonight so there is no ploblum. SAM missile defense undercarriage armor means the aircraft is strong enough; it is just a matter of careful flying. Dip a leading edge and I will never hear the words 'Second Chance' again. Skip-skip-skip-skip-skip-skip-smash-skip-skip-skip-skipskipskipskipskipskip ...! 27 skips and then I deploy the spoilers and chute. Sand contact. Through the windshield I can see my solid gold baht bus pulling up and Tammy the tranny is wading out to carry me ashore.

Now it is party time. Dana Decrees have been issued and municipal palms have been greased. As soon as I touch down all bars have been instructed to put their girls and their sound systems in the streets. Tonight in Pattaya is going to be rocking. I hope I get invited to Gary and Oi's or to David's place in Jomtien with his girlfriend. Something simple and civilized. Then tomorrow I will be on the boardwalk at 9:00 a.m. to pick up Fa. God I'm happy.

It is Pattaya Time. And I am home.

108. My World

TT&A Part 94 30/7/2005

It started out with Noi and I speed walking through the atmosphere at 3000 feet and only 400 miles per hour. For this delta wing rocket that is practically stall speed—falling like a rock speed; but I wanted to show the Bering Strait in winter to Noi as we passed over. The horizon to horizon panoply of iceberg and open water greens and blues and white and silvery glints was lovely. For Noi who has never seen ice and snow or icepack or icebergs or frozen water it was a goggle-eyed experience. Visual exotica and novelty and fun not accessible in Roi Et. For me the experience was more contemplative. It reminded me of when I was flying for the Arctic Circle division of Air America in the 60's training Eskimos to be paratroopers and crossbow assassins in the jungles of Vietnam. Ah memories …!Anyway, as soon as the brown of the eastern shore of the Siberian landmass loomed up I pulled the yoke into Noi's breasts and we topped out at about 60,000 feet. This puppy is just as happy and faster at 80,000 feet but I guess it is just a psychological comfort level thing. A little like playing Craps with $100 chips when logic says that with your historical winning percentages you should be playing with $500 chips. But you are playing with $100 chips because that is where your comfort level is at. It is hard to escape our humanness. My cruising range comfort level is around 60,000 feet. I think once I get up into the weightless periphery of the atmosphere and subspace I feel as if it demands an evolutionary commitment and intelligence from me that maybe I don't have.

Anyway, Noi and I were on our way to a remote site in Russia controlled by a private oil baron whose hobby was collecting British Harrier jump jets. You know, those military jet planes that can take off and land vertically. The plane Noi and I have now is great for world traveling at high speed but once in Thailand it is a little like riding a stallion to the end of the driveway to open the gate. Too much speed. Too much of everything. To fly from Pattaya to Phuket or from Pattaya to BKK or from Pattaya to Chiang Rai or from Pattaya to Rangoon something simpler is needed. Something that can be used as an inter-country or inter-local-Asia commuter. The vertical take off and landing capabilities of the Harrier are ideal. If purchased it would be based on the roof of the Marriott hotel on 2nd Road in South Pattaya and serviced by high-heeled, long-nailed katoeys that I have been putting through aircraft maintenance school. Aging katoeys need a fall back career and participating in the philanthropy of education in Thailand makes me feel good about myself.

When questioning the seller over the phone he said all of the right aviation enthusiastic things about why he collected the planes but I do not believe anything he said. I think he likes the British designed Harriers because they have the Soviet style crude and mean look. They look as if they were assembled out of scrapyard material by mafia thugs as part of some criminal enterprise. Planes for guys with broken teeth and big necks and sausage sized fingers and absolutely no subtlety. Russians peasants dressed up in suits and ties. Planes for killing if not through sophisticated weapons systems then by ramming and smashing and crashing into things with the plane itself. If Noi and I buy this plane we will have to do something to soften it’s appearance. Basically for us it is just going to be a big family fun gravity defying tuk-tuk.

The Harrier was originally a one pilot killing machine with no room in the cockpit for a pack of gum or a second thought. Certainly no room for Noi to make trips with me by sitting on my lap. But this Russian of mystery and rubles deep in the

Korwak mountains has reconfigured one of the planes to have two seats. By eliminating the weight of armor and armament he was able to add a second seat with extended canopy. Using oil well maintenance employees he has rebuilt a plane that will land and take-off vertically and has room for Noi and I. Perfect. Now short inter-Thailand trips will be more practical. From the roof of the Marriott hotel in South Pattaya to the side of Noi's house in Roi Et—travel time 42 minutes. Practical. South Pattaya to Patong Beach—travel time 40 minutes. Etc. By the time I have told Noi for the third time not to touch anything we will usually be wherever we were going in Thailand. "Don't Touch Anything" three times plus "Stop Yelling Into The Headset" should get us to Patong Beach. "Don't Touch Anything" three times plus "Stop Yelling Into The Headset" plus "Stop Taking Off Your Flight Suit" in this subsonic plane should equal Rangoon. "Don't Touch Anything" three times plus "Stop Yelling Into The Headset" plus "Stop Taking Off Your Flight Suit" plus "Stop Throwing Your Teddy Bear Against The Canopy"—well, you get the picture. In fact for all of you that might be considering doing something like this I have made up a Farang Pilot Warning to Bargirl Passenger (FPWBP) chart that translates into sample distances and destinations. In other words: the time it takes to make the warnings to your bargirl passenger times your speed will equal your distance/destination (Warnings X Speed=Destination).

EXAMPLES:

1. WARNING: "Don't Touch Anything" (three times)

DESTINATION: Bangkok, Petchaburi, Hua Hin, and Ayutthaya.

2. WARNING: "Don't Touch Anything" (three times) plus "Stop Yelling Into The Headset"

DESTINATION: Patong Beach (landing on the beach scares the shit out of the Japanese tourists), Roi Et (land next to Noi's mother's house—major FACE), Sangkhla Buri, and Chiang Mai.

3. WARNING: "Don't Touch Anything" (three times) plus "Stop Yelling Into The Headset" plus "Stop Taking Off Your Flight Suit"

DESTINATION: Mae Sai (53 minutes—only 2 minutes 26 seconds in our other plane but there is no place to land—you have to be practical), Rangoon, Phnom Penh, and Viangchan.

4. WARNING: "Don't Touch Anything" (three times) plus "Stop Yelling Into The Headset" plus "Stop Taking Off Your Flight Suit" plus "Stop Throwing Your Teddy Bear Against The Canopy"

DESTINATION: Hanoi, Kuala Lumpur, Sarawak and Bali.

Of course this Bargirl Warning Trip Distance Estimator (BWTDE) is only a guide. Some farang pilots I have talked to feel that a few exasperated "Shutup You Bitch" and insincere "Yes Honey" comments are going to be requirements. I'm not sure. Let's try and be professional about this gentlemen. I am currently trying to get the International Pilots Association and the FAA in the States to approve and endorse this Bargirl Warning Trip Distance Estimator (BWTDE) so a little decorum is probably in order. Of course your Bargirl Warning Trip Distance Estimator comments and distances may differ. And of course it is all right to yell when doing this (issuing warnings en flight) if you want; it is all part of the equation—your bargirl passenger won't mind, she'll just think you are her father or her mamasan or her boyfriend.

Anyway, as you have probably already guessed: we bought the plane. Noi wanted me to teach her to fly. She can not operate anything in civilian life that has moving parts: can opener, village well hand pump, Nana Hotel window drapes, mulberry bark umbrella with sliding toggle, etc. So I said “No”. “No honey, I can not teach you to fly”. To appease her I said she could choose the color and the name of the new plane. I had the plane delivered to the roof of the Marriott Hotel on 2nd Road in South Pattaya and turned it over to my crack katoey maintenance crew. Then I had to fly back to the States to do some consulting work for an organization called M.B.S.B.W.W. (Men Being Screwed By Western Women).

Even though I had given Noi carte blanche in the ‘plane naming’ and ‘plane color choice’ departments before leaving for the States, I took the precaution of providing her with some sample colors and some sample names that hopefully would help her make a good decision and keep her on the right track.

From the hardware store I got some paint chip color samples: gun metal grey, lead grey, ash grey, slate grey, blue grey, flat black, chalk black, pitch black, ink black, coral black, coal black, grey black, blue-grey, blue-black, forest green, grey green, blue green, black green, silver green, olive green and of course silver, and silver grey and silver black. Heads you win; Tails you win. I didn’t really care which color she chose; any one would be OK and she would have had the ego building experience of feeling empowered with choice. I’m smart that way. As a lifetime salesman I am good at manipulating people. I always get my way. No matter which color sample she chose it didn’t matter. When I returned to Pattaya and took the elevator and then the stairs to the roof of the Marriott Hotel I knew that the plane would be resplendent and painted appropriately.

Similarly in the naming department I took some pains to prime the pump. I left a list of names behind to help her—Killer, Marauder, Kicker, Stabber, Pouncer, Deathwish, DanaTime, Stomper, Apocalypse, Fearsome Farang, Soi Dog and Bargirl

Bonker. Again, it really didn't matter that much to me which name she chose—they were all appropriate for a former military killing machine. Heads I win, and Tails I win—I'm smart that way.

When I returned to South Pattaya I was stunned to find that my ex-military Harrier jump jet killing machine had been painted hot lacquer pink with gold and silver glitter on the nosecone and the name under the canopy was Cute Little Teddy Bear. OK, I know what question you are dying to ask me; and the answer is—"Yes, yes; the sex is that good."

So if you are making the 14 hour sleeper train trip from BKK to Chiang Mai one night and you see a pink jet named Cute Little Teddy Bear go blistering by—that's us; Noi and I. Pattaya to the Night Market—43 minutes (or me telling Noi three times to "Not Touch Anything" plus "Stop Yelling Into The Head Set"). See Ya There.

109. Another Day in the Life

TT&A Part 95 6/8/2005

Greeting FF's (Fellow Farangs)—Well, Noi is at the door to my darkroom (we are covering the walls of our condo with pictures of me) with her flightsuit and helmet in one hand and a 20 baht bottle of fresh squeezed orange juice in the other hand. Lately she has developed an extreme liking for these 20 baht plastic bottles of fresh squeezed orange juice so there are now orange stains all down the front of her flight suit. I made a remark about this the other day and her lightning quick steel bear trap Roi Et mind suggested that I should just buy her an orange flightsuit. Maybe I should. OK, I'm a beaten farang. I just don't fight anything anymore. I am now in that part of my farang experience here in the Kingdom where no matter how bizarre or nonsensical or downright insane the idea might seem in the outside world; here in Thailand I now find myself saying "Maybe I should". Here is another example of Life With Noi: Last night she suggested that her teddy bear should also have a flight suit and a helmet and an oxygen mask. I'm actually thinking about it. Stick a fork in me—I'm almost done.

At any rate Noi has developed the notion that we should go visit the State of Florida in the United States. She has heard and the Internet has encouraged that the State of Florida is chock full of orange groves and oranges and orangeobilia and of course orange juice. Although I am not 100% sure how my teeruk Isaan minx mind works I believe that the State of Florida now occupies a place in her mind similar to the head of the Ganges for an Indian mystic or Mecca for a Muslim believer: a source from which all things 'orange juice' flow. I believe that when we get there she expects to see a Thai temple shaped like a 20 baht plastic bottle of orange juice and smell orange peel incense. Disabusing her of this notion would take more emotion and time and energy than I have but the idea of going to Florida does have some appeal. The flora and the fauna and the weather are similar to Thailand, the amount of low class behavior and litter is about the same, there are plenty of beautiful empty-headed mercenary Thai women about, and there about the same number of nonworking air conditioners and spooky fruits and snakes. We'll both have a great time. Hell, I might even be able to find an orange flight suit for her or for her teddy bear in one of the orange grove gift shops.

So that's it—Noi and I are leaving soon. In a couple of hours at 13,000 miles per hour and 60,000 to 80,000 feet we will be sonic booming into Florida airspace. No time to send our triangular-toothed katoey bodyguards ahead so it will be just Noi and I acting as tourists. Kool. I'll have the grin of the returning pilgrim and Noi's mouth and flight suit will be covered with orange juice stains. Works for me. But that is not really what I want to talk about today. What I really want to talk about today is a more personal and intimate part of my life so I hope that people will respect that. It isn't always easy for me to open up and to share. It is a story called:

Bad Bad Bangkok Girl

Inside the Mike Shopping Mall on the north end of Beach Road in South Pattaya is a store that sells women's wigs. Jet black wigs with long straight hair that falls to the backs of your girlfriend's knees. Or your knees. OK—let's cut to the chase. Ever wondered what it would be like to dress like a bargirl? Of course you have. It's natural. I can't be the only one. Put on a rockin' CD of blues guitar by B.B. King and crank it up to maximum volume on your giant speakers. Hit the dimmer switch and replace all the bulbs with purple lights. Get naked in your hotel room. Jack off. Now you are loose and ready. Pull the box out of the back of the closet and start pulling out the clothes. The clothes for tonight. Your night. No one else. It's you time. Private time. Man time. Men can do anything they want and some men like to dress up like bargirls. I know I do.

I've got about five outfits that are old friends. But one of my favorites is the schoolgirl look. Short pleated skirt with suspenders, white button blouse, little short white socks and black loafers. Add a bra (or not) and a little backpack. Schoolbooks and smile and wig and teddy bear. Now you are ready for some serious pleasure. Private pleasure. Dancing and posing and mirrors and dressing and undressing and pouting and talking and moaning and crying. Schoolgirl stuff. Man stuff. Thailand.

So lets put the stack of tunes on for tonight:

Chilly Cha Cha—J.J. Girl
You Promised Me—In Grid
Stop Stop Stop—Nu Virgos (great for pulling the underpants box out of the closet)
Can't Get You Out Of My Head—Seduction
The Ketchup Song—Glamour
Don't Call Me Baby—Madison Avenue (great for pouting)
Give Me A Sign—Jean Michel Jarre
Sun Is Shining—Technique (good for shaving and cold cream action)
Butterfly—by Smile
La Copa De La Vida—by Football All-Stars (good for post-copulation pick-me-up)
D.I.S.C.O.—N Trance (good for putting bras on and then taking them off)
Boom Boom Boom Boom—Vengaboys (great for dick pounding inflatable Wan)
Macarena—Los Del Rio
My Heart Will Go On—Titanic All-Stars

Papa's Got A Brand New Pigbag—Carillo
Dhoom Dhoom—Tata Young
Bounce—Sarah Connor (fun—fun tune for putting underpants on teddy bear)
L-L-Lie by Diana King
I Don't Know—Erika
Into The Groove—Mad House
We Know What You Did—Svenson & Gielen (outstanding for inflatable doll love)

plus some heavy Howlin' Wolf, The Sinatra Song by Miss Kitten and The Hacker (there is always time for perversion), some select Zappa, some four and half octave Yma Sumac (you can't get too much Peruvian opera), some Mambo by Lou Bega, Bjork, Teresa Young, spooky sexy Sade, Super Freak by Rick James, and All Along The Watchtower by Neil Young.

In my normal everyday king-of-the-world intellectually superior white western male life I haven't got the patience for the top list of immature adolescent bubblegum pop crap but remember: this is Dress Up Like A Bargirl night. Rachmaninov's Symphony #2 and Pavarotti's interpretation of Puccini's Madame Butterfly and Johannes Brahms Symphony #4 (Opus 98 in E minor) and the Partita No. 4 in D Major by J.S. Bach simply are not going to make it. What is needed is bouncy brainless female centered youthful junk. This list of tunes is time tested, diverse, and lengthy enough so that the Bangkok dawn's early light will still find my brain waves crackling and happy. It seems like a lot of tunes but it really isn't. It is midnight now and I won't be done until sunup. That's about six hours. Hell, I've got 50 bras and 200 different underpants to try on. Most of them in the original store bags and packages and wrappings. Hey, I'm not a pervert—I'm a collector. Plus the pictures and videos. You know it baby. I had a photographer geek set me up for studio quality still pictures and my friend Nip will be over in about four hours for some video action (she can't come too soon—I've got to get shaved and cold creamed first). In and out. Quick. Like she wasn't even here. And of course there is the relationship between my bargirl persona (I call myself Bang) and the inflatable doll I call Wan. Tonight Wan will be wearing an outfit identical to the outfit favored by a bargirl who works in the bar next to J.P. Travel on Soi 4. This outfit is all black and totally hot with lots of fishnet holes and silver accents and jewelry and black stiletto heel boots. I've been mooning over and making eyes at this woman for years to absolutely no effect. Well tonight Wan is going to get 'Banged'. She is going to find out about girl love. All girls dream of being raped by horses and of having relationships with other women. Well, tonight half of those dreams are going to come true. So there are just tunes enough.

If I ever win the lottery I might do some different things. An on-site DJ might be nice and some bleachers filled with groupies and social anthropologists might be fun if I ever decide to make this kind of pleasure a little more public. Ultimately I like to do some of this private pleasure on the roof of a building in downtown Bangkok with night time helicopters overhead and MBK opening night klieg lights and arrest and public humiliation and pictures in the Bangkok Post newspaper. Big dreams. This girl has big dreams. But for now six hours of personal pleasure stretches out ahead.

There is lots to do. It'll take all night. Different short skirt and suspender combinations. Different white blouses to try on. Heels as well as loafers. Different backpacks and teddy bears and a whole box of panties with cartoon characters on them. Then there are challenges of make-up and dress-up and cell phone issues as well as boyfriend problems and vaginal yeast infections and sex toys and mammary exams and picture books and diary entries. And don't even get me started on skin whitening products. There is an hour right there. And of course always the responsibility of the journal. Making entries and remarks about each outfit and make-up choices as well as their effect on Wan. Taking things seriously. I hate trivial and undignified people. So so much to do. So many choices to make. So many personal girl dramas to deal with. Mood changes. Many mood changes and trips to the mini-fridge for beers and whiskey. Sunups early morning light through the drapes at the Nana will find me somewhere in the hotel room passed out with the pleated schoolgirl skirt up around my neck. The teddy bear will be in some other part of the hotel room wearing Tweety Bird underpants and suspenders. Wan will be deflated on the bed (tough love). Another great night in Thailand. God I love this country.

I know what you are thinking. You want to do this with me. Sure you do. All men want to get naked with me and pretend to be bargirls and dance and get drunk and pretend the life-size teddy bear wearing the Tweety Bird underpants is a post op tranny. It's OK. I know where you are coming from. I feel your pain. But this is a personal thing. I can't dilute the dignity of this by getting others involved. Sorry. Oops, there is someone at the door. I'll just look through the peephole to see who it is. Great Christ, it's my parents. Forgot they were coming over. Oh, and I've been a bad bad Bangkok girl. I hate it when my daddy spanks me. And mommy watches. Gotta go.

110. Katoey Dick Seeker

TT&A Part 96 13/8/2005

Sa Wa Dii Khrap Dana Watchers; or should I say: Dana and Noi Watchers—

The Noister and I are currently punching back into the atmosphere over Texas at 13,000 blistering miles-per-hour. I'm temporarily off autopilot. The evidence is that the computer can fly the plane better than I can but when the buffeting and shaking and jumping starts I like to have the hands-on experience of flying the plane. Anyway, Noi and I are on our way to a remote government facility where the US astronauts' space suits and air flight suits are manufactured. In return for some super secret favors from me that are so incredibly unbelievably super secret that I can not even think of going into them the United States government has agreed to make a flight suit and helmet and oxygen mask for Noi's teddy bear. So Noi is happy and I am happy and the teddy bear will be happy. The United States may be a flawed nation with flawed citizens and a flawed record but any country that can make a flight suit and helmet and oxygen mask for a Bangkok whore's teddy bear is a great nation that will probably rule for the next 1000 years. All Hail America. But that is not really what I want to talk about.

What I want to talk about is that our long range high speed plane does not have a name. Our inter-Thailand inter-local-Asia Harrier jump jet is of course named Cute Little Teddy Bear; but the humming pulsating glowing delta wing rocket we are in now does not have a name. So we are asking our loyal Thai friends and farang friends to help us name the plane. If you have any ideas send them in. Just to help you with some name parameters: it should be short and pithy and reflect Thai culture and reflect the fact that Noi and I are mated for life and hopefully say something about how hansum I am. Some names I think we can discount right from the start. Names like Noi's Toy and Cute Little Teddy Bear II and Dana's Delight and Hansum Man and Roi Et Rocket (clever—almost a winner) are simply too obvious and pedestrian. So let's dig down deep and try a little harder. Keep in mind that this plane travels the world's skies without permission or paperwork. It is the chariot of one who is on his way to becoming a secular godhead. The final name will be announced on this website. But that is not really what I want to talk about today.

What I really want to talk about today is that I am now negotiating through my holding company Dana Industries to take my most recent invention worldwide. The need for this invention was first illuminated in the tranny bars of Bangkok and luckily had the bright light of my tranny hungry genius shown upon it. Word of mouth or I should say; word-of-farang and word-of-tranny has catapulted this originally Thai based invention from obscurity to morning Thai TV chat show centerpiece in less time than it takes a Patpong hooker to lie to a German tourist. So it is now time to get Thai movers and shakers and money men involved in the pesky and wonderfully profitable problems of manufacturing and distribution and franchising and stock exchange offerings and world wide sales efforts. Thai brokers asked me to include in the first public offering prospectus a historical document that would give the investor a flavor of how the whole katoey invention thing started. That historical document follows and is entitled:

Katoey Dick Seeker

There are two ways to go through life. One is by bluffing and lying and the other way to go through life is by pretending that life is a prison exercise yard. The problem with the bluffing and lying route is that after a while it doesn't work anymore. As you age you just can't pull it off. People just don't believe you—they start to pity you. The prison exercise yard way of going through life is just the opposite. No bluffing and lying. Nobody is going to believe your tired ass little stories and silly macho body language so what is the point. Just tell the truth. It is easier. That is how I live my life. I pretend that I am in a prison exercise yard. I expect to be beaten up at any time and I tell people of minority status and color that I do not approve of their lifestyles or music or women. After most of your bones have been broken and your internal organs have been damaged there isn't much more they can do to you. So finally you are free. Free to express yourself. Free to be you.

"Hey spic licker—nice wool hat; I love the fact that you are wearing a wool hat even though it is 99 degrees in the shade. Where do I line up to get a brain like that?" Works for me.

So in the interests of truth telling and acting like real men let's just cut to the chase on something: there is not a man alive who does not hunger for a little katoey action sometime. Your mouth may be saying no at the yacht club cocktail party in Edgartown on a hot August night as they auction off the used life preservers to benefit the local chapter of the Feminist Bitch Brigade—but a month later in Bangkok as you enter the Cascade Bar at the Nana Entertainment Plaza your pants will look like you are about to do a demo at a tentpeg convention. The problem is in the shopping. Oh sure you can see the glitter and the moves and the stylings and the attitudes right up front in the tranny bars. The problem is that if you want your cake to have a little more than just frosting and candles you can't see what you are going to get until you get back to the hotel room. And then, especially in Thailand, you are often very disappointed.

The reason you are often very disappointed in Thailand is because you either get a little three inch dark doggie dick that no one can do anything with or you get a great large heavy thing that you can't pull the foreskin back on. The little doggie dicks are useless. Maybe it is just me but if you can't hold a soaking wet bath towel up with your erection and whistle at the same time you haven't got a ticket to ride. And the Thai foreskins ... Believe me I have seen my share of penises but Thailand is the only country where apparently from birth to death a Thai male never pulls his foreskin back once. Why this would be is simply beyond me. I am not that smart. I put this mystery in the same category as black holes in space and why women can't parallel park. Like every other mystery that farangs come in contact with in Thailand I suppose it has something to do with Buddhism.

Anyway ... you can't pull the foreskin back. Put a pair of vice grips on the thing and pull and you get nothing. The foreskin has grown over the bulb and it ain't moving. Hook two curved shark fishing hooks into the foreskin on either side; attach them to tiny block-and-tackles that you happen to have attached to the bed posts and pull on the ropes. Nothing. The foreskin ain't moving. And believe me if by some chance you do happen to get the katoey foreskin off the bulb of this great leviathan penis you will regret it. The first thing to hit you from the penis of this hygienically challenged katoey is the smell. Thai roaches don't even put up a fight. They just flip over on their backs and hold up little signs that say "Kill Me". The second thing that will assault your delicate cultured educated urbane senses is the sight. There growing under this foreskin for the last twenty years is a green garden Petri dish of bacteria that looks like something you would use to clone two headed Martian microbes. No thanks. The sight is so repulsive that it actually wakes your sleeping reptilian cortex that instantly sends out a danger signal that tells you not to go near that puppy. Or in my case because my reptilian cortex is a little more chatty—"Don't go near that penis unless you strap it down and hit it with a blowtorch first." But then I never have a blowtorch when I need one.

So I have come up with an invention that I think will go a long way towards eliminating this awkward social problem of not knowing what you are going to get when the meat wagon comes to town. You know those surveillance mirrors that they use at border crossings to look under cars? Sure you do. It is a bendy little mirror attached to a long stick. You are coming back from Tijuana and the guard at the border gets down on his hands and his knees and he slides the mirror under your '88 Buick Electra to see if you are smuggling in teddy bears and black velvet pictures of Jesus and red felt sombreros (Mexican culture—what a fucking joke—10,000 years since they came over the Bering Sea land bridge and all they have is big hats and the word gringo). Officially the pole mounted mirrors are called Vehicle Undercarriage Inspection Mirrors. They are round convex lightweight acrylic mirrors mounted on an infinitely adjustable swivel with a heavy rubber rim to prevent damage. These pole mounted vehicle undercarriage surveillance mirrors come with or without wheels. Well, this bendy little mirror thing is like manna from heaven for katoey shoppers. The official vehicle undercarriage surveillance mirrors come in two sizes: 12" Standard and 8" Mini. My invention will be a mirror that is only 3"—it will be called the Katoey. I am going to attach them to one foot bamboo (there is always time for marketing) handles instead of poles. The mirror handles will have some inlayed elephants and shit and I will sell them as Katoey Dick Seekers. Sounds sort of manly and military (more marketing—I'm smart that way). Sometimes when I am walking down Sukhumvit I actually start to weave and get lightheaded when I consider my intelligence. Anyway, the Katoey Dick Seekers won't have the little wheels that the border crossing Vehicle Undercarriage Surveillance Mirrors have but I will keep the hard rubber rims. You never know what you are going to bump into in a katoey's pants. Believe me I know. I once saw a katoey sneaking out of room 406 at the Nana Hotel. Well ... one thing led to another; and I discovered a gold Rolex watch, laptop computer, wallet, gold chain, two ATM cards, cell phone, Nikon D1X digital camera, antique brass Russian samovar, and a Sony HVR-Z1E handheld camcorder in her pants. She said she had no idea how they got there. She was a big dick post-op. I guess she had the room.

Anyway, this is how you use the Dana Industries Katoey Dick Seekers. You go into the katoey bar of your choice and after spotting a likely candidate you slide the mirror down her pants and have a look around. Believe me she won't complain. If you are short like me she will most likely be nuzzling your neck and moaning in your ear while you are doing this so beware; concentration is everything. Of course what you are looking for are those two dreaded meat wagon offerings; the doggie dick and the foreskin fright. And it barely needs notating that you are also on the lookout for the rare but dreaded post-op katoey. Jesus suffering Christ what a waste. Who in their right mind would want to take a perfectly good katoey and turn her into a woman? If I wanted to waste time with that whole scene I would have just stayed in Boston and gone to my high school reunion. Fat white chicks with slobbering slits. No thank-you; I can dream a better dream than that. But this post-op katoey fiasco does not happen very often (thank God). Usually what the Katoey Dick Seeker will spot is stupid little doggie dicks and big foreskin challenged dicks you wouldn't go near unless you were wearing a toxic waste dump suit. These big meaty puppies would register on a salt water fishing tournament scale but what can you do with them? Beats me. That's why the KDS (Katoey Dick Seeker) is so important. You never know what you might find in a katoeys pants. Sometimes you might even spot a little red felt sombrero hat or a little grossed out teddy bear or a black velvet painting of

Jesus in a katoey's pants; but again, that is rare. Usually it is just going to be doggie dicks and foreskin horrors in the mirror. Almost all of the time this is what you are going to find. So you just move on. You might have to go to five or six katoey bars and slide the Katoey Dick Seeker down the pants of 100 katoeys before you hit pay dirt. But heh, that is one of the wonders and the joys of being a sensitive tourist and mixing with the locals.

So anyway, I am now gearing up to sell these Katoey Dick Seeker surveillance mirrors. Soon you'll see them next to the wooden motorcycles and the dungaree purses and the sunglasses on the steps in front of the Royal Garden Plaza on Beach Road in South Pattaya. I'll get some early morning tranny cruisers to help me market the things (stick them in their pants for Japanese perverts). Keep your eye out for advertisements. And if you see me in a bar sliding the Katoey Dick Seeker with the elephant inlaid bamboo handle in a katoeys pants don't bother saying hello. I'm busy. The Viagra hits in forty minutes and I gotta keep moving. See you around the exercise yard.

111. Enemy at the Gate

TT&A Part 97 20/8/2005

In the old days sailing ships needed to be able to establish both latitude and longitude to accurately know where they were on the Earth's surface. But until John Harrison's chronometer it was not possible to know one's longitude with accuracy because longitude is precise time dependent. So ocean sailing vessels would drop 'down to' or sail 'up to' the latitude of the destination port and then Run the Latitude Down. In other words just stay on that latitude until they hit their destination. It took longer and was inelegant but it worked. Best to arrive late and inelegantly than not to arrive at all.

That's what Noi and I are doing now. We left Rio de Janeiro not long ago and somewhere off the western shore of northern Peru we lost all military GPS and automatic waypoint functions. Pushing hard to get to Pattaya for the Jazz and Bargirl Bikini Festival the first cockpit Klaxon was to notify me that the ship was flexing too much. Booming along at 90,000 feet and 14,000 screeching miles-per-hour (new enriched uranium chili fuel mix) the ship just started to change shape. The leading edges started to elongate and compress the trailing edges and the control surfaces started to balloon and the fuselage started to pump as it fought to find harmonic structural equilibrium. Imagine an Isaan wonder standing in her farang financed walk-in closet with 300 hangers and not being able to decide what to wear. Well, the ship has too many shape options at 14,000 incandescent hot miles-per-hour and can't decide what shape it wants to be. Not good.

I haven't even pressed this puppy with the new chili fuel mix but I can see that the top end will have to be about 14,000 miles-per-hour and that speed only used for short periods of time for important reasons. Like for instance if the Diamond A GoGo on

Soi Diamond is having a bargirl dance contest. You don't want to be late for something like that and even Noi agrees that jacked up Ya Ba dancing pussy is worth risking your life for. Another example would be if a new air conditioner was being delivered to the house. No fucking way are you going to be late for that. If you had to attend the delivery of your new 800,000 BTU turbo-charged plutonium-mist chili gas fired air conditioner and Chang beer ice cube maker or be there for the birth of your first child; I am sure you would make the right decision.

A woman can delivery six and a half pounds of future debt in a coma. Your attendance at the 'joy of birth' is just part of the new feminist politically correct mantra to get you to buy into working your ass off at the chicken plucking plant for the next 20 years. But no Thai delivery guys are going to be able to deliver and unload and carry your 800,000 BTU's air conditioner up five flights of stairs in a coma. You gotta be there. You gotta watch. You gotta participate. You gotta smile. You gotta pretend to care. You gotta love them. You gotta be sensitive to their needs. Just pretend they are your wife. Only they are doing something useful and important.

Put your heart where you mean it. No historical event has more importance than the delivery of a new air conditioner in a tropical country. Kick out the jams baby and open the throttle. But a hot ship getting hotter bears watching. Once practical infinity is reached and the heat vectors and speed vectors cross on the graph of your life you won't be filing any more flight plans. The clever man invention called a plane will become a molten blob of metal full of highly excited subatomic particles and you won't need some 'not-getting-enough-sex' physicist to explain it to you in terms of String Theory. Things just got too fuck shit hot. So I watch the nose cone tiles now and when it looks like I could read a newspaper through them I throttle back.

Anyway …
I killed the fusion plant and put our delta winged chariot into a glide while I tried to puzzle out navigational issues. Noi has designed a bikini for the Bargirl Bikini Festival that is made up of old ATM cards from ex-boyfriends. Little holes were drilled around the outside edges of the cards and then they were all linked together with gold alloy wire. The bikini sparkles and glints in the sun and moves when she moves in a very unusual way. She is anxious to try it out and I am anxious to see her smile as she wins the BBFC (Bargirl Bikini Festival Contest). So we are on the same wavelength; my Noi and I—but unfortunately the ship is not cooperating.

So it is Plan B time. I have punched the approximate latitude (the minutes and seconds will come later) of Swenson's Ice Cream in South Pattaya, Thailand into an old computer program and we are now booming along on 13 degrees North latitude like the maritime wanderers of yesteryear. Life is full of compromises. We are doing about 6000 miles per hour in the relative atmospheric soup of 3000 feet. Any albatross or tern or booby or miscellanea sky denizen interlopers will be shot down with delta wing mounted 20mm Gatling cannon loaded with 00 buckshot. We have to get home. No need to worry about airliner traffic at this attitude and no need to worry about flexing fatigue in this aging test platform warhorse. When we get to Pattaya I will have the crack katoey maintenance crew disassemble the airframe and control surfaces and x-ray everything. We will arrive late and inelegantly but at least we will arrive. Sometimes flying is like Noi and I having sex. We just want to arrive together.

It may be time to contact NASA and the Pentagon in the States and call in some chits. Either repair in return for some favors from the past or a whole new plane. If it is a repair scenario I would like a reconfigured cockpit with two seats. Having the

Noister on my lap when I know she is draining into her urine bag is a little too much intimacy. It is a little like holding a soi dog out the window of your baht bus when you are driving. You can hold him while he is peeing but you kinda wish you didn't have to.

If it becomes a new plane scenario I am partial to a 3/4 size stretched F117A Nighthawk with Space Shuttle tiles, SAM undercarriage armor for Skipping Stone approaches (re: TT&A Part 93—MIFPSSLA), F22 Raptor style engine thrust vectoring, and a reconditioned X15 engine powered by a standard cold fusion nuclear reactor and uranium enriched plutonium pressurized chili quark mist fuel. The fuel mix will be so explosive and so stable and so efficient and generate so little heat that it will violate Einsteinian and Quantum laws of physics. Construction will be by Groom Lake/Area 51 Lockheed Skunk Works employees flown into Thailand in blacked out 747's with terrorist POW burlap bags over their heads.

I could tell you where the new plane would be constructed in Thailand if it comes to that but then I would have to kill you. Either way the Isaan Angel From Heaven (EAFH) and I will be back in business. Cruising the world's skies with the crazy quilt stitchery of the insane in search of sun, sea, surf, sand, som tan and sex. Myself on the way to Secular Godhead Satus (SGS) and Noi on the way to post-bargirl dementia and the figure of a bowling ball.

Of course this will invariably mean squiring some engineers in short-sleeved white shirts and polyester pants around a red-light district in Bangkok but that is OK. There is no such thing as one hand clapping. You have to give a little to get a lot. While touring the aircraft plants in the States and laughing at the officers' jokes and showing the blueprints I will casually mention that if any designers find the idea appealing Noi and I might be able to give them a tour of a Bangkok red-light district. They will light up like rockets at the May Rocket Festival in Yasothon and be all over the project like soi dogs on a Khao San Road spring roll. Our plane troubles will go away. Whoever said that the way to a plane designer's heart was through his stomach hadn't spent enough time fucking. It's dick power that counts baby and Noi and I will deliver the goods to these gifted aeronautical dweebs that still have comic book collections.

Of course, because of the recent and unfortunate changes in the Bangkok red-light district scene; naked women are scarcer than a Bangkok department stores 100% Money Back policy. So Noi and I will set up our own dedicated party zone for the visiting newbies from Texas. I'll notify some expat subterranean money men in the Kingdom and we will erect an entire red-light district on the vacant lot next to the Nana Skytrain Station. A 90 day lease should cover construction time, showtime, and demolition.

We will staff the bars with dead reliable contract players from the past. Women who have left the muck and the mire of pedestrian red-light district games and risen to the top. Women with ice water in their veins and barbed wire in their pussies and razor blades in their morning gargle. Tough happy smilers who can suck the chrome off a trailer hitch and open bottles of Chang with their rectums. All the girls will be naked. All the dancers and all the wait staff and all the bartenders and all the female DJ's and all the mamasans (think water buffalo without the horns) and all the front door girls and all the cashiers will be naked. The NASA officials and Pentagon brass and private contractors and designers will think this is modern Siam.

We will have separate entrances and exits on Sukhumvit Road and the two wrap-around-the-block contiguous roads and every night we will change the entrances and the exits and the bar signs and the colored lights and the fake street touts and the locations of the mystery meat and flower necklace and fried insect vendors, and switch the girls from bar to bar. The contract players will switch names and make-up and shoes and purses and perfumes and languages (Khmer—Tues: Central Thai—Wed, etc) and we will import different katoey cruisers every night and instruct them to grab balls and pick pockets.

The Texas beef eating geeks (TBEG's) will think they have been to three red light districts in big bad naughty Bangkok (BBNB—these dweebs love military sounding acronyms). They'll never be the wiser and Noi and I will get repaired plane or new plane attention. It'll all work out but right now I've got to regroup and dig down deep like a hayseed barnstormer in a thunderstorm and get this aging coughing lurching navigationally crippled puppy to the Soi 13 South Pattaya beach. Noi has radioed ahead (I can barely believe she can do this—what a life I am living) and the solid gold baht bus is on the way to pick us up and the triangular shaped teeth katoey bodyguards/aircraft maintenance crew is on standby.

I had the cockpit black box camera take a picture of my Noi's crying face. We will not get to the Pattaya Jazz Festival and Bargirl Bikini Contest in time. So I have promised her that I will get her into the next installment of the Bangkok Post's social pages or the Pattaya Mail's Community Happenings pages. There at a Hi-So Bangkok gallery opening or a Pattaya Municipal Government Dengue Fever Eradication awards ceremony or a picture of local monks blessing Chonburi's newest desalination plant will be my beautiful Noi in high heels and glorious smile and a dress made up of old ATM cards from now insolvent farang. It will all work out. I love Noi.

The delta wing rocket is starting to shake and jump and pull like a terrier on a leash. The stall alarm has gone off but we are flying level. Now getting multiple redlinings and flashing lights—the Klaxon alarm has gone off. Noi is crying. Suddenly I am feeling my age and I wish I could hold Noi's teddy bear. There is a third presence in the cockpit. Mortality.

What are the four worst words that any human can hear?

"Enemy at the gate."

Well, the enemy is at the gate for Noi and I. Mortality is knocking. This puppy needs altitude or the teddy bear is going to be swimming. Sitting on my lap Noi feels like a sack of cement—a dead weight drained of spirit and hope. She has stopped crying but gone rigid with fright. She is waiing the cockpit Buddha and her lips are moving. I hope she is supplicating for both of us.

I can see the green meeting the blue of the Philippines on the horizon line. Part of me would like to set this tired warhorse down on a Philippine beach. But the crack katoey maintenance crew would be hard to reach and transport, I don't speak Tagalog, and Noi hates Catholics. So for a lot of bad reasons we are going to keep pushing. Because of my love for this woman I am going to violate every safe flying rule that I have had branded on my brain in the last 37 years. If we do not make it then I will have chosen to immolate myself in love. Come on 'plane-o-mine'—I'll take you home to Pattaya to rest on the beach and shade under the palms.

I am having trouble seeing because of the tear ducts that want to burst ... It will all work out ... kinda wish I had named the plane after Noi ... always meant to do that. The plane needs altitude ... Noi is now holding the cockpit Buddha and the teddy bear and me: a triumvirate at the end of my life that I would never have predicted.

I ... love ... you ... Noi ...!

112. A Square Egg

TT&A Part 98 27/8/2005

Hello Dana and Noi fans:

Well, if you are a fan of the absurd and of the improbable you are going to love this—WE ARE ALIVE. That's right. We are alive. I am alive. Noi is alive. We are both alive man. Last time you checked in on us we were ploughing towards the east coast of the Philippines in a sick plane. Noi was clutching the cockpit Buddha and the teddy bear and me. I was clutching the yoke and my heart. To the layman the plane would have looked good booking at 400 miles-per-hour and 3000 feet but 400 miles-per-hour is a long ways down from 6000 miles-per-hour in this delta winged rocket; and is either takeoff or landing or 'something is seriously wrong' speed. The notion that this great limping beast would be flying low and slow was so out of context regarding it's past performance history that it was almost as if I was having a Rod Serling Twilight Zone moment.

The speed was dropping and the altitude was dropping and our hopes were dropping. The cockpit was a heart attack of flashing lights and Klaxon alarms and two hearts on the cusp of fibrillation. Booming over coastal Filipino fishermen I am sure we looked like we were flying level but I knew we were dropping faster than a French border crossing gate. Like your wife's breasts—you know gravity is winning. Day to day you can't see any changes but you know those puppies are dropping. Well the plane was losing altitude and the green of terra-too-firma was filling up the windshield. We didn't boom and screech over the beach so much as drag and dawdle and amble. From the time I spotted the green of the Philippines until we knocked nuts from the beach palms I felt as if I could have knitted Noi a pink holder for her cell phone. Then we entered the patchwork quilt green world of the Philippines. Commitment made and no turning back. No hard or watery landing spots between the Philippine beach at 13 degrees north latitude and Pattaya Bay, Thailand. We were either going to make it or there was going to be flying monkey shit in some slumbering jungle.

Up ahead and in my mind I was reviewing the 13 degrees north latitude visuals on the way to the beach contact point in South Pattaya at Soi 13. I had the names and profiles and VFA's demarcated in Thai so that Noi could shout them out to me as we dragged over. As soon as we cleared the palms of Tabaco I threw the old Latitude-Visual-Waypoints (LVW) three dimensional, bi-lingual, four color resolution, holographic, talking glow screen up on the windshield and Noi took over.

The list was:

Philippines:
South Logonoy Gulf, Tabaco, Mayon Volcano, and Halcon Mountain—Mindoro.

Vietnam:
Ninh Ma and Khanh Duong.

Cambodia:
Sambor, Kompong Thom, Tonle Sap Lake, and Pailin.

Then Thailand.

But it was no go. Either the plane was dropping or the ground was coming up but the result was going to be the same. Then I remembered my father. When I was receiving instruction on how to be a man in the basement of our house my dad taught me many things. He taught me how to make wooden Bowie knives with a coping saw and a piece of one inch pine board. He taught me how to sort nuts and bolts and washers and screws. He taught me how to put hinged backs on birdhouses for easy cleaning.

And he taught me that if a machine or a power tool is not working well than you either clean it; or you quickly turn it off, count to ten, and then turn it on again. These two things: cleaning or switch flipping often work. No one knows why. Least of all me. I'm not a monkey wrench junkie. In fact, I had to drop out of the University of Michigan Engineering School because I couldn't operate a mechanical pencil.

Dad—I'm a man and you're not so listen to me son. When machines and power tools don't work well you have two options.

Me—Options Dad?

Dad—Never mind, just listen. Your mother is going to call us to lunch soon and she is on the warpath.

Me—Why is mom on the warpath?

Dad—Well, last night I was relaxing on the couch watching one of those Tata Young specials when I heard your mother start yelling in the bedroom in Thai. Then I heard the sound of a whip cracking. Then in English she shouted "Get up on the bed Bigboy—Mama needs some Boom-Boom". Well I was a little slow in the Boom-Boom department so now your mom has a thistle in her panties.

Me—What's Boom-Boom?

Dad—Never mind. That's for later. It's on a need-to-know basis.

Me—Dad, I heard mom talking to her sister Poom on the cellphone last night and she said you have a Teenie Weenie.

Dad—What else did she say?

Me—Never mind. That's for later. It's on a need-to-know basis.

Dad—Alright you little smart mouth now listen to me and I'll give you a life lesson about machines and power tools that may save your life one day.

Me—OK

Dad—Basically, when machines and tools don't work properly you do two things. One is shut them off and clean them and then restart them. This often works.

Me—Why?

Dad—No one knows. It's sort of like why does our dog eat it's own shit. No one knows.

Me—Maybe it's on a need-to-eat-shit basis.

Dad—The second thing you can do is just shut the machine off, count to ten, and then turn the machine back on. This frequently works.

Me—Dad, not for nothing; but this is lamer than Space Summer Camp for Retards.

Mom—Kuhnies, it's lunch time.

Dad—OK, son let's scramble and don't mention the Boom-Boom thing to your mother.

Me—How about the Teenie Weenie thing?

Anyway, I thought of my father and all that he had taught me. Having Noi pilot the plane while I crawled outside to clean it did not seem that practical. We were only going about 400 miles-per-hour but I figured it would be hard to keep my nails dug into the tile gaps. I'm smart that way. But I figured I could flip a switch. So that is what I did. I flipped the switch, shut the fusion reactor down and counted to ten. Then I flipped the switch of the fusion reactor on again. There was a heart stopping pregnant pause and then the ass end of the plane exploded and barked and squealed like an elephant sized chicken giving birth to a square egg. The rear of the plane swerved and rocked and dropped and then we were hit with massive G loads crushing us into our seats. Noi's lips peeled back from her teeth until she looked like a soi dog defending a chicken bone. Even the teddy bear's black shiny plastic lips were stretched back as he crushed into Noi's breasts. 400 miles-per-hour to 6,000 miles-per-hour in seconds. And altitude? Going for altitude baby. Show me the stars. No more flashing lights and warning alarms—the cockpit suddenly as quiet as the inside of your teeruks brain. Flaps, ailerons, and control surface shape shifters happy to take part. Me whooping and Noi gasping for breath and laughing. God bless Dad for teaching his nine year old son a life lesson in the basement. Kinda regret lying to him about the whole Teenie Weenie thing.

Don't you know we went for max altitude. Going for the stars man—leaving terra-too-firma and mortality behind. Ripping skyward like a 20mm cannon shell. Maybe we won't stop: Noi and Teddy and I—just go to the Pleiades and beyond. Mixing with the Seven Sisters and eventually spreading Pattaya vibes into cosmic dust from here to eternity. Maybe …

Never did see any of the Vietnamese or Cambodian visuals. Just blue sky and Venus in the windshield. Once we entered Chonburi airspace I shut the reactor off and we did long lazy figure eights as we glided down towards Pattaya Bay. Noi lost her composure and tried to call people on her cell phone and I let my tear ducts burst. We lifted the visor on the teddy bear's helmet and held him up to the window. News of our travel travails had preceded us and the beach was lined with bargirls holding up teddy bears wearing orange flight suits and helmets and oxygen masks (now sold all over Thailand—DanaIndustries.com). As I brought the plane in for a skipping stone approach (TT&A Part 93—MIFPSSLA); I held on a little too long before splashdown so our final skip before the beach was a little too close and the sand splat scattered Japanese tourists like hot grease scatters roaches with cameras. No matter. We were home. There's no place like home.

So there will probably be more reports from the flying front involving Noi and I. More love shared between two people that have mated for life and more adventures. But right now the first adventure for both of us is to get our heart rates down. But that is not really what I want to talk about today. What I want to talk about today is an experience I had several years ago that started in the hardware section of the Emporium department store in Bangkok. The story is entitled:

They Know—They Just Know

> *"If God created something more beautiful than women he kept it to himself."*—Simone de Beauvoir

A while ago someone I had met via the Internet gave me a tour of the Washington Square part of Bangkok. He was a nice intelligent person and a knowledgeable resident of the area and we both had a common interest in sharing our lives with Thai women so he gave me a little tour of places that I might find engaging. The friendship experience and the tour was fun but my instincts were that the place was just too downmarket for me. Small pokey dark dirty bars full of women wearing three day old underwear and white guys who wanted to tell tired old 'Nam' stories or even more tired 'Feminazi' stories. Maybe it's just me but if you are in Bangkok surrounded by the worlds most fabulously feminine, gloriously beautiful, and sexually provocative women and you are still telling 'She Done Me Wrong' stories about some western women from your home country you are an idiot. Just let it go! Remember: as with everything else in life; when you are complaining, the other side is winning. Just let it go. And don't waste my energy. I have not as much time left as I'd like and I can't waste it on losers. Just not my scene.

Anyway, an end of the tour trip to the Bourbon Street restaurant looked promising until the bar waitress decided to cop an attitude instead of just being friendly. Forgetting that she was in the hospitality industry she decided to place pride before money and be rude. Boy-oh-boy it must be hard having tourists coming to town and overpaying for goods and services. I guess things were really better for Thais in the old days when one strip of cloth was the whole wardrobe, selling fish paste to each other was called industry, and there was no health care system. Makes me feel like dirt to be part of a system that brings more money into the economy. Apparently all of the poor people in Thailand are so well set up that they can just blow off customers. Another disappointment. As we got up to leave I let my friend go ahead so that I could smile at the waitress—an attempt at a little social regrouping. She wasn't having it—'Fuck off and die farang'. OK, no problem—I get it; every human being is more hip than me. I'm lucky people let me live.

So for a number of reasons the Washington Square part of Bangkok is not really a place that I have a high comfort level with but it is nevertheless in my personal rolodex of things to do and every now and then I go up to just give it one more try. But it is invariably another trip down the disappointing and dispiriting 'same-same' road. Because I am an idiot, hope springs eternal; and I find that I have wasted my time again on boring provincials and even more boring expats who think they are superior to me because I live in a nice place in the States and they live in a shitbox in Bangkok. So plan B to save the day is always to exit Washington Square and take a walk up to the Emporium. The Emporium is a monument to excess that is always fun and you can imagine that you are doing something with your day. On the way you pass by Benjasiri Park on the right. It's pleasant little diversion and then you are into the Emporium for mindless wandering.

On this day I am in the hardware section trying to make a demanding nuts and bolts decision when one aisle over I spot HER. As if a spaceship from the planet Estrogen has beamed in their Alpha Queen, there is a Thai astonishment one aisle over that just nearly shuts me down. I have to take my right hand and push up against the bottom of my jaw to get my mouth to close and I have to reach out with my left hand to balance against the metal shelves. At my age I should be taking an aspirin to thin my blood because I can feel the ascending aorta in my chest shutting down and my dilated nostrils are not getting enough oxygen.

She doesn't see me. I'm having my own little theatrical. So I can just go on looking. Ink black hair to the backs of her knees, dark dark Malay skin, high high cheekbones, wide wide lips, legs that look like they go directly from the floor to her face and her breasts are so high they are hitting her under the chin. About 70 pounds and arms as thin as spaghetti. She is wearing about $20,000 worth of clothes and jewelry. Jacked up strappy black stiletto heels, neck to ankles black Lycra body suit, black satin neck choker, gold chain around the left ankle (stick a fork in me—I'm done), black nails, black lipstick, black long lashes, and little spangly gold bits on her face and in her hair. Strictly uptown and with a vengeance. You better have a ten inch dick and a twenty inch wallet to even think about it. And you better love to hear the word 'NO' because you are going to hear it a lot. The rest of the ensemble for a quiet day at the Emporium cruising the hardware section is jewelry from the planet BIG. Big rings and big bracelets and big necklaces and big and big and big. Forget subtle and maybe ten inches isn't big enough.

As she moved off like a bored salmon that has reached the quiet pool at the head of the stream you know what I did. What I had to do. What I couldn't stop myself from doing. What I was required to do. What I was hardwired to do. What I needed to do. What I wanted to do more than anything else in the world. What I wanted to do more than I had ever wanted to do anything in the rest of my life. I FOLLOWED HER.

Of course! What else? Don't give me that shit about Eve seducing Adam with the apple. He was stalking that bitch from the first day. He couldn't help himself. Well, just like Adam I take no responsibility because I had no choice! Other forces had taken over … but there was no problem because she had never seen me looking at her. I was safe. And I am no fool. By age 54 you have spent some time following women and learned that there are two kinds of 'following'. The kind of following where you are intending to make contact; and the kind of following where you know in advance and with certitude that the worshiping from a distance is the only pleasure. But worshiping can be enough.

So I am following her but I am being careful because my instincts are that under no circumstances is this a situation where there is one chance in ten billion chances that contact with this planet Estrogen being is going to benefit me. I am not worthy! It ain't going to happen. So I stay well back and make sure to never even be in her peripheral vision. I'm no fool and I know what I am doing. I've done this before.

Eventually she exists the Emporium and starts down the same sidewalk I have just come up. She makes the same detour in and out of the park and I am behind her. But way behind her. People on the Skytrain up above or pedestrians waiting for a bus across the street would never assume that we are connected in any way. I know what I am doing.

Then she is on the sidewalk with all of the retail stores. On this day because of some combination of sun and cloud the retail windows are like mirrors. You can see yourself in them. So naturally if I were following close behind her she would see me. But I am not doing that. I take care to always be at least one store window behind her. No way can she spot me in the windows! I know what I am doing! If she walks all the way to the Marriott I'll never be spotted. Before we get up to Washington Square she pauses, turns, and advances on a store door. She puts her right hand out and pulls the door open. Then she turns her head and NAILS me! Just DRILLS me. Her wide wide spooky wide eyes lock onto my eyes like heat seeking missiles. Not in a contemptible way or in a 'gotcha' way but just in a factual way. Eyes like laser beams out of a timeless mask of sexual dominance and limitless confidence. Like a bumbling private investigator that has been made by the 'perp' I am immobile. Frozen. And so so guilty! You can read it on my face. She KNEW. She knew all along. She knew from the hardware section at the Emporium that another pathetic unwanted trout had risen to the fly. And now she is bored. Now it has to stop.

THEY KNOW—THEY JUST KNOW.

113. Hitler’s Panties

TT&A Part 99 3/9/2005

Possessive Apostrophe

Recently some sharp eyed readers of Stickmanbangkok.com have spotted some possessive apostrophe errors committed by me and they have not been shy in emailing me and apprising me of my grammatical knowledge deficiencies. One gentleman in particular has apparently made it his life’s work to search every one of my submissions for apostrophe errors. I guess it is nice to have a mission in life. I imagine him with a magnifying glass and a green eye shade and a goiter in the kerosene lamp lit fifth floor walk up of a burned out building in Stuttgart with a picture of lipsticked Nazi Reichmarshall Hermann Goering on the wall shaking hands with a photoshopped picture of the Fuhrer wearing high heels, makeup, and dancing around a chrome pole. Someday I expect to see him wandering the streets of Pattaya wearing a T-shirt that says, “I Found Another Apostrophe Error In Dana’s Submissions—Heil Hitler”.

Anyway, the emails I have received on this riveting world crisis apostrophe issue have been a kind of living thesaurus exercise in which I have learned all of the synonyms for the word ‘retard’. This does not surprise me since I am not the brightest light bulb in the hallway. I get most of my story ideas from old WWII military theme comic books, and a retired katoey mamasan just released from Bang Kwang prison (two years served for being ugly) does my typing. So I have obtained a copy of Hodges’ Harbrace Handbook 13th edition—an English language primer frightening in it’s completeness. However, before settling down to the handbook directives; I happened to pull up ‘possessive apostrophe’ on the Internet and oh what a world have I found. It seems that the wacky rules regarding the usage of the possessive apostrophe are changing. It seems that the English language is in flux. It seems that it is possible to be right and wrong at the same time. It seems that it is possible to be ignorant and get it right and it seems that it is also possible to get it right for the wrong reasons. And then there are the archaic and modern usages which provide fodder for the grammar police. Even notable 20th century playwright, mathematician, philosopher, moralist, peace protester, writer and fruitarian George Bernard Shaw weighs in on the riveting apostrophe issue and opines that the apostrophe to show possession should be done away with entirely. After all, in the phrase ‘Dana’s penis sores’ it is pretty obvious from the text and probably from the context that the penis sores belong to Dana—who else? Is any reader imagining that the penis sores belong to a soi dog (OK, bad example) or a Walking Street tranny (OK, horrible example) or the local schoolteacher? Of course not. Anyway, you get the point. Please ... give me a break. Nobody needs this stupid apostrophe thing. I mean the guy in Stuttgart searching my submissions for apostrophe errors might need the apostrophe so that he can make entries in his diary like—”Last night I dreamed about having my nose shoved in Hitler’s panties.”—but the rest of us don’t need it. Thank-you George for stating the obvious (have a piece of fruit)—the apostrophe to show possession is redundant. By the way, as a barely relevant tangential aside; George Bernard Shaw’s famous play Man And Superman was really about George in England on his fruit diet and later in Thailand on his Viagra diet.

When stuff like this is pointed out about the Thai language we hear words like ‘living language’ and ‘charm’ and ‘evolutionary linguistic elasticity’. On the other hand when I err I hear words like idiot. You would think that if my rate of correct usage of the possessive apostrophe went from one in 50 (2%) to 3 in 50 (6%) I would hear the word ‘improving’ but instead what I hear is ‘idiot’ and then ‘still an idiot’. The crowd is a tough crowd.

At any rate I am going to make a study of this possessive apostrophe business and hopefully make fewer errors. However, I am not so foolish to think that even If I get it 100% correct in the future it will make much of a difference. I will probably still hear the word idiot.

With that in mind I thought it might be helpful to relate a recent trip that I took to the Thai countryside and use it as a possessive apostrophe exercise. I will include the trip related without the possessive apostrophe and then the trip related with the possessive apostrophe. Remember it is an exercise. I am engaged in self learning.

Title: PHU PONG KA (without using the possessive apostrophe)

We loaded up the two cars with Dims boxes and my backpacks and her brothers beers and her sisters things and headed out. Dims parents live in Amphoe Bung Kan near Phu Tog. Within minutes clouds unloaded their rains on us. We arrived soggy but happy. While the women folk were unloading their things and starting dinner the guys and I went to Phu Pong Ka (Crow’s Nest Hill) in the evergreen forest of Amphoe Seka. There we practiced shooting crows using Dims bra as a slingshot. Crows fell like rain and we used Dims mothers underpants to hold them. Coming back to the house with Dims mothers underpants full of dead crows I felt the pride of Paleolithic man providing for his family. Crows feet and crows wings and crows breasts were all prepared in different crows ways and we sat and ate fried scorpions heads and frogs legs and snakes skin and roaches wings. God what a feast. After dinner we told personal stories and sang songs and drank whiskey shots from her dad and beers from her brother and of course there were beers for baby that I got a picture of.

Title: PHU PONG KA (using the possessive apostrophe)

We loaded up the two cars’ with Dim’s boxe’s’ and m’y backpacks’ and her brother’s’ beers and her sisters’ thing(s)’ and headed out. Dims’ parent’s live in Amphoe Bung Kan near Phu Tog. Within minutes’ cloud’s unloaded their rains’ on us(‘). We arrived soggy but happy. While the women’ folk were unloading their things and starting dinner the guys and I went to Phu Pong Ka (Crows’ Nest Hill) in the evergreen forest of Amphoe Seka. There we practiced shooting crow(s)’ using Dim’s bra as a slingshot. Crows fell like rain(‘s) and we used Dim’s mothers’ underpants to hold them. Coming back to the house with Dim’s mother’s underpants full of dead crows I felt the pride of paleolithic man providing for hi’s family. Crow’s’ feet and crows’ wings and crow’s breasts’ were all prepared in different crows’ ways’ and we sat and ate fried scorpions head’s and frog’s legs’ and snake’s’ skin and roache’s wing(s)’. God what a feast. After dinner we told personal stories’ and sang song’s’ and drank whiskey shots from he’r dad and beers from her brothers” and of course their were beer’s for baby that I got a picture of.

Well, how did I do? Which story did you prefer? Which one is easier to read? I’m trying and I think I am improving. I’m not smart about these things so I am still on the grammatical fence (ouch that hurts) about which version reads best. So please don’t ask me to make a choice. However, I do know where you can buy “I Found Another Apostrophe Error In Dana’s Submissions” T-shirts if you are interested.

Oh, I know what you are thinking. You are thinking this does not really concern you because you are never going to have penis sores so you really do not need to know how to use the possessive apostrophe. Oh contraire my Thai scene enthusiast soulmate. One introduction by me of my boardwalk cruising South Pattaya friend Fa to you and you are going to tumble down the well of love like a rag doll down a mine shaft. And you are going to get penis sores baby. Multicolored bleeders and weepers and itchers. You'll be dumping so much talcum powder in your pants it'll look like your dick is doing heroin. But there is an upside. We could do some male bonding. You know, get together and compare our penis sores. Maybe flip a coin to see who will write a submission about it.

But that is not really what I want to talk about today. What I want to talk about today is a woman that was a killer of men's' souls, a wounder, a force field of sexuality with more primal energy than the molten nickel-iron core at the center of the earth. The story is entitled:

Happenstance—Coincidence—Enemy Action

Goldfinger said, "Mr Bond, they have a saying in Chicago: Once is happenstance. Twice is coincidence. The third time it's enemy action"—Ian Fleming

The first time I saw Oi she was up on a stage with other girls. This was back in 1988 when you could see something on stage. What I saw this night was 50 naked girls with aluminum foil antlers and battery operated Christmas tree lights wrapped around their bodies. A couple of days before I had seen vendors coming in with boxes of stuff for the mamasan and the owner but I hadn't really taken notice. Now I could see the Santa hats on the waitresses and the shiny antlers and the colored flashing lights. The girls were wearing garlands of tingling silver bells on their boots and as wristlets and necklaces. Christmas in Bangkok. After an unintelligible announcement in Thai the DJ had put on Phil Spector's Christmas album and out of the dressing room had come a conga line of 50 naked women dancing to Frosty the Snowman by the Ronettes. Inexpertly kicking from side to side, holding onto the hips of the woman in front, dancing around the whole bar, and then up onto the stage. And from the dressing room door to the stage every girl was smiling. Back in 1988 the girls were smiling. It was fun. Well, in 1988 I had acquired the boring expat patina of 'the guy who knew stuff'. Been there—done that. Could top any story anyone told. But that night looking at the girls on stage and the lights and the smiles and the corny antlers I just had my breath taken away. One of the most beautiful things I have ever seen in my life.

Out of 50 girls Oi stood out like a beacon. Tall and leggy and thin and molded and dark and smiling with bright eyes. She was the Alpha Woman. Hadn't heard the word 'No' from another human being since she was 14 years old. Sold herself but never diminished herself. The CEO of sex commerce with passport stamps from Denmark and Ceylon and Britain and Australia and America and Sweden and Germany. Used the bar as a mail drop and job reference and girl's club. On this night she was in town though and she was up on stage. Most arresting woman I have ever seen. One half of her head was shaved and covered with tattoos and the other half of her head was a single braid that tickled her rear. Black heels and black toenails and black finger nails and black lipstick. All of her jewelry was black coral—necklaces and anklets and wristlets and chains and rings. And there in front waving with the ponderousness of promise a big black strap-on dildo. Back in 1988 most of the pole huggers and Bangkok shufflers and Isaan pretenders did not even know what a dildo was. Oi knew. So did I. I could feel my anus muscles relaxing.

I couldn't take my eyes off of her. She felt the incoming man meat vibrations and started to swivel her head—homing in on the sucker. The bar was packed. Farangs shoulder to shoulder—but she found my worshiping eyes and locked on to me like a Serengeti hyena staring at a rat. But I was immune. I was an experienced ex-pat. No way was I going to fall for this scene. This kind of woman was strictly for looking at and I knew it. Barfining her would be like throwing myself into an emotional blender and all that would come out would be soul puree. I knew that. So I was just going to look. Woman like this are piranhas. Killers. Wounders. Life ruiners. And it is not even their fault. If you had 10,000 times more power you’d be leaving messes behind too. Can’t be helped. So I just looked. And smiled. And she smiled. Because I imagine I have the strength of the wise experienced farang I drop my guard. She smiles at me. I smile back. We share eye stuff. Smiling. Eventually I decide to go because I realize I better go. But first I walk up to the stage and give her a 100baht tip. She weis me. Up close I can see that she has gold glitter on her teeth and her breasts and the dildo. Jesus Mary and Joseph what a woman. On the way out of the bar I can see her waving to me in the bars wall mirror. I turn and wave back. BIG MISTAKE. We will call that the Happenstance!

The next day I am dressed in cheap Charlie broken strap foam sandals and a Tweety Bird T-shirt I stole from Poom and blue surgeons’ pants some girl left in my room. The beauty of this outfit is that I am in my own little cocoon of fashion faux pas. No tuk tuks are going to ask if I want to go to a gem shop—the taxis don’t even slow down—and the local girls know that it is 500baht max and I want a full strip and full shower and anal and we will be at a room in the Rajah with no bed and no hot water ‘cause I get a discount. It is the hot season, it is the afternoon, and the streets and the sidewalks are empty. I look like what I am—a middle aged, short, slightly beaten up farang. I’m standing on the curb eating chicken on a stick when someone slams into me. The 50baht piece of chicken breast goes flying and I turn around with chicken in my mouth like a dog caught under the table. It is Oi. The woman from the bar. The woman from last night. And I didn’t need her to be pressing her dildo in my crotch on this hot

Soi 4 afternoon to recognize her. The rat can't forget the hyena that let him go. I am frozen in space and time. I forget everything. Her Van Allen belt of magnetism is so strong that parts of my body are overwhelmed and start shutting down. I start to go blind, I can't make my mouth work and slur my words, my body starts to sway like an aspen. But I stand my ground. All of the expat knowledge in me is telling me to 'Run—run like the wind'. But I don't. My lips are moving. I must be saying something. Her lips are moving—she must be saying something. She steps closer and puts her hand on my arm. I can smell patchouli oil musk. Lots of it. She is wearing sandals and a neck to ankle fishnet stocking with holes and rips and slashes in it. Under the fishnet she is naked except for pink pasties and a pink G string. Pink lipstick and pink nails and pink coral jewelry. On her head she is wearing a crooked pink baseball cap. The off center braid goes out the hole in the back and at the end of the braid is a pink ribbon. Jesus Fuck what a woman! You want to see the Pope write love letters? Introduce him to Oi. And I ain't no pope. Eventually we part. That was the Coincidence!

That night I can't sleep and I find out I can't please myself either. I can't do anything. I have lost control of my mind and I have lost control of my body. But I do have enough brain tissue left to know that under no circumstances should I ever come in contact with this knee trembler again. She is a destroyer. A panzer division of sex that would roll over me like a tank over a snake. I am not worthy. You don't go into unequal battles. You run. The military calls it retreating. Farangs in Thailand call it 'running for your fucking life'. Literally. Because once one of these honeys is through with your heart and your mind and your wallet you are useless for everything—even fucking. Hear that sound? It's the Alcoholism train coming! She will kiss you all over and then rip your pride to shreds. Without pride you'll have no problem with begging. But there is never a second chance. She is already boarding the plane for Dubai or Montreal or Paris. She has already forgotten you and you will never forget her. An hour later I am up shaving. I get to the bar around midnight. I tell myself I don’t want to see her. I just could not keep myself from coming. Insignificant man matter being sucked into her black hole of sex. The place is packed with farang more handsome and younger and healthier and richer than me. I am safe. Then I look at the stage.

There up on stage is a sight that I have never seen before and that I instinctively know that I will never see again. There are about 20 girls surrounding Oi and they are clapping in time to a Cossack folk song that the DJ is playing. And there in the center of the stage and surrounded by the girls Oi has her arms folded across her chest and she is squatted down and she is kicking out like a Russian peasant at a wedding. You simply can’t imagine anything more foreign to Southeast Asia than the Russian folk dance. Or more difficult. It is a dance that brags of enormous strength and athleticism and stamina and balance. And she is doing it with a blinding smile as if to say, “All this and I can relax too!” Obviously there is a Russian stamp in her passport. The smiling and the athleticism is attention getting but what has the packed crowd of men from all over the world stunned into silence is the display of pussy. There stage center surrounded by the clapping naked women Oi’s squatted down and kicking out in a way to display pussy that no one has ever seen before and no one has ever dreamed of seeing before. But Oi dreamed it. She dreamed it as soon as she saw overdressed peasants in Russia do it. No strap-on dildo tonight. Just glistening sweating pussy lips and a crotch running with fluid. I can feel the stabbing pains coming in the tops of my eyes and the short shallow breathing off the tops of my lungs. God is giving me a gift tonight during this Christmas season that I had never dreamed. I am witnessing sex incarnate the Devil couldn’t improve on as lure. If Doestevesky had seen something like this he wouldn’t have wasted time writing Brothers Karamazov; he’d have written something called Sisters of Fuck—the only thing the world really cares about.

She hasn’t seen me so I am safe. I can leave anytime. I am in control of my destiny. Time goes by ... Then I feel it. The touch. On my shoulder. I turn. She is in front of me. No smile. Just eyes. The third time it is Enemy Action.

I’m a dead man walking.

114. Dana Fan Club

TT&A Part 100 10/9/2005

Founders Quote:

Dana: Honey you are fabulously feminine, gloriously beautiful, and sexually provocative but you are drooling. I can not love you.

Bargirl: Boom-Boom only 300 baht.

Dana: I love you.

This is the official, original, and exclusive international notification that a Dana Fan Club is going to be formed. International clamor and need has finally trumped my natural shyness and modesty and I have decided to dedicate the rest of my life to others less fortunate and less gifted than myself through the Dana Fan Club. Honoring, preserving, and promoting all that is Dana can best be done by me through the selfless celebration of my life and legacy while I am still alive. I know what you are thinking—"I need to go back to church and reaffirm my vows—there is a God." Yes, but perhaps this would be a good time to refocus. There is a God and his name is Dana. You don't need another God. That is what the Dana Fan Club will be all about. This document is a preliminary draft that will explore basics such as:

Vision Statement
Mission Statement
Quality Program
Code of Ethics
Essay
Benefits
Rules and Regulations
Dress Code
Reasons for Termination
Levels of Membership
Tests

Goatskin parchment paper is being prepared now in the Soi 5 part of Sukhumvit and mortar and pestle are grinding inks in Hat Yai. It is only a matter of time before the final documents are enshrined under a Chang beer proof glass next to the arrival currency booth at Don Muang International airport in Bangkok. Are you as excited as I am? You should be jackass.

Would you like to receive privileged access to the world's mystical sites and spiritual teachings? Are you looking for something truly inspirational in your life? Would you like to make new lifelong friendships and broaden your horizons?

Then go join a bath house for homos asshole. That ain't what the Dana Fan Club is all about. We're lookin' for privileged access all right—access to Noi's pants. Our idea of a mystical site is the G-Spot bar on Christmas Eve when there is a conga line of naked women with aluminum foil antlers and flashing lights. And as for spiritual teachings—I got your spiritual teaching right here: DON'T OVERPAY BARGIRLS. Are you looking for something inspirational in your life? No Ploblum Dude—that's what the DFC (Dana Fan Club) is all about—DANA.

And as for the part about new friendships and broadening your horizons? I got nothin'—just drawing a blank—white people talking! Sure, we do that shit—one bargirl at a time—Short Time or Long Time!

But really, all this touchy-feely 80's language is beside the point. The point is me! That's why it is called the Dana Fan Club. It's all about me. Time to refocus guys.

So that's it—the DFC (Dana Fan Club) is coming. The dues will be high, the membership requirements severe, the dream of association with me attainable.

Article I: Vision Statement

DANAS wherever you look. No horizon line, city, village, beach, boulevard, or Nana Hotel parking lot without a DANA. Sing

Hosanna—a new world is dawning. DANAS wherever you look …!

Article II: Mission Statement

The purpose of the Dana Fan Club is to worship, emulate, mimic, study, and review all things Dana. All energies will be directed towards Dana. No thoughts will be given to self. Dana Fan Club members will have an opportunity to progressively advance through four levels. Level IV will be DANA status. Members will tithe 50% of their earnings to Dana and be expected to make unthinking impulsive gifts of money to Dana. These will be referred to as Acts of Love. DANA status level IV members in the Dana Fan Club will be expected to found new Dana Fan Clubs in other countries. All family members and human relationships will be left behind in service to Dana. Once a year a Dana Fan Club member will be chosen to meet Dana. All hail Dana!

Article III: Quality Program

Well, actually the Dana Fan Club does not really have one of those jive ass, white honky, big company emphasizes on quality. Basically, the Dana Fan Club (DFC) QUALITY PROGRAM is that if I don't like you I kick your sorry ass out of the club. Also, if you don't like me you are kicked out of the club. So really the whole QUALITY PROGRAM thing revolves around people who don't like people. Yeah, that's it; the heart of the Dana Fan Club is all about not liking people and then punishing them with social ostracization. Think soi dogs that bark at everybody. Quality barking from quality dogs; that's our program. Think 'pissed off bargirls' and the whole concept will become real for you.

Article IV: Code Of Ethics

Rule Number One: DO NOT OVERPAY BARGIRLS.

Rule Number Two: Do not forget rule Number One.

Article V: Dana Fan Club Essay

Applicants to the Dana Fan Club will be required to submit an essay as part of the application procedure. Essays will be between 600-800 words and will include, but not be limited to:

1. Fawning remarks about my appearance and the size of my brain.

2. Encyclopedic knowledge of Dana writing.

3. Notations on how you will be wiring (preferred) or mailing money in to me.

4. Headshot picture (no one better looking than me has a chance).

5. Tearful heartfelt stories about how exposure to me has changed your life.

6. Pictures of the family home and family members you intend to leave once you are accepted into the Dana Fan Club.

7. Pictures of current or ex Thai or Cambodian or Laotian or Vietnamese or Chinese (no overbites please) girlfriends complete with email addresses and phone numbers. No pear shaped lard bucket Japs. The Dana Fan Club has standards. They aren't your standards. Wake up.

8. Apologies in advance for mental indiscretions or future club infractions. You are not worthy. Best start early.

9. Passport particulars in case the Dana Fan Club needs to notify Immigration regarding your arrival or departure (see Note 1—ADDENDA).

10. Pledge to never ever under any circumstances overpay a bargirl (review Article IV-Code of Ethics).

Addenda

Note 1: Dana Fan Club Application Procedure essays that include plagiarism, parody, or disrespect will trigger the Dana Fan Club notification of Immigration process and you will be receiving your Dana Fan Club application rejection in Bang Kwang prison. Experience has shown that Dana Fan Club applicants that mistake the application process for male bonding or conviviality (Attn: Australians) or humor are the same twits that are most liable to overpay bargirls. We can't have that. The Dana Fan Club isn't about fun or making friends; it is about me. Being born was the second most important day of your life. The day that you make application to the Dana Fan Club trumps all else. Example: when you get to the gates of St. Peter in heaven and you are making application for admittance do you intend to crack jokes? I think I have made my point.

Note 2: All essays in the Dana Fan Club application process constitute a lifetime waiver on any and all contents therein and said contents may be used by Dana in future writing without recompense or mention. Think of yourselves as unpaid unmentioned research assistants—part of the great academic tradition of the West.

Note 3: Any mention made in Dana Fan Club application essays of any great historical figures, philosophers, lovers, writers, or inspirational leaders of men other than me will be stricken from the application process faster than a bargirl answers her phone. This is not a Bang Kwang prison level offense but spending the remainder of your days in the Suan Plu Immigration Detention Center washing and waxing the warden's car is not exactly party hat time. Forewarned is Forewarned.

Note 4: Winners of the annual Dana Fan Club application process essay contest will receive a handshake from me. Education material teaching packages will be created so that NEWBIES (Article X) can use the essay for learning purposes. Personal adornment tattoos pulled from text are permitted.

Article VI: Benefits

Well, how many grains of sand are there on Pattaya Beach? A sample listing will have to suffice:

1. Possibility of meeting Dana.

2. Guided tours of Dana haunts with anecdotal advice.

3. Bogus passports for renting bikes.

4. Existential interpretations of Dana Submissions for French fans—no wait; what am I thinking—Fuck the French.

5. Wallet size 8"x10", and Charles de Gaulle sized pictures of me for daily inspiration.

6. Dana submission signings—you print it out and mail it in and I will sign it and return it (yeah, right).

7. Lunch or beers with Dana in Pattaya—you pay!

8. Names and locations of street and boulevard slag already tested by me (nobody is getting near Fa or Uri or Tum so just cool your jets).

9. Once a month meetings in a Pattaya Soi 6 blow job bar—pants will be taken at the door. Discussion groups about me. It's all about me jackass. What were you thinking? DFC members who publicly fawn over me will conditionally receive my approval and are allowed to lend (look up Thai definition of 'lend') me money.

10. Monthly mailing to members of the Dana Report (part of the non-profit Dana Assistance and Teaching Society). OK, it's a tax dodge—sue me. Stories, letters, and pictures from other

members, health care articles, ideas for toys and games, advice, etc. Available in black and white paper version or color online version (Acrobat Reader required).

11. Member discount rates on Dana Fan Club merchandise including but not limited to:

a. autographed condoms (strike that—Dana Fan Club members aren't wearing any fucking condoms).

b. Calendars with Daily Dana Sayings (ex: A Steaming Bleach Rinse A Day Will Keep The Dick Warts Away).

c. Counterfeit 100baht notes for the police.

d. CD's and Books and Videos of Danaology.

e. Plaster cast of my penis in Erectus Nanahoteliam.

f. Personal and confidential access to my biography including honors and awards—tour schedule—personal philosophy—meetings with world leaders—and charity involvement.

g. Free admittance and backstage pass to annual Dana Look-A-Like contest held on the first terrace at the Doi Suthep temple in Chiang Mai.

h. Individual membership certificate with your personal and nontransferable membership number, club badge and wallet ID and epaulettes.

i. Discounts on Chula University graduate courses in Danaology.

j. Interviews of Thai prostitutes who spent time with Dana—a four CD boxed set entitled: He Changed My Life.

k. Book of baby names culled from Dana's girlfriends—will your little bundle of joy be named Organ, Poo, Boom Boom or Bum?

l. Personalized passports with my photo on the back (imagine Immigration's reaction).

m. Dana Fan Club credit cards with my picture on the card (imagine opening a new account with one of these cards).

n. A Dana Fan Club trivial pursuit game based on Dana's submissions (ex: in which story did Dana recommend doorknob removal?).

o. The autographed Dana 'IF' book (What if Dana was Mahatma Gandhi?, What if Dana was Einstein?, What if Dana was clonable?)—a book that makes you think.

p. And of course T-shirts and mouse pads and license plate holders and mugs and caps and tote bags and dog dishes and fountain pen sets with my four color high resolution full body picture affixed under four layers of chip proof transparent epoxy. There is more but I do not want to appear immodest.

Article VII: Rules And Regulations

The Dana Fan Club will not be rule dense. It is all about having fun. No, wait a minute; what was I thinking? It is all about me. But there will not be that many rules as long as you remember the Code of Ethics: DO NOT OVERPAY BARGIRLS. After that it's a party. A few things do bear mention, however:

1. No condom users can become members—what were you thinking?

2. No chat room—get out on the street you losers and pick up some meat.

3. No making friends—be a man. Men don't make friends—they fuck women.

4. No cell phones at meetings—a cell phone going off at a Dana Fan Club meeting is the trigger for instantaneous and irrevocable termination with prejudice. Epaulettes will be ripped off and wallet ID's will be confiscated. Aren't you glad you didn't waste time making friends now? This club is for men who worship me

and bang street slag without condoms. I don't see the word cellphones in that sentence.

5. No farang females, French, Russians, Ukrainians (like anyone can tell the fucking difference), Koreans, Chinese, or Japs allowed. Also no men with advanced degrees in anything.

6. All Thai, Burmese, Laotian, Cambodian, and Vietnamese women under 4'9" receive a free associate membership (they get to associate with us).

Article VIII: Dress Code

Monthly meeting dress code requirements are free and easy. I think you can glean from a perusal of the above notations that the DFC (Dana Fan Club) is nothing if not open minded and accepting of people's differences.

1. No sandals and white socks. You are an asshole.

2. No blue German automotive technician uniforms—and clean your nails Heinrich.

3. No military issue shoes—leave it at the base Sergeant Dufus.

4. No T-shirts that say, "It Takes Leather Balls To Play Soccer"—in fact no T-shirts that allude to soccer or rugby or cricket. The Dana Fan Club will not accept members from other fan clubs. Make a choice pinhead—it's me or you can drink beer in Chiang Rai watching guys in shorts kick their balls.

5. No black pants and white shirts—if you are a schoolteacher you can become a member but you have to find some clothes.

6. No tanning booth tans—you get a tan on the boardwalk hustling whores.

7. No Birkenstock footwear—we're not saving trees—we are loving women.

Article IX: Reasons For Termination Of Membership

1. Overpaying

2 Seen talking to the French, Japanese, Russians or Arabs.

3. Not loaning me money.

4. Criticism of me in any form including absence of abject hero worship. Remember—IAAM (It's All About Me).

5. Seen talking to or in the company of farang women (including your mother—it is time to make a choice).

6. Heard making politically correct comments about anything—the Dana Fan Club values chaos and anarchy and sex and violence. Take your sensitivity to other people's needs and your respect for other points-of-view to the shitter and learn to flush. This club is about men who like being naked with naked women and doing what comes naturally. I don't see 'saving whales' in that sentence!

7. Members who tell long boring stories at meetings and show pictures. Fuck you. It's all about me (IAAM). I'll do the talking and the storytelling. You just listen fuckwad.

8. Men too embarrassed to tell about some relationship they had with some kind of human being during which these two human beings made themselves happy. Don't be an ass. If it feels good—do it. The Dana Fan Club (DFC) does not restrict itself to what farmers and pigs do. I ain't no farmer and I ain't no pig. If he/she/it will take the money than it is show time. Good luck and good fuck.

9. Pansies—Look I ain't against pansy happiness but this is not really a club for guys who are light in the loafers and who want to play butt darts and swap spit at the Sabai Dee Rectum hotel.

Fuckin'em is OK, but we really don't want to hear about how you and your friend are going to open a flower shop in Sungai Kolok.

10. Guys who are learning how to speak Thai to learn all about the culture! Refer to previous (number 9-Pansys). This club is not about respecting people or being culturally sensitive. It is about making ourselves happy and worshiping me (and of course there is the 'loaning money to me' thing). Find'em—Feel'em—Fuck'em—Forget'em AND DON'T OVERPAY' EM.

11. Members who have not cleaned their tubes in any ten day period. This is just one of those non-negotiable rules. I don't care if a blind soi dog ripped your willy off because he thought it was a fried worm—you are out of the Dana Fan Club. The A bomb has been dropped from 60,000 feet and there is only two minutes to live. What are you going to do? If you answer with anything other than "Find a woman!" then you are not DFC (Dana Fan Club) material. Go find some farang women to pick berries with.

12. Members who have a 30 day run of only bonking once a day. Get lost loser.

13. Members who overpay hookers (I may have mentioned that already). There is no leeway on this. Dana Fan Club members will be issued payment amount schedules appropriate for the deed and the city and the season and the woman. Overpayment by one baht is instant excommunication from the Church of Dana with extreme prejudice. Certain selected whores will be on the DFC (Dana Fan Club) payroll and will report any chumps, idiots, retards, and nitwits who overpay. Don't worry about the Japanese—they have lifetime club exclusion policies at birth.

14. Members who give away the secret password or the secret handshake. No wait; what am I saying? There is no stupid secret password or stupid secret handshake. This club is for men. You

want to do something official? Whip out your dick and get someone to shake it.

Article X: Four Levels Of Membership

The Dana Fan Club will have four levels of membership status. They are NEWBIE, CHEATED AND ANGRY, BROKEN HEARTED, and DANA.

1. NEWBIE

The NEWBIE is a member who is just off the plane and is green as grass. He has probationary status. He hasn't learned to squat without falling in the hole and he hasn't been hit in Bangkok traffic yet. These nitwits (it's tough love in the DFC—I slap you because I love you) from Manheim or Manchester or Melbourne can be spotted as they make complicated postcard purchasing decisions at the Nana Hotel gift shop, or waiing startled maids who are illegal and from Burma, or lighting incense sticks at the Royal Palace opposite the Emerald Buddha as if they are Buddhist or something. Attrition rates on NEWBIES is very high. Very few make it to level II CHEATED AND ANGRY status. NEWBIES have to be watched like a hawk for DFC (Dana Fan Club) rules infractions—especially the dreaded 'overpaying'. To give NEWBIES an even chance all NEWBIES are issued a SAYINGS OF DANA book. This little guidebook is suitably sized for shirt or pants pocket and includes tips and advice and quotes from Dana to help the NEWBIE when he gets stuck in a relationship of the sex commerce kind and is not sure what to do. The pages have tabs and labels such as: She Asked For Taxi Money, She's Gone Starfish, She Refuses To Turn Her Cellphone Off, Can't Get The Towel Off, Locked Herself In The Bathroom, and Insists On A Condom. You simply turn to the appropriate tab label, open the book to that section, and there will be the solution. For example: Insists On A Condom—the answer is ‘Dress her and give her 300baht and throw her out!’ The beauty of this book is that I am always there for you. That is one of the features and benefits of being a Dana Fan Club member. Your stress level goes down and your efficiency level goes up as I help pilot you through the rocks and shoals and breaking seas of relationships with mentally addled, borderline violent, and possibly diseased criminal whores. Feel better?

2. CHEATED AND ANGRY

Level Two Dana Fan Club member and now out of the NEWBIE category and into the player category but still clumsy and anxious to please. Every time he walks into a bar or a bath house the girls can see the words ‘Cheat Me—Lie To Me—Steal From Me’ tattooed on his forehead. But at least he is a player. He’s not wasting his time on earth in some stupid chatroom for wannabes and he’s not in some bar elbow to elbow with manly men watching cricket—he’s cruising. However, unstable emotions, the still clinging detritus of the West; make him susceptible to Dana Fan Club rules infractions, especially the dreaded and toxic ‘Overpaying’. Has to be monitored by other Dana Fan Club DANA status members. Has a tendency to think that things matter, that life has meaning, and that people care. Level II CHEATED AND ANGRY Dana Fan Club status members can often be spotted visiting their girlfriends family in Isaan, or squiring around their girlfriend plus one of her friends. It is best just to stay away. He will either work through this or Darwinism will take over and he will be mercifully cut from the Dana Fan Club herd.

3. BROKEN HEARTED

Thinks of himself as an advanced player and philosophical thinker because he has been fucked over so many times by 90 pounders and ‘Got His Feelings Hurt’. Only three roads for this dude to go down: Alcoholism, More Of The Same, DANAISM. If he learns from his mistakes and avoids egregious rules infractions; he has the ability to attain DANA status. Still has to be monitored. Wants to be appreciated and loved. DANGER—DANGER—DANGER.

4. DANA

To reach the Dana Fan Club level IV status of DANA is to attain the libido Mount Everest of your life. To be able to stand up at a monthly meeting and proudly proclaim that you are now a DANA will produce an interior psychic white light of nirvana that will change your life. You will have the mental stability and higher consciousness that comes with knowing with certainty that you will never use a condom again or overpay again. Repeat: You will never use a condom again or overpay again. Chilling—isn't it? No one can tempt you and no social comment can influence you. You are now your own godhead—cruising the Pattaya boardwalk at 7:30 a.m. with a bag full of breakfast whore treats and a smile on your face. You can feel the sun on your back and the youth in your step. Like an Indian yogi you are now untouchable by the dross of common thinking, focused without need, and heavily invested in Viagra stock. Women with soft brown arms and happy eyes and spooky motorcycle scars will respond to your alpha male sexual status and offer themselves to you as a supplicant to a prophet. By having sex with them you will be giving them a gift—you. Level IV status club members who become DANAS will have 'DANA' tattooed on their penis. When your love interest sees this word you will get the respect you deserve. Welcome to heaven on earth. Welcome to my world.

Level IV DANA club status members will have awesome obligations and responsibilities.

1. Formation of Dana Fan Clubs all over the world.

2. Monitoring Levels I and II and III Dana Fan Club members for rules infractions.

3. Giving lectures on Danaology: Examples—The Two Hotel System, The Two Wallet System, Safe Emergency Lubricants, How To Hide Money, and Trannies (pros and cons).

4. Administering the Dana Fan Club level I and level II and level III and level IV tests (article X).

5. Dressing like me—Only a savant could have imagined something this mentally transporting. DANA status Dana Fan Club members will either dress in what is known as the DANA Bangkok look or they will dress in the DANA Pattaya Beach Boulevard look.

The Dana Bangkok look consists of red yachting pants, black background flowered shirt, black leather open weave Cyprus dress shoes, gold nugget watch, and necklace of flowers. This is city wear. It says elegant, smart, educated, rich, well-bred, and hansum.

The Pattaya Beach Boulevard look is turquoise elephant decorated baggy beach pants, black Nike foam sandals, white Indian cotton shirt, silver bracelets, necklaces and flowers. It says hip and fun.

As Dana Fan Club membership grows and more and more NEWBIES eventually reach DANA status eventually there will be red panted urban DANAS and Pattaya Beach Boulevard hipster DANAS to be seen in every city and town in Thailand. Imagine what kind of a world this would be. DANA status Dana Fan Club members everywhere for advice and silent inspiration. People parting before them out of respect and closing in behind them with adoration. Eventually there may even be groups of singing dancing Hare Krishna style DANAS at the airport. Time will tell. I know what your are thinking. You are thinking all of this and I get to have too much spice put in all of my food too. Thailand is truly a man's paradise. Well, it can all be yours. Avoid Dana Fan Club infractions, make Acts of Love (article II) to DANA, keep your stupid yap shut at meetings (remember IAAM—article IX), never even think of overpaying hookers, and study hard for your four level progression DANA tests (article X) and this could all be yours—just by joining the Dana Fan Club.

Article XI: Level I, II, III, and IV Dana Fan Club Progression Tests.

To progress from one Dana Fan Club level to the next level in the Dana Fan Club you must show knowledge of Danaology by doing well on Dana Fan Club level progression tests. These tests document your knowledge of all that is DANA (review article II). To progress from NEWBIE to CHEATED AND ANGRY you must score 50 out of 50 on the tests. No candy ass bell curve here. To progress from CHEATED AND ANGRY to BROKEN HEARTED you must score 75 questions out of 75 questions. One wrong answer and you are demoted back down to NEWBIE status and you have to start over. That is what the members told us they wanted. Or that is what they would have told me if I had asked them. To qualify to be considered for DANA status you must ace 200 Danaology questions out of 200 Danaology questions. One wrong answer and you are excommunicated for life. Loser.

Danaology Test Question Examples:

1. In which Submission did Dana have emerald green eyes?

2. In which Submission did Dana get his nut sack caught in a ladder?

3. In which Submission did Dana have breakfast off a tranny's groin?

4. In which Submission did Dana have a car wreck while naked?

5. In which Submission did Dana receive a message from dolphins?

6. In which Submission did Dana abandon bags of blood?

7. In which Submission did Dana see a big yellow hat in the gutter?

8. In which Submission did Dana get thrown like a nerf football?

9. In which Submission did Dana knock down and set fire to his own house?

10. In which submission did Dana cut off Wan's braids?

Conclusion

Well guys; that's about it. My people are talking to other peoples' people and this giant international fan club juggernaut is in the works. The Dana Fan Club steel has been poured out of the DANA crucible and everything is forming up. The fan club train is moving down the administration and management and approval and documents tracks and soon it will come to fruition. Of course there will be a web site and organization and rules and documents and philosophy and 'culture of DANA' and monthly meetings and guest speakers, and tours, and Fanzine, and Fan Fotos, and Dana Fantasy Camp, and books and pamphlets and exercise programs and nutritional supplements and legal representation and photos of me and tapes—but that is for later. For now you just need to know that one of your middle-of-the-night quiet yearnings is going to come true. There is going to be a Dana Fan Club and you will have an opportunity to join.

All Hail DANA.

115. Notes To Administrator

19/9/2005

First of all Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes 1-100 actually includes 101 submissions. It goes like this: 1-12 and then 14—100 with an extra two submissions; 49.5 and 49.75 for a total of 101 submissions under the Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes name. In addition there were 14 extra submissions under their own titles for a total of 115 submissions. If I had known in advance that it was going to play out like this I would have started differently and kept the submissions to about 800-1000 words. Would have boosted me up to about TT&A Part 150. Just a fun thing. But the current total of 115 is enough—it makes me tired just to type the number.

In the beginning I had no plan. I was just writing. It was not unusual when I first started for submissions to have three to eight little stories. No plan. Later on around TT&A Part 60 I was seventeen submissions ahead. Seventeen submissions already written and up on the storyboard. A writer's dream for editing but a nutty way to live. The weekly schedule and the writing compulsion just took over my life. Little did I know when I submitted a little email about the state of the NEP in the daytime in the 4/5/2003 Weekly (note: appears as 4/5/2003 in the Weekly index but pops up as 5/5/2003) that I would start down this long road.

Trivia

1. My longest submission was approximately 10,400 words.

2. Favorite submission: TT&A Part 77: Acceptance and Happiness and Love. I considered this an example of my best writing.

3. Favorite Title: TT&A Part 49.5: Snake Skulls and Ice Cream Cones. I think it would make a great book title.

4. Most controversial: Too numerous to mention … sometimes my writing was controversial to others because they disagreed with me or they found my aggressive presentation unappealing; and sometimes I wrote in a provocative way in the hopes of raising people's awareness and hopefully their participation in the site or on the topic. In the case of the latter I was rarely successful. It was a source of continual surprise and disappointment that Stickmanbangkok.com readers were not more proactive in counterpointing my views or in defending their own. Sending me obscene or unstable emails always was popular but constructing 800 carefully crafted words seemed like too high a hill to climb. After a while I just stopped trying to influence people on the site. Many of my last submissions were fun fiction. I had been beaten by ennui.

5. Most fun: Really too numerous to mention. I wrote fiction, non-fiction, faction, essays, social commentary, a few rants, fantasy pieces, a one act play, and even a poem. They are all my babies and I love them all. I wouldn't change an idea or a point-of-view or a method of presentation or the text of any of them. In the beginning because of the site's content I wrote non-fiction. Later when the site opened up a little bit and fiction was accepted the sparks flew from my fingers and it became a lot more fun. 1000-2000 words per story in one go—fast, fun, and easy. So many bottled up stories to tell. One night I sat down at 8 p.m. and had five submissions written by 4 a.m. Almost no editing or rewrites required. Fun. Being in the writing 'zone' is extremely pleasurable.

6. From the start I set standards: Always to write from personal experience, never to lie, always to be Thai accurate, and never to write to please someone else. I can think of only one 'fact' that I

might change in one of my stories. Considering the word count I think that is an acceptable record. I stand by what I wrote. It represents me.

Regrets & Surprises

1. I wish I would have been able to write about the Royal Family and the contemporary Thai government and Buddhism and Drugs and Police matters and civil servants and the middle class and the banking system. There are 1000 stories that will never be told. Not by me. Not by anyone. I accepted the limitations on content but it was contrary to my personality and to my western American culture. For writing about Thailand to flourish I believe it has to graduate to the next level of content and these are the subjects that should be available for examination. But this will never happen because of censorship. Too bad. All the world will keep hearing about is crime plots and bargirls. No one will ever get a complete picture of Thailand through western writing. Like any emerging country Thailand has many interesting stories to be told. Letting non-Thai authors write about your country is a way to advertise to the world who you are and what you are as a nation and as a people and as a culture. Love and confidence of self and nation and culture should be strong enough to accept the warts with the smiles. But because of the juvenile, provincial, xenophobic minds that inhabit the Land of Smiles this will never happen. A shame. Thailand is like a woman you want to love but can't love. Too many secrets, too many lies, too little reciprocity—Thailand.

2. I wish I could have been more influential in encouraging through example to get people to write in certain ways or about certain subjects. My net effect is hard to measure but probably hovers near zero. A hard lesson. We are islands.

3. I wish the Stickmanbangkok.com readership had been a little more open-minded. Often I felt as if I was swimming in the wrong fish tank and sometimes regretted starting a big project on potentially the wrong forum. On balance it was a good experience that gave pleasure and benefited me but it was not all party hats and martinis. There were many disappointments and bumps in the road and some unearned abuse. Nobody gives you anything. Life is a knife fight. You have to earn the right to breath. You are always outnumbered.

Around TT&A Part 20 I briefly considered quitting because of the level of incoming email negativity including threats against my life, my family, my property, and my freedom; but I soldiered on. Eventually through stamina and production and exposure and hopefully good writing the level of hostility and stupidity went down and I was able to capture an appreciative audience. Even people who disagreed with me wrote to say that they appreciated me. I'll take it. The experience gave me a respectful attitude towards writers who write for the general public such as weekly columnists. It can be a tough gig. Hanging and burning at the stake are still very popular ways of dealing with people who may not be 100% like you and everyone is a real tough guy on the net. I was shocked and disappointed.

4. Most of the responses to my submissions were to the content. Hey folks—how about the writing? For people interested in the craft of writing I was never convinced that the site was the best place for me.

5. In the beginning I thought writing for the Stickmanbangkok site would be kind of like belonging to a men's club. Like-minded people sharing experiences and supporting and encouraging each other. Boy was I wrong. I thought it would more fun than it was. I didn't make many friends. It also caused me to step back and

reappraise men. There are some horrible people in this world and some of them are men. I guess I was naive.

I would encourage others to do the same as me (writing when you are in the 'zone' is wonderful) but I would council them to do it for themselves. Don't expect love or friendship or respect. Life's a tough gig and writing personally in a public forum is asking for it. Writing anonymously would have solved some of the people problems but then I would have lost the opportunity to make contact with another nice human being—I'm a dreamer.

6. Through the site and my writing I had the opportunity to meet some of my readers. This was fun when it was fun and disappointing when it was not fun. In the beginning I used to unreservedly say yes to every invite. Now I am more circumspect and careful. I learned that there is not a guaranteed direct transference from email personality and fun to face-to-face personality and fun. You can be disappointed.

Some men wanted to use me as a sounding board for their personal problems. I wasn't interested in their personal problems. I was on vacation. Other men expected me to dance like a bear in a Russian circus. They were disappointed.

I only missed one appointment. That guy knows who he is. I am sorry. It still bothers me. I probably missed the opportunity to make a friend. He never wrote a friendly email to me again and I was too embarrassed to email an apology to him. He deserved better. Sorry.

I did make some friends however, and my regret is that I do not live in the Kingdom permanently so that they can be a more important part of my life.

7. Three of the most interesting email contacts I made because of my writing were women. Very very smart and fun; and they read for more than just content. They had more to offer so I had more

fun. One wrote for the site but stopped after receiving gender abuse, and another got involved in a misunderstanding with me and is now gone from my life. My loss.

8. A word should probably be said about the enduring and constant problem with the computer. I have what is called spikey intelligence. I am very smart at some things and completely inept at other things. I have zero commonality with or comfort level with or knowledge of or intuitive grasp of or interest in or basic learning curve response to the world of computers. My ignorance and ineptness stuns people. I have been using this computer now every morning and every evening for 5 years but I still do not know how to make things move or make sounds. I have never played a game. The world of graphics will never cross my path. And I have not been able to sign up for or register for any other Thai sites. Another gentleman has kindly tried to help me sign up for other Thai sites but inevitably I would not be able to follow through. I am probably the only reader of the Stickmanbangkok.com site who has not sampled NanaPlaza.com. Just too complicated. Can't do it. And I am sure you remember some instances in the past when I just could not send stories in to you easily or competently.

Producing the volume of material that I did and producing it on schedule using a tool that I do not understand or like was a nightmare of unimaginable proportions to the computer enthusiast. It was an ongoing horror that I would not have kept up with except that I had no choice and I had stories to tell. To have 3000 words in your mind ready to flash out through the ends of your fingers but you can't write a single sentence without the screen flashing unintelligible messages or shutting down was horrific and demeaning and dispiriting. It got so bad around TT&A Part 15 that I almost quit. Luckily a nice man from

California stepped in and helped me. Without his help the project probably would have died an early death. I owe him a lot.

Now that I have completed the Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes 1-100 project the mind wanders. What next? I hate to dig up familiar ground and find the same old tubers. Something new calls. I am considering a new project. I am considering TT&A Part 101-200 from the point-of-view of a bargirl. Of course multiple surgeries will be necessary since I am such a manly man. Any thoughts on this?

So that's it. After posting this summing up email to you I will be retired. I will take the monitor and the mouse and the keyboard and the cube and the printer and the manual out to a field and pump shotgun blast after shotgun blast of slugs and shot into the hardware. Like a crazed tranny in a tu-tu dancing on top of a building that is on fire I will cavort and spin and jump and skip and slide and hop as I fire and fire and fire hot lead into the computer. This will be accompanied by hyena laughing until my throat fails and goes to a death rattle rasp. The final thing I will remember as I fall to the ground will be the hot metal in my hands and the loss of my bowels. Who says middle aged men can't have fun?

Dana

116. Weightless Teddy Bear

TT&A Part 101 1/10/2005

Prologue

> *"Like the City of God, the People of God, as the community in which the City consists, is identical with the Church, in so far as that is the people on its pilgrimage—that is, that group of Saints of God who are called from among men."*—Ratzinger

Holy Bigwords Batman—this dude Ratzinger must really be smart. Not only do I have no idea what he just said, I do not even know what he did not say. Just call me Simple Simon I guess. Anyway, no fear lads—nothing like that today from me. Just two little stories for fun. A trip down memory lane for me and I hope some entertainment for you.

Introduction: Weightless Teddy Bear

Greetings fellow Stickmanites: Dana here—left Boston airspace two minutes ago and expect to be kissing Rio tarmac in 17 minutes. Boston to Rio airspace is already being cleared and I am currently climbing through 55,000 oxygen deprived feet at 11,000 ripping miles per hour. Noi is sitting on my lap holding the yoke the way she used to hold the waist of the girl in front of her in the conga line at the G-Spot bar during Christmas shows. The cockpit is full of DON'T CALL ME BABY by Madison Avenue and as we punch through 70,000 feet like a 60's era stubby winged rocket her teddy bear will go weightless and she will squeal with delight.

Oops, the cockpit Klaxon alarm is going off ... now I have to figure out which switch my little Isaan minx just touched. She can't do too much damage because I took the precaution of putting duct tape over the chute deployment, spoilers, reverse thrust, fuel pump, and fire fighting switches. There ... found it—she shut down my wing mounted cannons. No ploblum.

Anyway, we'll take a nice walk tonight on the boardwalk protected by my private army of triangular front teeth katoeys, have a seafood dinner at the base of the Christ the Redeemer statue on the top of Corcovado, and then we will wind up the evening at one of Rio's high line expensive pleasure palaces where the women could break me like a stick. Noi will take pictures.

Oops, aileron time—Noi has fallen asleep and slumped off to one side.

Alone now with my thoughts in the mythic ether of sub-space I have the time to reflect on the first two days I spent in the Kingdom. Below are my memories of the first day and of the second day in Thailand.

First Day: A Piece Of Broccoli

It is my first day in Thailand. Actually it is my first night. Arrived at 11:55 p.m. at Don Muang airport outside Bangkok and arrived at the Viengtai hotel in the Banglamphu section of western Bangkok around 2:00 a.m. First time to Thailand. First time to Asia. First time away from the West. I am so green I look like a giant piece of broccoli. Too tired and too sick to sleep. Wired. Heard stories about Thailand and about Bangkok. Think I'll wander around. Khao San Road is one street over and I find the connecting alley. The street is a giant block party. Lots of hippies (they are called backpackers or trekkers now) that remind me of the 60's. Didn't want to know them then and don't want to know them know. Just wandering around. Looking. Buy some street food. Spring rolls. Taste great. Then buy some more of them. Then some more. Then some more. Twenty four hours later I am shitting yellow grease. Looking in the open air bars. Staring at some Thai women. Don't know it but my life is changing. Soon I will hear myself say, “No ass—no breasts—unbelievably sexy”.

There is a massage parlor in the connecting alley. I’ve heard about these places. I go in and make the intercourse sign with my fingers to a sweet thing. She smiles and disappears behind the curtain in back. Out comes a woman who is old and fat. Who’s shitting who? I ain’t doin’ her! But that isn’t it. She’s the boss. Remember the broccoli? She takes a folding metal chair and slides it over under a clock on the wall. Climbs up on the rickety chair and points to the clock. Now we are standing side by side having a conversation about time and she is holding up two fingers. No idea—then it comes—she is telling me to come back in one hour. The two fingers is a mystery. Maybe that is the price.

One hour later I go back. Everyone has big smiles. I’m smiling like an idiot. The sweet thing disappears behind the curtain and out comes the fat woman with two girls. They are twins. Look about fourteen years old. Remember the two fingers? I stare.

Of course I knew that these two girls could not possibly be underage because my research prior to coming to the Kingdom had told me that the Thais never do or say anything inappropriate and that when there are social misbehaviors between foreigners and Thai women that it is always the farang’s fault. This was part of a larger and popular social idea that when you are in a foreign land that whatever the natives do is proper and probably too complicated and exotic for you to understand so it is just best to go along. For instance: if you were in South Africa in the 50’s it would be proper to treat the native blacks like sub-humanoids or animals. If you were in Germany in the late 30’s it would be proper to participate in Jew baiting and book burning. If you were in Salem, Mass in the 17th century it would be proper to burn your neighbors at the stake based on the testimony of hysterical teenage girls. If you were on Pitcairn

Island in the late 20th century it would be proper to engage in rape and abuse of female children and call it culture. The list is endless.

This wacky notion that all morals are local and that all local morals are absolutes is a politically correct idea with such staying power that you simply can not drive a stake into the heart of the beast.

However, opinions can differ. To quote my soulmate George Carlin—"I don't think there's really such a thing as morality. I think it's a human construct designed to facilitate the control of people. Values, ethics, legal standards—all these things are human-generated, and they're lumped under some vague idea called morality. But suppose humans got it wrong? Suppose there's no actual, objective morality? Suppose there's just a natural, worldly, secular, common-sense standard of behavior whose purpose is what's best for getting along and what's best for survival. That would be a good system. Why should a system like that be overlaid with a sense of spooky, mystical, judgemental oversight?"

If someone would like to exert their will and their intelligence on this subject there is a 600 page social anthropology treatise lurking here somewhere; to wit: where and how in the development of human intelligence and civilization did we go so far off the track. If I am vacationing in Tierra del Fuego and one tribe of More-Moral-Than-Thou Tierra del Fuegian wants to go to war with another tribe of More-Moral-Than-Thou Tierra del Fuegians over whose mussel shell midden pile is higher I'm afraid I'll be looking for the exit. Sorry. This is just crap thinking and crap behavior from crap people. Too often morals is just an excuse to put a bullet in somebody's head. There is no straighter line than ideas on morals leading to violence. Where's the airport? I'm flying my insensitive politically incorrect ass out of here. You can stay behind and have sex with the hairy legged French backpacker lady who is sitting by their campfires and writing down everything they are saying and calling it a PhD thesis. I've got other fish to fry. Where's my cesspit Pattaya red-light district where nobody believes anything and nobody cares and everyone is smiling? More and more I am starting to develop the notion that these are the intelligent people leading worthy lives. Maybe the only cosmic counter that matters is the laugh counter. That's right: maybe when you get to Heaven's gate and meet Saint Peter (looking remarkably like the door to the G-Spot Bar and Boss Hogg) the only question is—"How many times did you laugh during your sojourn on Earth?" The subject of morals does not even come up in your entry interview to Heaven. After all, wouldn't that be the definition of Heaven—lots of laughs and no judging?

Still where there is smoke there is sometimes fire so it might behoove you to check the ID cards of some of these little smilers before engaging in adult behavior. You might be astonished to find that they are underage. Don't know how to do it because they use the Buddhist calendar? Worried? Then get a Thai to check the ID. Because if these smilers are underage and something goes wrong I guarantee you that the Thai police will be able to read the ID card.

I used to take vacations on schooners in Maine and on motorbikes in Bermuda and on white water rafting trips in the American West. This ain't no white water rafting trip. The two girls hold hands and smile at me. They look like two pieces of candy. I haven't even dreamed a dream like this. More staring. Then I bail. Turn and leave.

Now I know the emails I am going to receive on this so I will save you the time. They will go something like this:

“Hello Dana Dude—Manny from Georgia and the guys from Iraq here to tell you that we really enjoy your rockin’ whacked out locked and loaded shit on the Stickman site. It gives us the laughs we need here in the asshole of the world. But we think in Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes Part 101—FIRST DAY: A PIECE OF BROCCOLI that you really fucked up man. Listen dude, those two girls that looked fourteen years old were probably eighteen or nineteen or twenty or even twenty-one or twenty-two years old. Women just look younger in Asia. You really fucked up and missed out on scoring two sweet morsels. All the guys here agree that we would have reamed them like cleaning cannon barrels. But we forgive you. It was your first day in the Fuckdom and you were green. Keep’em coming and please don’t stop writing until we get out of this sandhole called Iraq.

Manny and all the guys ...

P.S. You should do to your dick what we do to mortar shells. Write the words ‘Them or Us’ on it.

Thanks Guys: Oh I know that Asian females can look young for their age. But there are different realms of reasonableness for this argument. Thirty two but looks twenty four. OK. Thirty nine but looks twenty seven. OK. But if they look fourteen years old they might only be fourteen years old. Time to do the right thing. Run. Run like a tourist rabbit. That is what I did. Ran for my tourist rabbit hotel hole. The interesting/goofy/hard-to-believe thing about this experience is that it was an anomaly. In the years and years of red light and night life adventures that were to follow in my farang tourist life in Thailand this is the only time that I was faced with Thai females that looked underage. But it left an impression. Adult behavior should only be between adults.

Anyway. I'm in shock. Too much. Too fast. Too green. I ain't man enough for this yet. Back to the hotel. First night in Thailand. Holy fuckwad—what have I done? Where am I? What am I doing? A piece of broccoli. Innocent. Green. Oh so green! But I learned.

Second Day: Three Reasons

It is my second day in Thailand and I am in a meeting room of the Viengtai Hotel one block over from Khao San Road in the Banglamphu section of Bangkok. I have come to Thailand this first time to take a trekking tour and the meeting is our orientation session. Cheri from Melbourne, the big hipped politically correct young woman who is to be our guide runs us through the paperwork and insurance requirements and itinerary and scheduling and the little bits and pieces of obligatory charm and cultural 'need to know' stuff. Then she gets serious and tells us that prostitution is illegal in the Kingdom and that the tour company does not condone soliciting by clients in any form and that if she even suspects that some client has been misbehaving they will be thrown off the tour. There are three reasons for this:

1. The first reason is that prostitution is illegal and we must respect the laws of the nation that we are guests in. Thailand is not an amusement park but a sovereign nation of proud people who take offence at foreigners misbehaving.

2. The second reason is that if Thailand thought the tour company was condoning clients soliciting then the tour company would lose its license to operate in the Kingdom. This would mean loss of jobs and loss of revenue and loss of face.

3. The third reason, according to feminist Cheri; was that engaging in prostitution was actually an act of gender violence in which men demean innocent women and corrupt their souls. I

sat there and listened to every word and believed every word. Boy was I green.

About 5 days later we were in some ‘no name’ place and Cheri had found a ‘no name’ house/restaurant that had a woman cooking out front and some little tables and chairs. Lunch. If you could ignore the heart stopping stench of the squat toilet and the flies and the dirt and the squalor it was charming. Like I said, I was new to Thailand. There was a waitress. She was about 18. She was the toxic combination of rural innocence and dripping sex candy. Every order had to be cooked one at a time by the woman out front. There were about 11 of us. Lunch was interminable. Time for some harmless flirting. One thing led to another and the waitress came over to me. She dawdled and she smiled. I made the intercourse motion with the fingers of my hands. The waitress nodded ‘Yes’ and then went over to talk to the cook. In a flash I suddenly realized that the cook was also the mother. Oh Jesus, I’ve done it now. I’m scared shitless and my asshole is so puckered you couldn’t drive in a greased toothpick with a ballpeen hammer. I’m going to have to fight off a knife wielding fat mother, the girl will cry on a policeman’s shoulder, the other tour people will look at me with disgust, and Cheri the politically correct tour guide will put her hand on her big Greenpeace hip and tell me I am going to prison. I’m fucked. But it turns out I was wrong. I was wrong about everything. Remember, it was only my 5th day in Thailand. The real reason the daughter had gone over to the sweaty fat hard working mom was to tell her that she would be taking a farang upstairs for a few minutes and fucking him for money. Which is what we did. Upstairs, into a room with no bed and no furniture—just a soiled straw floor mat surrounded by the filthy bric-a-brac and domestic detritus of the poor and stupid. Down goes the waitress on all fours—well, you get the picture. I wasn’t very good and she wasn’t very good and I overpaid. Somewhere in this crossroads village is a nice Thai boyfriend who thinks this waitress is a virgin. What a joke.

No more than fifteen minutes later, the waitress and I come back down stairs. Cheri the feminist guide looks up and makes eye contact with me as I am going to my seat. You could not have written what I just did in bigger letters if you wrote it in the sky. She probably saw the whole thing— starting with the flirting and the libido inspired hammer handle in my baggy pants.

She never said a thing! Not a thing. Not one thing. Not one politically correct feministically fueled judgemental thing. Didn't make a move.

Welcome to Thailand.

117. Fountains, Flagpoles, and Blowjobs

TT&A Part 102 8/10/2005

A great strong aged meaty brown hand reaches under the varnished teakwood conference table and presses the hidden elephant ivory button. An electrically driven noiseless sliding screen panel opens and in comes a Thai female in sprayed-on neck-to-ankle fishnet stocking. Her cone shaped breasts poke through the slashed and torn top and her nipples have oiled black makeup that matches her black coral jewelry and black lips and black hair and black heels. Her feet and cheeks have been spider web tattooed in Lard Yao prison and running from temple to temple across her brow is a tattooed surgical scar with stitches and the words—Frankenstein's Bitch. On her back between her shoulder blades it says, "If you can read this you are not close enough—push all the way in".

Her name is Bang but it won't do you any good. You haven't got enough money and you aren't wearing the dress of wealth: simple clothes—expensive textiles—discreet pieces of custom designed jewelry—shoes of ostrich and python. She wouldn't wipe her ass with you. You aren't man enough. You are a cipher. A zero. The American movie star George Hamilton was once asked what the secret to success was and he replied: "A tan and a tailor". You haven't got either. You cast no shade and at night when you are stumbling home with a gut full of beer and a heart full of broken dreams; there is no little brown hand in yours and you make no silhouette as you top the ridge. You couldn't get a smile out of her with blasting caps and her pussy muscles are so strong that you would be lifting her up off the bed on the upstroke. But don't bother dreaming about it. She has only one master and it is to him that she carries the tray of small champagne glasses and Havana cigars with wrappers that have the developers logo and face on them.

It is celebration time for the contractors and money men and architects and city flacks and developer who have just signed off on the final drawings for the building. While sipping the champagne the developer muses that the fountains will never work. Eighteen plaza and development and urban landscape and buildings to date and never once have the fountains worked.

Never worked on ribbon cutting day. Worked for a few months later. And then never after that. Soon a haven for the homeless and litter. Urban detritus. But the fountain looked damn nice in the drawings. A nice counterpoint to the great box of greed masquerading as affordable housing and unneeded residential retail shops.

Meanwhile: in another country—Blue blazers and red yachting pants are the dress du jour for the white faced lard body alumni that have crowded in to witness the Midwestern American university sign off with an International architect on the new stadium. Flowing lines are out and Japanese comic book jagged straight lines are in; and all of the rich alumni ignoramuses agree that the new stadium looks modern. These little jackass dweebs wouldn't know modern if it was greased and shoved into their rectums, but they all agree that the colored flags and flagpoles on the architects rendering look cool. Makes them remember little drawings they made in art class in the fifth grade.

The only woman in attendance is wearing an out of date power suit from the 80's and crushed ice wouldn't melt in her vagina. The last time a man hit on this superfluous cunt was three years ago but she still remembers it all with pleasure. "I've still got it." she muses. "And he respected me and was attracted to me because of my high values—not like those little Thai tarts you see more and more of on campus now." Her idea of sex is to read romance novels late at night with Mr. Snuffles the cat on the bed and oven mitts on her hands in case she is tempted to touch herself. She likes best the stories where a penurious but proud woman is almost reduced to whoring before a tall rich dark God fearing stranger from out of town arrives to save her. She would love to read a story that had all of the hard body Thai strumpets on campus thrown into a righteous Christian tar pit but she doubts such a novel exists.

Welcome to the world of white people. Sexless but the mortgage is paid.

Off in a corner nibbling on a butter cookie made in a cookie mould that has the football team's mascot on it the University president muses that the flagpoles and flags will never work. This is his third University job and the eighth project he has witnessed from drawing to ribbon cutting and the flagpoles and flags never work. The flags won't be ready for ribbon cutting day and the halyard snap shackles will bang against the aluminum poles while he is trying to make a speech. Ten weeks later he will be notified that the flags are up and pictures should be gotten for the cover of the alumni magazine.

Next summer on the way to work it will occur to him that he hasn't seen the flags in months. The sheaves are jammed and the uncooperative bored custodians in charge of raising and lowering the flags have a strong union. Fxxk the flags. But the flags and flagpoles looked great on the drawings and helped raise the dough for this project. They have done their job.

Fountains and flags and flagpoles are examples of architectural drawing trivialities that help to sell ideas. They act as nice accents and counterpoints and aesthetic diversions. There are other examples: gargoyles—statuary—plaques; public plaza sculpture bought by the pound instead of the inspiration—kinetic sculpture that isn't kinetic anymore—etc. On really big municipal maritime related projects you sometimes see fake lighthouses. They aren't saving ships or lives—just acting as bits of decorative nonsense that looked great on the drawings and helped sell the idea of the mammoth municipal project to the bankers. An example of this nonsense is the lighthouse at the end of the new municipal park in South Pattaya.

The South Pattaya municipal maritime park project itself is huge. Acres and vistas of reclaimed and redreamed public land that has been converted into a huge public space on the point in South Pattaya just below the Royal Cliff Beach Resort up on the cliff. If they ever get the subcontractors and the main contractor to honor their contracts and finish up the details of curb work and light standards and wiring and paving stone it will be just wonderful. A place for the Thai or tourist or expat public to walk or fish or sit or jog or participate in the many public gatherings to come. The huge space is ideally suited for kite flying festivals and concerts and public gatherings and political rallies and flea markets and boat shows and motorsports rallies, etc. A wonderful drystone staircase has even been built up the side of the hill to the cliff top condo complex. Of course it will not last and will eventually sag and tumble and wash away but at least now at the start of the maritime park project I can type the words 'wonderful drystone staircase'.

And there on the end of the park is the fake lighthouse. From a distance it looks neat. And up close it still looks kind of fun. But up really close unfortunately it starts to proclaim it's Thainess. It's a piece of unloved crap. Just a bit of architectural drawing frippery that in a forgotten office on a forgotten day helped to get the contracts signed. And then it was forgotten.

The foundation work is scary in it's human indifference to quality and caring, the brick and stone detail is second rate, and the metal railing up the spiral staircase inside is inexpressively depressing in it's shoddiness. But the best/worst is to come. At the top where you can exit a little door and stand on the ledge to look over Pattaya Bay the outside railing is so shoddily constructed that it is a safety menace. What should be a transporting experience on your day off from work with your Thai wife and kids in tow is so scary that you hurry them back down the stairs as soon as possible. The fake lighthouse with the fabulous view of Pattaya Bay and the fun of considering the experience, and then climbing the spiral staircase, and then standing on top with your hands on the rail and your eyes and mouth exclaiming at the view has been taken away by a cultures complete lack of standards or the ability to dream. Congratulations Thailand. You have replaced standards and civility with ennui and childish behavior again.

But I have discovered one thing that this lighthouse is excellent for. Really really excellent. For this you need a motorcycle and a tranny. A regular teeruk or a girl bought out of one of the BJ bars on Soi 6 would also work if you have to have lots of rules in your life but why complicate a simple thing? Forget your mother and your Bible. Just think motorcycle and tranny. Cruise very slowly down Walking Street in the early afternoon on a weekday on your Phantom. Go very very slowly. Around half way down drop your feet and your speed and start duck waddling the bike down Walking Street. On the right hand side your fish retina will start to spot tranny flies being floated on the top of the sexual water.

There they are looking bored and stupid and predatory and as utterly without charm and as disgusting as replicants can be. This is the bottom of the barrel. Crap people on a crap hot street in a crap place and a crap country. Easily the worst lot of trannies I have ever seen anywhere. Human junk. Walking faecal matter. Human beings in the grip of the crushing despair that comes with knowing that they have taken the wrong road and are now in a lifetime cul-de-sac from which there is no return. Angry, hostile, depressed humans who have given up on dignity and achievement and now wallow in a trough of criminality and pleasureless sex.

Pick one out. And don't bother wasting too much time about it. It's like a cripple festival. Whatever you land on is still going to be a cripple. Get over it. Move on. You're crap and they're crap. Spooky faces? Looks don't matter. Drug addled? No problem. Shabby clothing? You don't care. Hate men? You don't give a shit. But she's got to be a player. Someone who will earn the money. Motion to the back of your bike and off you go. Down the rest of Walking Street with her on the back and her arms around your waist.

You go past Soi 16 and the Right Spot Hotel on the left and then the Siam Bayshore hotel on the left and then exit Walking Street. Past the little green grass park with the gazebo on the right and then up to the waterfront sidewalk where all of the motorbikes and cycles are parked. Cruise past the speedboat slipway and boatyard and watch for the dinosaurlike boat hauling tractors. Sitting on the back bent over you with her arms around your middle the six foot tall giraffe mutant looks like she is clutching a farang teddy bear.

But here is the beauty part. You don't give a flying rat's ass what you look like or what people think. It's Thailand and you are free. Only thoughts of Bang Kwang prison prevent you from the final freedoms. So there are limits. Limited in things we can't talk of here; and finding solace in taking girls back to the Ambiance hotel in Boys Town so that you can mix and match without fear of censure or listening to others. Jesus Mary and Joseph. Listening to others. One of the reasons you said sayonara to that great social freedom fraud America and boarded the plane for Siam was so that you wouldn't have to listen others anymore.

Fxxk everybody and their opinions. You don't give a shit. Now do you want to get naked or not?

Then exit the boatyard and turn right on to the new municipal park paving. Open it up. Now you are just going screaming fast. Full throttle. You have the cliffs on your left, the crescent beach and Pattaya waterfront to your right, and the sea and the sky ahead of you. The motorcycle breeze wipes out the humidity and the sun feels wonderful. You have a woman's arms around your waist and the scent of sex in your nose from her hair and her perfume. Too much perfume because she's an idiot. Perfect. Life is good. It's a farang moment in Thailand.

Where are you going? Why to the lighthouse of course. Park in front. Into the lighthouse. It is a weekday afternoon and no one is around. No Thai families and no Thai couples. No Italian tourists with their shirts off. Even the ice cream guy with the box on the bike is nowhere in sight. It is a beautiful day. No wind and blue sky and blazing hot. You climb to the top. At the top you make her sit on the outside ledge facing in and you stand between her legs looking out. Looking over her head the view is just wonderful.

She doesn't need tortured tourist pantomime. She's a professional piece of human garbage. She knows why she was hired. She knows what to do. Down come your shorts. Down come your underpants. Up pops Mr. Happy. And there with one of the most beautiful views of Pattaya Bay that you can imagine you get fabulous early afternoon Pattaya Park lighthouse attention. At last, the lighthouse is loved and used.

A human relationship adventure, a motorcycle ride, public mutant servicing, and a lighthouse experience—all for 500baht. Is this a great country or what? I wonder if the architects were thinking of this when they first started sketching the maritime urban accent to sell the project to the Pattaya Municipal government. On the way back you run into the guy with the box on the bike who sells ice cream. The two of you sit on your motorcycle and have ice cream and rice in little cups. Eating it fast before the post meridian sun melts it. It all seems so natural. So effortless. So human. So friendly. You lean into one another with the shameless intimacy of two who have shared without pretence. Nothing counts until you are naked.

A wonderful early afternoon human-to-human connection. A moment-in-time, a time-in-a-life where you are not baying at the moon alone. Another member of your species is paying attention. The sex is almost incidental. You are buying a ticket to intimacy, human contact, ego massage, primal reptilian core monkey grooming. And it doesn't take that much. Five hundred baht, a lighthouse, and a tranny is all you need. We don't require that much. We aren't that special. The ceaseless bluff and bluster and carney act of our lives is a thin veneer on the fact that we are needy pathetic carbon based life forms that can be lifted up and enhanced by disgusting acts with disgusting people. Once you punch through the 200 mark on blow jobs the mind wanders. You can start to peel the philosophy onion and become better than your genetic self. In my case I am on the way to secular godhead status. I'm not normal anymore. I'm not like you. But I haven't lost my basic bone marrow wisdom. To wit: The most common denominator of our lives is very low indeed and it is the lucky ones that know it. Relax. Nobody gives a fxxk.

God I love this country. And lighthouses.

118. Thunderbolts Out Of A Clear Summer Sky

TT&A Part 103 15/10/2005

Well, Noi and I are involved in our first pregnancy. I told her I wanted three girls all born a year apart, all delivered naturally and without drugs, all breast fed the first three months; and that I wanted all my daughters to look just like her. Well, we are 7 months into child number one and oh brother there have been some changes. The first thing that anyone would notice is that she is just huge. Elephantine. Humongous. Blimplike. Whalelike. This is the kind of pregnancy that you can see photos of in academic medical type books on pregnancy but that you don't see very often on the street. She is huge and getting more huge. Every morning she is bigger than the night before. Some mornings I wonder if at night someone sneaks in the bedroom and hooks a bicycle pump up to her and just pumps away. Or maybe in her ceaseless quest for food she is swallowing CO2 cartridges. Even though she is only 7 months along she now looks like she is shoplifting TV's from Mike's Department store under her shirt. And everything is bigger. Everything (If you get my meaning). Her hands and feet are clublike, her face is now moon shaped, her ass looks like her mother's ass, and her nose is bigger. And because everything is bigger I now hear things I never heard before like: "Are you in?" and "Is that all you got?".

And hungry? Jesus, the woman has turned into a Thai eating machine. Ketchup from plastic squeeze bottles, old fish paste, dirt, rotten chilies, bars of soap, som tam leftovers, reboiled catfish heads, pet food, Chinese herbals with eyes and tails included, and of course bags and bags and bags of fried roaches and scorpions and worms and maggots and crickets, etc. Every time I kiss her I get a mouth full of wings and legs. If it is organic and if it can't outrun her Noi will eat it. I have to put one of those European style child's harness and leash on her when we go out.

It is the only way that I can exert some control when she sees soi dogs eating something. All the soi dogs in Pattaya are now afraid of her. She'll fight them for anything.

But the most remarkable change is in the sexual mood category. Dana is having a lot of sex with the copilot. But it is like thunderbolts out of a clear summer sky. You never know when it is going to hit. I'll be making friends with a Chang beer and watching a Thai commercial for hair shampoo and then out of the blue I will hear Thai female yelling from the bedroom followed by "Get Up On The Bed Big Boy—Mama Needs Some Boom-Boom." And then in naughty bargirl Thai she will say …"Kuhn blsjflskjslkj jlkjsd99 dd heh hellww w shodfoe yre eepnenen dlno ufeoe neoue ouedn dnod ueoeens heo oehbw fopjfoele … ka" —OK, I have no idea what she is saying—but when the growling and spitting starts you don't need a translator—the Noister has needs and she has needs now.

Anyway, we have decided to replace the delta winged rocket that gave us so much pleasure and so many happy miles. The last trip home from Rio was tilted a little too much in the adventure category for the both of us. However, being sentimentalists and always alert to the honest buck we have decided not to get rid of the plane. Instead we are going to turn it into a bar. We have leased space from the Royal Palm Gardens Mall right on the front steps and we will be opening soon. I have cut out one side of the fuselage and Noi will stand inside and serve drinks and tell stories. She will be dressed in her flight suit and helmet and oxygen mask and the teddy bear dressed in his flight suit and helmet and oxygen mask will be sitting on the top of the cash register. Noi has put wooden phalluses between his furry teddy bear legs for good luck, there are now garlands of flowers hanging over the nose cone of the plane, the shade from the wings has already attracted sidewalk mafia that are 'renting' out the space, and the engine cowling is being used to store make-up cases and other sundries of boardwalk cruisers. I will sit on the outside and watch the business. The walls behind Noi will be covered with pictures of us on our flying adventures. I think it is a winner idea. Stop by and have a beer in the only delta winged rocket bar in Southeast Asia.

But that is not really what I want to talk about today. What I want to talk about today is a problem and a solution for Thailand. It is entitled:

Our Respect And Best Efforts

Thailand has a flag and a coat of arms: but there is no national motto. I propose that the Stickmanbangkok.com site sponsor a contest for a motto for Thailand. An act of public service and love that I am sure will be appreciated by all Thais. I'm no motto maven but a few obvious Thailand specific national mottos spring to mind. Before reviewing my ideas for possible Thailand national mottos perhaps it might be helpful to see what some other countries have done.

Cambodia: "Nation, Religion, King"—hard to fault.

Czech Republic: "Truth Prevails"—we can only hope.

Dominican Republic: "God, Country, Liberty"—works for me.

El Salvador: "God, Union, Liberty"—somebody is stealing from somebody.

France: "Liberty, Equality, Brotherhood"—these people eat snails.

This is pretty standard stuff—big ideas and pithily presented. Then there are some national mottos that fall into the more perplexing categories.

Uruguay: "Liberty or Death"—Jesus, are those my only choices? Couldn't I just hand over some of my territory to French-Indochina and let the Japanese build a railroad with nationals and bleat about how we have never been conquered?

Wales: "The Red Dragon Inspires Action"—What? The what? A dragon? Got any trolls?

Isle of Man: "Whithersoever You Throw It, It Will Stand"—WHAT? (What are they drinking in the Isle of Man?)

Bolivia: "Under The Shade I Flourish"—What? What the hell are you talking about?

Ecuador: "Ecuador Has Been, Is And Will Be An Amazonic Country"—What? Is this a motto or a speech? Amazonic? What are they drinking in the Amazon?

Luxembourg: "We Want To Stay What We Are"—OK, no ploblum. I guess it pays to set your sights low.

OK, now that we have done some research and educated ourselves a little bit I think we can approach the subject of possible national mottos for Thailand with the gravity and maturity that the subject deserves. Thailand is a sovereign nation of proud people who love their country and deserve our respect and best efforts. I love each rai of Thailand more than the smile on my daughter's face. I hope the suggestions below are helpful:

1. "Fleece the Farangs"—sponsored by All Thailand Citizen's Committee (ATCC)
2. "Land of Idiots"—submitted by the United Nations Office of International Comparative I.Q.
3. "Bargirls Rule"—a Pattaya expat favorite.
4. "Dana's Delight"—supported by Pattaya Municipal Government boardwalk freelancers.
5. "You Hansum Man"—another heavy favorite.

6. “I Take You Gemstore”—sponsored by Bangkok Taxi Association (BTA).
7. “We Don’t Payback Loans”
8. “Land of Scams”—heavy votes by all Washington Squaronians.
9. “Intellectual Property—What’s Intellectual Property?”—possibly too technical.
10. “You Want Girl?”
11. “Late To Every Appointment”—a fine candidate.
12. “Flip-Flops Forever”—catchy song title alliteration—Tata Young endorses.
13. “No Ploblum”
14. “Never Conquered: Never Respected”—paints a rich historical picture.
15. “Hot, Sizzling Hot, and Rainy Hot”
16. “Aids? What Aids?”
17. “Where You Go?”
18. “No Big Trees and soon No Big Elephants”—example of Greenpeace infiltration.
19. “Where litter is considered nature”—Greenpeace infiltration again.
20. “En Educated Populace is a Happy Populace”
21. “Soi Dogs=Mystery Meat”
22. “Dirty Bras and Green Gum Boots”—probably not a winner but favored by all retired mamasans.
23. “Cambodians Are Scum”—popular with all Thais.
24. “Martial Law is Good”—received government endorsement.
25. “Mai Pen Rai”—received the IAN (International Advertisers Council) Bullshit award.
26. “We Believe in Ghosts”—proof that the ignorant have no shame.
27. “I Luf Yuu Too Mutt”—first thing an Isaan baby girl says.
28. “Up To Youuu”
29. “Rice=Food: Farangs=Money”

30. "What Your Name?"
31. "All Hail Dana"—oh come on; you were all thinking it.

I am sure there are other fine candidates. So come on guys and girls and guy-girls; let's try and help the sovereign and proud nation of Thailand come up with a national motto. Hey, I just thought of another one:

"How Did The Chinese End Up With The Money?"

There, see how easy it is.

119. Lucky Maak

TT&A Part 104 22/10/2005

I don't know about you guys but when shopping in the Love Emporiums of Bangkok and Pattaya I am a budget shopper. Now that the 'girlfriend experience' is gone and the 'wei experience' is gone and the 'petite girl with a smile experience' is gone and my new guy innocence is gone; I am just pounding meat. When you combine that with the light switch (God bless Edison) you no longer need to get into a bidding war at stageside to capture the attention of the hi-liner of statuesque proportions and other worldly charms. Just about anything will do. If you want to compete with the 4-4-4 Japanese (four minutes—four inches—four thousand baht) that is your business. If I hear a number higher than 500 baht my eyes start to glaze over like a Pompeii wall painting and my brain starts to wander. Can't be done you say? You are wrong. I never pay more than 500 baht short time and in Pattaya in the off season I pay 300 baht off the boardwalk in the morning and the next morning the girl is smiling at me and waving at me again. But wait, it gets better. She tells her friends that I am a nice man with jai dee. Pretty soon there is a group of smilers and they all know it is only 300 baht. She'd have taken 50 baht from a Thai. There is a well known lounge lizard in the lobby of the Nana that I call '500 baht Walt'. This retired gentleman makes love to beautiful wonderful women with frequency. 500 baht. He is like a God to me. You are paying too much.

And barfines? Forget about it. On my last visit to the Kingdom I only paid one barfine in three weeks. She was an old friend from the Hollywood Strip at the NEP and all we did was Ab Nam. Once the barfines left the cirrus cumulous clouds at 20,000 feet and 500 baht and soared into the either thin stratospheric financial atmosphere at 600 baht I pushed back from the table.

Sorry—the value just is not there. In the last couple of years the nightlife scene in Thailand has lost probably 28,000 baht from me in barfines. And I am just a sometime tourist. If I were an expat the amount of lost revenue to bars in barfines would be in the hundreds of thousands of baht. Real money. I barfine old friends and beer bar girls in Pattaya (200 baht) and the odd impulse. But most of my shopping now is done on the street. And I am not the lone ranger. Lots of expats and frequent visitors have pushed back from the 600 baht table.

Once you set your sites low and adopt a new attitude you can sometimes find yourself in some dodgy places and situations. Depending on your point-of-view; life either gets more interesting or more dangerous or more unsatisfactory. I tend to ignore all of these potentialities blinded as I am by the giddy pleasure of saving money. But some memories last longer than other memories. Once I was in a pokey dark expat shithole bar in Chiang Mai. You know the kind of place I am talking about. You are the only one with clean clothes and everyone looks like they are waiting on a casting call for a film about clinical depression and the farang at the pool table has been racking them up 6 nights a week for two years and he still can't play. Well, you never know what is just going to fall out of the sex sky and land on your sex plate. That is where I met a charmer who had only one arm and one leg and one eye and one ear and one breast—she said her name was Lucky Maak. I didn't know what the Maak word meant but I figured I just got lucky. I figured it was a match made in heaven because I had only one ball and one baht and one hour left in a short time hotel. Well, one thing led to another and we … no, wait minute—that is not what I want to talk about today. What I want to talk about today is something that rules my life while I am in the Kingdom.

Prologue

"The moon is a silver slipper pouring champagne stars."—
Tom Waits

Sometimes life can be so inexpressively wonderful that for one or two seconds you forget the roiling cauldron of resentment and self-pity and volcanic anger that shreds and immolates your soul. Sometimes all you have to do is look down.

Dark Wide Feet Rule

Dark wide feet. Dark wide feet man. DARK WIDE FEET RULE (DWFR). You can have those skinny Hi-So Chinese Thai feet shaped like skis if you want. But for me it is dark wide feet. Reason? Simple. Dark wide feet are going to be attached to Isaan women. High cheek bones, incomprehensible border language, wide smiles, perfect white teeth and dentition showing the nutritional gifts of bugs and worms and roadkill and beer, curvy bodies that look like advertisements for fertility rites, jet black hair, small hands and small waists and small pink woman places, and dark smooth skin of such surpassing beauty that when the two of you are in the shower you just sit on the back of the tub and look at her skin as she washes. These Isaan wonders aren't human. They are angels that have been sent down from heaven to give us life. Women so gloriously beautiful and affectingly affectionate, and fabulously feminine, and sexually provocative that they make the birds fall from the sky and fish jump from the sea.

If I managed to infiltrate a Japanese club with a stage of Chinesey looking palefaces dancing nude I would be amused and the club would be slant-eyed deferential. But if I let my naked Isaan teeruk out of my backpack and she vaulted onto the stage; the fancy shmancy Japanese club would be electrified with wonder and admiration and respect and dick hardening attention. A real woman has taken the stage. You can tell because she has DWF (Dark Wide Feet). I don't even need my traditional man radar on Sukhumvit Road in Bangkok when on the hunt for female perfection. All I have to do is walk around with my head down and look at the feet:

1. Big huge hippo callused Nigerian feet slopping over small sandals—no thanks. I like to wash bargirls feet in the shower. But I shouldn't need a wire brush and battery acid.

2. Great long bony white feet with pale blue veins—Russian hookers from Soi 3—no thanks. Anatomical extrapolation will never get you in trouble here. This is not 'exception' land. The whole body is like the feet. Pale and bony and little blue veins. I'd rather sleep alone. Thank Christ I have memories (and magazines).

3. Ordinary looking feet that are super super tan because they have just backpacked through 18 countries—Run, Run For Your Life—it is Israeli woman. She can field strip five different semi-automatic and automatic weapons in the dark. She's tougher than you and she won't be shy telling you (in seven languages).

4. Pudgy little fat feet attached to pear shaped lard bucket bodies—Run, Run For Your Lives—it's a Japanese girl. Her idea of sex talk is to say "No" and she won't do anything that makes her teddy bear backpack bounce.

5. Skinny black feet attached to skinny black ankles and skinny black legs running up to black thunder thighs and black onion asses—it's black mammy time—no thanks. I don't want to get involved with anything where I'm going to need helpers.

6. White feet of absolutely no interesting physical aspect—Run, Run For Your Lives—it is a Western Woman. Her feet are like her opinions. Of no interest.

Nope, none of these feet are going to get my attention or cause the rods and cones in my eyes to even bother processing incoming information. My heart is not going to skip a beat and no artery is going to clamp down in anticipation and no balls are going to go high and tight until: Until …! I spot a pair of Dark Wide Feet. Barefoot or in sandals it makes no difference. It is 'pot at the end of the rainbow' time. It is 'X marks the spot' time. We have found the buried treasure. Our prayers have been answered. Life is worth living. There is a God.

Like a French truffle hunting pig on the scent of the prize I lock onto the sight of the Dark Wide Feet. Time tells all and in less time than it takes to think about it I am standing in front of the owner of the feet. A vendor woman selling pants and shirts. Or a woman selling Gelato ice cream. Or a woman selling mystery meat and chicken on a stick. No matter. Follow the feet up and you have to travel to places more wonderful and full of mystery than anything the English explorer Sir Richard Burton saw in Darkest Africa. Feet and legs and hips and the private hidden woman place and waist and breasts and neck and face and eyes and smiles and hair. An Isaan woman. An angel masquerading as a human to give the rest of the world's women a break. No need to rub it in their faces. We are not all dealt the same cards at birth. Some women get Jokers and Jacks and some women get Queens and Aces. Look closely at the Queen. She has dark wide feet. The telltale for the experienced tourist and expat that the mother lode of sexuality and affection and jai dee and femininity and beauty has been found. An Isaan woman. A dark skinned woman with a happy face and a ready smile and a pair of puppies so high they are hitting her under the chin. Dark wide feet man.

DARK WIDE FEET RULE

120. Yellow Grease and Bacon Fat

TT&A Part 105 29/10/2005

Prologue

> *"The sun shone, having no alternative, on the nothing new."*—novel MURPHY by Samuel Beckett.

One of literature's best opening lines and a very funny book of wit and weirdness and hard to forget moments. If you have ever spent a quiet day tied to your teak rocking chair with scarves to free your mind—you know what I am talking about. But enough of adult pleasures. Sometimes it is the small oddities of life that carry the most weight. I'd love to survey post-death participants and find out what they really remembered on their death beds. I doubt if it was Shakespearean sonnets or children's faces or the wife's perfume. My money is on the absurd and the stupid and the memorably inconsequential. Things like—"Never got to that last beer in the fridge".

I'm betting that parts of the following story will occur to me as I fight the last death rattle.

Yellow Grease And Bacon Fat

> *"Part of the secret to success in life is to eat what you like and let the food fight it out inside."*—Mark Twain

Are you like me? Do you spend the first few days back in the Kingdom caroming from one gastronomic blunder to another gastronomic blunder in spite of the fact that you have been repeating these mistakes for years?

I check into the Viengtai Hotel on Soi Rambutri in the Banglamphu section of western Bangkok when I first arrive because it brings back pleasant memories of my first trip to Thailand. Throw the bags on the bed and then out the front door. Dodge left, cross the street, and then right down the alley that connects to KSR. The hippie girls don't charm like they used to and the backpackers are boring to a 55 year old but my-oh-my they still have those street vendor spring rolls. I get a plate and a sharp stick and a lame piece of lettuce and two sad slices of tomato and two spring rolls. That first night as I stand on the street and chow down on the spring rolls I know I am back in a place that makes me happy in spite of itself. A dangerous place full of unreliable people and barely suppressed criminality that charms with mystery and litter and lies. And I spend the next two days happily chowing down on the spring rolls that are sold on Khao San road. At the end of the second day I start shitting yellow grease. Oh Jesus—it's Tong Ruang time.

It takes my 'too many time zones' and 'too many beers' mind about half a day to figure it out. "Oh yeah—too many spring rolls! I forgot. I always get diarrhea when I eat too many Khao San Road spring rolls."

So then I decamp across town (need to get out of spring roll country) to the Nana hotel on Soi 4 off Sukhumvit and start the wonderful morning ritual of the coupon breakfast. Guests at the Mothership get breakfast coupons so buffet style breakfast is free if you can get out of bed in time and stumble down to the dining room. I love this part of the Mothership experience. Stagger out of bed, get dressed fashionably as if you are Mr. Continental, pull open the door, jerk in the complimentary Bangkok Post, exit, and head for the elevators. Since in my regular life I inhabit a fifth floor walk up garret in an abandoned building; the buffet cornucopia of food delights and makes me feel as if I am at Xanadu. And there in the air-conditioned early morning splendor of the vacation experience I get to consider and to do something that I never do back in the States. Eat bacon. Eat lots of bacon. Bacon is full of fat. My system is not used to fat because back in the States my diet is blander than a bargirl's summer reading list. I eat more bacon. "Hey, I'll just add two more strips—ah hell, make it five more strips." After a couple of days of this I go to Pattaya. And there on the first night in Sin City I pray to die. Sitting on the toilet in the AA Hotel on Soi 13 in South Pattaya, Thailand I look heavenward and beg a merciful and loving God to just kill me. I have Nana Hotel Bacon Constipation (NHBC). Rasputin eventually lost his job because he couldn't cure the queen of Russia of this. Don't laugh. Hitler had this and we know what that lead to. Churchill, a lifetime double drug addict (nicotine and alcohol) was just trying to mask the pain from NHBC (Nana Hotel Bacon Constipation). I cry from the pain. And it goes on for hours and hours and hours. I wonder if my infracted heart will be able to absorb the pain and the muscular tension. I fear death and at the same time I fear I won't die. And it goes on and on and on. Pain and fear. And prideless baby crying. I am on vacation. I actually saved money for this and looked forward to this. Shitting yellow grease one day like my rectum is a sewer outfall pipe and plugged up so tight the next day that you couldn't drive in a greased toothpick with a ballpeen hammer.

Then magically it all goes away. I stagger the next morning to the window and I can see the early morning parasailors over Pattaya bay. I stumble down the marble steps and cross the highway and there is Fa. Fa from six months ago. She sees me and smiles. All pain forgotten. Thailand.

Are you like me?

Well, OK—maybe you are not like me. But that is not really what I want to talk about anyway. What I really want to talk about is a woman I met named ... OK, I don't know her name ... forgot it I guess. We'll just call her G.L. The story is called:

Oops, wait a minute—I almost forgot to tell the potentially best part about of the Yellow Grease and Bacon Fat story. On my final day the last time I was visiting the Kingdom I was staggering up Soi Pattayaland 2 on the way to my favorite Internet place when I bumped into the bird guy. On the right hand side of the soi is a time ravaged farang (TRF) of indeterminate age and background that loves birds; so the outside of his shop has cages of birds. Lots of birds and lots of cages hanging over the sidewalk. I used to have finches and parakeets and cockatiels and I love birds so for years I have always stopped to talk to the birds on the way to the Internet place. I had seen this living farang cautionary tale (LFCT) many times in the past but never gotten to know him. This time we fell into conversation. Somehow we segued from bird food to human food and then I ended up telling my story about how I couldn't eat my two favorite foods in Thailand; spring rolls and bacon, because one gave me diarrhea and the other made me constipated.

Birdman: "Why not combine them?"

Me: "What?"

Birdman: "Why not eat both foods at once—they'll average out. You won't get diarrhea because the constipating qualities of the bacon will stop that and you won't get constipation from the bacon because the diarrhea giving qualities of the spring rolls will stop that. Simple chemistry."

Me: "What?"

Birdman: "Think about it mate—it's simple. Chop up the bacon into bacon bits and stuff it in the spring rolls and you get to eat your two favorite foods at once in paradise. Bang your favorite teeruk at the White Inn ($10.00 per night) and then the two of you can sit up naked and eat like Roman provincial governors. She'll have fried scorpions and worms and crickets and roaches and you'll have Spracon (Spring + Bacon) Rolls. The two of you will be leaning against the pillowed headboard at 3:00 a.m. in the morning while the city sleeps completing step two of the only two things people really want to do. Bonk and eat. You'll be getting bacon bits stuck between your teeth and she'll be spitting scorpion legs and cricket wings out onto your limp dick because it amuses her. You'll never be happier. And I think Spracon Rolls is a hell of a clever name. May start selling them here next to my birds."

Me: "I think you're a genius. Thanks."

Birdman: "By the way: there is a sure fire 100% never fail instantaneous cure for diarrhea if you are interested."

Me: "OK, what is it?"

Birdman: "Bird seed."

Me: "What?"

Birdman: "Bird seed mate. If I get the runs I just open one of the cage doors and scoop up some seed off the bottom and chow down. Stops you up immediately. Guaranteed."

Me: "What did you say?"

Birdman: "Just take the heel of your hand and scrape up what's on the bottom of the cage."

Me: "Aren't the birds shitting on the bottom of the cage?"

Birdman: "Yes, but that's the beauty part."

Me: "OK, I can't believe I hear myself saying this; but why is that the beauty part?"

Birdman: "Well, as a nutritional support; all the birds have calcium sticks in their cages that they eat so their droppings are full of calcium. The calcium in their shit acts as a binder in your shit. Believe me, birdshit and birdseed will have you stopped up like a cork in a wine bottle.

In fact as a way to pay back the community for the many happy years I have had here in Pattaya I always leave one cage unlocked in case someone has the runs. So if you see a bargirl scooping up some seed off the bottom of the cage you know she has got a really bad case of the …!”

Me: ”Er—Gotta go. Thanks.”

So that is what I intend to try next time I am in LOS. I’m going to stuff spring rolls with bacon and see what happens. Other people on their exotic vacations to Siam sign up for advanced Thai condiment cooking classes at the Oriental hotel, or participate in a Mahout-For-A-Day program in Chiang Mai, or take Thai female classical dance classes, or stumble through an advanced seminar in Thai diphthongs; I’ll be stuffing Khao San Road spring rolls with bacon bits. I’ll do this within hopping distance of a bathroom the first time just in case; but I have high hopes for this new part of my life. So if some year you and your laughing honey with the brown skin and the dazzling white Isaan teeth are ambling down Khao San Road and you see a slightly aged slightly disorientated farang stuffing bacon bits into a spring roll and smiling like a monkey that has just discovered his wing-wang; that’s me.

Postscript: Oh, and G.L.—the woman whose name I couldn’t remember earlier? Her story is coming up in a submission called GUTTER LICKER. Stay tuned Stickmanites. I’ve had a few beers and am considering going all the way to TT&A Part 1000. I figure this will be easy. I already have 100 submissions in the bank so all I have to do is marry a Thai woman for three years and chronicle each day of heaven and hell in the three year marriage. 900 days and 900 submissions. Easy. I’m a man with a plan. And a beer.

121. Too Smart

TT&A Part 106 5/11/2005

Prologue

> *"by attaching a stringent, mordant vocabulary to a series of precise and horrific events, a species of gallows humor which is a defeated man's last pride, the pride that he has, at least, not lost his bitterness. So it is the sort of humor which flourishes in prisons, in the Army, among junkies, race tracks and pool halls,"*—Norman Mailer

And expat hangouts in Thailand. OK, broken-down expats can be funny. They can be mordant—"biting and caustic in thought, manner, or style: incisive." (Webster's). Sift the bitterness and dashed dreams through the filter of wit, add some alcohol; and you are going to laugh until you think you will lose control of your bladder. The patina of barely suppressed depression is forgotten in the convivial bonding moment as two speakers of the same language trade stories. And it is not just silly story or clever joke laughing. It is the 'us against them' humor that makes you feel so smart, so superior. Laughter that feeds the ego and restores your pride and hope. You're a winner surrounded by losers and the proof is that you can be so witty and funny about it. But a little can go a long way. You wouldn't eat just pepper. Pepper is just something you add to your food for spice. Sometimes you can be too smart—too clever—too intelligent—too knowledgeable; and lose the plot. That's when the laughing stops. When you lose the plot. Never stop laughing.

Too Smart

Sometimes you can be too smart and know too much. And all of your friends can be too smart and know too much. Especially if you are a farang from a highly developed country. In my case I am from a highly developed country so I know everything and I am way too smart. And all of my friends and most of the resident farang I meet in Thailand are also too smart and know way too much. Sometimes this gets in the way of having fun. Sometimes we forget that we did not fly half way around the world at great expense and inconvenience and not a little risk to be little professors about everything. But it is hard to escape who and what you are. That is why sometimes it is helpful to just lean back and reappraise what you are doing and how you are living and why you came to the Kingdom in the first place.

Here are some examples:

1. When I first came to Thailand to settle in as an expat I did what most farang do and used the project mentality to get my life going. I made up a 'to do' list and started a rolodex of important numbers and started a list of important vendors and started cultivating friendships that would be helpful to me. That is what everyone does. You need to find housing and get the phone hooked up and install the computer and start language school, etc. Across the street from the hotel I was staying at was an all British expat bar named Visakay's Mistake. The sign hung from an old Triumph Bonneville motorcycle that someone had torched in half and bolted over the door; and the mirror behind the bar was surrounded by blood tests from the hopeful and the newbie and the alcoholic and the delusional and the deceased. And stuck in amongst the paper blood test forms were hundreds and hundreds of photos of bargirls. Bargirls in hotel rooms and bargirls praying at a temple and bargirls riding on a motorcycle and bargirls at the Arrivals lounge of a faraway farang airport and bargirls on their marriage day and bargirls holding the farang-Thai baby and bargirls smiling. Pictorial testaments to love lost and dreams broken and hearts ripped to shreds. Curled and cracked and brown with age or glossy new photos of Thai

women who hurt farangs. And at the bottom of every picture was an inscription like ‘Heinrich’s Mistake’ or ‘Lonnie’s Mistake’ or ‘Pablo’s Mistake’ or ‘Vinjay’s Mistake’ or ‘Oyo’s Mistake’ or ‘Adam’s Mistake’ or ‘Marcel’s Mistake’ or ‘Xiaoping’s Mistake’ or ‘Phuolendu’s Mistake’ or ‘Luigi’s Mistake’ or ‘Amargein’s Mistake’ or ‘Dana’s Mistake’ (Yup, Noi’s picture is up there—don’t even ask—I’m crying while I’m typing) or ‘Hideaki’s Mistake’ or ‘Abjul-Hakeem’s Mistake’ or ‘Calibra’s Mistake’ or ‘Ben Dover’s Mistake’ or ‘Gary from Pattaya’s Mistake’ or ‘David from Jomtien’s Mistake’ or the ‘Wizard from California’s Mistake’ or ‘Union Hill’s Mistake’ or ‘Chiang Mai Kelly’s Mistake’ or ‘Asian Diver’s Mistake’ or ‘Jurgen’s Mistake’ or ‘Peter and Kurt and George from Washington Square’s Mistake’ or ‘500 Baht Walt from the Nana Lounge’s Mistake’.

The first date hadn’t been a mistake. That you could put down to charm and innocence and lust. But the second date had been a mistake and believing the sick buffalo with prostate disease story had been a mistake and buying her thoughtful gifts (where’s the gold?) had been a mistake and opening up your heart had been a mistake and excitedly sharing your happiness and dreams with friends had been a mistake and visiting the rural parents had been a mistake and sending money back from Alberta or Dubai or Shanghai had been a mistake.

Mistakes not explainable to a non-participant because the facts examined in the cold reason of a farang winter were so preposterous. You are doing what? She said what? You believe what? But still you teetered and stumbled under the anesthesia of her attentions. The wedding had been a mistake and bringing another human being into the world had been a mistake. Your mistake. You can’t be smarter and more worldly and better educated and not take responsibility for your actions. It was all your mistake.

Like legions of farang before you had been maimed or wounded by a Thai woman. As a locust pestilence descends on a healthy crop they eat up all before them. You are now one of many. I suppose given enough time and enough honesty every farang who has ever entered Thailand would be able to post at least one picture around the mirror of the Visakay's Mistake bar. I would venture to say that 100% of the farang players in the Thai nightlife scene have gotten their hearts broken at least once and they still remember her name. If every broken hearted farang who has ever come to the Kingdom posted a photo of his lost love on this bar wall it would have to be reinforced with two feet of plutonium and carbon fiber reinforced concrete with stainless steel rebar just to take the weight.

Visakay's Mistake bar was the only theme bar of it's kind in the Kingdom and a welcome respite for farangs who were older and wiser and poorer and lonelier. A refuge and talkarium and sanatorium for those who had to settle for a life of alcohol and laughter and philosophy. Anyway, now that I was setting myself up as a resident I thought this expat bar of authentic and experienced British gentlemen would be a useful place to get reliable phone numbers and information for doctors and dentists. A sign on the door said, "A free blood test with every 100 beers—ask for Frank". I figured smart friendly marketing would mean smart friendly people.

So I go in. And I start slow because I am an American and not really in the right fish tank. Chatting with the fellow next to me I happened to mention that I liked the experience of buying fruit off the street. You can sample various fruits you would not get at home and you can do it cheaply and the fruit is good for you. He puts his antique wooden darts with the shredded grey goose feather vanes down and turns and looks at me as if I were a Cyclops. As if from the hotel across the street to this bar I have gone from having two eyes to only one eye in the center of my forehead. Then he gets the fellows around us involved in this. I am surrounded by boney Celtic faces and big red veiny noses. He repeats what I have said. They all look at me goggle-eyed. Aging British neck wattles shake in wonder at my American stupidity. Then others are pulled in and the story is repeated. About how I like to buy fruit from sidewalk vendors. Then as the father to the child it is explained to me:

It turns out that Thailand is a developing country which is just a fancy word for Third World country which is just a fancy way of saying nation of idiots and they spray the most virulent lethal insecticides on all of their fruit. And when they are not spraying; they are soaking or painting stuff on the fruit. Sprays and chemicals that developing nations stopped using years ago because of documented cases of cancer and birth deformities are used with gay abandon by the rural rustics of Thailand. Eating fruit off the street in Thailand is a virtual suicide pact with yourself and no knowledgeable farang would ever do so. I am obviously an idiot. An American idiot—a Yank; hey, it was a British bar. This information is delivered with passion and facts both anecdotal and clinical. The conclusion is incontrovertible to an educated man. Don't eat the fruit of Thailand unless you first take it to a major hospital and have it irradiated and then cryogenically frozen and then put through the machine that the surgeons use to sterilize their instruments. Then it should be wire brushed and dipped in boiling sterile acid. You still shouldn't eat it until you make a trip to the local wat and make a heavy fruit baht donation. Now you can eat that mango.

So I don't eat the fruit of Thailand. And they took away my fun. I was having fun and happy but facts and being smart got in the way. Now I am not having so much fun or so happy. I never did ask for a list of doctors and dentists. Too scared.

2. I was planning on making an inter-Thailand flight and it was going to be on a Thai owned and managed little airline. I made the mistake of mentioning this at the bar in the Nana hotel while a sixty year old farang expat next to me was watching the TV and making local and knowledgeable comments on the politics of contemporary Thailand. He hadn't had the time for me before because he knew so much and I knew so little but now he said,

Expat: I wouldn't do that if I were you ...!
Me: Do what (I'm amazed you even deign to talk to me)?
Expat: Fly on that Thai airline.
Me: Why not (oh exalted smarty-pants elderly expat)?
Expat: Because ...!

And then he starts in on a fact by fact, blow by blow, accident by accident, anecdote by anecdote recitation of why flying the Thai airline is dangerous and foolhardy. I should take the bus instead. It turns out that he is an ex-pilot for Christ's sake and can present and relate and expound on and illustrate airline safety facts in ways that a lay person like myself just can not argue with. So I ended up taking the bus. I hate buses. The bus trip was awful. Horrible. I wouldn't be surprised if the destination on the ticket said HELL. But I took the bus because now thanks to the Nana hotel bar elderly expat I know too much and I am way too smart. Of course the silver lining to this black cloud is that I can now hang around in bars and impart my knowledge to newbies and ruin their happy days and practical travel plans but that is slight compensation. The convenience and fun of taking little inter-country airlines was taken away. I still do it sometimes but I think way too much about it when the plane is taking off. Sort of like the preacher's son who knows touching himself is wrong. The fun is gone. I came to Thailand to have fun and to relax.

3. When I first arrived in Thailand I once stupidly made a harmless comment about tuktuks being convenient and

interesting. Something like that. It was a social throw away line of absolutely no importance. This was at one of the big round breakfast tables at the Nana hotel at around 11a.m. in the morning. There were no single tables available so I decided to sit at the table populated by guys who obviously knew each other. What could happen? So it was table of elderly farang and me. I had to open my stupid mouth and make the tuktuk comment. THE TABLE WENT SILENT. You would think I had just blurted out the underground bunker location of Churchill. Or given away the North Atlantic code for Hitler's submarines. And then it started. Tuktuks ...! It turns out that tuktuks were perhaps more dangerous than a pocket full of plutonium and they were driven by a criminal underclass of deranged monsters thought too dangerous for Bang Kwang prison. Consorting with them was delivering yourself to a certain future of indignity and abuse and thievery and possible murder. I did not know that. I thought they were three wheeled vehicles that offered a taxi service. These expats had facts and figures including the most recent weekend's hospital entry triage figures for tuktuk farang related accidents (and deaths I assumed) at Bumrungrad and 7th Day Adventist and Samitevej hospitals. These guys could have gone toe-to-toe with the airplane guy when it came to facts and figures. A table full of white haired guys with pale blue eyes staring at me. I had sat down with the dual plans of eating too much bacon and also possibly making a friend; but when I got up I was so exhausted I had to go back to my room and lie down. OK. I get it. I don't take tuktuks anymore. I'm nobody's fool and I ain't gettin' involved with that shit. Instead I take motorcycle taxis! Afraid to ask about that.

4. I once made a comment about condoms being a good idea to the fellow next to me in line at Foodland. Foodland has always been a happy place for me and sometimes my extroverted personality gets a little talky. Years later I can't for the life of me

remember what the social occasion was to cause me to blurt this fact out to a total stranger but I did. Incredible mistake. Lighting a match in the helium filled airship Hindenburg would not qualify as this big a mistake. The Titanic hitting that iceberg? Not even on the mistake chart compared to the stupidity of this statement. You would think in these politically correct times that a pro-condom behavior comment like this would be a 'no-problem' kind of thing to say. You would be wrong. It turns out that this gentleman was some kind of multiple PhD medical person with more degrees than a thermometer factory who was an expert on latex molecular structure and condom macro-structures. He had a ring around his eye from all of the time he had spent looking at condoms through a microscope. And while we waited in line he treated me to an incredibly detailed lecture-seminar-monograph-recitation-school lesson-education on the fact that if you place the average latex condom under a microscope you can see that it is full of holes. Not accidental holes but holes that are a function of how latex is made. The Condom Is Full Of Holes!

OK, this is once again information I kinda wished I didn't know but now that I do know it I can't really ignore it. And it is my fault for talking to another farang from a developed country. All the farang from developed countries have way too much education and know way too much about every damned thing. They are party killers. I came to Thailand to have fun.

5. I was once overheard giving advice to a newbie off the plane about the wisdom of using the hotel safe behind the lobby desk for important documents and keys and money and stuff. An expat was listening. Big mistake. I should have taken the newbie to Jomtien beach and the two of us walked into the ocean until we were up to our necks and we knew there was no one listening before I tried to be friendly and helpful. I'll know next time.

Sometimes the paranoid mobster personality is the most appropriate. By the time the expat had finished telling us stories about hotels stealing from the hotel lobby safe deposit boxes the newbie and I were both scared. Now I stuff money into the backs of ninety million watt-volt-amp TVs and balance on the edge of the tub in the bathroom taking the shower rod down so that I can stuff money in there. Much more sensible. You know, I have never actually met anyone who has had a bad experience in a hotel with the lobby safes but you can't be too careful. What do I look like—an idiot?

You know; all of this western educated farang fact stuff can be a little wearing. I came to Thailand to have fun and to relax.

6. OK, now the big one. Bargirls. Actually any Thai woman. I could easily type out a 10,000 word treatise on why consorting with Thai females is not a good idea and it would not require any rewrites or editing. I have heard every negative thing there is to know on the subject so many times that the fact bits are like chiseled stone tablets in my mind. In fact I doubt if any other subject in the world has more negative text associated with it than Thai females. Genocide? Cancer? War? Child Abuse? Only pretenders to the throne when it comes to negative text. The Thai female reigns supreme when it comes to total negative text. Text filled with anecdotal sad stories and tears and lost hope. Only one problem. Have you ever seen a Thai female? Nuff said.

A Thai female could stand right in front of me and tell me in detail all of the terrible things she is going to do to me and it wouldn't matter. As soon as she put her hand on my arm I'd be dead meat. But it is OK; I came to Thailand to have fun. I'd crawl over jagged glass with my ass on fire to get near the average Thai female so I don't want to hear any knowledgeable nonsense about how it isn't a good idea. I'll just let my dick make these decisions.

Conclusion

So there you have six examples (there are hundreds) of being too smart and knowing too much getting in the way of fun. I miss buying and eating fruit. I miss tuktuks. I like the convenience of small airlines. I kinda still think hotel lobby safe deposit boxes are a good idea. But once the teredo worm of doubt is planted in your smart westerner's head you are doomed. You can't be different than what you are.

I once made a five hour bus trip during the hot season to a remote guesthouse in western Thailand. The bus made no stops and I had no water and I have some health issues. By the time the bus pulled up in front of the guesthouse I was so dehydrated that I was starting to get major muscle cramping and the inside of my mouth tasted like sandy metal. As I rounded the corner of the building I could see that the guesthouse was on top of a hill and the property ran down to a huge lake. The lake was so huge it ran right to the horizon. Without thought I dropped my bags and stumbled down the hill, crashed though the tall grass at the water's edge, and plunged face first into the water. It's called impulse. It's called living. It's called fun. It's called natural behavior trumping intellectual cautions. But it wasn't enough. Using my hands to cup water to my mouth I could see my reflection in the water. And like the father to the child in the reflection I said, "What have you done?"

I knew two things. The first thing I knew is that in Thailand where the rubber meets the road; where the land meets the water, is prime snake habitat. I was probably lying in a nest of snakes. Little snappy two-footers and a great black fifteen-footer within licking distance. The second thing I knew is that in Thailand they just run the sewage pipes from the house or the business or the hotel or the guesthouse right down to the water. Probably within ten feet of me were bathroom sewer pipes. I was drinking sewer water. So the impulsive natural fun moment was ruined. I pushed myself up from the experience and climbed the hill and checked in. It's hard to be a farang.

So try not to forget why you came to the Kingdom in the first place guys. There is no God and Life has no meaning. We are insignificant carbon based life forms on a cooling rock hurtling through an indifferent space towards an unrecorded future. All that you think and that you believe and that you ponder is self-serving and of no value. Your children that you trumpet as your life's greatest achievement and proof of your species value were acts of unthinking selfishness. The world did not need any more children. Here is the sum that they did not teach you in arithmetic class: You will not be remembered. You can make no contribution because nothing matters. Your morals and absolutes and lines in the sand and personal constructs that you prided yourself on and were willing to take a bullet for are of no consequence. The quacking of ducks. Your pile of toys by your death bed and your weeping loved ones are little to show for someone who had such a high opinion of himself.

So first make yourself happy. Happy people make other people happy. It makes no difference to the universe but it does keep the level of social tension down so it has practical value. And don't call it philosophy. Just do it. Your reading and education and cocktail party chatter accrue to nothing. The cemeteries are full of men who lived longer and had more fun and knew less. Stop the measuring and the thinking. No one is keeping score. No one cares. Nothing matters. Just be. And smile at a child. You came to Thailand to change your life. To look at your wrist watch less. To live more simply. To have more fun. To relax. You can't remake who you are 100% and you wouldn't want to. But try to remind yourself why you came to the Kingdom in the first place. And I bet it wasn't to be Mr. Professor about everything. On your death bed no one is going to ask you how much you know. Relax. And the next time some smartass expat sitting beside you opens his mouth—Run; Run Like The Wind.

122. Gutter Licker

TT&A Part 107 12/11/2005

INTRODUCTION

> *"Fitzpatrick's stylistic evolution since the late '80s has consisted more in refining his tableaux than in making any seismic shifts."*—Faye Hirsch (Art in America magazine)

Thai Translation: "Still mostly Same-Same."—

Boy, I wish I could write things like Faye Hirsch of Art in America magazine. Then maybe people would think I was a writer. But I can't so I won't. Here is just another story—

Gutter Licker

A local expat who lives in Washington Square is giving me a tour. This is a nice thing for him to be doing and the kind of inside knowledge tour that is just great for someone new to an area. We have lunch in a fly happy alley. The Thai experience. The food is horrible, the alley is horrible, the flies are horrible. I'm pretending to be having a good time. The Thai experience.

One table over is a single Thai woman having lunch. She is demure looking and petite and pretty and young and poor. I'm in love. I'm already naming our children. My friend chats with her and finds out that she works at the bar across the street. I'm in love (oh yeah, I already said that).

A couple of days later I just happen to stumble into her bar around 6 p.m. Believe me when I say this is no accident. Usually I am more reserved and circumspect with my heart in Thailand and I never get involved with that paternal dream nonsense but this Thai woman has just blown all of those rules and habits to bits. IF you do not know what I am talking about then you have just not chocked up enough sunrises in the Kingdom. Anyway, she and her friends are eating some kind of fatty fried Thai meat. We stand around and eat together. The meat for western palates is disgusting and gross. Garbage food you would feed to begging pets or throw to pigs. Poor people's food. I pretend to eat. She is standing beside me. The bar is empty. I'm getting no clues from or about these girls. They look like waitresses. Waitresses are not always hookers. I do not want to say or do the wrong thing. And I am nuts about the essential goodness of this quiet Thai woman. So I am going very very slowly. Just feeling around in the social dark for the right thing to say and do. I am in love with this rustic angel (did I mention that?). In her slightly shabby baggy clothes no clue is available about her figure and she is certainly not dressed to sell. I'm buying the face and the dream. Please love me.

One thing leads to another and I bring up the subject of barfines with my heart in my throat because I do not want to be yelled at by outraged innocence. Surprise surprise surprise; I get an unenthusiastic 'yes' and my future wife disappears to dress. The barfine is 600baht. SIX HUNDRED BAHT. Six hundred baht in the dump known as Washington Square in an empty open air bar that offers no shows and no dancing and no band and no DJ and no smiles. A little red flag goes up in my head but I pay the barfine and smile. Wait a minute; what am I saying? A BIG red flag goes up in my head. 600 baht is just complete nonsense. But I'm in love (Did I mention that?) and I pay.

Off we go by taxi to the Nana. In the fifteen minute trip to the Nana she talks to the driver continually and to the complete exclusion of me. She should be using the time to sell me. She should be sitting close and holding my hand and smiling and laughing. She should be earning the money. She isn't doing any of this. The incendiary hot center-of-the-sun ardour I had for her is starting to cool. If this was my first trip to Thailand it would be different but this farang who looks like every other farang fool as been splashing around in this mud for years. I hear the driver use the word farang at least ten times. There are people who will tell you that the use of the word farang by the Thais is not a negative. They are mistaken. That would be like someone here in America telling someone else that the use of the word nigger is not something they should be alarmed at hearing or take offence at. Maybe I'm just not hip enough or liberal enough or smart enough for this world; but I find being called a nigger by the service/hospitality people of Thailand offensive. I'm at the point now in Thailand (one of the most racist countries in the most racist part of the world) that if a Thai does not refer to me as Kuhn Fabulous I just automatically assume that I am the object of the ignorant lameass 'them or us' tribalism that makes them believe that objectifying me with the word farang is appropriate social behavior. Thailand and the people of Thailand will never be players of note on the world stage until it/they learn some manners. False smiles and filthy temples are simply not enough in a competitive world. Anyway ... Another red flag. Or ten red farang flags. I sit in the back of the taxi and start to change. No longer am I in love. Like a shrinking flower with closing petals as the sun goes down so goes my belief in our future.

You know how you just get messages sometimes? Without conscious application of will or thought or need or intent a meteor of information will streak in from a mystery place and crash into your head with some form of text or speech or warning that you cannot discount? Well, maybe you aren't going to be getting messages if you just arrived in Thailand for the very first time or if you are still new to Thailand—the incoming data is just too perplexing and chaotic. You are too impacted and bewildered by everything to be able to cut through the static and receive messages. But I am not a wide eyed tourist or even a newbie. I have been stumbling around in this social jungle for some time. So I get one of those mystery messages delivered to me from a faraway place and from some indeterminate cosmic 'friend'.

In the time the taxi takes to pull up to the door of the Rajah hotel on Soi 4; and the time it takes to exit the taxi, pay the driver, go through the lobby, and end up in front of the elevators I have received a message. And the message is: this woman is not a demure simple 'good girl' suitable to be giving birth to my children—this is a down-and-dirty gutter licking 'doesn't give a fuck' whore. Boy, talk about an elevator trip up to my room. My mind is a mess. Anger, disappointment, despair, and the still pitiful wishing and hoping of the ever optimistic western male. But mostly despair. It is hard to be a man in the red-light theatres of the world (we do not always have to be picking on Thailand) because your unreasonable desires are not respected by others. You are a fool on a fool's errand and you have no one to blame but yourself.

In the room it is hopeless and disappointing. Not surprising because I now know what I am dealing with, but disappointing. I started out with a dream, followed through, spent money, made the commitment; and I've got nothing in my arms except an ungiving uncooperative whore who should be servicing Thais in an upcountry shack for 50 baht a dick. But there are two surprises coming. We are not done yet.

The first surprise is when she takes off all of her clothes and I see her naked. I nearly fall down in a faint. My knees go weak. I'm not some virgin boy fresh from his parents Scottish farm on my first trip to the Kingdom. I have seen and held in my arms countless women. I have been amazed and dumbfounded and surprised many many times by a woman's startling beauty and sexuality when stripped of vanity and pretence and clothes. But this is noteworthy. A blind man would be sucking wind off the tops of his lungs if this creature was in front of him. For a Thai she has an uncharacteristically voluptuous body of simply jaw dropping proportions. The kind of body that would excite cries of “it can’t be real”. The kind of figure that would make birds drop from the sky and soi dogs shut up. The kind of cartoon body that entices educated worldly urbane sophisticated Japanese businessmen to read Japanese comic books. She is like a farangdingdong.com girl burst from the screen and in my life. I don’t have the carpal tunnel syndrome or monitor screen redeye or back spasms of the fanatic or obsessed computer nerd so this moment in my life must be real. One step forward and I’ll be able to touch her like the Mayan novitiate about to touch the temple top priestess.

Now I know why she dressed in shabby baggy clothes. If the general public knew she had a figure like this she would not be left alone for one second. Men and women and children would stare at her transfixed and walk in her wake. Alert to trail and scenting her temple in the distance. But she doesn’t want to be a high priestess of sex and fecundity. She just wants to be. She just wants to eat and shit and bonk: the trifecta of the uninspired and the uninteresting. Evolutionary dark matter that leaves little room for planetary lights of sophistication or intelligence.

Like every other male who has ever seen her naked probably from the time she was fourteen years old I am instantly and irrevocably her slave. Just babbling and physically genuflecting and spastically gesturing at the feet of a primitive iconic fertility rite. Instincts tell me that a press on her breast would cause it to burst with milk and fluid and placing a hand inside her leg and pushing would release a bucket of fluid and musk. No wonder she is so lazy and unforthcoming. Since the age of fourteen she has learned that her body is her currency and that she doesn’t have to do anything to get the money. Like many humans when presented with temptation in the form of unearned gifts she has decided to take the shortcut and the low road. Money for nothing and your dicks not free.

No details about what went on between us in that room on that night in the Rajah hotel on Soi 4 off Sukhumvit in Bangkok are interesting. We were both just playing out the string in the pretend game of the sex-for-money industry. But there was one more surprise coming. Thailand always has another surprise. At the end of our fumbling she turned around I saw her back. Again my knees went weak. There on her back in the harsh uncompromising light of a hotel room I was confronted with something I have never ever seen tattooed on a Thai female. There on her upper right shoulder was a large portrait of a Thai face. A young woman's face. Her girlfriend.

She was a lesbian.

123. Simian Lope

TT&A Part 108 19/11/2005

Prologue

> *"Of the demonstrably wise, there are but two: those who commit suicide, and those who keep their reasoning faculties atrophied with drink."*—Mark Twain

Boy, life can be tough sometimes but I hope that this story will illustrate that even when all is lost and despair is nigh; there is hope for a happy ending.

Simian Lope

It was the clear blue alcohol thin sky of the far north combined with the no humidity nostril clearing atmosphere that marked the day that Dana lost his mind. It was on a luxury tourist train making a trip to the Yukon before the snows would shut everything down for the winter. Due to some incidents that I would prefer not to go into the United Nations had stepped in and taken Dana's Pattaya planes away so he was making the trip by train. With the impulse of the insane suddenly Dana was up on the table in the dining car and running from table to table scattering pink cheeked Canadians and train buffs and silver dishes and cutlery. Before they could catch him he managed to exit the dining car and get up on the shaking roof of the train. There, silhouetted against the thin blue sky and stunted pines of the sub arctic north; he danced and ran with a simian lope from car to car. Eventually train officials coming aft from the engine and forward from the caboose were able to wrestle him down.

Tests in the Yukon General Hospital showed that he had Burnt Out Farang Syndrome (BOFS). Never seen in the Canadian North but a well known malady in South-East Asia and particularly in the Kingdom. Eventually too many beers and too much Viagra and too many barfines and too many love affairs and too many trips to the doctor to check out the rash and too many heart stopping boom-booms just causes the farang system to shut down. Lines of meridian no longer shunt electrical signals with regularity and the body starts to retrench like a Burroughs's junkie. The foot starts to shamble instead of striding, the eyes accept any light source without discrimination, and the chest feels high and tight as aortas start to make short term decisions. Then it is time to be shipped (or to ship oneself) to the Farang Stud Farm and Bargirl Retirement Home (FSFABRH) in rural northern Thailand. A place of myth without postcard but a real place none the less. A facility of over 400,000 rai populated by ponds and rivers and meadows and happy natural vistas and botanical gardens and fountains and aviaries and small zoo and meditation gazebos and temples and wats and housing and medical care. Visitors can stay overnight at the Teeruk guesthouse quarters and dine in the Hansum Man dining hall on the premises. All the buildings look like bars but believe me the 'Hello' girls sitting out front aren't virgins. There is even a gift shop where you can buy antique bargirl cellphones and Frankenstein shoes and photos of G-Spot bar shower shows and keepsake outfits from Angelwitch shows and hanging kitchen tapestries with Bargirl sayings like:

My Mother Lost Her Other Eye And Needs Money
The Water buffalo Has Prostate Disease And Needs Surgery
I Marry Denmark Man—You Must Pay For Divorce
I Need Money For Cellphone To Talk To Husband
I Wait In Loom
You Hansum Man
I Luv Yuu
Yu Too Big Maak
and the dreaded ... I NO LIKE

It's a quiet place. A place of retirement and dignity and peace and quiet and repose for whores and whoremongers and long time denizens and players of the red-light districts of Thailand. It's amazing some of the people you see there: Hi-So Chinese white face girls and politicians and bankers and moralists and University students and housewives and professional people and schoolteachers and yes, even some mouthy feminists and Bible thumpers. It's always a fun weekend to just drive up and stay overnight to see what you might see. Check into the Teeruk guesthouse alone or with a friend and leave your cares behind. Loud talk and pretence and salesmanship and bravado and storytelling and ego have no currency here. All the stories have been told. The adventure is done. Everyone is on the final glide path. It's location isn't listed in the Lonely Planet books and other pretend guide books to the Kingdom but if you can just barely see the Friendship Bridge spanning the Mae Nam Khong river at Nong Khai to the west then you are close. If you can see an old man running along with a simian lope; you are very close—that's Dana.

Visitors to the Farang Stud Farm and Bargirl Retirement Home will be able to lean against the fence or stroll along the paths or lay in the meadows or sit at the verandah tables and look at Farang stallions and Isaan fillies mixing and gambling (OK, walking and sitting) in happy retirement without the sexual or financial or cultural tensions from the past. If you go there to visit a friend don't forget to look up Dana. He's calmer now and looking fit and tan and happy. Viagra is now a memory and he concentrates instead on keeping the belches in and letting the farts out. Ask him to recreate the simian lope on top of the train for you. It's a riot. The charm of the insane and the allure of the unencumbered. But don't laugh too hard. This is the place we are all headed. The Farang Stud Farm and Bargirl Retirement Home. Another example of modern Siam joining the league of nations with social welfare programs that return respect and security to those that loved the country in their younger years. Say it out loud—"Farang Stud Farm and Bargirl Retirement Home".

That is where we are all headed.

124. Categories Of Thai Prostitutes

TT&A Part 109 26/11/2005

> *"I crushed out against her left buttock the last throb of the longest ecstasy man or monster had ever known."*—LOLITA by Nabokov

There are seven categories of Thai prostitutes. To the ignorant unsympathetics or the ignorant sympathetics the subject is never this interesting or this complex. They tend to place Thai prostitutes in bigger broader category baskets like sinners, or victims, or deranged. These general categories satisfy the psychic needs of the critics but don't remotely show knowledge of the subject.

The categories in no particular order are the Experimenters, the Part Timers, It's a Job, Waiting for Something Better, Aimless Drifter, Money Interested, and Sex Interested. There is some overlap from category to category but not much.

1. EXPERIMENTERS: The Experimenters are doing something new to them. They have not done it long enough to have a philosophy or a point-of-view. Usually but not always these are young girls on the cusp of life going through a stage in their lives where they will do things or consider doing things that they won't do or consider doing later on in their lives. Many young girls have a hormonal window of anywhere from five months to five years in which they will adventure. Crossing paths with one of these little adventurers can be great but misleading. Remember, she is doing things now that she won't do later. If she is willing to do animal acts while standing on her hands in the shower beware; she won't do it after you marry her.

2. PART TIMERS: The Part Timers are participating in the sex-for-money world primarily to pick up extra money. They have a full time job as a hairdresser or department store clerk but the job

simply does not pay enough. They need more money. The have a set amount of money in their minds that they need and it is only a little more than they already earn. So they only need a little extra money to pay their bills and live with predictability and dignity. So the sex-for-money thing is a second job. If you saw her in the Thermae on Friday night and on Saturday night don't go looking for her on Tuesday night. She's at home. Tired. She's got a job.

3. IT'S A JOB: The It's A Job girls are one of the most difficult categories for the feminists to understand. To the feminist everything associated with the sex-for-money arena is couched in meanings and consequences and morality issues of stage drama proportions. They completely miss the most salient point for many of the Thai prostitutes. She needs a job. Since sex without love is meaningless to her she can distance herself emotionally from what she is doing and remain mentally stable and socially successful while engaging in acts of prostitution. It's a job. These nice girls represent significant danger to the unknowing farang male. It is very easy to fall in love with someone who is mentally stable and socially successful and beautiful and naked in your bed. Beware. None of it means anything. She needs a job.

4. WAITING FOR SOMETHING BETTER: This category often has some overlap with some of the other categories but not always. Basically, this Thai prostitute is exchanging her sex for money until something better comes along. And she still believes. She still believes that something better is going to come along. Usually in the form of a black sedan with blacked out windows or a Norwegian with blonde hair and blue eyes. These are always young women. They haven't been beaten up by life enough yet to have lost all hope. They still believe in the future. And the future has to be better than what they are doing now. What they are doing now (grimacing while Heinz pushes his way

up the chocolate hole) is only a stepping stone to a brighter, richer, more hopeful future. These prostitutes are very beguiling because nothing is more infectious than hope. The bright eyed person full of hope easily seduces. Be careful of long term entanglements with the Waiting For Something Better prostitute lest you find that she is only living with you or married to you until 'something better' comes along. Waiting for the other shoe to drop in one of these relationships is of course often the death knell on any chance of unexamined love. My sympathy is real but limited. I thought you knew what country you were in. Just for old time's sake let's repeat what country you are in: YOU ARE IN THAILAND. Now you say it.

5. MONEY INTERESTED: The Thai prostitute who is Money Interested is in many ways a gift because she is so easy to understand. She is a prostitute because she wants the money. There is no other reason. There is no philosophy. And quite often there is no pesky problem with social or stability issues. Often she is fun and smart and great in bed. Just don't forget to pay her or a policeman will be at the door in twenty minutes and you will be handing over your passport. It was all about the money. She wants the money. Simple. I once met a woman in the Pong who was thirty eight years old. She had been a prostitute since aged fourteen. She was smart and fun and highly socialized. I was going home so she offered to give me a ride. We ended up at her place. She owned an apartment in the Emporium. We drove there in her brand new Mercedes. We sat on white leather furniture and sipped white wine looking out the windows. She was a successful business woman. She had learned how to live below her incoming revenue and save and later invest the difference. She had learned to monitor and channel her impulses. She had learned the values of showing up on time and honoring contracts and providing value for money. Some Thai prostitutes are money interested in the short term. They are fixated on

money and it flows through their fingers as fast as drugs and gambling and Thai boyfriends can take it. Other Thai prostitutes are more successful in managing money. But for both it is all about the money. Oh, and my new Pong friend with the white wine and the white leather couches? I didn't stay. I wasn't invited. I didn't have any money.

6. AIMLESS DRIFTER: The Aimless Drifter category is one of the largest categories of Thai prostitutes. These women are engaged in prostitution because They and Prostitution crossed on the graph of Life. No other fancy reason. They have almost no desires, they have almost no needs, and in many cases you could rent out space in their skulls. Sex means nothing to them so exchanging sex for money is easy. Beyond easy! It requires absolutely no thought and because of the increasingly denigrating sex-for-money market in Thailand it does not require any effort or even in many cases any follow thru. It's money for nothing and then they get to eat. I have had sex with many of these women. The bad news is that you have to be the pro-active one and you can't expect much. The good news is that there are so many of them. If you are in a dog pound a flea is going to land on you. If you are a western male in Thailand one of these aimless drifters is going to land on you. You are not going to go without sex in Thailand. I like these girls.

7. SEX INTERESTED: The sex interested category of prostitute is the rarest category of Thai prostitute. These are women who are prostitutes because they like to have sex. Because they comprise the rarest category of Thai prostitute it would be theoretically possible to have a long successful life in Thailand consorting with prostitutes and never run across one of these wonders. Because Thailand is a happy social anomaly sexwise the odds of this happening are not as slim as in other countries but it could still happen. People like to talk about sex and think about

sex and dream about sex and sing songs about sex and go to movies about sex and look at pictures and videos about sex but most people are not having sex. They are simply not sex driven. Something else always gets in the way of going to the boardwalk or the parking lot or the bar to pick up a sex partner. They have to watch some soccer game, they have to go grocery shopping, they have to paint the bathroom, they have to download some files on their computer. They'll have sex later. This is not the brain style or the lifestyle of the Thai prostitute who is sex interested. She isn't going to do any of those things now or later. What she is going to do is get banged and shagged and boomsinged. Now and later. Money in exchange for the sex is simply the by-product, not the main event. The main event is that she likes to have sex. Period. She hasn't got any ideas related to this. She hasn't got a plan. She isn't unhappy. She just wants to get boom-boomed or to give sex and then get boom-boomed. Sometimes in the smarty pants West these women are referred to as nymphomaniacs or borderline nymphomaniacs; as if their life interest had less value than the person who spends thirty hours a week doing something on his computer. Focus without sex is called a hobby. Focus on sex is called an illness. You don't meet many of these women in your life. If you do you never forget them. I met one in the States. I had a continuous erection for three years. The experience nearly killed me. I used to know one in BKK who frequented the Nana parking lot; and I currently know one in Pattaya. I pick her up every morning at 9 a.m. We have been meeting every morning on the boardwalk at 9 a.m. for years. If I am late fifteen minutes she might not be there. Gone off with another man. Even after all of this time I am not part of the equation. Any man can be plugged in. It's just about sex. God bless her. I once made the mistake of thinking that our predictable and fantastic sex life meant something. I made the mistake of caring. It was like water off a duck's back. She didn't care. It was just about sex. So I have had to make some mental adjustments. Life ain't perfect. But I'll tell you one thing—I'll be there tomorrow at 9 a.m.

So that's it guys—the seven categories of Thai prostitutes. It helps to know the players. Remember, you can't change people—you can only decide if you are going to love them. Be careful out there. It's a pussy jungle.

125. Big Ripe Puppies

TT&A Part 110 3/12/2005

Sometimes you just know. You don't have to be some male Adonis or male porn star or owner of a girlie bar or Harlem pimp runnin' a string of whores; you just know. You are a man and you have libido and you are out of the house and you just run into social-sexual situations and you KNOW. Example: It's the mid-70's and I am in Charlotte Amalie on St. Thomas in the Virgin Islands and I need some change so I go into a rundown hotel on the waterfront and go up to the front desk. In front of me are two American girls who are checking in. Sex and sex adventure are just tumbling out of their pores. You just know. I'm looking at them and they are looking at me out of the corner of their eyes. A less prepossessing man than me you could not imagine. About 5 feet tall, bare feet, sun bleached cut-off jeans, T-shirt, and that slightly disoriented look of too much sun and too little money and too much youth in the Caribbean. My boat is in St. John and I am over on St. Thomas shopping at the supermarket. But I need change. Gotta make a phone call. More looking. Me at them. Them at me. Then the one in back turns to me and lifts up her dress. She is naked underneath. Not shaved (this was the 70's) but naked. And tight. All muscle and ready teddy pussy. What did I do? Nothing. I just needed some change. But I knew! And they knew! Women have instincts. And you are not really strong and attractive as a male until women know you are turning down pussy. I already had a little future black mammy on my boat in Cruz Bay. I was getting plenty of dusky sex. I just needed some change to make a phone call.

This is why I love Thailand. You run into this stuff all the time. Sometimes I think these situations are attracted to me like iron filings to a magnet. I must have some kind of accessible non-threatening friendly male face because without hardly trying I run into this type of experience all the time in Thailand. You just have to be out of the house and interested in sex and projecting a fun low stress attitude. On my last trip I was temporarily at the Rajah because I hadn't been able to get reservations at the Mothership. The Rajah is horrible. Hallway rugs that look like an advertisement for Junkieville, hot water only one hour a day in the morning, missing light bulbs, moody televisions, etc. Typical Indian real estate in Thailand. Buy and hold, put nothing in; and wait for the rising tide of insane real estate values to make you rich. I once tried to get a cutie from the Hollywood Strip bar at the NEP to accept a barfine from me. A cuter sexier and more fun woman you could not imagine. "OK, " she said, "Where we go?" When I told her the Rajah Hotel she said "No". She would only do a short time room at the NEP—no Rajah. This whore had too much pride for the Rajah Hotel of Soi 4.

But there is always a way to make lemonade out of lemons. One afternoon I go into the lobby and on the way to the elevator I spy way far away a farang woman checking in. A single farang woman checking into the Rajah in the middle of a red light district. OK, she could be lost. OK, she could be with the United Nations Lychee Research Project. OK, she could be a Baptist minister here to save souls. OK, she could be some man's wife arrived a day early and going to meet him the next morning. OK, she could be some feminist writer from Adelaide or Edmonton or New York here in the Kingdom to expose the evils of men. OK, she could be a bill collector looking for me. OK, she could be a daughter I didn't know that I had. OK, she could be newspaper reporter from the Pattaya Mail in town to do a 'Compare and Contrast' piece on the two cities.

Except for one thing. This young curvy fertile honey had sex and sex adventure tumbling out of her pores. Just like the two girls in the run down hotel in the Virgin Islands years ago she is a sex machine and probably not too particular. The distance from the elevators to the front desk in the Rajah is shouting distance. But even at that distance my antennae were picking up signals. And Oh, one more thing—She had big ripe puppies just about bursting out of the top of her low scoop Russian blouse. Great huge solid breasts saying "Hello" to the world. "Look at me." "Look at us." "Does this make you think of anything?" "Any men in this town?" This ain't the Thai way. This ain't the Buddhist way. This ain't the 'I'm a guest in your country' way. This ain't the 'nervous newbie anxious to please' way.

Instantly I was reminded of something I had seen in an NEP bar a few years earlier. Up on the stage was an almost naked voluptuous farang woman who could dance. And she was pumping and grinding with the kind of body most Thai girls do not even dream of. Huge heavy heaving breasts and wide hips and small waist and the moves of the experienced and accomplished dick rider. She looked like a high line dancing whore from a club in Atlanta or Montreal or Dallas who had run out of money in the Kingdom and was earning plane fare home. The men in the bar found her interesting but it was the bargirls who found her the most interesting. They were lined up at the foot of the stage staring and smiling at her. They couldn't take their eyes off her. They were mesmerized by her giant white skin sexuality and balls-to-the-wall uninhibited exhibitionism. A couple of them probably barfined her and took her to a short-time room and had a licking party.

This was the woman I thought of as I stepped into the elevator at the Rajah Hotel and pressed the Hold button. And like an experienced man I pressed the elevator Hold button without hope. Maybe the big breasted adventuress checking in would show up and maybe she wouldn't. Maybe she would step into this elevator and maybe she would take the other elevator. Maybe she wouldn't even come to the elevators. Maybe she would hit the street. Whatever. No sweat. To hope is to look needy. If the antennae of a woman picks up 'needy' you ain't gettin' anything. So I just stood in the empty elevator with my finger pressed on the Hold button and went into some kind of Zen Dana sex trance.

In about two minutes in she comes. She smiles at me. I smile back and show her my room key. 703.

Remember those times of youth and promise and big talk at college when you and few buddies would have too many joints and then too many beers and tell lots of big stories and then cap off the evening by blowing up condoms and writing things on them and then floating the condom balloons out the dormitory window? Well, when she enters the elevator her breasts make me remember those condom balloons. It's as if there are four of us in the elevator. Her eyes are flashing little electric disoriented green and red lights. She's cranked on something. I slip my foot out of my sandal and hook my toe over the hem of her pants and push her forward and back. She grunts. I make the coupling sign with the fingers of my hands. She smiles and nods. At my floor as we exit she puts one arm around me like a Russian diplomat and force marches me down the hall to room 703.

In the room we bonk like rabbits on speed. No mention made of money. No names exchanged. Never saw her again.

God I love this country. A country filled with happy players. People who just know.

126. Target

TT&A Part 111 10/12/2005

Introduction

> *"It is in harmony with the hypotheses of such a non-negative Freudianism that I take Nussbaum to be working when she writes that Joyce "inverts the image," providing, contra Plato and, thus, contra Murdoch, a "frankly sexual art [which] is a kind of sewer-pipe that will drain off the censorious metaphysics of the Irish-Catholic church as he knew it, to leave the body in peace and health"; or as, it is also described, "drain[ing] off Platonic metaphysics to be ourselves" (Nussbaum 1996, 51)."*—credit to Marcus Verhaegh.

Holy literature Stickmanites: no wonder I don't feel that smart walking around. I guess I'm just not that competitive in the old brain department. Nothing like the above here—just another simple story from my simple brain and my simple life. It is entitled:

No wait; here is another quote from our friend Mr. Verhaegh:

> *"This positive stance of the neo-Romantic involves, first of all, seeing the self's projections as crucial motivations and supports for other-concern: for example, emphasizing sexual desire and its attending fantasies as a route to other-concern, despite the evidence of the egoistic, narcissistic tendencies which spring from sexual desire; or, to approach this positivity through the negative, emphasizing the way in which ethics must seek to harness such selfish tendencies, rather than dispel or (merely) contain them."*

Hey, do you smell something burning? Is someone smoking some PhD thesis weed? I gotta tell you: I just feel diminished by guys like this. He must be really smart. Anyway, what I really wanted to talk about today was—no wait, another quote by this guy Verhaegh just popped up:

> *"One might describe the situation thus: recognition of the heterogeneity of goods leads to recognition of the goods neglected and marginalized in moral thinking. "Pagan," worldly excellencies return to our attention when morality is re-inscribed within ethics, to use these terms in the manner of Bernard Williams; when, from another angle, a distinctively moral realm is rejected (for discussion of 'pagan' virtue, see Casey ..."* etc.

My question is: does this guy have any hot sweaty moaning humping pussy in his life? OK, sorry about that—I guess that was out of line. Still you gotta wonder. Not for nothing but if I met a guy like this in the Angel Witch bar at the NEP during the lesbian routine it would really take the blush off the whoremonger bloom. The Angel Witch is a church where I go to worship the beauty of women. Seeing this pipesmoking diarrhea-of-the-mouth slope shouldered dweeb in the next pew would make me think that maybe I should try a new church. Rainbow II bar anyone? That is why the festering dump known as Washington Square is such a refuge. You know you are not going to meet any guys like this there. The broken down human roosters in those bars with unused condoms in their wallets and pictures of their incarcerated grandchildren can barely string a sentence together without using the words Vietnam and Feminazi and Idiot Thais. When a stripped down leaned out male Adonis like me strolls in with my South-of-France tan, white linen suit, and gold cigarette case purchased from the James Bond auction at Sotheby's they refuse to talk to me because I don't have enough 'Life Experience'. Apparently you don't qualify for 'Life Experience' unless you can hold a plum in your belly button. It's a snoozer but it's also a relief. Sort of a most common denominator safe harbor. No possibility of meeting any literary nincompoops like Mr. Verhaegh in this arena. The denizens of Washington Square's idea of a literary footnote is when a letter from Noi is stuck to their shoe.

I guess Mr. Verhaegh and I have different enthusiasms. While he is looking up the medieval Gaelic derivative of the word 'angel's breath' in the Oxford English Dictionary (OED) I am posing in front of my mirror at the Nana hotel with my erection sticking out the side of my underpants (ESOTSOMU). Anyway, here is a simple essay and story on life in the Kingdom.

Target

I have changed my opinion of myself. I used to think that I was a nice guy but since writing and posting on the Internet I have received so many emails notifying me that I am an affront to all that is Christian, a pervert, and an imperialist American capitalist pig that I have changed my opinion of myself. A thousand people can't be wrong.

Lest I backslide into the old me who I thought was a kind person, had value, and had the right to hold opinions; I find it helpful to get negative email input daily. That is why when I am in Thailand I try to check my email once or twice a day. This day I am walking down Walking Street in South Pattaya on the lookout for an Internet café.

I spot an Internet sign way down a soi. Down I go and up some steps and in I go. The owner and the receptionists are all smiles. You would think I was the Bangkok representative here to deliver their winning lottery check. The place is one tiny room. Three machines. I sit down. I punch a key. Nothing. It turns out that the machines are not on. None of them. I look around and see white styrofoam packing peanuts and shipping boxes. Clearly these are brand new machines just installed and no one has bothered to turn them on. No problem. I'll just get some help. I turn to the owner and the receptionist and ask for some help. Nothing. I figure out that neither of these brainiacs has the slightest knowledge about computers. The man looks like he sold his tapioca fields to go into this business and the cute girl is from the planet Clueless. Now the fun starts. I have left the street and gone into their place of business and sat at a chair and punched a key. In the Thai mind I now owe them money. Thais are so business ignorant and so greedy and so without common sense regarding standard business customer service and diplomacy skills that they run their stores as if they are extorting money in South Florida heroin rings. But I know this and I move fast. Quickly I say, "Well since none of these computers are working I am not paying." and I start to get up. But before I can rock forward and rise from the chair Mr. Tapioca Fields lunges at me, grabs both my shoulders, spins me around, picks me up, and starts yelling at me. He is bigger and stronger and testosterone is being dumped into his blood stream. We are face to face and spittle is flying out of his mouth as his eyes and neck engorge with blood. Welcome to Thailand.

For those of you who have never been to Thailand before here is the game. Thais work on the extortion principle of business and extortion often involves fear. Scare the tourist and he will pay. It is a successful stratagem that works a lot. Well, not me. He picked on the wrong little farang in baggy pants, flip flops, and Indian cotton shirt. But I am not going to raise my voice or my hands or my arms either. He will have to hit me first. I ain't paying and I ain't backing down and I am looking directly into his eyes. It's a standoff. Out of the corner of my eye I can see Miss Smiling Receptionist suddenly doesn't know me. What happened to the smiles? Eventually I leave.

If you have never been to Thailand before here is my recommendation. On the first day before you do anything else go to the hotel gift shop where they have a revolving display of post cards. Buy all the postcards. This is a fun thing to do and the postcards are fabulous. Just looking at them will make you happy that you have traveled to exotic friendly smiling Siam. There will be one of smiling elephants pulling teak logs, and there will be one of happy laughing naked children swimming in a klong, and there will be one of the Royal Palace in its glittery golden splendor, and there will be one that has a smiling woman with a flower in her hair, and there will be one of a long tail boat, and there will be one of charming smiling northern tribe women in native costumes, and there be one that illustrates Songkran (you'll find out), and there will be a postcard that has smiling women in boats full of produce—the Flower Market, and there will be one that illustrates monks, and there will be a lovely postcard that pictures the beauty and the charm of Loy Krathong (water festival).

Take them all off the rack and go to the gift shop counter. The lady will ask you if you want stamps. You don't. Just buy the postcards. Once you have the postcards in hand walk into the hotel lobby and find a trash receptacle. Stand over the trash bin and look at the postcards carefully; they are fabulous pictures of a fun smiling country full of fun smiling people—then rip the postcards in half and dump them in the trash. That ain't Thailand. Not for you. You are new to the Kingdom and you might as well have the yellow Star-of-David Jewish pogrom badge on your sleeve or the leper's amulet around your neck or the Mark of Cain on your brow. You can't see it and your non-Thai friends can't see it but when going through Immigration on arrival you were bathed in a neutrino rich newbie infrared light captured from the Van Allen belt and you are now a walking beacon that is pulsating and flashing the letters ATM. All Thais can see it. That is why they are smiling. Anyway, trash the postcards.

That done your next step if this is your first trip to Thailand is to go to Robinson's Department store or a 7-11 or a big pharmacy and buy some of those big marking pens. Get them in different colors. Robinson's department store on Soi 19 in Bangkok is beyond a doubt the most fun for some little expedition like this. It does not matter what you say to the female clerks they will look by degrees; sexy and feminine and beautiful, charming, helpful, confused, bewildered, scared, and then—where did she go? Now go back to your room and get a T-shirt. Put the T shirt on the desk and draw different sized concentric circles on the shirt and color in between the lines—like an archery target. That is what you are making on the T-shirt. A target. It is time to up the ante. To call a nation's bluff.

Now you are ready to start your holiday in the Land of Smiles. When you leave the hotel you will be wearing the shirt that has a target on it. You're a tourist that has a target on him. "Take your best shot Thais!" You know the drill and you know the game. It's a declaration of war. You are in Thailand. Have a great vacation.

127. Time to Start Running

TT&A Part 112 17/12/2005

Prologue

The calculation was that from Fatu Hiva in the Marquesas Islands to Goose Green on East Falkland island would equal a certain number of miles factored by average speeds. ETA estimates were made and food was laid in. Pushing hard with the lee ama pressing always pressing the trip could be done in less time than the food calculation. That was the plan. Things do not always go according to plan. Mistakes were made. Things happened that were not planned on. Things do not always go your way. There were too many slow days. And some days with no wind. Days of pissing down rain and tramp steamer smoke on the horizon and the steady thumping from the boats engine.

Home: Only a three hulled maritime speck under an umbrella of stars at night and sun and clouds and sky in the day but happy—so so happy. Home is where the heart is. Pissing rain and smoke on the horizon and thumping under my feet. Home. Then becalmed off Cape Horn of all things and then unseasonably slow up to the Falklands—ran out of food 11 days before harbor. You can go 100 days without food but only 10 days without water. So 10 days without water is a door knock from death but 11 days without food is only an inconvenience. Your stomach shrinks. There are some good things. You lose the sugar bloat and then you lose the water weight and then you start to drop some fat you have been carrying around for the last 30 years. Your kidneys and liver and stomach and intestines and colon get a break. Some good things. The stomach shrinks and feels tight and you feel light after the hunger pains go. You feel like you have regained some lost youth. The prehallucination and lethargy state of the starving. Some good things. Life is a balancing act—the good with the bad.

Story

Pushing south on what the maps call Highway 2 and driving hard just fifty miles from Nong Khai with eleven future bargirls in the van I hadn't had a good meal in a couple of weeks. Hanging out in Hilltribe country way to the west and north I just couldn't stomach the local food so I stopped eating. Then dysentery kicked in so that cleaned out the other end. Then there was the Dengue fever scare followed by drugs and side effects and fear. Dengue fever scare. If you've never been scared witless to the marrow of your bones you have missed out on something that does not bind us together. The politically correct muttonheads with the Save the Whales stickers on their baby carriages sporting full stomachs and living safe lives imagine that every individual experience can also be a nurturing bonding experience. "Let's All Hug." But 'cornered rat fear' is so private and so personal and so dehumanizing that it does not admit of social translation. Your death dream is your own. Anyway, I recovered. The doctors finally gave up and landed on Etiology Unknown, the great landing strip for all lost doctor diagnosis planes; and the illness got bored and left me for another. Stripped down and lean now. Feel light and tight and youthful. A long ways from taking upper rim moon sights off Cape Horn but that same wonderful feeling of flying light and moving fast and all things possible. A different kind of voyage but a new adventure none-the-less. The testosterone declines over the years but the cells and the brain stem and the hopeful heart retain memories of youth. When the burning season started in the hill tribe mountains I finally opted out. Too much smoke and too little scenery. Stumbled out broke and caromed into a pimp in a shack bar who wanted me to deliver eleven girls to a place in Bangkok. We both knew what for. I needed the dough. If you are judging me now then you haven't been broke and sick and scared long enough in the Kingdom. That's my excuse and I'm sticking to it.

Delivering eleven future bargirls was like delivering eleven three year olds all on different pee schedules. Except it was eating. Every thirty minutes we had to stop and eat. I paid. They had no money. They ate like sharks. A feeding frenzy. A 38 kilogram wonder could eat 40 kilograms of food. Thirty minutes later she was hungry. I started to calculate miles and meals and girls. I hadn't negotiated well enough. Nice guys finish last and I was going to finish last again. There was no longer any money profit in the trip. An uneducated predator pimp with dead eyes and a pistol and cash had taken advantage of another farang. I was delivering eleven young girls to Bangkok for approximately nothing plus the heartache and the risk. Fool.

You should have seen them. Some were dressed country bumpkin poor and others were trying to look hip and modern and urban in clothes given by all their well wishing friends but it was all the same—the missteps of the ignorant and the poor and the 'not included'. They might as well have been holding signs that said, "Take Advantage Of Me"—sad and pitiful. Two conditions that get you nowhere. Again, you should have seen them—with their teddy bear backpacks and sacks and bags and boxes and bits of tired ass poor people's luggage and their mother's and older sister's gold they were hiding in their new little bras. One wide eyed innocent hopeful had a sheet wrapped around a lifetime of nothing and tied up with jute string. Jute for Christ's sake. I didn't even know they made that stuff anymore. My next door neighbors in the States got married in 1908 and one of their wedding gifts was a trip around the world on a steamer. In India the Mr. got offered a job as manager of a jute plantation. Stayed 20 years. So I grew up hearing exotic stories of India on a jute plantation. But jute in the 21st century? What would be poorer than that? I don't even know. Tying up bundles with vines? Bicycle inner tubes? Old fan belts? Ripped out rubber door gaskets from junked refrigerators? Anyway … There was no money to be made and I was sick at heart about the whole thing. I knew what I was delivering the girls to and they didn't. You should have seen their faces and their eyes. All youth and hope and innocence. Father's daughters. Future loving mothers. Womanhood in the future that only wants to love and be loved. Made me sick. The harder I pushed and the longer we drove and the more they laughed and whispered and starred out the windows the more unstable I got. Finally I cracked.

Bangkok be damned. I went east and stumbled into a big Isaan city. All no-name bars and a no-name city in this story fellas. I don't feel like trumpeting anything. Usually naming names is just a way to brag. "Look at me, Mr. Bigstuff—I was at the Pussy Lips bar and picked up Porntip and we bonked at the Heavy Breathing guesthouse in Phuket." Four names dropped in one sentence by the guy from Manchester who Human Resources has to pull a file on to even figure out what department he works in. Just nameless bars and nameless mamasans and nameless bar owners in a nameless Isaan city in this sad story. And unfortunately later: nameless girls. Later I can't remember one name of one father's daughter that I palmed off on others in the belief that I was doing the right thing. I figure that is my punishment for getting involved in something slimy in the first place. My memory has been taken from me. Truth be told I can not remember most of their faces and it will all fade away. Not a gift to the guilty but a punishment. Take away someone's memory and you take away their life.

"Is this Bangkok?" they say, knowing the answer. "No" I say, "That will come later." They don't believe me. They are quiet now and restive as I drive. Holding each other's hands. Smiling and laughing done. The life gone out of them. Not even traveled the distance from their homes to BKK and already hope and innocence and trust being sucked out of them. I check us into a hotel and treat them to a nice sit down dinner. Still no smiles. Then they follow me to a karaoke bar. Later, back at the hotel I leave them in their room playing cards on the floor and ordering room service food and messing with the TV. They are starting to smile again. Misplaced trust. I have become a monster. I start cruising the nightlife venues and by 11 p.m. I have found bar owners and club owners and restaurants and mamasans who will take all of them. I pocket the money and start returning to the hotel room one at a time like a lioness for her cubs. By 1:00 a.m. I have them all out and in the arms of their new lives. Some smile and wave goodbye. Some don't. I can taste everything I have eaten that day in the rising gorge of self-loathing in my throat. "This is better for you girls." I said to myself. It was. All of these pokey little upcountry places were better for these upcountry starvelings than BKK. At least I believed it then. Plus I got paid again.

I check out at 2:00 a.m. A mile outside of town I stop the van. Too tired to sleep. Too shocked to cry. My parents were Quakers and I was an Eagle Scout and now this. Like the empty hermit crabs you see on the beach that have been tipped over and feasted on by seagulls I am now nothing but a shell. I deserve nothing. Each lungful of air is an unearned gift. I have danced with the devil and feasted on strange fruit. Everything I have done in this town was because I was convinced that the girls would be better off here than in the smog and pollution and noise and confusion and indifference and brutality of Bangkok. Now I am not so sure. More and more that has become the Thai experience for me. I am not so sure. About anything. I am now like a wandering asteroid without name or number or trail. Reduced to sitting in what amounts to a stolen van with no destination and no future. I have left behind eleven birds on a branch in a cold rain without homes or hope. Some good may come of it. They may never trust a farang again. I start to get the dry heaves but nothing will come up. I'm a hollow shell. A farang devil running on empty.

Twenty two hours later I make the final turn and can see the ocean through the windshield. Pattaya. Any port in a storm and this place looks good to a lost soul. Cruising down Beach road in a pissing cold rain I can see some girls standing outside the Tahitian Queen bar smoking cigarettes. Like little lost tramp steamers in the rain—staring out at an empty horizon and wondering what the sunrise will bring. Smoking whores and pissing rain and the thumping music under my feet. Home. Home is where the heart is. It's good to be home. Turned left into the alley of The Right Spot hotel at the bitter end of Walking St. and glided down to the parking yard in front of the bungalows. It would take a while to find me here. Time enough to sell the van. I have an expat friend named Gary who is a little condo king in Jomtien. He'll take it. He'll cheat me but hell it's not even mine. A thief's deal. More smoke and mirrors. There is no dance like the money dance. So I would have the van money and the money from dumping the girls in Isaan and the half contract amount I got at the start. And I felt better. I had done the right thing morally. Bringing the girls into Bangkok to be deceived and abused and to have to work as prostitutes was wrong. I think.

OK, now I'm not so sure. There is no opportunity for girls working in upcountry shitshack bars and restaurants and massage places. In Bangkok for the lucky ones there is opportunity. The chance to wear new and fashionable clothing and jewelry and purses and cell phones and nice shoes. The chance to live in more dignified surroundings and to make enough money to have to learn about banking and savings accounts. The opportunity to meet different men who will treat you differently. Maybe travel overseas. Maybe fall in love with a man who does not come from a culture that condones wife beating and minor wives and excess drinking and gambling. Next morning I go across the street to the Chinese run convenience store and get some orange juice drinks and some yogurt and some nuts and one of those weird made-up pre-packaged Thai mystery sandwiches. Back to the car park at the The Right Spot hotel. Open my door so that the maids can slip in and out and pull one of the under-the-eave chairs out into the sun near the big tree. Sitting in chair in the early morning sun spooning yogurt and eating nuts and drinking orange juice I am no longer sure I did the right thing. Maybe I should have swallowed my pride and swallowed my financial loss and brought the girls into Bangkok to the pimp contact at the Grace Hotel on Soi 3. Maybe I wasn't doing the right thing morally at all in Isaan but just getting rid of a problem for me and picking up money to cover my losses. Maybe I'm not a nice guy at all.

Jesus, this country is starting to give me dementia. It's getting so that I can't tell up from down or in from out or right from wrong anymore. A funhouse of smoke and mirrors where the farang always loses. But it is not hard to figure one thing out. There is now a contract on my head. And all stupidass farangs eventually wash up in Pattaya. In a day there will be some hard-eyed Bangkok guys with punched up faces in a sedan with blacked out windows and bogus plates heading for Fun City. If they are smart they will post one guy on the boardwalk near Soi 7 and Soi 8, one guy opposite Swenson's Ice Cream, and one guy at the head of Walking Street under the sign. Then sit and wait and watch. It's only a matter of time. They'll find me.

It'll be the standard contract killing. One guy driving the motorcycle, the shooter on the back. The Darwinian specialty of poor countries everywhere. They'll find me. I'm a dead man. Time to sell the van and get out of the country. It's all over. I had a good run. Didn't do too much damage. Meant it every time I told a woman I loved her. Had the sex and laughs and libido pleasure of one hundred men. That is what I was supposed to do. Lived like a man. When I get to Heaven's gate Saint Peter will ask me if I lived like a man and I will be able to say "Yes, St. Peter—I lived like a man."

"Well then, Welcome to Heaven," he will say.

Epilogue

Life is a balancing act—the good with the bad. There has been a lot of good. Now there is going to be a lot of bad. Things do not always go according to plan. Mistakes were made. Things happened that were not planned on. Things do not always go your way. I am so so smart and so so wise but I always seem to be scratching myself up from the bottom. A mystery. Musing on this while sitting in the sun under the big tree full of chirping and chattering birds I can feel the future slamming into me. The first low velocity slug will take me down and the second one will finish me off. Mai pen rai. Time to start running. Time to start digging down deep and husbanding my resources and saving my money and charting my plan.

It'll be like the old days. Stripped down and lean now. Feeling light and tight and youthful. I can go eleven days without food. Another voyage is about to start.

Goodbye Thailand

128. Buy a Chicken

TT&A Part 113 24/12/2005

Dana here with a survey. You can score yourselves at home. No cheating.

1. Do you like the company of fun-loving attractive Thai women?

2. Would you like to have sexual relationships with them? You know, where you are both naked and she is not looking at her watch.

3. Would you like it to be more than just ‘Slam—Bam—Thank You Mam’? Are you like me? Do you sometimes yearn for a long term relationship of commitment and loyalty and love? You know, something over an hour.

4. Would you like your invested time to reap long term benefits? You know, where she remembers your name (OK, forget that) or face 24 hours later.

5. Can you buy a chicken? A roast chicken. Not a real chicken you idiot. A cooked chicken. And my advice is to be a part of this and make sure they really cook it. Most roast chickens in Thailand are not cooked enough. (And then they wonder why they get sick.) Anyway, find a reliable source of cooked chickens. You are going to be one of their best customers.

6. Can you be patient? I know, you have forgotten what that word means in Thailand. In other words can you pretend you don’t want it even though you could hold up a pail of water with your dick.

7. Can you take direction? That’s right, can you do what you are told? ‘Cause I ain’t going to waste my time with you if you think

this is some kind of conversation or debate. I'm going to TELL you what you gotta do. Who's in?

If you answered 'Yes' to all seven questions than you are in luck because I am going to fill you in on how to meet fun loving Thai women and have a good time.

Number one you have to buy a chicken.

That's right, a cooked chicken. Roast chicken or rotisserie chicken—whatever they want to call it; all you gotta know is get a cooked chicken. Then you go to the open air bar section on the right just in front of the Walking Street sign in Pattaya. Actually any open bar scenario in Pattaya will probably work but I am using very personal information here as a teaching tool. By around 4:30 p.m. there will be about 10 little bars set up and getting ready to entertain until about 1:00 a.m. The girls who arrive at 4:00 p.m. are going to be there until 1:00 a.m. Nine hours. If they started at 3:00 p.m. it is 10 hours. At lot of them go on duty at 2:00 p.m. so by the time the bar is shutting down at 1:00 a.m. it has been an eleven hour day. Eleven hours. Maybe one 'short time'. It is a long long day. Look over the bar at the floor they have to stand on. Concrete. No wooden pallets or rubber mats to stand on. No union. Tough work. These cute fun loving charming feminine wonders work like animals. So around 4:30 the mamasans allow the girls to have an early dinner at the bar. There isn't that much business and it is going to be another long hard day. It is the kind of dinner where all of the girls bring something and the bar becomes a buffet. It is a fun low stress time of socializing and eating. They don't talk much. They eat like Thai women everywhere. With purpose and focus. Sharks with breasts. You'd think they had just gotten a message from Buddha that it was their last meal. That is when you show up. With your chicken.

You pull the roasted chicken out of the bag and ask them if they would like some chicken and can you join them. They will say 'Yes'.

Gentlemen, start your engines.

Now here comes the patient part. Just eat with them. Talk to them and listen to them and try the different strange things they are eating. If you are like me this requires an almost superhuman hyperalertness to avoid anything with spice. My esophagus got permanently damaged years ago on the quaint Thai diet of battery acid, magnesium flares and grated napalm so I have to be very careful. This is almost impossible in restaurants where spice is on all of the cooking utensils and in all of the pots and pans and on the walls and ceiling and floor and on the forearms and hands and the tops of the shoes of the cooks but when eating with the girls in the bar they will protect me. By the time I have said "Mai Phet" and mimed a crazy farang slashing movement at my throat about twenty times they will take me by the hand like a baby and make sure I don't eat any spice.

Anyway, back to you—Don't talk too much. Soon they will be tearing off pieces of chicken and hand feeding you. This will delight you and flatter you and most probably cause your 'asshole' gene to flare up. Don't make a big deal out of this. It is the Thai way. Don't make too much eye contact. Just have dinner with them. No hustling. Don't try to be clever. Candidly, you are the 400 millionth guy to stand at the bar in the last 8 months. What are the odds that you are going to look clever? No sex talk. The next afternoon or two days later you show up with a chicken again. Etc. It's a fun thing and you will learn some things about Thai culture and Thai food. OK, you don't really give a shit about Thai culture and Thai food but you will learn anyway and they will like you for learning. In your absence they will discuss you. Decisions will be made.

At the end of the week you will find that you are taking one of them home. Well, not actually home. To your hotel room or condo. You know, the place where none of the ceiling or floor moldings meet properly in the corners because the Thai contractor didn't have a miter box. Anyway, you will have a great time. It is extremely unbelievably important that she have a good time. She does not have to have a great time. But she does have to have a reliable respectful good time. Because she will become your resume for all of the other girls back at the bar. A good report from her and a few more chickens and suddenly you will be filling up your days and nights with the soft brown arms of chicken loving women.

And don't forget the other girls at the other bars have been watching this. You haven't been watching them because to have your attention wander from the girls in front of you to other wonders at other bars is like putting a gun to your head. But believe me when I tell you—about the fourth time you show up with a roast chicken for a buffet dinner at your favorite bar you will be the object of attention. Just assume that all the girls know each other. In fact, in Thailand; it is always good to assume that all the girls in the Kingdom know each other. You say you are in Phuket now and you are chatting with a really appealing woman but last night you were in Bangkok where you spent the night with Daow from the Lollipop bar in the NEP? Well, just assume that Phuket's 'really appealing woman' and Daow from Bangkok know each other. In your own country this would make no sense and telling this to someone would label you paranoid but the Kingdom and the girls of the Kingdom are not like any other place. They all know each other. Trust me it will pay dividends in the future.

Anyway, the other girls at the other bars have been watching you bringing in a chicken every day or so for a week. They have watched you talk and eat and laugh with Oh and Song and Nit and Nong and Na and Noi and Poo and Poom and Pa and Pong. They have watched you behave yourself and they have seen the girls hand feeding you and offering you the other foods on the bar counter. Soon you will not be able to get to your bar with your girlfriends and with your chicken without all of the other girls at the other bars yelling and smiling and waving and grabbing at you. "Heh, hansum man; where's our chicken?" It's a good thing.

Sometimes when I am sick or tired or just boom-boomed out in Pattaya I still find the time to bring my girls a chicken. There's no rush. In a couple of days I'll be feeling better and they will have made a decision about who is going to try me.

And this points up something else that I have learned to my very great pleasure and profit in the Dana world of giving and receiving love. If there are ten bars each with ten girls that equals one hundred girls. But the farang that circulates through all ten bars and all one hundred girls often ends up with nothing. He didn't put the time in. The girls don't know him. He isn't interesting to them yet. All of the professional South Pattaya girls are making more money than their sisters back home. In fact they are making more money than they ever dreamed of. They don't really need to jump on everything that wears pants. If you don't look interesting or fun they don't really need to know 'Where You Stay'.

I have found 100% of the time that it is much more profitable to just farm one plot of land. Just work one bar. It doesn't matter which bar so don't waste time trying to make the right decision. Don't be so western about it. Just pick a bar at random. My experience is that a bar one or two rows back from the street works best. It's less frantic and less noisy and the girls are more receptive because they have less business. Get to know every girl.

They all have friends. And tomorrow there will be different faces. And the day after tomorrow there will be more faces. The mamasan is watching. She has more girls. Be a good guy. Then you'll be like me. Never lonely. And you'll have guys saying things to you like they say to me:

"Dana—how the hell do you do it? Where do they all come from?"

Just Buy A Chicken

So the next time you see a farang carrying a roast chicken down the beach boulevard towards the open air bars just in front of the Walking Street sign in South Pattaya that is me. But don't mess with me. Guys have tried to take away my roast chicken because they imagine it is some secret talisman that guarantees luck with the ladies Nothing could be further from the truth. A man and a chicken is not enough. You have to know what you are doing. You send the average 'just-off-the-plane' farang into a bar full of beautiful Thai females with a roast chicken and all he is going to come out with is greasy fingers. I am thinking of setting up seminars.

So don't mess with me. I'll fight you for the chicken. Big tall strong young guys with tattoos and accents are always trying to take away my chicken. Don't even think about it. Every see a mongoose fight a bear? Think me and you pinhead. Me with my two hands gripping a big roast chicken and headed for the open air bars of Beach Road is like a rugby player holding the ball with the goal line in sight. Or better yet, think of a soi dog with a spring roll in its mouth in front of the oncoming headlights of a tuk-tuk. We are talking seriously athletic broken field running. Why just last week a big giant farang from Denmark tried to steal my chicken ...!

But that is another story.

129. Ships in the Night

TT&A Part 114 31/12/2005

One of the wonderful benefits of being stupid like I am is that I am constantly surrounded by smarter and more hip people than myself. And these evolutionary giants never mind taking time out of their busy days to point out my deficiencies. The best examples of these people are the legions of young overseas politically correct adventuring white women with bras made of hemp and shoes made of goat's cheese and backpacks woven from menstrual rags of famous feminist writers. You can most easily find these evolutionary point persons in the currency exchange booth lines on Khao San Road. Just look for the ringed toes and the baggy pants and the shrew mouth. Striking up a conversation with one of these future mothers can be interesting and enlightening. But don't laugh. And whatever you do don't give them a teddy bear. They'll shove it up your ass. One of the favorite ideas of these ignorant prattling college educated muttonheads is that all people are really the same. We just look and sound different. But we are really all the same. Under the skin there is no difference between the Thais and say—me. Really?

My experience visiting many countries is that if there is one thing that travel teaches you it is that we are all mostly not the same. These little social scientists with one introductory course in comparative literature and one introductory course in anthropology might be more profitably spending their time contemplating what makes individuals different from each other and what makes groups of individuals different than other groups of individuals. That might be the real shortcut that leads to better human relations. For a Christian from New York to be telling a Buddhist Thai from That Phanom that their two religious points of view are basically the same—you know, if you dig deep enough; is just silly. No, the word I was looking for is stupid. But you can't drive a stake in the heart of this idea. The romantic notion that we are all the same is a rosy tinted notion of reality whose currency has not diminished in fifty years. And to postulate otherwise is unwise.

When Margaret Mead, the famous twentieth century American anthropologist, first decamped for Polynesia to study primitive societies she was shocked to find people that practiced infanticide and every other kind of 'cide. Violence to no purpose and insensitivity to individual dignity were endemic and pandemic. As a young adult and fledgling anthropologist she had expected to fill the pages of her notebook with Rousseauian descriptions and images and dialogue illustrating commonality and oneness with nature. Instead she was forced by the protocol of academic objectivity to notate horrors she had never thought of before or witnessed before. I'll bet if you could have gotten ten beers into her politically correct body she would have blurted out—"People are Different". Upon her return to academia she made some factual, observational, and critical remarks about what she had witnessed. It nearly derailed her career. Reality was not as appealing as myth. And the myth was that we are all basically more same than different. Well maybe. But like in most other things it is the results that count—and if the tribal results include indefensible beastliness visited upon others I think a little critical intellectual behavior is not amiss.

To reduce this to the ridiculous: where is the toilet paper in Thai bathrooms? If I summon all of the working synapses in my brain and get them to all work in some gigantic synergistic harmonious way I can not think of anything that should bind we human beings together more than the act of shitting. Oh I know, you could mention things like breathing and swallowing and spontaneous erections in Robinson's Department store but those are involuntary muscular reactions. Shitting is something where you know what you are doing. We all do. We might have thought about it in advance. We might have formed some thoughts while in the act. We might use the occasion to catch up on some reading. And we might reflect on what we have done when we are finished. Heck, we often make a remark to someone else after we are finished. This is the one thing that most basically ties all homo sapiens together and yet even here we are different.

The Thais don't use toilet paper. I'd like to see the starry eyed Miss Full Moon Party with the henna painted pussy explain that one. So trying to improve farang-Thai relations by emphasizing our commonalities is the wrong road to be going down. We should be pointing out each others differences. For instance the Thais can't tell time. The Thais can't drive. The Thais can't find Thailand on a map of the world. It is all right to laugh when you are doing this. It is important to have a good time when forging international relations.

Heck, I don't want to be unfair here but sometimes you just wonder about some things when bouncing around the Kingdom on hotel tours. Standing under the tin roof of the Umbrella Factory (an open shed) outside of Chiang Mai watching three generations of female family and female friends pounding on Mulberry bark to make paper umbrellas you gotta wonder why this conversation never took place:

"Girls, it's the dry season. Nobody needs these stupid umbrellas. Why don't we turn this mulberry bark paper into toilet paper. Just once before I lay these brittle, tired ass, mulberry bark pounding bones down I'd like the dignity of wiping my ass with some toilet paper. I used to dream for you girls to marry successfully and have a family. I used to dream that my husband would look only at me. I used to dream that my beauty would not leave me. Now I am embarrassed at the superficiality of those dreams. I am an old woman now and I can see with the clarity of my approaching judgement and rebirth that I can dream bigger. And this is my dream. Just once before I lay these brittle, tired ass, mulberry bark pounding bones down I'd like the dignity of wiping my ass with some toilet paper."

Lowell Thomas, a famous early twentieth century American traveler and explorer, was once asked in retirement what his years of travel and exploration had taught him. He responded along the vein that people were tremendously different. This was on a popular TV chat show in the 70's. His response was politically incorrect. He wasn't invited on any more television programs. Again the myth of commonality was more attractive and sacred than the fact of differentness. I doubt if witnessing rural Thai women go through the post-birth hot stove procedure that it occurred to him that his mother and this new jungle mother were the same. Probably what occurred to him was to jot down the differences in his journal that night.

What I find most disturbing about this popular notion of commonality versus the factual reality of differentness is that I wonder if the notion of commonality is so popular because commonality has more appeal than differentness. Which means we are now stumbling around in the netherworld of feelings instead of facts. All tribal defensiveness is built on the fear of what is different—the other tribe six miles away is different so we fear them so let us attack them and kill them. This feels like the right thing to do. There I just gave you the history of man. So why should anyone care? Well, I care. I don't want to live in a world where everyone is the same. Where we are all in common. It is the polyglot racial and culture chaos of Thailand that makes it an interesting place. I don't want people from northern Thailand who really speak Laotian to be like me. I'd like them not to place my life or my health in danger and I would like some reciprocity regarding issues of human dignity but after that I really don't care. I don't want every woman I meet in Patong or Pattaya or the Phi Phi islands or Phitsanulok or Pathiu or Pai or Phayao or Pattani or Petchaburi or Phang Khon to be the same (honk if you love the atlas).

I sometimes wonder if all of this hippy-dippy holier-than-thou silliness about our sameness isn't the wrong road to be going down. If every woman I had met in Thailand had been the same and more like me than unlike me I might have stopped at woman number two. As it is, I don't intend to ever stop. Anyone who presents the idea of marriage to me has to have a presentation more compelling than the next one hundred different women I intend to have relations with. I'm a good listener but it is going to take a lot to strap me to that baby carriage.

It is because of our differences that I despair of the addenda notion of the hemp bra people. The addenda notion is that because we are mostly the same that we can learn to communicate with one another and understand each other's points of view. Let's all hug. The reason this idea has legs is that it would cut down on war and hopefully increase time spent loving. But is it possible? I more and more don't think so. I am more and more adopting the steady state notion of the social universe and embracing the notion that what we have is what we are going to have in the next one hundred years there will probably be not much improvement. For you academic social climbers and PhD wannabes there is a thesis in that previous statement. Here, I'll say it again. I am more and more adopting the steady state notion of the social universe and embracing the notion that what we have is what we are going to have in the next one hundred years there will probably not be much improvement.

That is the price to be paid for differentness—lack of communication. When I arrive at the Kingdom and my feet touch the tarmac at the foot of the deplaning stairs and I know that I am on Thai soil I also know without fear of debate or contradiction that I am going to be misunderstood or not understood by virtually 100% of the Thais that I come in contact with. That is the price I pay for novelty. In fact, logically; there is little difference between traveling to Thailand to be surrounded by Thais and traveling to Mars to be surrounded by Martians. You may think there is a difference but that is only a feeling you have or a need you have. Logically, traveling to Thailand is little different than traveling to Mars except it does not take quite as long. If I tell my office mates that I am going to Mars, oops I mean Thailand, for vacation; they don't get it. But all expats know what I am talking about. The fact that Thais are mammals that belong to the same species as me should mean that we have some commonalities. I am waiting for that happy day to happen.

Let me give you an example: I write on the internet on Thai related issues and every now and then I get a response to something I have written from a Thailand based Thai. In 100% of the cases they did not understand what I wrote or what I intended. And these responders are the active participants. People who are reading the site and reading what I wrote and confident enough of their English comprehension reading skills and English comprehension writing skills to correspond with me. These are the self-screened winners. And not one of them has ever got it right. In the beginning I used to correspond and try to straighten everything out in the interests of international relations and human-to-human contact and the sanctity of facts. I have stopped that. Trying to communicate with people that you can not communicate with is like pissing into the wind. You are just going to get it all over you.

And it is not only technical linguistics that gets in the way but also cultural ways of looking at things. Their filters for incoming data and my filter for incoming data are different filters. Different filters lead to different conclusions, different experiences, different expectations—miscommunications. Our differentness is the reason we are doomed to separate lives. Like two ships that pass in the night. Leaning on the rail on a hot tropical night looking at the lights of the other ship you can imagine that the people aboard are more like you than unlike you but it is just an idea. The ships are passing each other in the night. No connection can be made. The people on the other ship might be more like you than unlike you; but on the other hand the people on the passing ship might be more unlike you than like you. The notion of primal commonality is just an idea you have. An idea is not a fact. The fact is that two ships are passing in the night.

While typing this out I happened to notice that I had put the hotel business card for the Right Spot Inn in South Pattaya on the frame of my monitor. Whoever the salesperson was that sold the hotel on this business card was a great salesman because this is a fancy sophisticated fun business card. It is high resolution bifold that reads like a book. The cover is a nice night shot of the hotel sign, the inside left hand page has some useful phrases in English and Thai, the right hand page talks about the hotel and the restaurant with a map, and the back cover has a nice inside shot of one of the hotel rooms. So what is the big deal you say? Well the Useful Phrases page has nineteen phrases and eight of the phrases are:

What?
When?
Where?
I do not speak Thai.
Hospital
Excuse me.

I'm sorry.
Police Station.

42% of the Useful Phrases for the tourist illustrate the fact that you just have no idea what you are doing in the country and you might very well end up in the hospital or the police station. This friendly helpful tourist oriented hotel business card should give us pause and alert us to not be so cavalier about how Thais and farangs are really the same. It's a different world jungle. God forbid you should some day find yourself in the hospital or the police station. Suddenly fear will wipe away your silly social theories and pretensions and politically correct cocktail chatter bleating and you will be face to face with reality. And the reality is that we are not all the same. Some Thai doctors feel that Thai blood and farang blood are different. I hope you get that transfusion you need.

Of course technical linguistics is the easiest thing to point at. The problem with two people of different cultures and different levels of language proficiency reading the same writing is that not everyone is holding the same cards. In net based cross cultural writing language basics like wit and whimsy and irony and multiple meanings and western references and double entendres, and inside cultural jokes, and self deprecation, and hyperbole, and analogies simply don't travel well. I once made the mistake in an email to a Thai that had responded to something that I had written of mentioning that the United States had gotten rid of it's King in 1776. This historical fact was part of a larger point that I was making. This is how it was received by the Thai—

'America got rid of it's King in 1776—I hate Kings—I hate the King of Thailand—I am a pompous imperialist capitalist Thai hating pig.'

It's a good thing we are not neighbors. I would be in Bang Kwang prison by now. So much for brothers under the skin.

I can place myself in the Thai's position. In the eighth grade I was placed in French class. We had to read a book called Les Miserables (apt title for all of the boys in the class). All of the words in the French text could be looked up in the back of the book. So I would read the first French word and then look it up in the back of the book. Then I would read the second French word and look it up in the back of the book. Then I would read the third French word and look it up in the back of the book. Then I would forget the meaning of the second French word so I would have to look it up in the back of the book again. Etc. If there was any meaning to the book Les Miserables it would have completely escaped me because all I was capable of was linear literal transliteration. That is what the Thais are doing when they read something of mine in English. Armed with their English-Thai dictionary they do a linear literal transliteration as if they are German U-boat commanders cracking the code on a birthday message from Hitler. The meaning of what I wrote escapes them. The definitions of words are never enough. They are only the clues. You have to divine the mystery by putting all the clues together.

So in conclusion I am not convinced that there is going to be any significant increase in understanding between the Thais and the farangs. I am not even persuaded that it is a good idea. I think the situation that we have now is actually normal and probably all that we can expect. And I'm OK with it. I don't want us to be all the same and to all be brothers under the skin and to always understand each other. What would be the fun of that? One of the biggest disappointments of my life was that myself and a Thai woman named Noi could just never get it together. I believe most of the problem was communication. We just could not communicate with each other. I used to engage in self pitying internal wish dramas along the lines of—"What if we had been able to communicate with each other?" I've stopped that. We couldn't and that's that. We were not mostly the same. We were mostly different. And that's OK.

130. Latin in Thailand

TT&A Part 115 7/1/2006

Verily and forsooth: it is said by the powers of Zeus ...! OK, listen up hepcats and Stickmanites; Dana here with an essay and an article and a public service. It is not generally known but once the son of a citizen in Rome became sixteen years old and went through the graduation to man/citizen ceremonies he was encouraged to take a year off and do some traveling. It was thought that a little international exposure (whoring) would more qualify him to help run the estate of his father (abuse the help and impregnate the maids and steal from the treasury) when he returned.

Now back (way back brothers) before there was Thailand there was Siam and back before there was Siam there was another name for the Kingdom and back before that there was another name for the country and before that name there was another name for the territory and before that name there was another name for the geography that we know as Thailand today. But no matter what the name for Thailand in the past or how far back you go in your history books there were always the women. Almond eyed, dark skinned, wasp waisted geographic and genetic anomalies that could suck the pottery glazing off an Etruscan clay dildo and smile while doing it. And there was no Thai word for cellulite. So the situation was the same then as it is now.

There wasn't any pussy in Rome or the provinces that looked like the women of the country that was east of Burma and west of Cambodia and south of China. Visigoth women? Not in a million years. Women of Gaul? Forget about it. Jerusalem chicks? Nobody wanted to do that much shopping. Octavian's one legged cousin? Not a bad idea until you find that she also has only one eye. Samnite descendents with sexy hairlips? Spooky Egyptian women with baskets full of snakes? Big hipped Vandal women who can throw an axe better than you? Forget about it. We are off to Thailand. Grab some slaves, stuff the litter with silk pillows, steal from the kitchen, and let's roll.

So this place we call Thailand today was the favorite place for the newly minted citizens (young boys with rampant dicks) of Rome to travel to. For this reason all of the great teachers and philosophers had 'Going to the Happy Place' classes in which they would teach these new citizens things that either they needed to know or that it would benefit them to think on while adventuring there. None of these teachers or philosophers had actually been to the place we know as Thailand. They were too busy scoring heavy tutorial bread in the house of some senator teaching his ugly daughter to conjugate 'My mustache is that of the hairs on a boar's balls'.

But over the several hundred years of Rome's influence and worldly affairs (heartless killing and cultural rapine and suffering taxation) a book had been developed that listed various sayings that would benefit the young scholar (stupid asshole) on his travels. It was the last thing given to him as his servants and litter started the long trip to the land of 'short-times' and 'long-times' that could be paid for with clots of dirt. Fortunately and serendipitously considering my lifetime adult interest in the culture of Thailand (easy pussy), I have come into ownership of that book. Here culled as a public service and academic thrill is a list of some of the sayings in that book. Read them and notice how little has changed. And give some thought to using some of them the next time you are cruising the boardwalk or going through Arrivals Immigration or negotiating with the police.

1. Amicule, deliciae, num is sum qui mentiar tibi? ('Baby, sweetheart, would I lie to you?'—heard today with the rapidity of Loi Krathong firecrackers)

2. Apudne te vel me? ('Your place or mine?'—familiar today as: Short time room or hotel?)

3. Aquila non captat muscas ('The eagle doesn't capture flies'—or—don't sweat the small stuff—or—Mai Pen Rai)

4. Ascendo Tuum ('up yours'—handy at all police stations and border crossings, and with a slightly different inflection with those of the tranny persuasian)

5. Caveat emptor ('let the buyer beware'—lexiconists believe this Roman saying came into being when a Thai women said that she would do Yum Yum and then didn't)

6. Cotidiana vilescunt ('familiarity breeds contempt'—interesting two part construction on the last word, isn't language learning fun?)

7. Da mihi sis cerevisiam dilutan—('I think I'll have a light beer')

8. Diabolus fecit, ut id facerem ('the devil made me do it'—handy when explaining why you started with a condom but didn't finish with one)

9. Id tibi praebet speciem lepidissimam ('it looks great on you'—Roman language gift to the men of the world)

10. Latet anguis in herba ('a snake lies in the grass'—another excellent reason not to go to Isaan to visit her parents)

11. Da mihi sis crustum Etruscum cum omnibus in eo ('I'll have a pizza with everything on it'—Double cheese came later with the pleasure loving Greeks)

12. Non illigitamus carborundum (Try to figure this one out yourself Stickmanites—good advice when bargaining with Thais) **

13. Heu! Tintinnuntius meus sonat ('Darn—there goes my beeper'—linguists opine that this lead to the Roman invention of the vibrator)

14. O diem praeclarum ('Oh, what a beautiful day'—first heard on the beach boulevard in South Pattaya—the construction holes were still there then)

15. Mendacem memorem esse oporlet ('a liar needs a good memory'—as an addendum, only if you intend to see her again)

16. Pone ubi sol non lucat! ('put it where the sun don't shine'—first used by the first Roman who came in contact with the first tranny—what's more fun than history?)

and of course ... the most important thing to remember when you are in the Kingdom ...

17. Amantes Sunt Amentes ('lovers are lunatics')

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**. Answer to 12.—'Don't let the bastards grind you down'

So there you have it Stickmanites and Latin lovers and history hepcats. Young men are young men and pussy is pussy and glory-to-God, thank-you Jesus; Thailand is Thailand. Nothing has changed except traveling there in a silk pillowed litter stuffed with olives and dates and cheese and eggs and wine and baked ziti and calzone and about 300 cannoli accompanied by servants must have been a hell of a lot more comfortable than going economy on Northwest airlines.

Hey, and are you like me? Did you learn a few things? I know I did. For instance I didn't know they had trannies way back then. I did know about the lite beer and the pizza though. Anyway, put these saying in the back of your newbie primer and have some fun in Patpong or Phuket or Pattaya using them on the girls. And oh, I almost forgot—there is one more cautionary and educational saying that the young men of Rome were required to memorize before embarking. It comes down to us through the centuries in it's now linguistically evolutionary classic form:

Find'em—Feel'em—Fxxx'em—Forget'em ('find'em—feel'em—fxxx'em—forget'em')

131. Pride and Prejudice

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Well guys the year 2005 is over in the Kingdom and in our lives. Time for the obligatory summing up columns and year in review specials and hindsight articles in the farang focused Thai web sites. They all do it. It's a writer's reflex and easy copy. One thing that is a constant is the mentioning and handwringing and whining and goggle-eyed amazement at what a lot of the Go-Go bargirls are now asking for before they will condescend to don street clothes and accompany you over to your hotel. 2000 baht to 3000 baht (and yes, sometimes even higher numbers). Apparently the world is going to hell solely on the basis of what whores in a third world country are extorting from fools with dicks, life is not fair, these girls are a bunch of meanies, someone is to blame (the Japs) but surely not any of us, and someone ought to do something (really—blowjobs should just be free). Etc, and etc, and etc, and etc …! OK, I'm having a little fun with this but it is a serious subject because it is your money and your life and your dignity. And 2000 baht to 3000 baht for 'short-time' (and yes for 'long-time' also) is too much money. Too much money compared to what? Compared to the Thai economy. If you are not at least 70% conversant regarding the values of goods and services and what they cost in the Thai economy you will just have to trust me on this. Don't forget; these girls do not live in your economy, they live in their economy. There are three economies in Thailand:

1. NEWBIE TOURIST ECONOMY: This is what the first time tourist pays.

Example: 600 baht for beach pants sold off a table on Sukhumvit in front of the Majestic Hotel. About $15.00 American. When the small dark attractive Thai vendor woman sees the male farang tourist coming she knows what to do. She looks right into the backs of his eyeballs and smiles. He is transfixed. Then she puts her hand on his arm. He is tongue tied. If necessary she will press her breast against his ribcage. He is disoriented. Might be the most sex he has had in years. If you want to have some fun with this hang around one of these tables until the vendor woman makes a sale to a newbie and watch how fast she jams the pants in a bag and jams the bag in the tourists hands. No shutter speed on a camera can slow her hands down enough to capture the image. She has just made a huge score and she wants the stupid tourist to hit the road.

2. MULTIPLE VISITOR ECONOMY: Someone who can speak some simple Thai.

Example: 200 baht for the same pants and I know I am at the bottom. $5.00 American and I am happy. No smile from the lady. 'Just hit the road wiseass.'—before a newbie out of the Majestic Hotel sees what you paid. She grabs the money and makes the change and jams the pants in a bag and jams the bag in my hand faster than a lightning bolt. 'Get lost monkey's ass.'

3. THAI ECONOMY: What a Thai would pay.

Example: well it can vary widely but it is not going to be 200 baht. First of all the Thai is not going to be buying off some tourist table. The only time I have seen a Thai buy off a tourist table is when it is a bargirl or a teeruk and some love struck idiot like me is paying. Thai purchases are made in mystery places farang rarely see. Part of the Thai girl-to-girl subterranean information network. Want to know where to get great roast chicken feet covered with bacteria laden congealed fat? They know—you'll never know. Want to get some cheap linens at 'off-the-back-of-the-truck' prices? You know—the ones that were manufactured by Chinese prisoners but have labels that say Made in Singapore. They know—you'll never know. Etc. And don't bother trying to ask for this information because it will not be forthcoming. Remember, these are the people that do not want you to even learn their language. Do you think they are going to give away the secret location where they can get Mickey Mouse T-shirts for 60 baht? That would be like asking France to tell you where they are hiding the women who do not have hairy legs. Anyway they are not going to be messing around with tourist economies. They are going to be in some hidden out of the way place at the end of a fly and dog infested alley next to a sewage outfall plant. No sign and no westerners. Babies on the concrete floor, a black and white TV blaring, and an ancient on a floor mat who is so old she can't remember when she had teeth. Change for purchases will be made out of a box, no records kept, no taxes paid, nobody admits to being the owner, no warranties or returns. And no matter what they are really supposed to be selling they will always have green gum boots and little colored plastic pails and shovels for kids.

Top quality merchandise. But she is not going to be paying 200 baht for the Sukhumvit table tourist beach pants because she is Thai and living in the Thai economy.

And there is no reason to get out of shape over this. Realize that just because you are head bobbing like a hand puppet, and you 'really love Thailand', and you know how to say Sa Wa Dee Khrap; you are still often not going to get the Thai price especially if you are in the farang ghettos. Prices vary widely. In an open air bar a bottle of water is 30-50 baht depending on the waitress. Across the street from the Nana Hotel in Bangkok the Mini Mart sells it for 15 baht. Around the corner on Sukhumvit at the second pharmacy on the left they sell it for 6 baht. God only knows what the wholesale price for a big government connected purchaser like Thai Airways would be for that bottle of water if the retail price for Thais is 6 baht. And it is not only the Thais that have tiered pricing. When I was a stationary supplies salesman in the States we had five prices for every item in the catalogue. It was our job to figure out how much we could get out of the customer. Business is war.

But just because business is war does not mean that you do not set limits on your budget behavior. And for these bargirls to be asking for 2000 baht to 3000 baht (for anything) is just absurd. Crazy talk. And the more you become attuned to the Thai economy and to their lives the more outrageous and ridiculous these numbers will sound. Eventually you will reach a knowledge level where even if you had more money than God you would still not pay out of principle. Principle with whores? Yeah, we are westerners. You can only push our logical, well educated, anxious-to-please, scientific brains so far and then we crack. Personally I cracked when the barfines in Go-Go bars punched through the 500 baht barrier. Just had a sex tourist aneurysm. And they lost me. All the money I used to dump into Go-Go bars and Go-Go bargirls was lost. Billions and billions and billions of baht.

This gentleman is why I do 75% of my shopping on the street (the rest is mostly open air bars). 2000 baht to 3000 baht (and yes even higher) plus 600 baht barfine? Forget about it. The day I pay that kind of money is the day I wake up and I am six feet tall. I'm not notifying my tailor on that one. And yet everyone disparages shopping for freelancers on the street. It is now the politically correct advice-du-jour for guidebook authors and know-it-alls and web site administrators and essayists who want to sound knowledgeable and really interested in your welfare. It is supposed to be more dangerous or somehow less classy to look for love in a public place. People disparage street shoppers like myself in print and secretly or not so secretly feel superior. This is nonsense.

First of all, what makes anyone think that taking a prostitute you never met back to your hotel room from a Go-Go bar is safer? The fact that she left her ID in the hotel lobby or that you know her place of employment is mostly of little consequence. Did you take her ID to a copy machine and make a copy of it? Can you even read it? Can you do something simple like puzzle out her age using the Buddhist calendar? Can you trust anyone else to read it accurately for you? Do you think you can communicate in sentences with the Thai security person who took it? And as for her place of employment: Do you think they are going to tell who the owner is or how to contact him/her? Do you even know who the mamasan is? Do you know what a mamasan is? Do you have a working knowledge based on multiple personal experiences with bone marrow deep spirit killing racism? If the answers to these questions is 'no' than you are flying on wings of wax in a mighty hot country. These ideas-du-jour about ID's and structured places of employment lending safety to your activities may be useful mechanistic issues for the knowledgeable and aggressive expat but for the average tourist the benefit is practically nil. No matter what abuse she visits on you in your hotel room getting involved with hotel staff and then the bar staff and then the police represents more additional stress and more risk than it is worth. This may not be 'right' or 'fair' or 'civilized' but it is a fact.

You say you are in Thailand on a ten day vacation? And you plan to mix it up with the staff at the hotel, and then you plan to muscle around the mamasan at the bar, and then you plan to go toe-to-toe with the police? In a third world country? Where you don't speak the language? And you have no rights?

I don't want to know you. Do not call me for help. You are stupid.

If the shit does hit the fan what exactly is your plan? Do you intend to hold up a copy of the girl's ID in front of the bar owner's face and tell him that you could not control a woman who only weighs one half of your bodyweight? Is that your plan in a country that runs on face? To lose all of yours? How about yelling? How about threatening bodily harm? How about using the word lawyer? How about appealing to his humanity? Stop me when I hit upon something that will work.

Oh, here is a good idea. Why not ask the mamasan for the girls address. Sure, that will work. Let me ask you a question. Have you ever been in a Thai part of town at night? OK, we'll forget that. Well, I'm fresh out of ideas. How about you? Face it. You are a junkyard dog in a different kennel. Every bark scares you and no dog is your friend. So consorting only with expensive Go-Go bargirls with ID's does not mean much does it? Another chimera for the newbie sold by mouthy guys I rarely see mixing it up in public with the girls.

Still not convinced? OK, remember last night? In the Mini-Mart next to the Nana Entertainment Plaza? I was standing behind you in the checkout line and I saw you tell the girl that you did not need a straw with your coke. You didn't want one. But she jammed the straw in the bag with the coke anyway. There were two problems:

1. You could not communicate with her.
2. She wasn't listening and she didn't care.

So if you can not even negotiate something like a straw how in the world do you think you are going to be able to get some browner to help you when you complain that you got abused by a high priced whore who actually gets a payroll check and works at a place that has a door and a crapper (and you have a copy of her ID goddamit). All the farang information sites told you that this was the safest and most modern and best way to go. What does it look like now? (Bye the way, for the money you spent last night I will be falling in love at least three times.)

Still resistant to the idea that I might possibly be right? OK, consider this. And I know you have never considered it before. Do you know what the common thread is in the tapestry of the night time Go-Go bargirl farang venues that ties all of the players together like shared DNA? All of them know one thing without doubt or hesitation or fear of contradiction and that knowledge gives them the edge in all business dealings with farangs. And that one thing that they all know is that outside of Bangkok is a big airport with big airplanes that go to faraway places and sooner or later you are going to have to get a taxi and go to that airport. You can't beat time and soon your time will be up.

So although you may think you are smarter than these people and that you are working the best plan based on internet research and options analysis; they are survivors and competitors in a world of venality and greed and corruption and crime. Your name is Heinrich and you are a baker from Berlin. You are not Thai. You don't count. You inspire fear in no one. You bring nothing to the table. You are not going to get your way.

The notion that you can cancel out these unattractive thoughts and realities by buying sex tourist insurance in the form of expensive girls from places with ID's and health checks and rules and payroll accounting and pictures of the girls faces on their mamasan record keeping cards is an attractive idea. If I thought it was true I would be in the same bar as you and shoving you aside to get to the dark minx with the tight flat stomach and the waist length hair. But don't worry. I won't be shoving you aside. I don't believe it and I won't be there.

Second, the notion that a prostitute from a Go-Go bar is classier than a streetwalker is just silly. They are all prostitutes and you are not classier because you are paying more. Equating money with class or ego or any other positive character trait is a childish notion. Grow up. They are whores and you are paying for sex. Do you imagine that after she gives you oral sex that you two are going to discuss Marxism and Leninism because you paid big money? And do you also imagine that the girls that I meet on the street can only grunt like pigs when they talk because they cost less? Who are you listening to? Where are you getting these ideas?

You do not know one thing about the expensive girl you just picked up in the Go-Go bar for an agreed upon 'short-time' price of 2000 baht. The Go-Go bargirls could be violent junkies. They could have jealous boyfriends that are going to follow you. They might be accomplished criminals that will drug your drink. They might be diseased. They might be mentally unstable. You have no way to know and to assume that because there is an employer in the mix that your risks have been eliminated or reduced is foolish. And you are paying for it jackass. What makes you think paying more in this arena increases or decreases your odds of anything? When someone puts me down or makes a negative assumption about my character or my brain power because I meet my lovers on the street I know that I am looking into the eyes of an idiot.

I stopped giving my money to the Go-Go bargirls, except for the odd exception, many years ago. In the years that I have been a street shopper in mostly Bangkok and Chiang Mai and Pattaya and Jomtien and Kanchanaburi I have only had three problems. I have had two girls steal money from me but it was my fault and the amount was trivial. If I had not tempted them they would not have responded in kind. I only expect nuns to act like nuns. I take the responsibility. I have only had one girl ask for more money than she was worth. Considering the volume that I do and the bottom of the barrel (supposedly) that I shop in these incidents do not even make a statistical blip. I challenge the farangs who have done as much volume and only pick up high priced Go-Go girls in bars to show a better record. I have no problems street shopping. I believe partly this is because I have some rules:

Dana's Street Pick-Up Rules (DSPUR)

1. I only shop in the day when I can see their faces and their eyes. I almost never shop at night. This means my days are backwards to the average sex tourist days. I am having sex in the day time and just visiting bars at night to see the shows and the girls. Most guys are shopping at night to have sex at night. Not me. Once it gets dark my day is done. I have already had two (or sometimes three) wonderful relationships. I am going to visit some bars just for fun and then pick up some street food and go home.

2. I am always sober. My decision making is never impaired by alcohol. This additionally screens out a lot of the predators who are only looking for impaired farangs that they can take advantage of. They do not even mess with me

3. I never ever pick up a girl who is not smiling or laughing. She may be only smiling at me with her eyes but that counts. And I can see those eye smiles because it is day time. It has to be fun and I have to be temporarily infatuated with her. Less and less is it about pounding meat. I want to have fun with a fun girl. If it is not fun right away I drop her.

4. If the girl wants to negotiate money on the street I drop her. These girls are thinking of money instead of us. She should be thinking about developing our relationship (playing me like a violin) so that she can put me in her rolodex of repeat customers

(suckers). The negotiators are the hit and run girls—sometimes literally. Abuse you and grab your stuff and run. No Thanks. I may not be the brightest light bulb in the hallway but I can figure this one out. If it is all about money right up front with the girl without even any pretence of charm or diplomacy or winning ways than I drop her faster than a penis with weeping sores.

In the same category are the girls that do not want to go to your hotel but instead want to go to their hotel. Not in a zillion years is this a good idea. You are in great danger of being set up. Her territory instead of your territory? Do I have to explain this? The trannies on Walking Street in South Pattaya in front of the Jenny Bar are known for this.

Also in the same category are the girls that don't want to do something now but later—say in twenty minutes. "Just tell me what hotel you are at and what your room number is." WHAT? Everything in the whoring business is now. For street cruisers there is no such thing as later. Later makes no sense. Later is a klaxon that should be going off in your head. I was once slammed up against the wall on 2nd street near Soi 14 in Pattaya by an incredibly sexy whore. Jesus flipping God what a body. So I said,

"OK, lets go. I'm at the White Inn on the corner of Soi 14." and I pointed—fifty feet.

"No," she said—"Just tell me your room number and I'll be up in twenty minutes."

With WHO? Her boyfriend—her pimp—her girlfriend who has a gun. There is no later.

5. If the girl wants to bring her girlfriend I drop her. Forget your magazine and college boy dreams about threesomes. Because it isn't going to be a threesome. It is going to be a twosome. Two against one. They are a team. You can't win and you won't have fun and yes they will get the money.

6. If the girl has no purse I generally practise more caution when approaching her. Sometimes horrible service skanks or junkies. Trust me. Consider this: if a girl does not have a purse what does she most probably not have? Well here is a list: a make-up mirror and lipstick (personal appearance issues and ego), ID, license, a wallet and often any money at all, a cell phone (no friends?), pictures of her family and children, and all of the other stuff that women carry around with them that defines who they are.

A woman with no purse? I'll take extra time getting to know her. There are always exceptions and I have had some wonderful experiences with women who were not carrying purses or anything else but that is one of the reasons I shop in the daytime. No purse? OK you think I am being silly because lots of women in Thailand do not carry purses. OK, but thinking this way gets me pointed in the right direction. Remember, I am shopping on the street which you are convinced is more risky. How about no wallet? Oh, come on; what kind of an adult does not even carry a wallet? Whose got her wallet? Is it that Thai male over there on the motorcycle with the three inch dick and the ten inch knife?

If am walking towards an attractive woman during the day and my radar tells me she is a prostitute and I notice that she is not even carrying a wallet in her pants pocket then my 'bullshit' meter is on high alert.

I've picked up these 'ain't got nothing' girls and the results are usually disappointing. In the beginning it looks like a good idea because they are young, available, attractive and cheap. The problem is that most of them are dumber than dirt. The kind of girls who would hang used condoms on a Christmas tree.

"Look honey, they are red and white. Suay Maak. I'll have more in a month."

The kind of girls who think a paradox is two piers. The kind of girls that wear T-shirts that say Hookers Do It With Hooks. WHAT?

The only skill they usually have is incredible speed. Nobody and I mean nobody can bring you off faster than these trashy brain dead smilers. Don't blink or you'll miss it. The sex I mean. I once had a woman get naked, squat over me, and then contort herself into an act of limber athleticism and flexibly focused speed for oral games that was astounding. Per minute of actual work she was probably one the highest people in the Kingdom. But there was no 'there' there. I felt like a cow that had been milked by a farmer who heard his wife calling him for breakfast. Disappointing.

I once in one of my own personal braindead moments picked up a skank in the parking lot of the Nana Hotel who was wearing only a slip and flip flops and underpants. A blind person would have seen that this was not a good idea but all I could see was the way her legs went up into her slip and the way she was flipping her hair at me. Stick a fork in my I was done. Anyway, that was it. Just a very very short slip (this style of dress is what is known as an 'airplane' dress because you can see all the way up to the cockpit) and flip-flops and underpants. She had nothing else.

She was an adult and at 10:00 at night in one of the world's most cosmopolitan cities she did not have one other possession on her person. No ID, no wrist watch, no jewelry, no hair accessories, no make-up, no money, no wallet, no purse, no cell phone, no comb or lip stick or make-up mirror, no Skytrain pass or coins, nothing. As if the Pimp Spaceship just dropped her into the parking lot. Well her body was great and the sex was OK but then a bad thing happened. I should have known better but I listened to my dick. I won't go into the details. Oh, and where did she put the money I gave her? In her underpants. It's a good thing it was not 500 baht in 10 baht coins—she'd have looked like a bowlegged tranny with a big dick waddling down the street. Talk about traveling light. She should be giving packing advice to farang college girl backpackers—"All you need is a vagina and some underpants."

7. All trannies get dropped—nothing but a criminal class on the street. Too bad. In the Darwinian arena of sexual variety they are canceling themselves out. Some exceptions but the risk is too great. The only way you can have guaranteed fun with street slag trannies is to tie them to the bed and that cause other problems.

I don't think any farang should be picking up trannies off the street unless that farang is six feet two inches tall and two hundred pounds minimum. Size is everything and size evens the odds and changes the tranny's attitude. Everyone else should just stay with the whole Adam and Eve thing.

8. If the girl makes a face when I ask her to turn off her cell phone I drop her. In fact I drop all women all the time who make a face over anything. One face and they are done. They are prostitutes and I am the customer. As an addenda this also includes teeruks. If it is our fifth day together and I get a face while we are taking off our shoes to go into the shrine of the Emerald Buddha—no amount of praying will help her. It is our last date. In fact I recommend doing this every once in a while just on general principles. Nothing will make you feel stronger than saying "No" to women. Don't worry about her. She'll have another lover in ten minutes. It will take you an hour. Thailand.

9. If the girl wants to lag behind me on the way to the hotel instead of holding my hand I just turn around and drop her. I once picked up a tranny in the Nana parking lot and she dragged her snotty little ass all the way to the Rajah Hotel and then all the way down the hall. Apparently I didn't come up to the high

standards of someone who is a social leper and sleeping under a bridge. Last time I checked, the money she wants is in my wallet. The first thing she said in the room was “How much are you going to pay me?” “Nothing” I said, and threw her out.

10. If after agreeing to go to my hotel room to share with me love’s magic moments the girl then suddenly becomes less charming and friendly I drop her. I don’t expect them to sing and dance and yodel but I do expect the acting to be a part of the game from start to finish. Can’t pretend that you like me? Then you get nothing. I’m acting too honey. I am pretending that I do not see sores on your lips and facial sarcoma and skin rashes and red pupils and prison tattoos and razor slash scars on your wrists and baggy after birth syndrome stomachs and droopy tits and stretch marks from your ears to your ankles and a brown stripe in your underpants.

When I tell you that I love you and that you are the most beautiful woman I have ever seen I am acting. Get with the program.

It sounds like a lot to know and to remember or that you would have to be consulting a ten point list (DANA’S STREET PICK-UP RULES) while wandering around holding your stomach in and trying to look sexy, but really it is just common sense. Stay sober, shop during the day, and if it is not fun and reasonably priced then stop it immediately. I once picked up a nice girl at the Nana Entertainment Plaza in Bangkok and she was doing well until she got to within about thirty hallway feet of my hotel room door at the Nana. Then she went bad. So I just went through the door first and then shut it in her face. She didn’t even knock. She just left. She knew that I knew that she was just trash. It’s a business. You are paying for the delivery of a service. If you do not believe you are going to get that service than you do not owe anyone anything and you do not want to waste your valuable time on earth with criminals. Stop being a nice guy and concentrate on being a good customer instead. There is a difference. Nice guys finish last and good customers get respect. I'm a good customer to the girls on the boardwalk in South Pattaya. When I hit the boardwalk they all pop up like ferrets. Here comes a good customer.

Regarding paying 2000 baht to 3000 baht to Go-Go bargirls this is just insane and I have never done it. Two reasons for this:

1. If the girl in the Go-Go bar brings up a price like this I just smile and turn on my heel and leave. I don't just leave her, I leave the whole bar. By turning her down you have poisoned yourself in the bar but it doesn't matter. In quoting silly numbers she has told you what you need to know about the bar and all of the girls. There won't be any exceptions. She did you a favor. Ridiculous. And they are not all getting it either.

The best example I can think of regarding Go-Go bargirls not always getting these inflated amounts of money for 'short-time' or 'long-time' is the wonderful Superbabies bar in Soi Diamond in South Pattaya. I don't know who is in charge of hiring in that bar but the girls are just beautiful. But go in any night and there is a bar full of them sitting around looking bored. Fabulously young and sexy and beautiful but they are asking too much money. They would be having more fun going out with guys more often and doing adult things.

I would love to get about ten scotches into the owners of the bar and then have a look at the books. Between them telling me the alcohol induced truth and the accounting ledgers; I'll bet they are not doing as well as if they had the girls lower their 'short-time' and 'long-time' prices and had much greater volume. There is nothing sadder to look at than a mostly naked stupefying feminine and beautiful young woman who is bored. Being ignored and rejected by men is not any woman's dream. No women dream about big female horses. They only dream about big male horses. If I was in charge of the bar I would have girls going through guys like prunes through an old lady and everyone would be having a lot more fun.

Another thing to know about these girls quoting 2000 baht to 3000 baht (and yes higher) for 'short-time' or for 'long-time' is that no one knows the Thai economy more intimately than them and so they know that these are crazy figures. Insane. Stupid. Sometimes the fact that you also know and do not snap at them like a trout going for a fly can work to your advantage.

First of all, when the girls quote these insane prices that are so out of keeping with their own economy and you pay it do you think they respect you for it? No they do not respect you. They think you are a fool. You are already running a pride/respect deficit with this girl and you haven't even had a problem with Mr. Noodle in the hotel room yet. As soon as you agree to stupid money like this you might as well just get down on your knees in front of her and beg her to let you live—oh, and don't forget to tell her that you will pay anything just to see her naked. What the hell. You might as well just throw all of your pride out the window. And do not imagine that because you are paying more that in the hotel room you are going to get more. Christ, I could do 5,000 words on that Thai bargirl business fraud without even taking a breath. Just trust me on this guys—buying a whore's time is not like pumping petrol into your car. You are not going to get more if you pay more.

But letting her know in a nice fun way that you know these are crazy prices can sometimes work to your advantage. Last time I was at the Nana Entertainment Plaza a dancer wanted 1500 baht for 'short-time." Well that is just nuts but I had some fun with it. Did a lot of smiling and some charm tricks and left her in a friendly way. Did not get down on my knees and beg, and did not pay the stupid price, and did not offend anyone. Later that night I was in the Mini-Mart around 1:00 a.m. and I happened to notice her sitting on a milk crate looking at items on a bottom shelf. Her mini-skirt was up around her hips and she was not wearing any underpants. And there for all the world to see was her pussy. I looked. She caught me looking and smiled at me. I smiled back. And then I went to the register.

I was an adult about it. I didn't hustle her and I didn't try to charm her. I'd already tried that in the bar but the price was too high. Now it was early morning and everyone was tired and it was time for adults to go home. We ended up standing on the steps together outside the door opening our junk food. My instincts told me to keep my tourist mouth shut and not to look needy and not to push. We shared cashew nuts and yogurt. Then we went over to the Nana Hotel and banged like demented morons. 500 baht. I got treated differently because I acted differently. 2000 baht to 3000 baht are not numbers you should credit by taking seriously. The girls know this is nuts and they will respect you if you know.

2. The second reason I never pay this kind of stupid Jap money is because I stopped cold turkey years ago doing something that 100% of the farang guidebooks recommend: to wit—'negotiate the price with the girl before you go to the hotel room'! Well, this is just too stupid and obvious for words. If you have been doing this well then just get the word NUMBSKULL tattooed on your forehead. Give the world an even chance when they come in contact with you. What price do you expect her to quote you? The actual market value price or a fair price? Christ no. She is going to name a ridiculous price in the hopes that you are a fool. And you are a fool because you just asked her to name a price.

Try to understand the social dynamics of this. Nobody really wants to work for a living so the temptation to try and make one huge score and then spend the remainder of the week just talking with your girlfriends is overwhelming. Even if it could be shown to them mathematically that they would bank more money if they substituted volume for high prices it would not change their behavior. It is human nature. One way we display ego and establish dominance and show power is by sublimating others. Getting some rube to overpay makes us look clever and gives us a story to tell. Some woman who is doing ten guys a week does not have a story to tell. She is just a whore. But she might be banking more money.

So anyway I never bring up price in the bar or on the street and if she does she gets dropped. I'm only interested in girls with debts not prices. At the end of our relationship in the hotel room I give them 500 baht if it was 'short-time' and 1000 baht if it was 'long-time'. And yes I am talking about Bangkok. I have only had one girl ask for more. At the end of our 'short-time' (I picked her up out of the Nana Hotel parking lot), I gave her 500 baht and she said,

"A lady usually gets 1000 baht." To which I said, "You are no lady—you are a junkie whore."

So my point is that a lot of these ridiculous requests for money are brought on by starting the negotiating over money in the first place. No good can come from it. In a civilized world populated by business savvy dependable honorable people negotiating the price of the good or service right up front is normal and a good idea. But you left that world when you got on the plane and came to the Kingdom. Anyway, new rules. By the time I am through with them in the hotel room they like me and they have had a good time. I do a lot of selling. This won't work for a lot of guys and some nationalities that just treat the girls like chattel. I don't do that. I love women and I want it to be a fun thing and I've got a bunch of charm tricks and I work hard at it. So at the door the money looks fine. They had a good time with a nice guy and they didn't get abused and they hope that I come by the next night. Easy money.

Example: Recently I picked up the best looking woman in the Lollipop bar at the NEP in Bangkok. There were four women I wanted and I made a mental note to do them all but I would start with the best looking one. As I said before, 75% of my 'dating' in Thailand is nice women that I meet on the street but this was my first night back in Thailand and I was in an expansive mood. OK, I was stupid with happiness. In the hotel room we spent some time with my Thai word and phrase language note cards (asking her to teach me), and then I had her model some women's' clothes I had brought from the States (all women like to be thought of as beautiful and pose like models), and then I took some pictures of her face (face only—no body shots—respectful), and then we did some shower stuff (me washing her respectfully—I sell this thing), and then to the bed for sex. In bed I was just hammering her and for a long time and she was returning it like a trouper. Hair matted with sweat and nostrils dilated and arms around me for leverage.

At the door I gave her (I didn't ask her) a 500 baht note and she left with a smile. The next night when I went back to the Lollipop bar what did all of the girls know? They knew I was a nice guy and it was only 500 baht. I set it up. I hate to tell you but that is what 100% of the expats do. They set up situations to benefit them.

Conclusion: So in conclusion I challenge anyone to tell me they are having a safer time or a classier time or a more fun time than I am having shopping the street. Sorry, you just have not got the evidence. You've got the ego gratifying feeling that you are classier than me and smarter than me but that is not evidence. Second, paying the high prices being asked by the girls is something you do if you decide to do it. How can you blame that on someone else? Speaking of the high and even higher and just stupid Jap prices being asked by the girls in the Go-Go bars this points out something else that a lot of farangs do not know and also have received bad advice on in the sex venue tour guides.

To wit—the waitresses in the Go-Go bars. For years and years the available sex tourist information all said that the waitresses were not available for sex. I believed it. What a stupid putz. It's a miracle somebody didn't just shoot me for being stupid. Well sometimes they are available and sometimes they are not available. The only way you will know is to ask. And I have found cheaper prices and more fun and less attitude with the waitresses 100% of the time. In November I picked up a lovely waitress out of the Superbabies bar in Soi Diamond in Pattaya. Intelligent woman and lovely figure and beautiful waitress mandarin style dress. Class and femininity all the way. Smart and fun and funny and wise. Jesus. Technically, I think she was not available. But I asked. 500 baht.

A lot of this negative language and posturing about men who are picking up women in parking lots or off the street or on beach boulevards is just more of that boring one-upmanship that men play. I'm smarter than you. I'm more classy than you. Hey, I've got news for you nimrod—they are all prostitutes and as soon as you sink your special dick in one we are all equal. That's right—up in heaven where they are keeping score of our misdeeds no one can tell the difference between you and me. Sometimes this can play out in humorous ways.

One time I was going up in the elevator with a nice woman I had just picked up off the boulevard between Soi Mike and Soi 10 in Pattaya. There was a guy in the small elevator with us and he was staring at my girl like he'd just gotten out of prison and this was the first woman he had seen in twenty years. Honestly if he had been a dog he would have been drooling and one leg would have been going into some kind of spasm.

Daow was noteworthy. She was four feet tall with a waist you could put your watch strap around and two giant headlamps that you would expect to see on the front of one of those giant Road King Harley Davidson motorcycles. Most women in Thailand are small breasted or very small breasted or no breasted. Guys in Thailand suddenly find themselves using the word feminine a lot. OK, fine but if you can use your girlfriend's chest for a billiard table you are missing something. Daow's breasts were huge and perfect and apparently not aware of gravity. The effect made your head swim and gave you stabbing pains in the tops of your eyeballs. Her hips screamed baby making machine. The overall effect was like one of those hourglass fertility goddess bas relief sculptures you see on Indian temples. The kind of temple sculpture where your first impulse is to say that there can not really be women shaped like that. She wasn't Thai. She was some kind of spooky jungle animal Khmer—Laotian mix. Square shaped face. How many times have you seen a woman with a square face?

Anyway when I was walking down the boardwalk at 10:00 o'clock at night and I saw her leaning against a palm tree with the ocean behind and the moon above I know was supposed to say—

"Oh no Dana, do not speak or consort or mix with this woman. She is of the streetwalker cruiser freelancer variety and if you are seen with her by guidebook authors or website administrators or clergy they will think less of you. You will lose face in the West and may not even be allowed back into your own country. What you must do is stop and turn around and cross Beach road and go into the Tahitian bar and spend 2000-3000 baht on some bitch with an attitude. Then everyone will applaud you for your caution and good judgement."

But that is not what I did. What I did was I recovered from the shock of seeing an angel sent down from heaven just for me and I leapt at her. Faster than an iguanas tongue snapping at a dragonfly. No verbal foreplay, no name game, and no silly smiling. Just grabbed her hand and started for the AA Hotel. And that is how minutes later we found ourselves going up in an elevator with a man staring at her.

I was dressed nice and my Daow was dressed nice but this guy looked like he just got off the millionaire's train. You know he couldn't get a private poolside villa at the Marriott Hotel behind the Royal Garden Plaza so he had his butler get him into the AA Hotel for one night. Slumming. Excluding that smarti-pants, educated, 'I'm better than you' aura but looking kinda green. Maybe a first timer. Probably new to the scene. A newbie right off the plane.

Anyway, when Daow and I get off on the fifth floor he gets off behind us and follows us down the hall. The hallways in the AA Hotel are dark because the Cheap Charlie old crone owner likes to save money on lights. So it was kind of spooky to have him following us. As I am putting the key in the lock he grabs my arm and pulls me aside. He wants to know if he can have Daow when I am done with her. This guy was probably too full of class to pick up a freelancer off the street but he didn't mind if I did the pimping for him. Funny.

So just relax guys. Stop reading the farang sex guides because they are full of disinformation—forget about your pride and prejudices—smile—hit the streets sober while the sun is shining—and set limits on your budget.

132. What is That Awful Ringing?

TT&A Part 117 20/1/2006

Well guys I have been smiled upon by the God who loves farang men. Apparently begging and crying over a long period of time does work. The secret is to abandon dignity and embrace groveling. After a misspent youth and thirty five years of failure as an adult I have won the State of Massachusetts Mega Millions Jackpot lottery here in the United States. God bless immoral legislators who seek to pay the government's bills through gambling. I won nineteen million seven hundred thousand dollars (19,700,000). I could either take the lump sum payout and have all taxes paid up front, or I could receive twenty yearly payments from a government too inept to balance it's books and pay the taxes myself. Naturally I took the lump sum payout. Final check to me was 13 million and two thousand dollars (13,002,000). Sure I got ripped off but that smile on my face is because I have thirteen million dollars up the wazoo.

The State of Massachusetts check to me cleared the bank seven weeks ago. In the meantime I have:

1. Made a trip to New York City to get a one year visa at the Thai Embassy. No ploblum. While there I was also able to visit two old girlfriends from my college days, Esther and Sherry. This seemed like a great idea on the phone. Let us put it this way. Time is not kind to us all. I of course still look like a chiseled-in-marble Adonis but time had not been so kind to them. If you think you would like to meet up with and bonk a girlfriend from thirty-five years ago you are not in the grip of a good idea. Trust me.

2. Contacted a real estate broker friend of mine here on Beacon Hill to rent out my condo here in Boston. Should be finalized

tomorrow. I get one years rent up front in cash in return for a 5% discount. Pretty good deal.

3. Made a trip to my tailor on Boylston street for final wardrobe adjustments. I know they have cheaper tailors in the Kingdom but this is a relationship thing. Plus Jerry is dead reliable. Of course I will have to ask around when I get there and get a tailor in Thailand. I am not going to leave the house in untailored clothing just because I am in a country where the men wear suits and flip-flops. If other farang men want to dance around with Chang bottles in their hands and bargirl underpants on their heads just because they are away from home that is their business, but I do not intend to give myself over to fashion anarchy. Nobody is ever going to mistake me for someone who used to work on an oil rig. Someone has to be the point man on snobbism and I don't mind holding the flag.

4. Made a trip to my dentist on Federal street to have a tooth replaced with an artificial one on a titanium post; plus a cleaning, X-rays, and trivial fillings. I know I could have gotten western quality work done in the Kingdom or gotten it all done in gold by flying to Malaysia but again it is a relationship thing. Arnie has been my dentist since he emigrated from South Africa and he is dead reliable. Also, I remember hearing this 'western quality' promise when I was in Bermuda and when I got to the office it was full of signs that said DO NOT SPIT ON THE FLOOR. I did an exit and had work done later when I sailed into the Virgin Islands.

5. Made a trip to the Russian clinic and Dr. 'O' and Ida set me up for hydrogen and Myer's cocktail intravenous, mineral intravenous, vitamin C (100 grams) intravenous, hydrogen and silver intravenous, plus full battery of tests. I'd like to be able to find an intravenous clinic in Bangkok—it's on the list of things to do when I get there. What I need at my age is penis

intravenous but I guess right now I'll just have to settle for little blue pills. God bless the rapacious immoral gouging thieving international pharmaceutical whore drug companies.

6. Phone calls have been made and:

A. A friend in Jomtien is setting me up with a condo in the View Talay apartment complex. This will not be my final housing destination but it is easy as a first housing move. Utilizing my friends knowledge is a smart thing. I'll probably also ask him to help me with motorcycle purchase (I'd like a Phantom) and licensing issues, etc. I'm going to paint the Phantom those tacky temple colors loved by the Thais, hang temple bells off the handlebars, and have pictures of the Dali Lama painted on the gas tank and my helmet. Hopefully, this will keep from having to make 'donations' when I get stopped by the police. How do I think of these ideas? Genius.

B. A friend of his is going to install my computer and phone. This is a really lucky situation for me. If I had to negotiate the installation of my computer myself it would most probably never get done. I don't suppose you have the same need to cruise internet Thai porn sites if you actually live in Thailand but still old habits die hard.

C. A friend in BKK is making doctor and dentist recommendations. This is a tough one and I am inured to having to be disappointed about recommendations. Recommending personal doctors and dentists to friends is a little like recommending movies and books and restaurants to friends. Invariably there is disappointment on both sides. Your friends are perplexed when they take your recommendations and of course you find out that your friends are idiots. However, this is something that has to get done right away particularly with regard to my blood pressure medications. I have malignant blood pressure etiology unknown which is a fancy way of saying that if I am not medicated that my blood pressure will continue to rise until I have a cerebral event or a heart event or arterial event. I have twice ignored this life situation and twice ended up in the back of ambulances so I have learned my lesson. So finding a physician who can take over prescribing blood pressure medications is critical. I want to die from Aids, not from hypertension. Amazing the choices adults have to make.

D. A real estate woman (read: shark with pussy) on Naklua road has put me in touch with some people that will handle the interior decorating of my condo. This is going to be tricky because I do not really want an interior decorator. I just want someone who will take my list of furniture needs and styles and go out and do it. Women invariably want to get creative. I don’t want creative. I just want obedient and efficient. Giving a Thai woman a box full of baht and sending her into a wallpaper store or a furniture store or a rug store is like giving a diabetic a one hundred dollar bill and sending him into a candy store. No good can come of it. If the Thai woman likes the Louis XIV period you are going to end up with huge French furniture in your tiny condo. If the Thai woman likes Bauhaus your little condo in the sun is going to look soulless and creepy. But most likely what well happen if you burden your Thai ‘interior decorator’ with your money is that she will copy whatever the numbskull Hi-So people in Bangkok are doing. So you are liable to throw open the door to your new home on Show day and be confronted with pink leopard skin carpet, huge fish tanks, Egyptian furniture, an industrial kitchen, window drapes made from stitched together children’s’ drawings, a disco ball in the bath, purple lights, and a plasma TV on the ceiling over the bed. She’ll be all smiles and you’ll be grateful you only have a one year visa.

Thinking about this—I'll probably get my guy friends to make recommendations and do it myself. Can't fart around with females. I'm also going to get a friend of mine who owns bars and restaurants on Soi Pattayaland 2 to recommend a contractor. Before I move into the condo I'd like ceiling mouldings and floor mouldings installed so that it does not look so much like a hotel room. I figure this will violate numerous View Talay condo rules (read: Soviet gulag management) so I may have to make a pilgrimage to the Washington Square area in Bangkok and hook up with some ex-Rangers or ex-Green Berets to help me with this. It'll be kind of a ceiling and floor moulding tenant insurgency program requiring training and timing and equipment and palm greasing and camouflage and high morale. "—Don't screw with me Thailand.—"

7. I have agreed in principle to be a 50% working partner with an Australian who owns a Pattaya business that rents and sells windsurfer stuff. I don't think the fact that he speaks a language that is totally unintelligible will be that much of a problem. He says 'mate' a lot so I figure he is not going to cheat me. I see it as training for the whole Thai language nightmare. Anyway, this is really just foot in the door stuff. I have other business plans. He's OK and the business is making a profit and becoming involved in the daily discipline of a retail business will be a good thing. I'm not retiring to Thailand to hang around in bars and tell 'Nam' stories (haven't got any) or 'wife did me wrong' stories (never had one). I intend to be disciplined and active and productive.

"Out of the way you baht bus jackass I'm coming through."

But the retail game is just not big enough. Besides in retail you have a high exposure to human beings. Zero interest in that. The only Thailand retail business that would interest me would be a woman's shoe store. Either Isaan clientele or Hi-So clientele. The idea of taking women's shoes out of shoe boxes and putting them on Thai women's feet has enormous appeal. Down on my knees … foot in one hand, shoe in the other hand … looking up their skirt …! Talk about paradise! I wouldn't know what to do first. Lick her foot or smell the shoe or look up her skirt. Hey, I just thought of something. That would be one of the requirements to shop in the store. You would have to be wearing a skirt. Niche marketing. How do I think of these ideas? Genius. Anyway, Isaan clientele might be a fitting problem since their feet are all shaped like snowshoes but I am willing to work with that. Hey, I just thought of something else. All customers have to come in the store wearing high heeled shoes. No flip-flop customers. More niche marketing. All customers will be walking in wearing skirts and high heeled shoes. Jesus, I'll have to tie my dick back like a katoey to keep from walking around with an erection all the time. How do I think of these ideas? Genius.

8. Fa has agreed to live with me. Her only proviso was that she still be able to sell herself on the Pattaya boardwalk every day. I said, "No ploblum, honey." A woman likes to feel that she has a career. She hasn't worked twenty years as a stupid whore for nothing and I can appreciate that. It's all part of my Be Sensitive To Thai Culture (BSTTC) program! Plus there are no circumstances under which I could ever say no to her. I don't really trust her and I don't really love her. It's a balance thing. This won't actually be a problem because she does not trust me either and I do not plan on giving her any reason to trust me.

At my age the race is on. There are eight chariots with four horses apiece headed down the long 800 yard straightaway in the Coliseum of my life and I am standing in every chariot. Instead of colors or team names the chariots are known by most probable life endings:

1. Cancer
2. Aids

3. Heart Failure
4. Stroke
5. Alzheimer's
6. Accident
7. Suicide
8. Post surgical complications—pneumonia—death.

All eight chariots want to be the first over the line. I am standing in every one of the chariots. The result is the same no matter what I do and no matter which group of lunging horses crosses the line first. My death is a certainty. The only question is time. So I intend to have sex with Thai women at every attractive opportunity. Fa knows this and loves me anyway. The fact that I have no immunity to Thai females and will follow any one of them home with my tail wagging is just something about me that she has factored in.

Anyway, I have problems with mobility and balance from the waist down, and I have an MI on the posterior of my heart, and I have malignant hypertension, and I have senility precursors displayed by lack of focus and lack of motivation, and I have glancing blows with emotional instability, and I have occluded arteries, and I have constant mysterious bacterial infections.

It is time to prioritize. Love and sex and fun and human connections are at the top of the list.

"Hi honey, my name is Dana. What's yours?"

I don't forecast any problems here. Fa and I will spend our mornings and our nights and our weekends together like two old married people. Two very mature humans. A failure from the States who won the lottery and an aging whore who can't be trusted. It is hard to believe I got this lucky.

9. After I get settled I intend to start a five year plan of condo acquisition. Condos will be flipped and held for rent and

purchased for asset appreciation. The plan is to have fifty condos in five years and then spend the remaining five years on business maintenance. My expat plan is a ten year plan and then back to the States. By then I will be sixty seven years old and probably have some debilitating and dignity robbing illness. Time to go home.

10. The living situation in Jomtien is only a short term thing. Once I get my breath and my feet under me I plan to buy the Lido Hotel on Beach road in South Pattaya. This is a small European style hotel at the end of an alley right off of Beach road next to Starbucks. If you had a hundred beers you could not imagine a more congenial location. Good for Fa's whoring also. She can walk to work and walk home just like a Wall Street broker in a power suit. The first floor will be gutted and turned into a parking garage for cars and motorbikes. The second floor will be a combination women's nail salon, shoe store, hairdressing shop, and custom pussy hair shaving clinic. The top two floors of the hotel will be gutted and turned into my home. Two floors plus the roof plus the garage. Should be enough.

11. Don Muang International airport in BKK will be used as a departure point to explore Burma and Cambodia and Laos and Vietnam and Singapore and Hong Kong and Japan and Bali and Sumatra and Kuala Lumpur and Australia and Bhutan and India and New Zealand. Geographically the airport in Bangkok simply can not be beat for exploring that part of the world and I intend to take advantage. Plans right now are to make three trips per year of ten days to three weeks duration outside the Kingdom. I would love Fa to accompany me on these trips but she may not be able to break away from her career cruising the boardwalk. I understand. When I had a career in the Chicago area driving around picking up rendered fat from slaughterhouses I wouldn't have wanted to interrupt it either. Anyway, time will tell.

12. I will take the required photo and camera classes and set up a studio in the AA Hotel that takes pictures of Thai females. No charge. Just a fun thing. Professional quality and professional behavior. I won't have any competition because no one loves the young fertile sexy feminine exotic Thai female more than me and I won't be charging anything. They get the photos and I'll keep the negatives. If Fa ever leaves me I'll do some developing of some of the negatives and have a jack off party that will leave me comatose. If you are planning on emigrating to Thailand it is important to have a backup plan.

13. In the third year about four weeks before the rainy season ends Fa and I will start a comprehensive tour of all of Thailand's waterfalls and bring out a coffee table sized book called THAILAND'S WATERFALLS. A great big huge giant picture book celebrating Thailand's waterfalls with high resolution photos and heavy glossy pages and text. I'll get Fa to do the Thai translations in the book so that the book will appeal to Thais also. I'll have to have some Thai literate person check her work however because she is always promoting her business as a prostitute. We would not want something like this to appear in the book:

"The spectacular Nam Tok Mae Ya waterfall in Chiang Mai province is a water wonderland of falling fanning water that tumbles over 100m. It is a photographic favorite and has an enchanting pool at the bottom for the elderly and honeymooners and children and babies (for a good time call Fa—big tits and no condoms)."

Of course if you have done any world traveling you know that Thailand does not actually have any noteworthy waterfalls but the Thais think that it does so the book should be a hit. Also it will give Fa and I an excuse to explore Thailand from top to bottom. Kind of a theme way to see the country. Driving around the country pantless with her bent over in the front seat will also be a good way to keep the project enthusiasm pumped up. I'm a thinker. Of course she may not be able to break away from her work. I figure it will take us at least eight weeks to tour, and take pictures of, and take notes about all of the waterfalls. To ask Fa's regulars to go without sex with her for two months may not be practical. We'll have to see about this. I don't intend to be a selfish expat. If Fa would rather have strange men splurging in her than chronicling the Kingdom's lameass waterfalls then I understand. Love is all about understanding.

14. Once Thailand finally builds casinos I will go into the business of shipping over gamblers from the States for a fee. Should be a steady earner. I have a friend named John in the States who is a professional craps player. He can probably help me with this. Gambling opportunity in a third world cesspit probably won't be enough here. I'll need some kind of clever marketing idea. Maybe something like 'For Every Four Hundred Thousand Baht You Lose I'll Let You Bang Fa'. She'll probably be a reddy teddy for this kind of thing because it will help increase her business (a woman needs a career); but I'll have to be alert to guys that are purposely losing at the tables to win with Fa.

15. In addition to the photo studio in the ocean facing 6th floor suite at the AA Hotel I will also have a Walking Street photo kiosk. All girls photos free. Like I said before—Just a fun thing. I can't tell you how many times I have been standing on Walking Street at night minding my own business and an apparition of sex and beauty will appear that cries out to be recorded on film. This isn't even about me, it is about history. The female species on earth is changing and the point persons are in Pattaya. I won't mind devoting my time to recording this for posterity. It is also an unbelievable way to meet shagable specimens. Motorcycles and cameras are like catnip to women. I intend to be a part of it.

16. I will of course start language school as soon as I take up residence in the Kingdom. It will be a three year project. I do not actually expect to learn to speak any Thai after three years of instruction and homework assignments and testing and tutoring and money spent and stress and good intentions so some additional thought needs to be given to this. I don't actually believe Thai is a language. I think everyone is faking it including the Thais. In years and years and years of ordering a cover charge coke in bars by saying the Thai word 'Cola' I have never one time had a bargirl understand me. They look at me goggle-eyed. Sometimes they ask someone else for help. Now I have two noncomprehenders in front of me. Sometimes they run. I have tried high tones and low tones and neutral tones and rising tones and falling tones of every conceivable and mathematical permutation and combination. Not once have I had comprehension. I always have to give up and yell— KOKE. It is not a language. But I will be a good expat. I will piss away hard earned money on pointless and unproductive language schools. On my death bed I will be able to say,

"I can no longer get an erection and I still can not speak Thai. It is the end."

17. Decisions will have to be made about what organizations in Pattaya to join. An expat club for newbies is a requirement but I want somehow to avoid the men from European and Scandinavian countries who can't shut up about doing good deeds. I'm not a bad person and I understand the social value of good deeds but going door to door soliciting funds for a bargirl retirement home in Wanon Niwat when I could be spending the same time taking photos of younger specimens isn't a choice situation that requires too much thought. It's all about me.

18. I am going to take up skin diving. This won't last but it is one of the things that is on my 'to do' list before I die and I will have

the time. When I was a child I drowned in Echo Lake in New Hampshire (saved by a lifeguard) and I almost drowned on two other occasions. In addition I had to be taken out of swim classes twice as a child because I was turning blue and I was a sinker. The water terrifies me. I can't stay warm and I can't float and I am heart-in-a-clamp petrified of everything in the water. Push a piece of seaweed against me and I go catatonic. Swimming for me is like a death wish but I intend to follow through on this diving thing at least for a little while. I'd like this to be something Fa and I do together. Zipping her body into a wet suit would be dick hardening. In fact what with her legs and hips and heaving breasts I think the whole 'getting Fa into her wetsuit' part of the skin diving thing will be the best part. And of course if you are business gifted like me it is hard to ignore the smell of business opportunity. Selling photos and videos of Fa getting into her wetsuit has 'good idea' written all over it. How do I think of these ideas? Genius.

19. Eventually I would like to parlay my condo investments into hotel investments. Not only for the money but also as a kind of a stroll down memory lane. Instead of sponsoring studies of which hotel property investments were best I would just buy up the hotels that I remembered from visiting Pattaya over the years. So I would like to purchase:

A. The AA Hotel on the corner of Beach Road and Soi 13/0. Unimprovable.
B White Inn on the corner of Soi 14 and Second Road. Memories of Wan.
C. Right Spot Hotel just past Soi 16 on Walking Street. Cult hotel.
D. Grande Inn—off Walking Street—bonkers paradise location.
E. Twin Palms Resort on Beach Road—A private hidden world.
F. Bella Vista Hotel—alley between Soi 7 and Soi 8.

Whoremonger's dream.
G. Windy Inn Hotel—extreme end of Walking Street—absolutely lovely.
H. White Rose 2—off Walking Street. Fuckorium.
I. Julie Complex—off Walking Street—ask for ocean view.

I know there are other nice hotels but this is a personal thing. At all of these hotels love affairs were involved with Thai women who had never met a man more handsome than me.

"You number one hansum man. I luf only you. Thai man no good."

I will not change the names or the appearances of these hotels but I will require all female staff to wear elephant decorated beach pants, and Indian cotton shirts, and black foam Nike sandals, and lots of silver jewelry. They will become known as Danas—(Will someone please contact the MacArthur Genius Foundation and nominate me?). Anyway, going back to these hotels every day for memories and cash pouches will be a fun thing.

Well guys that is what I am going to do in Thailand. I have won the State of Massachusetts Mega Millions Jackpot lottery here in the United States and I have won my independence and I have gotten a second chance at dignity and I am not going to blow it. I am going to fly out of Boston on the fifteenth and I am ...!

Oh no ... what is that ... what is that noise? What is that awful ringing?

Great Christ on a cracker the alarm clock is ringing. I must have been dreaming. It was all just a dream. Just a dream. A dream ...! Gotta go to work.

And it is snowing.

133. Dana’s Wall

TT&A Part 118 28/1/2006

Dana here with an idea of such transcendental brilliance that when you hear it you will have to shield your eyes. I know what you are thinking. How does he do it? How does this rockin’ Dana cat come up with these ideas? Well, it’s a gift—I can’t brag.

Anyway, first a little history. In the 2nd century A.D. the Roman emperor Hadrian approved the construction of a wall that would separate the inhabitants of northern Britain from the inhabitants of the rest of Britain. Many years and many lives and too much of the Roman treasury had been spent trying to convince the people to the north of the features and the benefits of Roman rule. But they had been recalcitrant. In fact they had been more than recalcitrant. They had been rude. There had been some unnecessary body painting and yelling and finger pointing and spear throwing. Finally Hadrian, the emperor of Rome, had a better idea. If you were a modern day London accented alpha male you would probably say that he had a paradigm shift in his thinking. But for the rest of us who have to go out the night before the rent is due and break open parking meters with ballpeen hammers what Hadrian did was lay his cards down and get up and leave the table. You have to know when to hold’em and you have to know when to fold’em.

After years of campaigning and spending money and wasting lives it was clear that the people to the north were just too different. It was not going to work to mix and match. The stress wasn’t worth it. So Hadrian decided to build a wall to separate the people of the north from the rest of Britain. Cynics will say that the wall was a defensive monument to a failure to dominate and subjugate. I prefer to think of it as a symbol of forward thinking by an enlightened man. Let’s face it: you don’t want everyone crashing your party, and you do not want everyone moving in next door, and you do not want to have to spend part of every day explaining or defending yourself to people that cannot appreciate you, and you most especially do not want people in faraway places who do not know what you know telling you what to do and how to live and what to think. Birds of a feather flock together and no one legislates against birds so why can not people do the same?

To wit: I recommend and put forward the idea that a wall be built in Pattaya that goes from the beach opposite Soi Yodsak east to Pattaya 2nd Road, thence south to Soi 16 and then west to the beach near the Windy Inn. We will call it Dana’s Wall. Sorry Jomtien, I’d like to consider including you; but lately you have been allowing fat lardbucket white women to sunbath topless on your beach which is too gross and unhip for words. Anyway, the wall will be fifty feet high and have watch towers every two hundred feet. The outside surface of the wall will be forbidding and plain and relieved only by gates and entrances and guards. The surface of the inside of the wall will be covered with neon lights and big screen TVs and web cams showing the inside of bars and rose trellises and ivy and botanical displays of flowers and shrubs and plants and trees. Every entrance inside the wall will exhibit a park with a fountain in the middle of the round-a-bout. Leaving the judgemental people of Bangkok and the unhappy people of the West behind you will feel as if you are entering paradise as you go through one of the entry gates. Left behind are the littered landscapes and the moralists; ahead you can hear birdsong and smell perfume and hear girlish laughter. Welcome.

The top of the wall will have a roadway for fast response and the watch towers will be manned by South Pattaya Russians. Their job will be to intercept anyone who is unlisted or unhip or unsympathetic who tries to breach the wall. They will be trained to deal with interlopers with extreme prejudice and their thermal infrared night vision systems will be specifically dialed in to spot any white women with backpacks, or boyfriends, or children, or husbands, or college degrees, or opinions. The various entry gates will be manned and monitored by bargirls. If they don't want you in Pattaya then either does anyone else. Wall top fast response by Russians will be by military camo green turbo charged tuk-tuks bristling with offensive weapons, communications antennae, and UN approved torture devices. The tuk tuk's roof and tire rim logos will be pictures of me with my foot on a feminist's neck.

The reason for the wall? Why to keep out people we do not like of course. A partial list would include all white women, all rich Korean men, all mainland Chinese, all Japanese, all French, and all Eastern Europeans. I'd like to say no new Russians but we need them to monitor the wall and to fight the Thai police. Life is full of compromise. But most especially at the top of the list would be any and all Thai politicians of whatever stripe and as an addenda no Hi-So Thais or rich Thais or wannabe Western Thais. Pattaya is for farang and farang pursuits and the women who love farang and farang pursuits.

Also no turban heads and dot heads or people that smell like curry. I realize that a lot of Indians vacation in Pattaya but they are like weevils in hardtack. They make no contribution. We need the hotel rooms for guys who can laugh out loud in public and don't go on all day beach and boating excursions wearing suits and carrying briefcases. Who else? No guys with Texas accents. No trannies with dicks less than 9". If she is not bigger than me then what is the point? Nobody who wants to hear country music in bars. Lastly I'd like to say no one taller than me but that would eliminate 99% of everybody so we'll just have to put that idea on the back burner for now. Oh and no one with a

London accent who is wearing an ascot. Jesus. And speaking of me: no one who looks a lot like me; we don't want to confuse the girls.

And speaking of the girls. Of course all Asian women with happy smiles will be welcome with special consideration given to Isaan wonders, any woman under 38 kilograms or 4'8", Cambodian and Laotian border heartbreakers, and of course all stewardesses from Cathay Pacific and Nippon Air and Korean Air and Singapore Air. Singapore Air stewardesses who come into bars wearing their uniforms will receive free drinks. If they can wear their uniforms and pound down whiskey like longshoremen we will … well, we'll do something. Unfortunately Nippon Air stewardesses will have to be dip tank tested for body fat percentages. Nothing over 27%—sorry. Jap women look good until you strip them and then they look like you are at a baby fat convention. Midgets of course are allowed. In fact midgets wearing schoolgirl uniforms with little pleated skirts and big midget asses are encouraged. If a certain midget from the Lollipop bar at the NEP in Bangkok shows up I will host a parade down Beach road in her honor and then … sorry, got distracted.

The wall will be controversial and costly but just like Hadrian I and many others have concluded based on experience that you simply can not mix and match the farang of Pattaya who want to have fun and many of the other social players in Thailand and most especially Bangkok who either do not want to have fun or do not know how to have fun. Think I am being elitist or over-the-top? Really? Imagine how happy you will be to never see a bus load of Chinese on Walking Street again; pressing their uncomprehending faces against the windows as if they have just been transported to the planet Saturn. Imagine how happy you will be to never go in a bar again and have it filled up with socially inaccessible Japanese all trying to give you lung cancer from second hand cigarette smoke. No need to thank me for this visionary dream of the future—just send donations.

Anyway, that is it. Pattaya by building this wall will be making a Declaration of Independence and proclaiming itself a world unto itself that demands respect and makes it’s own rules. One of the rules will be that no one is allowed entry or egress before 11 a.m.—it simply is not necessary to get up earlier than that. Another rule will be that the gates are shut at 10:00 p.m. So you have to be on the right side of the Dana Wall by 10:00 p.m.—It is party time. You should not be traveling anywhere. You should already be here. I will of course be in charge of everything. I will rule the way I treat my Beach boulevard lovers—loving but firm. Over every one of the gates will be carved coral and bamboo busts of myself and the Russian soldiers will wear silk screened baggy pants with my face on them. All those entering will be handstamped with an ink picture of me and all those leaving will have the stamp removed with a blowtorch (Why are you leaving paradise? What is wrong with you?). I will make daily inspections and the girls in charge of entry decisions for guests will be handpicked by me (I think we know what that means). Hadrian had his epiphany followed by a paradigm shift in his thinking followed by a wall and I have had ... well, whatever—we are going to build a wall dudes.

Who’s got their mojo working? Who wants to make a donation? Who wants to work off hangovers and STD’s by mixing cement? Anyway, a new day is dawning brothers. If you can’t keep your hands off of your genitalia or other people’s genitalia then you are the kind of person we want. So get registered and get tough. It’s going to be Pattaya against the world. Who’s in?

Time to sing kats and kittens—(sung to Johnny Thunder’s LOOP DE LOOP—1962)

Dana’s Wall Loop De Loop

It’s Dana’s Wall loop de loop
It’s Dana’s Wall loop de li
Here we go loop de loop
All on a Pattaya night

We’re having a party
Everybody’s havin’ a great time
All the farangs are here and a-dancin’
Yeah I’m loopin’ with a teeruk of mine

It’s Dana’s Wall loop de loop
It’s Dana’s Wall loop de li
Here we go loop de loop
All on a Pattaya night

Teeruk are you ready
To loop a loop loop with me
Start right there
Wait just a minute until I count to three

(one, two, three)
It’s Dana’s Wall loop de loop
It’s Dana’s Wall loop de li
Here we go loop de loop
On a Pattaya night

It’s singing time brothers—It’s Dana Wall time; it’s Pattaya as an independent principality time—it’s your time. You’ve heard of the Pope and the wall and Vatican City? Well just think of me and the wall and Pattaya City. OK, maybe not. Anyway, I believe this is an idea whose time has come. A fifty foot wall around Pattaya and some rules God damn it (honey, I’ll have another beer) about who is invited in.

What do you think?

134. Get Ready To Rumble

TT&A Part 119 4/2/2006

Get Up, Stand Up

"Get up, stand up: stand up for your rights!
Get up, stand up: stand up for your rights!
Get up, stand up: stand up for your rights!
Get up, stand up: don't give up the fight!"

—Bob Marley & Peter Tosh - 1973

Violence in Thailand: Regarding violence against farangs in Thailand—I believe Thais have turned a corner on this issue and farangs are now more and more going to be targeted in an aggressive way. The weis are gone and an awful lot of traditional Thai and traditional family values are gone, and respect for farangs is gone. In it's place are anger and resentment and confusion and violence. One of the major contributors to the new attitude towards farangs in Thailand is numbers. There are simply too many farang now in many parts of the Kingdom. What was once seen as novelty and potential increased opportunity for income is now seen as an invasion. But it is more than just numbers. It is also a culture clash without compromise.

Unlike many Asian societies, many farang come from pro-active, risk taking, aggressive societies that respect those values and encourage that behavior in individuals. The United States for example was founded by a loosely organized coalition of poorly armed and poorly managed citizens that decided to revolt against and overthrow their King. And then proceeded against great odds to actually do it. The United States was founded by independent thinking, pro-active, risk taking, highly confident, aggressive individuals. Can you imagine this happening in Thailand? Is this the personality profile of the average Thai? Is this the personality profile that is endorsed and encouraged and taught to Thais?

In my case I am a typical American in that I am aggressive, and super confident, and attracted to risk, and pro-active. These qualities may be good for fighting off attackers and building great nations in a short period of time (300 years) but they do not necessarily receive happy review from others. Most people lead defensive lives of little confidence. Strong people irritate or perplex them.

This is the situation that we now have in the Kingdom with Thais and farangs. The danger that no one is writing social commentary on is that if the farangs decide to keep coming to Thailand but decide to stop taking abuse from the Thais then little wars will break out. I remember once being in a bar that was choked with Australians and Scots. It occurred to me that if a contingent of Thai males came in the bar and tried to muscle these guys around that it wouldn't work. Not because the Australians and the Scots were better fighters but because they had progressed beyond the guidebook-postcard mental stage of the newbie. They had seen behind the curtain.

They had caught up to themselves and been internally reminded that they count also. Just because you get on a plane and fly to a faraway place does not mean you leave your humanity behind. Now in my visits to the Kingdom I more and more see and hear increased social tension and a sort of cosmic sigh on the part of the farangs. Yeah, we all read the guidebooks before we came and we all tried to be good 'guests'. But there is a limit to the abuse that any human being can be expected to absorb. When our good intentions are not returned in kind then it is a new game, and I would advise the Thais to think seriously about this new game because westerners are used to winning. Capitulation and face are not part of our equations. We do not factor peer pressure into anything. And we are not handing our daughters over to anybody and then bleating to the world that we were never colonized.

If the Thais keep up this violent nonsense against farangs for the next 100 years they may lose their country. Welcome to Farangland. You can point your feet at anything you want—just don't start any fights. The first best/worst example of this future can now be seen in Pattaya where the Russians always fight (even the police). True, this earns deportation for many of them; but they always fight. You would think since so many of them are deported because of their instinct to defend themselves and their desire to be treated in a fair way that they would stop fighting and defending themselves.

Wait a minute—what did I just say? That makes no sense at all. Defending yourself and your dignity against aggressors is always appropriate behavior. I'll bet you don't see the police in Pattaya stopping a Russian and telling him there is a bogus fine for littering. The day I see a Pattaya brown shirt stopping a mean faced bald headed 250 pound Russian for non-existent littering will be a day I wished I had my camera. And have you ever seen those open jeeps with four of these Mafioso style Russian behemoths sitting in them? Sitting bolt upright and jammed into the tiny seeming jeep like four fat bowling pins? The day I see a Pattaya police officer stopping one of these jeeps for a traffic infraction is the same day I expect to win the Thai lottery with an honest ticket: translation—never. The police will stop me in Lumphini park with this nonsense because I am a little white guy foreigner who doesn't look like he'll fight back. I get no respect. To get respect in violent stupid societies you have to act violent and stupid. Don't like the conclusion? Then don't go to Thailand. Thailand is what it is. This is the intellectual difference between children and adults. Children want things to be different. Adults deal with 'what is'. The Russians are not normally people that I have a high comfort level with but on this subject they have my sympathy and my admiration. I hope they never stop fighting the Thais.

Get up, stand up: stand up for your rights!
Get up, stand up: stand up for your wife!
Get up, stand up: don't give up the fight!
Get up, stand up: stand up for your life!

Social deportment restrictions and peer group behavior prescriptions keep people from telling the truth. But drug them up with alcohol and party laughter plus the comfort level that comes from being surrounded with birds of a feather and they will say astonishing things. They will tell the truth:

"Yes, the killing was fun. Exciting. Nothing since has matched it for feeling powerful and omnipotent and; well, just right. Right about everything. And fun. Violence is fun."

And it ain't that easy. It takes a mind and a body working together. As you go to full auto the barrel starts to rise and you have to constantly fight to keep it down. And there is the noise. Without the gun range ear muffs the noise is deafening. Plus you are yelling. You didn't think you were yelling but a training video shows that you yelled continuously from start to finish. So much power in your hands and oh so right about everything—a lethal psychic cocktail that delivers pleasure in such excess that it spills out of your chest in an expostulation of screaming song. You have never felt so alive. There is smoke and the barrel gets hot in your hand. The people you are shooting at are screaming. Their lives belong to you.

"For the combatant in control of the encounter, the moment before squeezing the trigger can be fulsome and erotic. Lust is part of killing in battle, ... A man so fearful he soils himself may, in the next moment, have an erection. Subordinating another by force is said to be exciting." (Theodore Nadelson)

If the weapon is belt fed all the better. A continuous stream of heat and light and smell and smoke and screaming. Violence is fun. Killing is fun. Once both sides subconsciously key in on this the devil's needles are in the social veins. Then it is a slippery slope. And the beginning of the slippery slope starts with what we teach our children about other people. In Thailand Thais are taught either overtly by statement or covertly by example that foreigners have no rights. No rights? Isn't No Rights very close to Not Human? Quick, grab a gun—you may need it.

No Rights? What could that mean? Let's imagine that I have taken my elderly father and my wife and my six year old daughter on a family vacation to the Kingdom. While on vacation in the Land of Smiles some horrible abuse is visited upon one of my family members by a Thai. You pick the family member and you pick the abuse. In the follow-up to this visitation of abuse and tragedy upon one of my family members I find that I have no rights. In fact I may be requested/required to pay money to the perpetrator. Are the Thais kidding? No they are not. You are what you do and this is how they behave.

Times are changing and not for the better. There is little evidence that a Third World country with Asian values of face and capitulation and compromise and constant political response to every one of life's issues can successfully absorb a large number of people that are confident and pro-active and aggressive. Once the number of foreigners reaches critical mass than you start to have social hiccups that yield violence. Adding in a lethal way to this social mix in Thailand is the myth/fact that all Thais are brought up with that they can abuse foreigners and not be held accountable for it.

Suddenly the Thai who didn't have the balls to raise his hand in class in Roi Et has the confidence to take on foreigners in a violent way because he knows the fix (xenophobic racist corruption) is in and he won't be held accountable. There is no happy conclusion to social suicide like this. If the Thais do not re-educate their populace than this attitude will contribute to a downward spiral that will not bode well for Thailand. In the last 10,000 years thousands of tribes and groups and societies and nations have passed from history—social failures that could not positively influence their neighbors or defeat their neighbors. Thailand now visiting violence on foreigners for whatever reason is a historical cul-de-sac.

It is hard to know what percentage of the native population this critical mass of foreigners would be that would trigger the downward spiral leading to systemic violence. It may be as little as one half of one percent (.005). The reason it is hard to know what percentage of the native population occupied by foreigners would cause social shifting problems is because the social phenomenon is as new as the air carrier and long distance foreign travel. Before the ocean crossing prop planes and current jet planes it was not possible to transport foreigners in sufficient numbers to faraway places to cause social unrest for the indigenous peoples. Foreigners were novelties, not irritations.

When Harry Pidgeon sailed around the world in 1921 he did not even need a passport. Just a smile. He was smiling and the natives he met were smiling. The issue of large numbers of incoming foreigners causing social stress hadn't even been born yet. But since World War II this has changed. So the phenomenon of foreigners invading native societies is only about fifty years old. Too little time to draw incontrovertible conclusions.

But the glimmer of the problem is on the horizon and the sun is rising on new social problems that will be a part of the 21st century. One half of one percent (.005) of anything may not sound like a large enough percentage to be meaningful but a little more rigorous thinking can show the rosy tinted fallacy of this thinking. Suppose every one of your glasses of water had one half of one percent (.005) strychnine poison in it. Suppose one half of one percent (.005) of the time you turned the key in your car's ignition the car caught on fire. Suppose one half of one percent (.005) of the time your child raised his fork to his mouth he miscalculated and stabbed himself in the eye. It is a matter of context and results. And do not forget—percentages do not work the way people think they do. Your child may stab himself in the eye the first five times—just not for the next 995 times in a group of 1000. Your car may catch on fire the first ten times you turn the key in the ignition—just not for the next 1990 times in a group of 2000. The number of incidents within a group does not necessarily happen at the end of a group but as part of a measured group. The measured incidents that yield the percentage can happen at any time. You are never safe from percentages. They can strike at any time. Math does not care about morbidity or mortality or accident or coincidence or human tragedy. It may be that one half of one percent (.005) of a native population occupied by foreigners is a large enough percentage to cause social hemorrhaging. Still not convinced? Suppose!005 (one half of one percent) of your body was infected. Your whole body.!005 (one half of one percent) of your brain and!005 (one half of one percent) of your lungs and!005 (one half of one percent) of your arteries and!005 (one half of one percent) of your kidneys and!005 (one half of one percent) of your epidermis and!005 (one half of one percent) of your stomach lining, etc was infected. Sound like a big percentage now? Do you think your body could effectively fight off a head-to-toe systemic infection of one half of one percent (.005)? It would be quite a battle wouldn't it. Alright, now try and imagine this battle on a grander scale. Human beings against human beings. Natives against foreigners.

Sound preposterous? Really? Why do they call us foreigners? Because just as in biology and medicine we are foreign bodies in the social body. Infections. Let me ask you a question: when you have an infection in your body and you go to the doctor do you say, "Doctor please tell me how to live with this infection." or do you say, "Doctor, how can I get rid of this infection?"

Stay tuned. Thailand could become an entertaining theatre of social change and violence in the next fifty years. And yes, thank-you very much; I know that there are societies currently 'hosting' foreigners in excess of 2% successfully but that is not Asia and that is not Thailand.

And of course with human beings it is never about the numbers or the percentages but the perceptions. Human beings are not charts or percentages or data or the scientific method or quantitative analysis but primates stumbling through lives influenced by fear and superstition and emotion and impulse and the herding instinct. So with human beings it is always the perception that drives the emotion and the emotion that drives the behavior. If one Christian in an 80,000 seat stadium full of Muslims makes all of the Muslims angry than one Christian is too many. The fact that 1 in 80,000 would be an infinitesimally small percentage and should not be statistically important is completely beside the point. The point is how people feel. And 79,999 Muslims feel angry. With humans emotions always trump math.

So there will never be any future to telling the Thais that they should not be feeling the way they are feeling or that they should not be reacting the way they are reacting because based on the total population of Thailand there are really not that many farangs in Thailand. This type of remark does not illustrate the Thais ignorance but instead illustrates our ignorance. Emotions have not got anything to do with numbers or percentages. If someone is sad someone is sad. If someone is fearful someone is fearful. If someone is angry someone is angry. These are internal truths to that person with 100% credibility that can not be diluted or negated by someone holding up a chart or spouting statistics. That is the social horror of individual emotion. It gives every player carte blanche to do anything they want with a clean conscience.

So the total number of farang or the percentage of farang in the Kingdom is never going to be as important as the results and the results thankfully are easy to see. In my opinion the evidence is in that we are heading down a road in a society (Thailand) where sooner rather than later there is going to be trigger point emotional unease that leads to systemic hemorrhaging that leads to social violence. And there is no bigger waste of time or more transparent example of stupidity than to try and talk the native population out of their feelings. There are only two social realities of any consequence:

1. They feel the way they do.
2. They are more of them than of you.

The beauty of this for the interlopers (farang) is that it makes decision making easy because there are only one of two decisions to be made.

1. Stay and fight.
2. Leave.

Birds of a feather like to flock together and instinctively no one likes to have their party crashed. So it is easy to have sympathy for the same people that are abusing us. You wouldn't naturally be happy about lots of strangers with strange ways moving into your neighborhood or your house or your workplace or your country or you language or your culture. Well, the Thais feel the same way. The only problem with this sympathy mode however is that they keep letting us in. They keep inviting us in. They keep encouraging us to come and visit. The Thais want to have it both ways. They want to invite us into their country and then they want social carte blanche to be pissed about it when we show up.

I'd like to be able to say "You can't have it both ways". But you can. You can have it both ways—but only for a limited amount of time. Make a study of revolutions and impulsive violence and mental instability and there is always one unifying thread—time was up. Right now the Thais have it both ways. They invite us to the Kingdom and then they are rude to us when we get there. But time rules all. A couple of hundred years ago nobody had ever heard of Thailand—a couple of hundred years from now it may be the same.

I will probably continue to visit Thailand the rest of my life. The pattern has been set. I have spent years researching other places and considering a lifestyle change but have not followed through on any new ideas. Thailand and I are marching together into an uncertain future. But at least my eyes are wide open. I now consider visiting the Kingdom very high risk behavior and I no longer recommend it as a vacation spot to friends—even male friends. I instinctively distrust every social situation in Thailand and every Thai. I especially avoid groups of young Thai males and the police. It is not a way of life that I recommend but I feel that it benefits me. On a personal level there is a positive compensator for the negative environment. So I'm locked in and Thailand is a part of my personal life. It is a little like deciding not to quit your job in a lunatic asylum. Objective analysis and your friends and your own brain tell you that you would most probably be happier or safer or more respected working somewhere else. But you have decided not to quit. That is where I am with Thailand. I have decided not to quit vacationing in a dangerous lunatic asylum. Newbies might be better advised to start elsewhere and understand that once the number of highly confident westerners reaches critical mass in that place (Rio, Cuba, Philippines, Mexico, Dominican Republic, Bali, Cambodia, etc.) then they may be faced with the fact that it is time to move on because the party is over.

The weis are gone and so is my patience. I'll continue to visit Thailand and shuffle along and stay out of trouble and hide every time I see the police and do my level best not to raise the level of social tension but I have seen behind the curtain folks. Thais are only special when they are special and Thai culture is only special when it is special. Do me wrong and I am probably not going to do anything about it. But I will pray to the avenging God in heaven that you get a bullet in the head.

Life should be more than struggle and strife.
There should be a reward
For risking your life.

But reward is only gifted
To those that say:
I ain't takin' it no more.
Nope, not today.

GET READY TO RUMBLE

135. Where Is That Book?

TT&A Part 120 11/2/2006

“I went to (Thailand) because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived.” (with apologies to Henry David Thoreau)

Dateline 2006

In the Pattaya-Jomtien area there are estimated to be approximately 30,000 expats of diverse countries of origin and background and interest and educational level. Men now living in a place of such wonder and frustration because of differing culture and language and place that their days and their emotions and their moods are like the arcing shuttle cocks over a badminton net. Every day they leave the house or the condo or the apartment is a day of adventure because no predictor can be relied upon. Continually missing or misinterpreting social signals, language illiterate, without civil rights, constantly subjected to the vagaries of a minority class; they stumble and bumble and smile and grit their teeth through days and experiences and surprises and horrors and relationships of wonder and disappointment and heartache.

So where is the great literature? Where are the great books? The 600-1000 page tomes of brilliance and personal moments that represent filtration and diamond cutting of the Thai expat experience. Where are the social historians, the scholars, and the brilliant cartographers of their own place and time? The linguists of their interior Thai experienced self? Where are the books that soar like dust motes in a cathedral? The chronicles of grandeur and humor and solemnity and dignity and personal feelings?

I challenge you to find on this earth more potential for storytelling and personal reflection than being a member of a minority. Days of hope and fear and confusion followed by more days of hope and fear and confusion in an unending rollercoaster ride that alternately makes you smile and makes you scream. The only way off the ride is to jump so you hang on and hope for the best. Oops, here we are at the start of another drop. Hang on …! Thailand for the newbie is a story-a-day place. Later on for the expat a story-a-week place. More than enough material for great literature. And yet there is none. Or not much.

Of the short variety there is writing on the internet. Some of the writing is excellent but it is in the form of essays or rants or humor pieces or stories or opinion. No great books there. Of the humorous variety there are the 'funny expat experiences' books sold in bookstores. Humorous and eye catching glossy covers and funny stories and anecdotes inside. The kind of thing you read on airplanes or in bathtubs. Funny stuff. Reliable gifts. But not great literature. There are clever witty journalistic sorts who have cracked the code on the Thai-farang-bargirl-crime novel. Many of these books and all satisfying. But a week later you can't remember the characters names or the plot. A little like eating Chinese food. Tasted great. Now what is next? When do we eat again? Time to buy another book. Great covers. Are you buying the book or the cover? And more and more now you can find books detailing the true story of a farang and his relationship with a Thai woman. Every single book reminds you of the quote:

> *"Romance is a turbulent surf that, withdrawing, leaves behind a tangle of debris in its wake."*—Joyce Carol Oates

Instructive and interesting cautionary tales about losing your heart (not to mention your money and your mind) to women not of your culture. But these are not great books. Just stories that a publisher smiled on and that a tourist will read tomorrow in the hotel room if it is raining.

So where are the great novels? Or where are the great social documentary books? The giant gifted displays of story and talent and personal participation in the world of Thailand from a foreigner's point of view. Why isn't anyone writing? I mean am I the only one in this over-rated tropical armpit who is even keeping a diary?

"Dear Diary—Today I shaved and powdered my groin and pumice stoned my genital warts before taking a roast chicken down to Song at the RIM ME bar on Soi 6 in Pattaya. After that I wiped the leaves on all the plants because Fa was coming over to have her picture taken as Eve surrounded by the jungle of Genesis. After that we took a hot bath and I nearly broke my toe in the drain hole. After Eve (I mean Fa) left I spent the last hour looking at myself in the mirror. So ends another great day."

OK, it's not timeless but at least I am writing. Where is your book nimrod? Where is anybody's book?

Is CNN really that interesting? Is the BBC really that interesting? Is televised sport on television really that interesting? Are Thai soap operas really that—oh, forget it. Is the 5476th beer really that interesting? Isn't anyone keeping any journals? Didn't any of these expats have writing careers before deplaning in paradise? In the Pattaya-Jomtien area there are approximately 30,000 expats. There are a lot more than this number of expats in Thailand. Let us suppose that the approximate number of expats in the Kingdom is 200,000. Is not one expat in 200,000 going to contribute to the world a book that becomes the cult classic novel that defines what it means to be an expat in Thailand?

There are currently educated erudite worldly expats that have been in the Kingdom 20 and 30 and 40 years. Where are the great books? Don't any of this group of men who imagine themselves to be examples of class and style and education and breeding and deportment have any ideas? Bump into these guys at an embassy party or a gallery opening or an expat meeting and you always come away diminished. They are so so smart and so experienced and so knowledgeable about Thailand. OK, I'm a buyer. You sold me. You are one hundred times smarter than me and more attuned to the Thai experience than me and you have pictures on your bamboo inlaid piano of your Thai wife and your children. So where is your book? Where is the book you should have written by now? If you have been in the Kingdom for twenty years and you did not start writing the GEN (Great Expat Novel) until you had been here ten years and the book is one thousand pages long then you only had to write 3.65 pages per day. Been busy have you?

Think I am being too tough? Does 3.65 pages sound like an insurmountable mountain to climb for someone new to the game? OK, how about the farang focused Thai themed authors that are already being successfully published and sold in Thailand? The farang and expat authors with websites and fans and signing parties at naughty bars and flashy covers and exciting stories of Asian exotica and sex and crime? When are these guys going to get serious? Instead of writing leaves on the wind, when are they going to write a novel of stone crushing importance that will get them deified and deported on the same day?

You know what? I think they are scared. Guys who get the yellow stain in their underpants every time a Don Tan duck quacks. Anxious above average guys so thrilled not to be writing toothpaste jingles or street signs that they have stopped reaching for the stars. Gutless wonders who took the easy way out and decided to throw literary grain to the masses rather than sweat like a Sirin sauna snake and throw themselves into the fight of their life with great ideas and great writing. Plebeians masquerading as artists.

Heard at a booksigning at a naughty bar:

“Gee Mr. Thai fluent expat Author, where did the inspiration come from for that clever plot point conversion in chapter six? Was it based on the homoerotic sensibilities of the post-Euclidian novels of Victorian England or was it a result of your super secret career as a Braille Chinese linguist with Air America during the run up to the Vietnam (oops, I hope I didn’t give away a secret) war?”

Sometimes I wish there was a flashing neon sign attached to my head that I could activate and it would say in Vegas pink: “Is everybody kidding?” Some of these books are nothing but borderline airport terminal soft core Asian exotica porn with the male obsession with things (guns, planes, cars, women’s’ body parts) thrown in. Books for people who do not like to read with a dictionary by their side. Oh, and let’s not forget that they are also instructional. Don’t know anything about the red-light districts of Thailand and the denizens of said districts? You will know everything when you are done.

Are these novels? Was Dostoevski trying to teach us things? Or was he simply channeling a story bigger than himself and hoping he could wrestle it onto the page? Great novels present, they don’t explain. When the reader’s hairs are rising on the backs of the reader’s neck; that is when the writing is happening. The reader has discovered something for themselves. At that moment you could not get the book out of the reader’s hands with blasting caps. Now you are a writer and now you are writing because now the reader is feeling. Before you were just a storyteller. The word novel makes me edgy. I think somewhere between novella and novel maybe we should be calling these things storybooks. A story is not always a novel. Sometimes I want to stand up and say:

"Writing is what happens when you are not looking, just feeling. Storybooks are what happen when you are trying too hard."—but who would listen? The present generation raised on instant media gratification isn't interested in the trip anymore, just the results. Did the woman in chapter six have sex with the bar owner in chapter seven? Did the airplane crash before it could deliver the illegal cargo? Did the bargirl with Aids get revenge on her lesbian lover at the end? All results. No attention paid to the word choices or references or similes or metaphors or sentence construction or mood building or clever images or funny alliteration or pace or rhythm of the author's presentation. No awareness of the brush strokes. Just:

"What is in the painting man? I gots to do a book report." "A dead French dude in a bathtub holding a letter? Thanks dude—I got it."

The practical writers with an eye on the mortgage premium schedule pen for results and for an audience of 'dudes'. Their agents and publishers call them novelists. Fools and non-readers of commerce and greed that will say anything to turn one dollar into two dollars. I guess the real writers are working on journals and diaries that their survivors will burn in the fireplace.

"Too bad Uncle Fester couldn't write good man—you know, like that guy that wrote that thing about the deal that blew up a bunch of bitches in Bangkok. Now that guy was a writer. I think he was a secret agent too. Yeah, that be it—he was like a crazy government dude who was takin' it to the man and scorin' slant-eyed chicks at the same time. Everything he wrote was like true man. Too bad Uncle Fester wasted his life reading books."

If I go to visit an expat writer in Thailand and he proudly shows me a wall sized grease board or blackboard on which he has written in chronological order the character development and plot points and props and asides and special references of every chapter paragraph by paragraph of the novel that he is 'writing' I am suspicious. In the movies this is called storyboarding. It keeps everyone on track including the bankers and the accountants and the lawyers. Nobody is kidding anybody. It is not called show art, it is called show business. If you are going to storyboard a book that is fine if it is a biography or a social document or history or a text book or a manual on Phantom motorcycles. But a novel?

If I ever get invited in the Kingdom to go visit an expat who says he is writing the Great Expat Novel (GEN) and I see a storyboard, I am going to turn around and walk out. Passion always trumps storyboarding and passion leads to literature. Tell me there is a gaunt faced crazy-eyed expat under the King Taksin bridge with a laptop and an addiction to spiced licorice sticks. That guy I want to meet.

And another thing while I am on the subject of things I do not want to see. If some experientially staggered expat in Thailand does manage to squeeze out an 800 page farang testament like a constipated pachyderm dropping a two thousand pound load of green jungle goo I do not want to see a three quarter length page thanking the editor. This has become all the rage in the last ten years and I am heartily sick of it.

Who wrote the book?
You, or the editor?

The 'editor-thanking' pages now have become paeans of patronizing simping that make it look like the author and the editor were playing butt darts in the back room of The Big Mango. I've got news for you. If the editor spent more time on the book than you did then you are not the author. Put his/her/it's name on the front cover. If you wrote the book then it should be delivered to the printer ready for the ink. Anything else is just laziness. You are supposed to be an expat Moses coming down from hill tribe country with the final and complete and unimprovable revelation, gospel, and inspiration; not some blown out over-the-hill beer bellied dilettante columnist waiting for stringer emails to come straggling in. Get serious Sven.

Submitting every page and paragraph and chapter to an editor for his review and input is what children do. Gosh Mommy. Gosh Daddy. Do you love my book? Do you love me? Grow up. Write the book yourself. And if any publishing houses send editors around to see you—kill them.

Kill the editors.
Kill the editors.
Kill the ed ...!

But I almost digress. Look, I'm not really involved in this. If you want to spend ten years of your life in Mae Sot chipping away at a literary diamond until against all odds you manage to write the GEN (Great Expat Novel) and then you turn it over to a woman named Apichatpong Watthanasartsathorn with a dual major from Chulahorn University—

1. SOCIOLOGY: The Burmese—Are They Human?
2. ECONOMICS: Obtaining World Bank loans for Khao San road braiding booths.

who proceeds to 'edit' all of your r's and all of your l's so that 'lilly' becomes 'rirry' and 'rarely' becomes 'lalery' that is your business. She must really be cute and I hope that is sufficient compensator for the fact that by the time this 'editor' is done with your manuscript it will be incomprehensible. Me, I'd rather write my own books.

Listen, like I said before, I'm not that really involved in this. I know I don't have the talent to write the GEN (Great Expat Novel). I'm no history making writer. If I had to pass a note that said,

"My penis is on fire"

at a Hua Hin beach jazz concert during some killer saxophone riffs by Sekpol Unsamroan I would probably get the tense wrong and people would assume the problem had been solved. I'm simply not a good writer and I know it. If I fell down a well in Wang Chin no one would think to try and save me because no one would understand the message I sent up. God knows there is no more dispassionate cold hearted chronicler less inclined to exaggerate than me but I just find it almost beyond belief that there is no one in the Kingdom that could write the GEN. I hate to see history denied it's due. Thailand may not last forever and the phenomenon of expats in Thailand may not last forever. It would be a shame if the story never got told.

There are expats in Thailand with writing talent. If they want to take the low road and wallow around in the trough of mediocrity like retired grub hunting pigs from Pak Chong that is their business. Is that all there is: One more hockey game on your big screen TV in the high rise condo in Jomtien—One more booksigning to hear the fans mix up the plots and the characters—One more trip to Lucky Luke's bar to correct the girls on their Khmer and their Laotian and watch their brown eyes light up like pools of Dickens gas lamp light in London street puddles? Pitiful. Not the stuff of dreams and not the stuff of champions.

What these self described alpha males of literary pretension should be doing is going down to the Egyptian embassy on Ploenchit road and finding out when is the best time to be on the muddy banks of the Nile river with a machete, a string of water buffalos, and a gaggle of Isaan minxes cutting papyrus reeds. Because if one of these nimrods does manage to squeeze out the GEN (Great Expat Novel) the first printing will be ten million copies and there is not currently enough papyrus available to handle the demand for pages. Time waits for no author and the smart ones plan ahead. Ditto for goatskin leather for the bindings. Smart authors should be over on Soi 3 negotiating with the shish-ka-bob people for all of the dead kid goats they can get. It's going to take a lot of baby goats to provide the leather for the bindings.

If it was me; I'm not sayin' it ever would be—but if it was me; I would be suckin' up to every turban head and dot head and water pipe sucker and camel jockey to make sure that when the time came that I would have first dibs on wholesale dead baby goats. No pressed paper airport terminal covers for my book thank-you; I want my readers to know just by holding the volume that they are going to be transported to a faraway place of exotica and personality and history and novel experience that will change their lives.

But heh, it's not my concern. If the people that are smarter than me do not want to set an example by reaching for the literary stars then I guess I can't be faulted for my shower drain bargirl hair collection. Whatever. It's just that ... OK, I can't let this go—

I find it 'inconceivable and monstrous' (thank-you Jack London) that in the forty years between 1965 and 2005 that no farang focused, Thai based, expat driven novel of stone crushing weight has been written. In the 60's and the 70's was there no chain smoking expat huddled in a thatched building in Puay Noi or Pak Khat or Wang Pong or Na Wa pounding away at a typewriter and spitting bits of cigarette paper at the reams of handwritten notes? A listless fan overhead recirculating the hot fetid air, two cats in residence to look for snakes, geckos on the ceiling, and the walls covered with maps and books and research notes and the desk littered with dictionaries and 3x5 cards and old plates from forgotten meals and a thesaurus and a rolodex with the numbers of librarians and other expats? Was this scene not enacted one single time in the 60's and the 70's? Apparently not.

In the 80's and the 90's and on up to the present day has not one pre-diabetic expat author strung out on beers and cokes and mystery meat hunched over the keyboard of a computer in the air conditioned splendor of a beach front condo in Pattaya or Patong or Rayong managed to take his brain and his heart and his Thai memories and put them down on paper? Apparently not. Apparently this is just my idea.

The TV as heroin has now taken over our lives and thoughts and memories; dreams and literature are of the past. No one is writing anything down and no one cares. I feel like an anachronism baying at a moon no one can see. Forty years is a long time to have produced nothing. Maybe time is up. It will never happen.

Beats me? I don't know. But I can't be the only one wondering this. The bookstore owners must be heartily sick by now of the publishers sales reps recommending one more sexy bargirl novel and one more personal story of a broken heart with someone named Wan from the HUMP ME bar in Patpong. Yawn. Where is the literature? Is this the best that farangs can do?

Thai Bookstore Owner: "And these loud talking, fat wallet, world traveled, super educated expat monkey asses make fun of us?"

Personally, I can not think of anything more interesting or more fun or more rewarding than writing the GEN (Great Expat Novel). I imagine it would go something like this:

I would negotiate a one year lease on the ocean facing 6th floor suite in the AA Hotel on the corner of Beach road and Soi 13/0 in Pattaya. Best view in Pattaya, nice hotel, wonderful suite, and no more than one minute from freelancers. Can you say 'paradise'? I would move the bed and have a computer geek from Jomtien come up and install multiple TV screens and multiple computers and printers, etc. Surrounding shelf units and bulletin boards and a bank of phones. Maps and charts on the walls.

Sitting ensconced in this cockpit of authorship like the pilot of a 747 I would be happy. Foreground the computer screen. Next the big plate glass window. Middle ground the whores on the boardwalk. Background the sea and the sky. Happy. So so happy. And pounding out text like a demented pianist with Turette's syndrome. Moaning and growling like a coke addled black musician and my leg going like a terrier dog humping the furniture. Writing. If you want to watch TV that's your business. I'd rather be pounding and moaning and growling and humping. Writing. The final frontier.

A typical day would start at 7:30 and a walk down the boardwalk for breakfast treats saying hello to the girls coming and going. 9:30 would have me back out again to pick up Fa. Writing would commence around 11:00 and go to around 3:00. Four hours. Doesn't sound like much but remember my talent tumbles out in supernova waves of gaseous heat never before seen in the literary world. Don't want to burn out. If you want to spend ten hours a day trying to decide whether to use a comma or a semi-colon that's your business. Me—I've got talent. I can produce 10,000 words per day standing on my head. Wearing mittens.

Rewrites? Forget about it. Typos? Never happen. Better ideas? Impossible. When I sit down at the keyboard it is like a sewer outfall pipe after a rainstorm. Shakespeare? A panderer to the masses. Burroughs? A junkie with a writing disorder. Bukowski?

A drunk postal clerk. Aristotle? Wrong about the universe. All you need to know is Dana. You know how sometimes now when you buy a book it comes with some kind of CD as part of the package? Well I am thinking of including a T-shirt with every copy of the GEN (Great Expat Novel). All of the book buyers will wear the T-shirt and it will say:

"I bought Dana's book and I really enjoyed it. I'm a happier better person and I've lost weight and my love life has gone through the roof. Dana is the greatest writer in the history of the world and his GEN (Great Expat Novel) is like a second sun shining on the earth."

Title? Well, I haven't got a title yet for the GEN. I may need some help with this. It should be something short and pithy and have the words 'world's greatest' and 'Dana' and 'literary genius' and 'hansum man' in it. If you get any good ideas send them along. Of course no credit given. It's all about me. Genius.

Anyway, around 3:30 I would go down to the open air bar at the corner of Beach Road and Walking Street and pick up Tum. Great author's need support from the little people. Between 6:00 and 7:00 pm I would wrap up the day's literary diamond cutting with final reviews and note taking. 9:00 pm would see me entering the Superbabies bar in Soi Diamond (gathering material and fact checking) and the evening would end with a final contemplative author walk down the boardwalk. Another day of literary clairvoyance and high production comes to an end.

Every seven days (great authors need discipline) I would take the previous weeks production up to the Silver Dollar bar in Washington Square and sit opposite Mehkong Kurt and spend the late morning and the early afternoon on new ideas and incoming asteroid bits of GEN (Great Expat Novel) astonishment. We would sit knee to knee and laptop to laptop pecking (he) and typing (me) away happy in the notion that we are the number one (me) and the number two (he) most talented writers in the history of the English language. Lovely girls (OK, available girls) and beers would surround us and there in the medieval gloom and filth and low standards of Washington Square we would commune and commiserate and create as only highly evolved beings can. Next day back to Pattaya. It's a grind producing the GEN but the dark matter of the cosmos has sent me a gift I can't refuse.

It is said that writers write in isolation but that's not me. I have more talent than the grains of sand in a three year old Thai child's bathing trunks. When I am in the zone nothing can disturb the flashes of lightening-like automatic writing flowing from my being into the keys of the keyboard. Man and machine mixing and communing in a holy coupling of technology and chromosome. I would leave the door to the suite open. People going up and down the halls would stop in. People getting on and off the elevator would peek in. The maid would arrive around 2:30 pm (she wants me). The mini-bar maid would arrive around 5:00 p.m (I want her). The snickers bar maid would arrive at 5:30 p.m (her one wandering eye makes me crazy with desire). Small Thai children with wide eyes and fingers in mouths would stand in the door and stare in wonder. Their Thai mothers would snatch them away but they would go back to Roi Et and tell everyone they had seen a white light over a farang's head. Isolation? Not me baby. I'm spreading it around for everyone. The GEN (Great Expat Novel) is going to be inclusive. It's a party. Everyone is included and everyone is invited. Genius is like that.

Eleven months after starting the galley proofs would receive their final signatures and I would start putting the suite back to it's pre-Dana Great Expat Novel status. The cross-eyed Jomtien dweeb would come up and retrieve most of the computer crap and I would move the big bed back in front of the big picture window. As soon as I got a call that the first printing of ten million copies was started I would go on a boardwalk cruiser bender that would nearly make my dick fall off.

Within days of the first deliveries to embassies and government offices and schoolteacher conventions and the United Nations and book seller conventions and institutes and bookstores the accolades would start. Like a tsunami rolling a child's toy over and over in the surf I would be pummeled and fawned and kissed with public adulation not seen since Lady Godiva took a horse ride. Ten days later there would be a second printing. Twenty million copies in two weeks and governments all over the world having to call out the army to protect bookstores and delivery trucks and printing houses. The British government would make me Sir Dana and the Laplander Order of the Farang (LOF) would present me with the Golden Reindeer Antler. The United Nations would pronounce that a border crossing passport for me was not required, the United States would eliminate my requirement to pay taxes, Thai women would name their children Dana, farangs would pronounce my Great Expat Novel the quintessential portrait of farang life in Thailand, and the Thai government would deport me.

At least that is how I see it …!

OK, I don't know. Anybody got any ideas? Where is the literature that defines the expat experience in the Land of Smiles—the Kingdom—Thailand—Siam? The big giant book that takes hold of you and won't let go until you have read the last page. The book that exhausts you and transforms you into a page turning addict. The book that adds to your life. The book that you read every five years for the rest of your life. The book that travels with you from home to school to condo to nursing home to grave. The book that has the reach of Homer and the passion of Dostoevski and the spareness of Genesis and the dialogue of Plato and the pathos of a ten year old's love letter and the content of Melville and the imagery of Coleridge and the rushing wonder of Milton. A book so engrossing that it makes a non reader read.

WHERE IS THAT BOOK?

136. Day and Night

TT&A Part 121 18/2/2006

Gather Round Stickmanites
And You Will Hear
A Story of Time
That Will Give You Good Cheer

If you pay attention
And do what I say
You'll have more fun
And be better at play

You'll be embarrassed to think
Of the old single lay
Your numbers will go up
Two and three a day

So pay attention
Take notes if you will
It's free from me
There ain't no bill

Love is the answer
Love is the key
Listen to me
Get it up to two and three

The average farang in Thailand on a sex vacation can not do simple math and can not tell time. He could do these things with alacrity and skill back in Manchester or Adelaide or Edmonton or San Francisco but now that he is in the Kingdom he can not do simple math or tell time.

Example: Most farang go to Thailand to meet girls and to have relationships with them. That is what they tell their buddies at work (wink wink) and that is what they tell themselves. They saved all year for this and boy-oh-boy are they going to make it pay. They are going to go through women like a scythe through wheat, like a hot knife through butter, like ... well, anyway they are going to really meet with and score with a lot of ladies. This isn't a bad thing but then they do something when they get to the Kingdom that handicaps them.

They only shop for love at night. They get up around 10:00 or 11:00 and have a late breakfast. Then it is off to MBK to wander air-conditioned aisles of a department store. Maybe they spend time around the pool or they sit in an open air bar to 'watch the world go by'. If they are really vacation aggressive they manage to make the late tour bus to the Crocodile Farm where they look at torpid beasts. Since they are alone there is no one to buy something for in the gift shop and the photographer did not even bother taking their sad sack photo when they came in the entrance. Loser.

Then it is back to the hotel for a nap. Night is coming. Time for that exciting part of the Thailand experience for the stud from Stuttgart.

They hit the first bar at 8:00 p.m. Well, actually they don't. They used to do this in times past but they have learned that 8:00 p.m. is too early. So they hit the first bar at 9:00 p.m. What follows is several fun hours of talking to guys and watching the television and talking to girls and maybe playing some pool with a nice lady. Some of the bars have shows and they watch those. The girls are amateurs and the shows are amateurish but it is all very charming. They visit several bars. They see a lesbian show which is notable for the way the naked girls drape themselves over the Japanese patrons. The girls may not be educated but they understand the dictum 'follow the money'.

They have more than three drinks. Around midnight they pick up a nice woman and they barfine her. She is fun and cute and she has only been working in the bar for three days. Heck she might be a virgin. She is so so special that she serves as living proof that the really really smart farangs only shop for love at night in places with doors and crappers and menus.

Places like the Q bar on Soi 11 where all of the women just happen to have masters degrees and just happen to be hanging out in a bar on a Thursday night. Places like the Beer Garden bar on Soi 7 where the lineup of young women inside the door is proof that all Chula University students who are saving money to buy a hairdressing salon need to get out once in a while. Or the little pool table bar opposite the Rajah hotel where the first class human beings working as waitresses understand that a man of distinction needs both beer nuts and pretzels. Intelligent women of breeding and class and education. And they just happen to be working six nights per week in little short skirts. Hard not to feel sorry for them though. Apparently they do not make enough money to be able to afford underpants.

Anyway, at midnight Mr. High-class meets a woman and there is a lot of earnest adult talk. She has dreams. He can tell that she respects him and that she respects herself. He barfines her and takes her back to his room at the Nana hotel. Forty-five minutes later they are done and he gives her 5000 baht and she leaves. It is now 1:45 a.m. Too late to shower and dress again and go out again. Why is it too late? Why because the Angels Disco on the ground floor of the hotel is going to close soon and no way is he going to hang around in the parking lot. (note: If a woman is inside the disco she is classy but if she is outside the disco she is not classy. Hey, can anyone out there in crazyville explain this to me?) Anyway, additionally—the bars at the NEP are closing or soon to close and no way is he going to hang around and chat up girls in the street. He's just not that kind of guy. (He's got a closet full of bondage magazines at home but that is a whole different thing.) Etc.

So it is just out of his hands. It is too late. By the time he showers and dresses again and walks back over to the Q bar they would be closing. Heck, he would look foolish. So that's it. Day is done and it was a pretty good day. He did some stuff while the sun was up and he just had sex with a woman of high morals and more beauty than any of his buddies can ever dream about. He is a stud. Time to get a whiskey out of the mini-bar and turn on the TV. At this rate on his ten day once-in-a-year vacation he will have sex with ten women. Hell, that is more than he had in four years of college. Well, no—actually the arrival day and the departure day don't count and he didn't feel well yesterday and the second day he was still jet lagged so it will only be six women. But they are Quality women. Sure.

As he is settling back against the pillows with his self-satisfied expression and his whiskey he has a funny thought. —That Dana cat. That nut job who writes submissions for the Stickmanbangkok.com site. He talks about doing two (and sometimes three) women a day. What a fraud. What a liar. Why does Stickman even accept that crap? Two or three girls per day. What a hoot. Fiction fantasy junk of hyperbole and exaggeration.—

Now out loud—whiskey talking: "Hell, I'm an ex-marine and an ex college ranked wrestler and I'm exhausted. Where does that little jerk get off talking about two (and sometimes three) girls per day? Who in their right mind would believe that nonsense? What a laugh. He's an embarrassment. They shouldn't (another slug of whiskey) even allow him in the country. Idiot. Retard. When I get back to the States (another slug of whiskey) I'm going to write Stickman and straighten this thing out. Idiot."

OK, my name is Dana: Now let us look at one of my days. Let us look at a Dana day. Let us look at the Day instead of the Night.

I clatter down the steps of the AA Hotel in Pattaya at 7:30 a.m. That is the morning folks. The beginning of the day. You might have forgotten what the morning looks like since coming to the Kingdom. I recommend it. The sun is shining on another wonderful day, the birds are chirping, you meet regular smiling Thais going to work; and because you are up and out you are a part of it. You get included. The smile you get is genuine—unpolluted by alcohol or bargirl drugs or foolish farang storytelling or straining to talk over loud Go-Go bar music. It is just you and the sun and the birds and the sound of the waves on the beach.

Anyway, I'm up and out at 7:30 a.m. Just the basics. A new start and a new sun and a new day. I've taken a shower and I'm wearing new underpants. I feel great. I don't drink and it has been eight hours since I have eaten. My stomach is tight. I'm wearing my beach pants with the turquoise elephants and my Indian cotton shirt and my black foam Nike sandals and all of my jewelry. I look like a tourist and I feel like a tourist. Being a tourist is great. I love being a tourist and I don't care what people think. A new day on planet Earth. A new start for a no longer new man. Renewed hope. Another chance.

As usual I am on the way to the Internet place up north of Big Mikes Shopping Centre. It is new and clean and the front desk girl makes my knees go weak. There is also access to a modern bathroom in the attached restaurant. I do this every morning. It is how I start my day. On the way up the boardwalk I smile at or talk to hookers who are already on station. They start arriving at exactly 7:00 a.m. I figure somewhere on one of the palm trees is a time clock because they start checking in at 7:00 a.m. just like the highly organized, well oiled, super disciplined, focused professionals that they are. I am making friends all the way to the Internet place. When I come out of the Internet place after checking my tens of thousands of emails from needy adoring fans I go into the mini-mart next door and fill up a bag with orange juice cartons and muffins and yoghurts. Never has shopping given me so much pleasure. Exiting the mini-mart with my bag of goodies the little hairs stand up on the back of my neck in anticipation of the pleasure to come.

Back down the boardwalk. More smiles and chatting and I hand out all of the food to Thailand's finest ladies. Smilers familiar with this routine sometimes sort through the bag as if they are looking for a lottery ticket. Others make requests. No matter. They are talking to me. Sometimes I take Polaroid pictures of the girls with my camera that everyone makes fun of and hand out the pictures. In suit-and-tie land this is called networking. In church this is called being friendly. My critics call it colonialism. Apparently if you are being nice to people and giving them gifts and making them happy that is colonialism. Anyway, my critics are in bed. I am meeting women.

Fa is waiting for me as she is every morning. A smile and a hug. She always refuses the food. By 9:45 we are done and I give her 500 baht (for 45 minutes work). It is only 9:45 in the morning guys and I have had sex with a lovely Thai female. She wants to know if I will pick her up tomorrow morning. Of course. At 2:00 p.m. I go to the open air bar at the corner of Walking Street and Beach road and pick up Lek. We walk back to the hotel. It is a lovely day. Made more lovely by the fact that I know the police are not going to burst into my classy night time whore bar and demand that I pee in a bottle. Lek and I are done at 3:30. She takes her 500 baht (for 45 minutes work) and a beer she stole from the minibar and goes back to the bar. But first she asks if I will be coming for her tomorrow afternoon with my smile and my 500 baht. Of course. By-the-way the total cost to me was 500 baht for the 'short time' plus 300 baht barfine plus one 100 baht drink for myself and one 100 baht lady drink for her for a total of 1000 baht; plus one beer from the minibar which the hotel will bill at 160 baht, and the 10 baht to get down to the bar on the baht bus, and if we prorate the hotel time at 860 baht per day and forty-five minutes we get 27 baht. So the total out of pocket for me is 1197 baht for 45 minutes of something.

Don't use the words 'cheap Charlie' in Thailand until you know what you are talking about. When is the last time you added up the real cost? Think I am being silly? Really? Hell, I did not even prorate the cost of the airfare. Did you fly to the Kingdom for free?

Let's do it. Let's prorate the cost of the airfare into the cost of the sex. If you only came to Thailand to have sex with females than it is a perfectly legitimate accounting function. If you are not visiting any temples or going to any cultural shows or taking pictures at a botanical garden or on a business trip or visiting friends or doing missionary work or enrolled in the Wat Po massage school or doing a meditation session at a monastery or watching the crocodile show at the Crocodile Farm or engaging in Thai cooking classes or going down the Ping river on a bamboo raft than the only activity that your airfare contributed towards is sex with females. So if you divide the number of females you had sex with into the roundtrip cost of the airfare than that amount of baht has to be added to the real cost of each of your love affairs. Getting nervous? You should be you big-talking nimrod because this is going to cause you to dump in your pants. Put out a call for diapers.

For instance: in my case it costs me $1000 or 40,000 baht to travel to the Kingdom roundtrip. So, for example; if Lek from the open air bar at the corner of Beach road and Walking Street in South Pattaya is the first woman I have had sex with on my vacation than I have to add 40,000 baht to the real cost of having sex with her. So the cost is not really 1197 baht for 45 minutes of something but 41,197 baht. If you are calling me a cheap Charlie when I am paying over 40,000 baht for a woman then you need counseling.

I think you can also see and appreciate why if I take a woman back to my hotel room and she doesn't sing and dance and take it up the poopchute while at the same time knitting me a sweater I can get justifiably upset.

"Hey Honey Bunny—I paid 41,000 baht for this."

Naturally, the only way to get this ball breaking airline fare amortization number down to something reasonable is to have sex with lots and lots of women. For instance, by woman number twenty the per woman airline cost amortization number has reduced to 2000 baht. So if Lek had been the twentieth whore I had sex with on my vacation than the cost for 45 minutes of something would have been 3197 baht (1197 plus 2000). Closer. And this number is with a '500 baht' woman. Imagine what these totals would be if you were shopping Go-Go bars for 'quality' whores. Sweet Jesus. Two thousand baht for short time out of the Rainbow IV bar in Bangkok. Sweet Jesus. Or four thousand baht for short time in Pattaya with some peroxide blonde blue eyed Russian. Sweet Jesus.

So I think you can see that if some farang is going through women in Thailand like prunes through an old lady it is not because he is sex obsessed; he is just trying to get the contact numbers high enough so that his per contact cost is something reasonable. For instance (hypothetically speaking): if I have sex with 75 women in my ten day vacation then my per woman airline cost has been reduced to 533 baht. In Lek's case that would have brought the total to 1730 baht (1197 + 533). Still higher than I would like to be but 75 women in ten days is about my limit. I'm not as young as I used to be. If you happen to run into me in Pattaya and I look a little tired you know the reason. It's just a matter of accounting. No hyperbole or exaggeration. Just the numbers.

OK, forget the hypothetical case. That was just a way to present the concept. Most men can't do 75 women in 10 days. I know I can't. Hell, I can't even think about it. I'm at the age now where if I blow on a whistle I have to sit down and get some oxygen. I'm not saying my playing days are over but the girl better like me—because I can't chase her. But if you do meet some gaunt-faced, wild-eyed, leaned-out shell of a man and he tells you what he is attempting; high high contact numbers to get the per girl airline cost down—at least you know the reason. Have some sympathy. He's probably an accountant.

Of course none of these are issues for some expats because they make so few (or no) trips out of the kingdom. Once their mommy has died and the British Postal system has cut off their pension for reporting irregularities there is no reason to leave. Example: if an expat came to the Kingdom twenty years ago and the airfare was two hundred dollars and in the last twenty years he has had sex with 4000 women than his per woman cost divided into the cost of the airfare is only five cents or 2 baht.

This is why you never see a stressed out expat. Their per contact cost of a woman divided into their airline ticket to get to paradise is negligible. You can have some fun with this. If the number of women an expat has fallen in love with is high enough the per contact airline fee cost actually drops under one baht which is treated as zero in accounting. For example: if an expat has had loving contact with 8200 women in twenty years and the original airfare was $200 than the per contact airline fee amortization cost is just!98 baht. I'll drink to that.

So anyway a lot of farang tourists with more degrees than a thermometer factory can add in Ontario or Christ Church or Venice or Oslo like a calculator on speed but here in the Kingdom suddenly they can not add. And that means you. You would have told your buddies that she (Lek) only cost 500 baht (wink wink). Anyway, she will get all of the 500 baht, plus part of the lady drink, plus part of the barfine, plus the beer she stole out of the minibar. At the door she asks for taxi money. She can walk.

Lek can't wait to see me tomorrow and around 1:30 she will start looking for me down the street so that some other girl does not get me. I spent 1197 baht (plus whatever the airline factored number of baht is) and she is getting about 630 baht plus the beer out of the minibar. Who is screwing who? Did you ever wonder why these poor downtrodden girls are at the same bar year after year? It's a good job that's why. In fact it might be a better job than the dignity robbing, hopeless, no future, spirit killing job you have. Don't add it up Mr. Bigtalk—you might find out you would be doing better and be happier as a prostitute.

Anyway, it is now only 3:30 in the afternoon in sunny Pattaya and I have already fallen in love two times. First with Fa in the early morning and then with Lek in the early afternoon. This is not a matter of fiction or hyperbole or exaggeration but a matter of time. I have more than twice as much time as the night hunter. My day is from 7:30 a.m. to around 5:30 p.m.—ten hours. The average farang night hunter is working a time window of around 9:00 p.m to 1:00 a.m.—four hours. Let's see. Let us put on our thinking caps. And let us do this together without name-calling or acrimony. What is a bigger number? Four hours or ten hours?

Stumped? Well the answer is ten hours. Ten hours is a bigger number with more opportunity available within it than four hours. But a lot of smarty-pants farang tourists forget how to do simple math and how to tell time as soon as the plane touches tarmac at Don Muang airport. They cover for the disquieting notion that they might actually be mistaken, and that I might actually be correct by painting their behavior with the patina of quality. They are only interested in quality whores. They actually say this with a straight face. As if the concept of an oxymoron (military intelligence) does not exist in Thailand. Quality whores. That is why they shop at night in whore stores (bars) with no ice and unisex crappers. Quality. Sure.

OK, it is now 3:45 in the afternoon in Pattaya and I am feeling no pain. I had plenty of time to do all of my little errands during the day and I had plenty of time to make love to two wonderful women. It is true that they did not have masters degrees and they were not virgins but that is OK. So now what? Do I want to spend the rest of this fabulous beautiful day sitting on the bed watching TV or would I rather go out and sit on the boulevard? Points to you if you guessed that I cycle down each day by just sitting on the boulevard 'watching the world go by'.

If you do this 'watching the world go by' routine at Lucky Luke's bar on Soi 4 in Bangkok you are a philosopher and an international traveler. If I do this on a bench under a palm tree in Pattaya I am a whoremonger. Isn't anyone embarrassed at all of this name-calling? Anyway, there is another hour and a half before my day ends. The mid morning heat is over and the girls are coming back. The boulevard is filling up again with girls I saw this morning and new night riders. Do you suppose that without even trying I might meet a nice woman? That I do not even have to get up from the bench? Well, that would be number three for the day wouldn't it. And none of this day could remotely be called the sexual athletics of some kind of prodigy of prowess. Hell, I wasn't even trying. It is just that I had ten hours and a smile and a bag full of breakfast treats to work with.

So it is all about simple math and time gentlemen. I have ten hours—you have four hours. I have the daytime and you have part of the night. I meet lots and lots of women and you watched a lesbian show and then hit on a woman who said she had only been working there three days. If you want to spend all year saving money and waiting for your big trip to Bangkok to wander around in the aisles of MBK in the afternoon (isn't that what farang women do?) that is your business. If I am in Bangkok I find it much much more profitable to be standing on the sidewalk outside of Foodland on Soi 5, or playing pool in the daytime bars, or pretending to shop in Robinson's Department store on Soi 19 (they should put a crystal dome over that place and call it a shrine). I know what I am in Thailand for. I'm not sure you do.

So the next time you are leaning back against the pillows in your hotel room at 2:00 a.m. with your minibar whiskey in your hand and you are pondering how any guy could be doing two (and sometimes three) women in a day consider time. It is all about time. Day time and Night time. It isn't about sexual prowess or about exaggeration or about hyperbole or about fiction—it is just a matter of time. I have ten hours and you have four hours. You are under stress to 'make something happen' and I am under no stress at all. I can take a nap and still lap you on the love track.

Try it. Try reversing your life and leaving your hotel at 7:30 a.m. It doesn't matter what city you are in. My routine is the same whether I am in Patong or Pattaya or Chiang Mai or Kanchanaburi or Bangkok. Get out early and start handing out gifts and taking give-a-way pictures with your Polaroid and start smiling and start mixing. You'll meet more girls and you'll have more fun. That is what you came to Thailand for isn't it?

Or is it?

Oh, and by-the-way; you know that gaunt-faced, wild-eyed, leaned out 'hypothetical' guy who was trying to have sex with 75 women in ten days to get his per contact airline ticket fee cost down? Don't think he can do it? Think again varicose balls. During the Happy Time (female lions horny) male lions in Africa mate every 25 minutes in a four day period. That's 230 times in four days that Leroy the Lion from Swaziland hanging out at the Nubian Entertainment Plaza (NEP) hears,

"I no lyin', lion, you number one lion."

Lyin' bargirl lion bitches! But what a four day party! All our hypothetical guy has to do is 75 women in 10 days. Maybe he'll make it.

137. The Name Game

TT&A Part 122 25/2/2006

Dana here to talk about one of my private pleasures. You know what private pleasures are. We all have them. Something inconsequential that gives pleasure. Hard to explain to someone else and never profitable—just a little something in your private universe that gives pleasure.

For example: I had a neighbor who liked to pick up broken umbrellas off the street like dead crows after a rain and wind storm and then repair them. The joy was in the repairing. He had hundreds and hundreds of umbrellas and dozens of incredibly boring stories about repairing them. All this done with a British accent and a lisp and some spitting.

I had a another neighbor with a private pleasure named Mr. Messina who had seven daughters and no sons. He spent a lot of time in the basement making birdhouses. Hundreds of them. He made more birdhouses than he had trees to put them on. I don't think our neighborhood even had that many birds. I suppose it goes without saying that he and Mrs. Messina tried everything they could think of to impart a little birth gender variety. Maybe that is what he was doing that night I saw him through the bedroom window wearing an Indian headdress and yodeling.

Anyway, I can imagine him hiding in the basement, making birdhouses, and talking to himself like a crazy person. Seven daughters and a wife and a mother-in-law in the same house. Nine women and him. Probably could not have sex with any of them. Nylons over the shower rod. Lipstick on all of the coffee cups. One summer he fell off the roof. My dad said he probably jumped.

And lastly, as another example; there is a crazy homeless person in my neighborhood who makes careful selections of select pebbles and twigs and trash in the gutter and then takes them into the convenience store and uses the copy machine to make pictures of them. He spends all morning begging for change so that he will have money for the copy machine. It's a life. Inconsequential and for sure not profitable but giving pleasure none-the-less.

One of my private pleasures is collecting Thai names. I started out collecting last names and the goal was to see how long a Thai last name I could collect. The rules were that it had to be a name I saw in one of the Thai newspapers and no hyphens were allowed. So far I am up to twenty two letters in a last name. The name is Pichaironarongsongkram. She was a debutante and God bless her she should marry any guy who is smart enough to spell her name correctly after three scotches. Twenty two letters and the hunt is now on for a Thai last name of twenty three letters. If you are Thai and you have a last name of twenty three letters (or more—a man can dream) I would appreciate it if you would commit a crime or cut a ribbon or run for office—just so that you get in the paper and I can collect your name. By the way the debutante's nickname was 'Pim'. You will notice that short nicknames for girls in Thailand are very common. Names of one or two or three or four letters are ubiquitous and common and extremely imaginative in linguistic invention. Often when a Thai female tells you what her nickname is or you see the name in print the only thing your alphabet trained grammatically aware western mind can think of to say is "What?".

The most charitable thing you can think of to say when you see some of these often made-up nicknames is imaginative. So you guessed it. I now collect Thai female first names—nicknames only. Not formal birth certificate Thai female first names like

Kamolchanok or Rachaneekorn or Natharinee or Kullasatree or Prathumrat but names like Buy, Bo, Bing, Bong, Bang, Boom. Maybe in the fancy pants disco and private club circles you travel in a Hi-So Thai woman is going to tell you her first name is Sruangsuda or Khemapsorn or Patcharapa but in the alleys and parking lots and bars and streetwalker venues I inhabit I am more like to hear something like Pu, Du, Yu, Fu, Gu, Lu, Wu.

Why do I collect Thai female nicknames? It amuses me. Like I said; we all have personal pleasures. So below is a partial list of Thai female nicknames. Just a fun thing. Happy reading.

Joy
May
Nut
Ouey
Phone
Um
Ce
Nikken
Note
Tasya
Wicky
Yoh
A
Am
Golf
Neay
Tete
Bum
Poo
Benz
Gau
Mon
Oi
Peau
Praw
Star
Win
Tar
Ta
Um
Guess
YaYa
Yinyan
Palm
Pingpong
Aob
Gigi
Ji
Koko
Maye
Nena
Pawp
Tong
Erie
Kiki
Nann
Auy
Aye
Pond
Send
Ronah
Sye
Teb
Tuktak
Unsen
Ynah
A
Toffee
Pia
Pi
Mai
Piak
Sin
Icey
Kwarn
Wad
Yin
Ynah
Yoghourt
Milez
Kob
Neon
Sugar
Gobi
Gogo
Gip
Em
El
Gitar
Gif
Eye
Nida
Bong
Bang
Or
Sine
Su
Um
Tena
Gap
JeJe
Mae
Nung
Nunge
Pim
Golf
GaiGai
Jack
Jom
Few
Kem
Kel
Kita
S
Cartoon
Sumi
Aon
Banana
Amey
Jet
Yuki
Febby
Joy
Kim
Ploy
Soda
Apple
Bom
Gao
Tae
Bia
Pi
Doll
Dany
Jlo
Bambam
Jess
Moo
Tam
Tle
Art
Arty

Ce
Jo
Kat
Maki
Neay
Jip
Gobee
Am
Arm
Feebee
Gi-won
Me
Bell
Fia
Ruk
Y
Goong
Cream
Lemon
Maui
Ninalee
Porn
Wine
Chun
Edhel
Kiki
Min
Lek
Neng
Pi
Avieh
Nati
Natii
Rooy
Rikka
Oil
Thuy
Sky
Amore
Anggun
Nice
Beer
Dee
Bee
Kui
May
Nan
Nung
Ohh
Pim
Pop
Tam
Yo
Noi
Na
Ball
Balloon
Bra
Best
Cheena
Ek
Ex
Fiat
Eat
Nat
Nit
Num
Poom
Poo
Tom
Ta
Tan
Soda
Miki
Pin
Ang
Cake
Dang
Gac
Kaw
Kank
Lita
Malu
Net
JeeJee
Vo
First
Dew
Guy
Poi
Jaen
JeeJee
Beam
Edzel
Lala
Leyla
Nutty
Um
TeeTee
Pookie
Wan
Pa
Daow
Nam
Fa
Oy
Om
Dim
Dum
Bew
Gip
Dukdak
Jina
Kwan
Nun
Paupau
Pun
Tava
Mamee
Tik
Bo
Earn
Teya
Prim
Wit
Rica
Abby
Angee
Ack
Ara
Aem
Aum
Bobo
Bow
Chalon
Araya
Organ
Miky
Yelly
Nana
Bam
Gung
Jo
Gop
Fon
Ton
Tuan
Ann
Cee
Cha
Donut
Cat
Dinde
Airish
Ben
Duda
Nomi
Moo
Uan
Nute
Ning
Kan
Meow
Irin
Too
Aump
Note
Toon
Noon
Tao
YaYa
Cheow
Wen
Mui
Kay
Nee
Poe
Jo
Fern
Pho
Gem
Pung
Mot
First
Noo
Nid
Som
Yai
Joom
Pee
Pream
Off
Ant
Bomb
Phung
Boey
Pan
Dom

Kai
Muay
Neng
Tuk
Van
Nang
Meaw
Dow
Ead
Pen
Ann
Rung
Kwon
Ba
Poo
Da
Yui
Yu
Su
Boum
Pant
Pom
Mon
Jay
Por
Dana
Pla
Suki
Teek
Mami

Thip
Wine
Eve
Natti
Pla
Sai
Ya
Meao
Joom
Sprite
Nice
Fai
Som
Tan
Keem
Rung
Ray
C
Ole
Than
Gang
Micky
Noot
Pun
Thun
Thy
Jah
Toon
Prim
Amm

Mam
Urathai
Piano
Porjai
Pu
Luck
Janeli
Amadis
Linore
Meli
Too
Bat
Ing
Yanee
Oom
Gun
Poupe
Pook
Whan
Jit
Taiy
Soem
Gam
Aed
Earng
Maplang
Birb
Chan
Soh
Yom

Oo
Aung
Smawn
Buapan
Vas
Tik
Etty
Ninja
Bam
Bam
Mameaw
Yupa
Sorn
Rin
Mod
My
Tu
Tukta
Tata
Win
Da-ae
Weaw
Nuch
Beaw
Vn
Gea
Rat
Eif
Whan
Net

Nok-Eang
Dat
Bright
Bank
Happy
Jar
A
B
F
J
K
M
O
Q
Garfield
Frog
Gecko
Pound
Ford
Sonia
Nokia
Poot
Oud
Mod
True
Yes
Intel
Com
Pepsi

Milk
Fanta
Eh
X
Not
Joke
God
Map
Earth
Nato
Bomb
Film
Guitar
Pencil
Gaby
Ratana
One
Pop
Man-U
Guk
Juum
Thing
Gome
Bad
Wee
Pee
Pooh
Eek

Well, that is only a partial list. Something I worked up in about an hour. Hey and these are just the girls I did 'long-time' with and also got photos of—haven't even included 'short-time' girls (just kidding). Anyway, how about some help guys and guyettes. If everyone who is reading this right now sends me five Thai female nicknames that are not on this list then I should have an additional 50,000 names by the end of the week. Wire some cash donations to cover the printing and distribution costs and I will work up a little booklet that has all of these names in it to be distributed to newbies and frequent farang fliers just getting off the plane. If you meet a nice woman in Thailand and her nickname is not on this list of 50,000 names then beware. She might be from Burma or mentally disturbed or a police undercover agent. But she ain't Thai.

Anyway, did you spot your girlfriend? Did you spot your last ten girlfriends? Did you wonder about the Thainess of some of the names? Golf—what the hell kind of name is that? And I have also seen Golfe and Golff. It's like a spelling contest for drunks. What's next? Bowling—Cricket—Soccer—Rugby—Baseball—Football—Basketball—Hockey (so weird it probably already exists)—Archery. Hey, it's their country; I guess they can do what they want. Still, you gotta wonder how much ya ba and alcohol and girlish laughter went into some of these names. Most of this list are legitimate Thai nicknames. But can you spot some ringers? Names that have nothing to do with Thailand's 5000 year linguistic history. Here is a question for you. If we made a list of all of the legitimate Thai nicknames and we made a list of all the non-Thai based made up nicknames; which list would be longer?

I mean are all of these nicknames really names? And ultimately how much can we believe of any Thai nicknames that we see printed using the English alphabet. Transliterating Thai sounds and Thai words into town names and proper names and street signs in English can produce multiple and often not remotely similar names. The most charitable word you can think of is invention.

And if there is no transliteration involved than making up Thai nicknames is even easier. For something like a three letter nickname they take a consonant and then add a vowel and then finish with a consonant. So for example you could have Dom and Kok and Ron. Now you try it. But wait it gets better. If the Thai female wants to brand herself with the Hungarian or Polish complexity of a four letter nickname she simply doubles up on the vowel. So Dom becomes Doom and Kok becomes Kook and Ron becomes Roon. Are these really names or just pages ripped from the fourth grade Speak and Spell English Primer they had to wrestle with as children? I don't want to come across as Mr. Suspicious but I have my doubts about some of these so-called 'names'. In fact it would not surprise me to find that the same woman has had several nicknames over the years. It would also not surprise me to find that when they tell me what their nickname is in the bar that it is a joke on me.

"Hey girls—lets see if the stupid farang will believe this is a name. Let's see. My dog is named Poo and my sister is named Lon so I'll tell him my name is Poolon. He'll believe it. If they can see you naked they believe anything. My sister is getting monthly checks from a blue-eyed bonehead in Sweden who thinks her name is Elvis."

Sorry folks—not all of these are easily sold as names. Names are not pets to be discarded when you tire of them. They are like fingerprints or birthmarks or personalities. They identify you and they define you. And using the letters of the English alphabet as a kind of random letter generating machine does not make them names either. For instance if you take the name Golf and add another vowel to make the word Goolf that is not another name. That is a mis-spelling. I know of a professional woman in Thailand (OK, she's a tranny) who so far has had three nicknames. She used to be known as Any and then it was Sye and now her customers have to ask for Gip. What is she in—a Thai Tranny Witness Protection Program or something?

In my opinion the reason for this multiple names nonsense is because the names were not really names or were not really respected as names in the first place. They were just inventions without heart. When I ask a Thai woman what her name is I am asking to be taken into her life and to be taken seriously and to be allowed a window on her soul. If she tells me her name is Dodo I want it to mean something. Or something. And if a friend of mine asks her what her first name is he should hear the same thing. Dodo. Names should be inviolate. Set in stone. If a person's name is wet and floppy and changeable like a noodle what kind of a personality might she have?

In theory (and often in practise) Thai names for children are chosen by monks or astrologers. Parents consult these personages to get a Thai name for their baby that is auspicious and will bring good luck. There is a system for this. However, the result is often little different than random behavior. Three learned monks or three learned astrologers can derive three different names. So much for the system. Additionally, Thais can change their names and often do. And many Thais have self chosen names because they do not care for the name chosen by the monk or the astrologer or their parents and of course they can change those names. Confused? You should be. These are just the formal Thai names. Additionally, Thais can choose nicknames that have nothing to do with monks or astrologers or the day of the month and the day of the week they were born and so-called predictors of character or life results or parental desires for good fortune.

These nicknames and spellings using the western alphabet give new meaning to the concept of random generating of data.

Names can be chosen for the way the letters look or the way the name sounds without regard to meanings of any kind. And of course those nicknames can be changed. So the sweet thing who told you her name was Slut on your last visit has now changed her name and wants to be called Puke. Just go with it. Thailand. A nation that presumes to have a lot of traditional restrictions on thought and behavior but if you can just change your name when you want to I gotta be thinkin' it is a pretty easy going place.

This adoption of the western alphabet without regard to meaning is not unique to Thailand. Other Asian nations in the current fad of all things western have also fallen for this love of western letters in an almost calligraphic way. Witness the T-shirts that are sold with tasteless western words on them. The most egregious example being the sweet young innocent Asian girls walking around in T-shirts or sweat shirts with the work Fxxk or Fxxking or Fxxk Me on them. I can not type out the letters to this offensive word for reasons of taste and censorship but people of non-western nations can wear it on their person in public.

The charitable and oh so politically correct westerner will grant them the excuse of ignorance for this behavior but still there are limits or you would think there would be limits. You would be mistaken. In a nation that is provincial and unworldly and without social or individual powers of introspection there are often no limits. The result can be offensive or startling or humorous or perplexing depending on your point-of-view. How about some of these egregiously offensive names chosen as nicknames? Get ready to rumble.

Hey, let's make some Thai nicknames. We will take the first letter of every letter in the English alphabet from A-Z and then add 'on'. So we get:

Aon
Bon
Con
Don
Eon
Fon
Gon
Hon
Ion
Jon
Kon
Lon
Mon
Non
Oon
Pon
Qon
Ron
Son
Ton
Uon
Von
Won
Xon
Yon
Zon

So we just made 26 Thai names. Or did we? What has this got to do with Thai names or Thai pronunciation or Thai culture? Do all non-English alphabet countries (ex: China, Japan, India, Afghanistan) just use the letters in the English alphabet to randomly generate nicknames? The answer is that some of them do. The appearance of the western letters can be particularly beguiling to the non-English speaker and the name chosen for it’s appearance without regard for what it means in it’s native language. Someone in an Asian nation might just love the way the English letters TURD look so they adopt that as their nickname. Imagine that the long flight is over and you see your parents at Heathrow airport waiting for you and your new Thai wife:

You: “Mom, Dad—I’d like you to meet my wife Turd.”

New Wife: “I am so pleasant to see you and velly honored—please to call me Turd.”

You: “And Mom, Dad—this is Turd’s sister Booger.”

Mom and Dad: “Well, welcome to England and to our family. We are excited to have a Turd and a Booger in the family.”

Think I am being too abstruse or unfair about this whole random generating theory? OK, let’s make 26 more Thai nicknames. We will take the list above of three letter names and just add an extra letter ‘o’. So we get:

Aoon
Boon
Coon
Doon
Eoon
Foon
Goon
Hoon
Ioon
Joon
Koon
Loon

Moon
Noon
Ooon
Poon
Qoon
Roon
Soon
Toon
Uoon
Voon
Woon
Xoon
Yoon
Zoon

There we just made 26 more Thai nicknames. Or did we? By starting and ending with consonants and stuffing vowels in the middle it is hard to go wrong. But are these really names when they are not remotely tied to the culture? Well, I guess so. I mean if they say so. Makes you wonder though. How long would I have to live in the country before I was presented with 'fxxk' and and 'cxxt' as nicknames? Is anyone in charge here? The above two lists are pretty mild and the the names are inoffensive. Meaningless, but inoffensive. But try and imagine what might happen with a little more random generating of letters. In theory any name could pop up including some pretty offensive ones. And of course as with all human behavior there is always a shortcut. Western names are sometimes chosen that appear in print. Based on the appearance of the letters (a particularly seductive thing in Japan) names like Zit or Kike or Wank could be almost irresistible. Instead of the dictum 'Follow the Money' to know what is going on socially; just 'Follow the T-shirt and sweat shirt companies'. They know what they are doing.

Is there any bright linguistically evolutionary light at the end of this silly social tunnel whereby adopted western nicknames will mate with formal Thai names and transmogrify into new language bits? I don't think so. I think we are just looking at silliness and fad and unthinking cultural seizure to no purpose and no future. Words that will sooner or later be discarded and left in some linguistic trash heap. Not all pleasure leads to production or influences the future. The English word Dildo is never going to become a Thai word of meaning incorporated into Pali based chants wafting from the early morning windows of Thai monasteries. I hope. Dildo will never be loved or understood or brought into the family. It is just a linguistic stray that has been adopted and then will be discarded as soon as boredom sets in. Again, I hope.

Linguistic archeologists and futurists and social scientists who imagine that assigning value to everything is a sign of humanitarian intelligence disagree. They assume that as language and culture copulate that there is no such thing as an unimportant moment or groan. The beauty of this inclusiveness-as-intelligence approach is that there is an infinite number of subjects around which to marshal arguments for research grants. Let's hear it for career building. In their world if the human can make a sound; than it all counts and it all gets counted. However, the whole point to the scientific method is to apply powers of discrimination to data and then to do some weeding. They do not believe in weeds. It all counts and it all gets counted.

Their arguments always take the truthful and anecdotal form of language evolution history. For example:

> *"The old root gheue, meaning simply to call, became gudam in Germanic and then 'God' in English."*—Lewis Thomas

and another typical example …

> *"Meug was a root signifying something damp and slippery, and thousands of years later it turned into 'meek' in proper English and also 'mooch' in slang, also 'shmuck'".*—Lewis Thomas

The logical inconsistency in their arguments however is that in the above two examples the progression of word meaning change started with a word that actually meant something. Thais adopting or inventing western words to use as nicknames by randomly generating letters or by enthusing over how a word looks or sounds is not linguistic behavior but another kind of behavior. Linguistically there is no There there.

I don't think any of these silly inconsequential non-linguistically attached western based nicknames are going to last or become a formal part of the Thai language or even become Thai words by adoption and time and transmogrification. And it is either a neutral thing or a good thing depending on your point of view. I suppose in this case it is a good thing that the poor Thai parents are out of touch. Else what would their response be when their teenage daughter who was named (after much thoughtful research by the monk and a donation to the temple) Sumalee which means 'a beautiful flower' now insists on being called Twat. Hopefully the parents and the daughter will all live long enough to forget this ignorant and stupid youthful indiscretion.

Hey, are these Thai nicknames?

T
Tr
Tra
Tran
Trann
Tranny

Just Curious ...

Overheard in the Amari Hotel function room in Pattaya at the 2005 Thai Debutante Ball and Reception to honor and introduce noteworthy young female Thais to Thai society and to farang society and to the world:

"Hello, my name is Piss and my sister's name is Fart and this is my ancient and revered mother who has a long, hard-to-say Thai first name for foreigners, so you can just call her Crap. Our children are with us for this wonderful and dignified Hi-So society affair. Those two little future debutantes over there are called Ugly and Snot and my new baby twins are called DooDoo. Both of them."

It makes you wonder if when Thais are choosing nicknames that have been randomly generated from English alphabet letters or seized upon with enthusiasm because of how they look or how the word sounds to their Thai language ear if they ever ask an english literate person if they have made an appropriate choice. I think the answer is no. This makes no sense until you remind yourself that most Thais don't actually believe there are any other countries or languages. It's all Thai all the time and all about them. It must be a shock at the United Nations commissary when they find out they have to wait in line for corned beef and som tam sandwiches with other countries.

I once had a non-English fluent tourist in Boston stop me and show me a recently purchased birthday card that she was going to send home to a friend. She wanted to know if it was appropriate. Well, it turns out that it was not appropriate unless you appreciated sexy porno birthday cards for six year olds. So she did the right thing. She asked for help. The Thais do not do this.

—Oops, all of this year's debutantes and their families have arrived and they are making an announcement in the Amari hotel function room: Let's listen—

"Ladies and gentlemen, revered monks, government officials, esteemed military persons, multi-national corporate CEO's, modeling agency presidents, Thai TV producers, ladyboy theatrical agents, University officials, embassy officials, United Nations representatives, missionaries, Girl Scout leaders, cosmetic surgeons, retired mamasans, and honored farang—I am now going to introduce this years group of impressive and lovely young Thai females that represent the best of the Kingdom and tomorrow's emissaries of our proud culture to the world. Please hold your applause until the end. We will not be introducing them by their Thai birth names because we would be here all night—ha, ha, ha. So instead we will be introducing these worldly Thai cultural debutantes by their nicknames. Please give a warm welcome to:

Lust
Lube
Crabs
Gonad
Jerk
Drool
Dyke
Fag
Dago
Knob
Twit
Slapper
Arse
Peker
Boy
Nerd
Abbo
Paki
Shag
Hump
Nuts
Jugs
Nutter
Colon
Vulva
Wart
Pud
Virus
Oral
Laid
Clap
Balls
Ho
Cum
Muff
Dong
Load
Ovum
Rash
Scab
Sicko
Twit
Groin
Plonker
Slag
Slit
Scum
Boner
Quim
Labia
Boff
Scat
Puke
Wank
Twat
Slut
Puke
Kike
Zit

And the twins Jerk and Off. And people ask me why I go to Thailand. You couldn't dream something like this. The flying elephant called Life would have to dump it on you. I tell you—it made me a lifetime regular attendee of every society event in the Kingdom.

I'd like to be a fly on the wall when these Thai female leaders of tomorrow stand up in their first overseas Masters or PhD. program university class at Harvard University in the States or the London School of Economics or Christ Church University in New Zealand and tell everyone:

"Sa wa dee ka. I am velly honored to be here and please excuse my not so good English. I am hoping to make friends with everyone and I pledge to never do or say anything that would cause anyone to lose face. I hope when you get to know me you will think I am serious woman of mature value and hopefully good wife and mother in future. I am hoping that my training here in economics will allow me to help my country which is Thailand and I am hoping that my international experience will help me be a better person and a better Buddhist. My first name is

Rathsudakhemarapawarin which in Thai means 'Feminine Virgin Butterfly' but you can call me Tits."

Now before you jump all over me like a soi dog on a chicken foot let me tell you that I understand that there are a lot of Thai nicknames that do mean something. For instance:

Moo = Pig
Uan = Fat
Yai = Big
Noi = Little
Gung = Prawn
Pet = Duck
and
Bum = Dimpled

It's an old culture and a populace country and a long list. So I accept all of these and the many other Thai nicknames as legitimate Thai nicknames. But come on folks. Look at the first long list that I posted. Don't some of them look like ringers? How about 'Yoghourt'? How many whiskey lady drinks did it take for that to seem like a good idea? Please do not tell me 'yoghourt' is Thai for 'dancing buffalo' or 'happy bamboo'. It's the stuff you buy in little containers in convenience stores.

Actually, I like yoghourt. Often when picking up some yoghourt I will also pick up some cashew nuts and M&M candies. Are these also Thai female nicknames—Cashew and Nuts and M&M and Candies? Or should some government or Buddhist official in the Kingdom instruct the citizenry to grab the reigns on this whole names thing? I mean is every western food item, just like yoghourt, open for consideration to be a Thai nickname? Am I going to meet a nice woman in the Lollipop bar at the Nana Entertainment Plaza and have her tell me her name is Spam or Sausage or Mayonnaise or Chicken Soup?

Overheard in room 567 at the Nana Hotel:

Dana: Oh, Sausage; you have the smoothest skin and the most beautiful face of any woman I have ever seen.
Sausage: Oh, I am not really that pretty. Wait until you see my

sister Chicken Soup. And she has two girls that are even prettier than her. They are called Bacon Bits and Bread Crumbs.

Or maybe not. It's Thailand. Land of smoke and mirrors. Oops, I gotta go; just had another great Thai female name pop up on the screen ...!

Hey, wait a Thai name minute. —"Oops, I gotta go."— Is it the Chang beer talking or are those four more Thai nicknames? Oops, I, Gotta, and Go. Hey and by adding one more letter 'o' you could have Oopos, Io, Gootta, and Goo. See how easy this is. Isn't it great to be so international and tuned into another culture? Maybe I should write a Thailand guidebook or something.

Thai female nicknames—charming, but like a lot of Thailand you have to wonder.

138. An Orgasm Will Be Called a Dana

TT&A Part 123 4/3/2006

Prelude

Cambodian Automobile Dealership—Boston
Sales Meeting—

Dana: Big elections your honor. I get big elections.

Sales Manager: Big elections Dana?

Dana: Yes your honor. The electric shock therapy gives me big elections.

Sales Manager: Elections? Does anyone here know what this guy is talking about?

Chakroth: I think he means erections sir. When he says 'elections' he means 'erections'. It's like when he says Thailand and it comes out Thairand. There are some wires down in his head and he gets his r's and l's mixed up. He's crazy as a sack of cats.

Sales Manager: OK, Chakroth that'll be enough. Now look Dana we need to grab the reins here; first of all this is not the prison or the shelter or the psychiatric hospital—and you do not have to call me your honor. I'm not a judge or a prison warden or a shelter manager. This is an automobile dealership and you are a car salesman and I am the sales manager and this is a sales meeting and you can call me Barney. OK?

Dana: Yes your honor.

Sales Manager: OK, let's try and move on. We've had some complaints. Did you tell a customer yesterday that you might have to kill him?

Dana: Yes your honor.

Sales Manager: What was that about?

Dana: Well your honor he was a Vietnamese and no matter what features and benefits of the fine automobile I reviewed all he said was,

"What is real price?"
"What is real price?"
"What is real price?"
"What is real price?" ... like a retarded metronome.

So that is when I said—I could tell him the real price but then I would have to kill him.

Sales Manager: Why did you say that?

Dana: A little levity your honor. I was trying to get him to lighten up. All the chinks and gooks and turban heads and dot heads ever say is "What is real price?" I think they need some medications your honor.

Sales Manager: OK, well first of all I do not want you referring to our Asian customers as retarded slant-eyed metronomes.

Dana: Can I call them RSM's?

Sales Manager: No. I am sure you would not say or think anything like that if a Thai customer walked in.

Dana: Barney, baby; this is a Cambodian car lot—you aren't going to sell anything here to a Thai unless you put a Mercedes Benz hood ornament on a buffalo.

Sales Manager: OK, we had a complaint from the Boston Russian embassy last week. Did you threaten to throw a customer in a Soviet style gulag in back of the showroom if he did not buy the car?

Dana: Yes your honor.

Sales Manager: OK, amaze me. How did that happen?

Dana: Well your honor you know how it is with these first generation Russian Jews from Newton and Brighton and Allston—all they ever say is:

"What is discount?"
"What is discount?"
"What is discount?"
"What is discount?"

If you said the car was free they would say, "What is discount?"

So I was just trying to loosen him up a little.

Sales Manager: So you told him that if he did not take the car that you would throw him in a Soviet style gulag in back of the showroom?

Dana: It seemed like a good idea at the time your honor.

Sales Manager: Well, it was not a good idea. The elderly woman who was with him was his mother and she had lost her husband in a gulag in Siberia because he had been caught by the KGB reading Stickmanbangkok.com. Now we have complaints.

Sales Manager: Now look Dana, when we worked with the State of Massachusetts Job Training Dept. and agreed to hire you as an automobile salesman we did it with good intentions and an open mind. We agreed to start fresh and give you a chance and put aside your prison and psychiatric ward history. But we can not have many more complaints. If I get any more complaints I am going to put you in charge of selling used tuk-tuks.

Dana: What?

Sales Manager: Just a little joke jackass—how does it feel?

Now something else. This morning I had to counsel and calm a distraught customer and give him a refund on fifty boxes of floor mats. Did you sell a customer fifty sets of automobile floor mats?

Dana: Yes your honor.

Sales Manager: OK, I know you are crazy as a sack of cats but whatever possessed him to buy fifty sets of automobile floor mats?

Dana: I think he was looking at my election your honor.

Sales Manager: Your erection? You had an erection in the showroom?

Dana: Yes your honor, the electric shock therapy gives me big elections.

Sales Manager: By the way Dana—I had to sign as your legal guardian as part of this State of Massachusetts job training program. Other than the 'big elections' problem is there anything else I need to know about the electric shock therapy you received?

Dana: Sometimes I talk about cheese.

Prologue

Did you ever feel that somehow you had taken a wrong turn in life? Too many risks taken? Too many cul-de-sacs at the end of what seemed like good ideas? The inexorable physics of the downward spiral finally depositing you at the bottom? Well, that is when you need to take a trip to Pattaya. And I do not mean North Pattaya, or 3rd road, or meetings with ex-pat clubs where they have guest speakers talking about the best places to mail order golf pants—I mean the boardwalk. The lovely landscaped promenade from Soi 8 to Soi Pattayaland 2. Yes I know the boulevard of palm trees and walkways and gardens and flowers and shrubs and ocean vistas and benches extends further north and further south but the part of the boulevard from Soi 8 to Soi Pattayaland 2 is the prime habitat for the man who needs to get away from it all. There can be found feminine creatures of beguiling innocence and unmarked beauty that will make you forget that you are getting elections in automobile showrooms. Here every election is a good thing. These women aren't humans but angels that have been sent down from heaven to make a man forget the prison indignities and the fights over psych ward medications and the demeaning homeless shelter rules about blankets. Here a man can be a man and walk around all day and not worry that he has a big election. I sometimes wonder how many other men on the boardwalk have also had electric shock therapy. I'll bet if you could you see their balls you'd see where the sparks jumped. I can't be the only one.

Anyway, I have been thinking. In the prison and in the mental hospital and in the shelter and at the automobile dealership I was punished for thinking but here in Thailand I can be myself. I'm a thinker. I get ideas. Anyway, I have been thinking and I have come up with an idea which I think will benefit everyone in Pattaya whether or not they have had live wires touch their temples and their balls. I have written it up in a proposal entitled:

An Orgasm Will Be Called A Dana

Captain Pattaya here with an idea of such brilliance and such 'smack-your-hand-on-your— forehead' obviousness that when I lay it out for you embarrassment will be your emotional state. No ploblum dude. Not many people are as smart as I am. Hey, don't worry about it. I am used to people smacking themselves on the forehead when they are around me.

But first a review. It is estimated by Thai government officials that from Soi 1 to Soi 16 and from Beach Road up to 3rd road in

Pattaya that there are approximately 20,000 working girls. And we are not talking about maids. We are talking about the wonderful women that your father should have clued you in on and had you meet when you were eighteen years old. But he was married so a lot of important things did not get done. He wasn't getting any sex so screw you. People get mean.

Since there is little or no control over how people breed there are a lot of idiots in the world and invariably the fascist inclined wind up in charge of some part of your life. All of these people hate happy people and all of these people hate sex. So just as the Universe has a background radiation noise that is constant; Pattaya has a constant noise from these moralists and leaders and community activists and church people and family advocates. And that constant noise is that the wonderful women of Pattaya that will exchange sex for money should be somehow … well, something should be done.

I believe their secret wish is that all of these angels from heaven be sent to Antarctica to service penguins. Maybe that is why all of the penguins have been wearing tuxedos for the last 10,000 years—they have been waiting. Anyway, in the opinions of these fascists and moralists and little dick dweebs; the resulting Pattaya community between Beach Road and 3rd Road and Soi 1 to Soi 16 would be improved by the absence of these angels. One could sell Bibles door to door again without having to hear the banging and crashing and screaming and moaning and heaving and grunting and laughing and giggling of people inside doing something Biblical. Sex.

Well, I am nothing if not a modern man of conciliatory impulse and bone marrow reasonableness and diplomacy. Add my brain to this and you never know what will happen. So it follows as the night follows the day that compromise might just be the social solution that would make everyone happy. I have an idea … oh forget the word idea. This is an intellectual explosion of brilliance that makes a supernova look like popping a pimple. Prepare to rewrite all of the Great Men of the World books. Luckily I am humble.

Anyway, this social concept will make the seekers of sex happy and will also make the haters of sex happy. That's right—I am going to make every single person in Pattaya happy without increasing the tax base. Do I hear the birds chirping the word genius?

To wit: The community from Beach Road to 3rd Road and from Soi 1 to Soi 16 will have no obvious signs of sex commerce but the total amount of sexual opportunity will not diminish. Grab your baht bus Heinz and Sven and Manny and Todd—here it comes.

Sound of Trumpets ...

I propose that all twenty thousand prostitutes in Pattaya be moved to the Beach Road boulevard between Sois 13/0 (opposite the AA Hotel) and Soi 13/3 (Pattayaland 1). It is a distance of about two hundred yards. So that works out to about 100 women per yard. Naturally with density such as this there would be some spillage and there would be women on the beach and maybe even standing in the water. Guys cruising with big elections should probably avoid negotiating with the water girls because we all know what cold water does to ... well, you know what I am talking about. Anyway, there would be 20,000 girls in about 200 yards at a linear density of 100 girls per yard. If you add another 30,000 guys to this mix you are going to be having 50,000 sexually interested people in one place. 250 people per yard of boulevard. It's a good thing there is the beach and water for spillage (don't you love it when a plan comes together).

Anyway, there will be interested private parts touching without calculation or forethought. Who wants to party?

Hell, all you would have to do would be to stand in one spot and you would have pale faced Chiang Mai wonders, and dark skinned Isaan minxes, and southern Thai Malays, and spooky Khmers, and incomprehensible Laotians rubbing against you. Works for me. Drop 100mg of Viagra and wander around with a tent stake sticking out. Honk if you love Asian culture. Honk if you love big elections.

The Bible people can simply avoid driving down Beach road and seeing happy human beings; and the sexually normal humans will have choice and convenience and happy vibes heretofore only imagined. Naturally I will be in charge of everything and I will accept my fee in trade (if you know what I mean). I will supervise from the 6th floor ocean facing suite in the AA Hotel and from the Starbucks Coffee 2nd floor outside terrace and from the mezzanine landing on the way up to Swenson's Ice Cream and from the steps of the Royal Garden Plaza.

There will be almost no rules of any kind. Women and guys can dress anyway they want. OK, forget that. There will be some rules. The women will have to wear high heeled shoes. Now there are no more rules. Wait a minute, the guy thing needs some attention. No French, or mainland Chinese, or rich Koreans, or Japs, or Russians, or Eastern Europeans, or skinheads from Britain and Europe or Thais. I know what you are thinking—

"That's not a complete list Dana."

Yes, I know. There are some other religious-cultural party killers. Societies and people that do not treat others different than themselves with respect, and societies and individuals who do not treat women with dignity and respect. Don't worry. The girls will take care of that. All of the girls have been issued scissors and all of the girls have been issued monthly quotas they can't exceed. No worries mate.

OK, that's it. Now it is party time. Hours for boardwalk liaisons will be 7:00 a.m. to 3:00 a.m. (we need four hours to clean up mystery meat sticks and eggshells from boiled eggs). No public misbehavior (it's a meeting place, not a performance venue), and no yelling and no arm waving (sorry Italians), and no displays of money, and no fighting and grabbing and groping, and no drunkenness (sorry rugby and soccer 'fans'). Although there will be 50,000 people in a two hundred yard strip of the boulevard that should not dilute the dignity of the gathering. It is all about love.

OK, let's get away from the nitty gritty details and just imagine this guys. Every day of the year weather permitting there would be 20,000 Thai females of the happy bonking kind between Soi 13/0 and Soi 13/3. One hundred of them per yard. Any man who actually walked from Soi 13/0 opposite the AA Hotel to Soi 13/3 past the Royal Garden Plaza without falling in love would be instantaneously excommunicated because he was defective in some way. Active participants only. No neuters, gays, religious literature fools, backpackers, or farang women of any kind.

The above categories plus nationality and cultural group non-inclusions plus yelling and grabbing and groping and cigarette smoking and drinking and arm waving and fighting are some of the infractions, infringements and violations I'll be watching for from the various official vantage points like Swenson's and Starbucks and the AA Hotel and the steps of the Royal Garden Plaza.

Will I be incognito? No. I'll be extremely highly visible and addressed as Captain Pattaya. I'll be wearing the official Captain Pattaya uniform of elephant decorated beach pants, Indian cotton shirt, black foam Nike sandals, silver jewellery, cell phone, binoculars, laptop, head mounted antenna, megaphone, handcuffs, stun gun, mace, pepper spray (works on foreigners only—Thais actually like it), baton, ticket book (yes you can get ticketed for infractions—it's not anarchy), official badge on chain around my neck, rules handout forms, aviator sunglasses of the military kind, sun umbrella, pith helmet, clipboard, and big pen. I'll also have a backpack with emergency items for the girls such as cell phone batteries, condoms, tampons, and makeup mirrors. OK, I can't run in this outfit (the head mounted antenna is a bitch) but there will be other deputized Danas working the crowd.

People think my job being in charge of this whole thing will be nothing but clear blue skies and slavish hero worship. Who are you kidding? When is the last time you were in charge of 20,000 of the world's most beautiful and most promiscuous women? In fact, not to put too fine a point on it; when was the last time you were actually in charge of one woman? It won't be easy for me but sacrifice for the team is practically my middle name. Selfless giving is my natural instinct. I've been giving to the girls of Pattaya for years and I intend to keep right on giving. Right living produces good karma and that is its own reward. Or something.

Actually, I would rather have cheese as a reward but I digress. At any rate, I'm in charge of everything which is why big ass midgets in short pleated skirts and big bulge trannies in clear plastic heels will be encouraged. It's a party. Get with the program. If you haven't had Wan the door girl from the Hollywood Strip bar and a rolling eyeball transvestite from the Obsessions bar and an anxious-to-please midget from the first floor NEP Lollipops bar in your hotel room at the same time—well, then ... OK, I'm not a storyteller. You'll just have to imagine. Whether it is Bangkok or Pattaya you either know what a party is or you don't. With this new social program and geographical change we are going to ratchet up the P for Party in Pattaya. Get with the program.

Anyway I am not a Himalayan cave mendicant but a highly socialized animal not immune to the charms of public recognition. I predict that as this idea becomes a social success for the greater Pattaya community that I will become recognized by the Bible readers, and moralists, and fascists, and family value people, and community standards advocates (yawn), and given various kinds of awards and things. I love receiving awards and accolades and cutting ribbons and holding up plaques and trophies and posing for photographers because there is usually some kind of cheese around at these events. I love cheese. (Hint: If you put your medications in cheese you do not get that bitter taste.)

Anyway, it wouldn't surprise me if the mayor of Pattaya recognised me for my public contributions at a function where the centrepiece was a life-size bargirl carved from a giant piece of cheese. You could take a som tam spoon and scoop some mozzarella right out of her crotch. Just thinking. Cheese dips and cheese on toothpicks and slices of cheese and cubes of cheese. Cheese nipples maybe. Love cheese.

In the psychiatric treatment facility in Boston (diagnosis: 'Pattaya Possessed with Delusions of Grandeur') the nurses used to tape oven mitts to our wrists at night so that we wouldn't touch ourselves. Attempts at self-love were still possible but the fine motor skills were gone. A little like trying to put a worm on a hook wearing boxing gloves. Theoretically possible but hardly worth the effort. Oven mitts taped to your wrists and loving don't go together. It was kind of a bummer. But during the daytime there was always lots of thirty year old surplus government cheese in the recreation room. You could eat it until you got so stopped up they had to use the rectum apple corer to get you going again, or you could carve a huge chunk of it in the shape of a transvestite and wander the halls with a cheese tranny in your pants. So it was oven mitts at night—kind of a bummer; and cheese by day—simply fabulous. Kind of a ying and yang thing. Life works out. Love cheese.

Anyway, I predict public recognition from the Pattaya Municipal government and the World Council of Churches for my forward thinking social solution to the Pattaya Prostitute Problem (PPP). I also predict that an orgasm in Pattaya will become known as a Dana.

Captain Pattaya here beaming this question out to you worldwide through my head mounted antenna from the steps of the Royal Garden Plaza: Who thinks this whole thing is a great idea?

Who wants me to carve a cheese tranny for them? I'll meet you on the boardwalk between Soi 13/0 (opposite the AA Hotel) and Soi 13/3 (Pattayaland 1). Twenty thousand women will be there. And they won't be selling prawns or sunhats. Big elections? No ploblum. Don't speak Thai? No ploblum. Electric shock burns on your balls? No ploblum. You like to tie girls to the bed and lick their feet? No ploblum. You like to walk around with a cheese tranny in your pants? No ploblum.

Psychiatric ward oven mitts taped to your wrists? That's a ploblum. Oven mitts and loving don't go together. No oven mitts allowed.

139. Feel Sorry For Prostitutes, Do You?

TT&A Part 124 11/3/2006

So Mr. Modern Man (MMM); you feel sorry for prostitutes. You really do. In fact, you have found that feeling sorry for prostitutes out loud at cocktail parties and around the water cooler at work is social currency in the bank. When that cute little minx Cindy from Accounting is around you always make sure she can hear you bleat about feminist approved sympathy for prostitutes. And you really do feel sorry for them. Their lives are horrible. Especially compared to your own.

Really? Want to put it to the test? Let's see who is doing better. Since you are such a manly man you won't have any problem with this-right? You'll abide by the results-right? OK great. Let's just run the tally and then you do the responsible thing and make the right choice based on the evidence.

I have known a prostitute who works the boardwalk in Pattaya for years. She is now in her early 40's. It is all she has ever done. We will call her Da. I would use her real name and she would have no compunction about using her real name but I am not sure yet that you are equal to her. Let us first see if you deserve to know her. Oh by the way-she never lies.

1. Da works for herself. There is no mamasan or bar owner or boyfriend or husband telling Da what to do. Da is independent. She has no boss.

How about you Mr. Modern Man (MMM)-are you your own man or will you get your sorry ass thrown out in the street if you don't do what the boss wants? Is your boss a woman? Is your boss younger than you? Is your boss an ass but STILL YOUR BOSS ?

2. Da works a six day week but only when it suits her which means she does not work for about two months of the rainy

season. Two months off. She also does not work on cloudy days or windy days or cold days or out of season rainy days. I figure she works about 215 days per year.

How many days a year are you required to work at the soul destroying gulag prison you are at Mr. Modern Man?

3. Da knows what trade she is in and she works it in a disciplined way like a business; but it still only requires that she work six hours per day. She works from 9:30-3:30. That is it. If she meets a potential new customer at 3:25 he is informed that she will be available tomorrow. She is going home.

How many hours do you work Mr. Modern Man (MMM)? I know. Shit loads. And you brag about it as if bragging about working hard or working hard for someone else makes you more of a man instead of less than a man. Fool. Since you are so educated and so savvy and so smart let me ask you a question. What do you think Da thinks of a man who has to work more than her? And you feel sorry for her? You've got it assbackwards pinhead. She feels sorry for you. Well, actually she doesn't. You don't even count that much.

4. Da gets paid in one economy and lives in another economy. She charges foreigner prices but she spends her money in the Thai economy. It is not possible to stretch your money or utilize your energy more efficiently. Da has learned to live below her income and practise responsible money management. When Da and I are together it is never for more than 45 minutes. 500 baht to her. We are done by 11:00 a.m. The rest of her day is one more short time from someone who pays better than me and a trip to Western Union to see if any money came in. Then it is time to go home and cook dinner on her modern stove while the airconditioner is humming and a Thai game show is on the big screen. Mmmmmm ...! tough gig.

How about you MMM? Do you have to spend your money in the same economy that you earn your money? Of course you do. Does it take you 8 to 12 hours per day to pay for 24 hours of expenses? That is why you are broke and tired all the time. Da is never broke or tired.

5. Da does not live on Beach road or 2nd road or even on 3rd road. She lives further east where the economy is 100% Thai. She has a modern one bedroom apartment which is affordable because she is paying Thai prices. She also has an airconditioner and big screen TV and modern kitchen appliances and a new motorbike. I have visited but never been entertained there. It is her home. Home and business are separate. If you look in her passport she has been to Iceland and Canada and San Francisco and Germany and Jeddha and Austria and New Zealand and Japan and Singapore and Macau and Hong Kong. The foreigners she sells her services to think she is an ignorant whore and feel sorry for her. She has everything they do and she has seen more of the world. Da keeps her mouth shut. She just lets the Modern Men talk—and pay.

Where do you think she is during the rainy season? In some rural Thai dump holding someone's squirmy filthy unloved baby? Not by a long shot. Da is on a plane—dressed to kill—and getting out of the Kingdom. Accompanied or unaccompanied, paid for or paying out of pocket it makes no difference.

And why doesn't her passport have stamps from Burma and Cambodia and Laos and Vietnam? Two reasons: The first reason is that none of the farang men in those countries have any money. Da isn't wasting any time with backpackers or missionaries or travel book readers or the culturally sensitive. Being pelted by rain in front of some architectural pile of rubble in the steaming jungle while some land mine victim tries to sell her an umbrella is not Da's idea of a vacation. Hence the second reason: who in their right mind would visit those Asian crapholes when you could be attending special parties in Tokyo (first class round trip tickets in advance and a limo waiting at the Narita airport), or trolling for retired British airline employees in Singapore, or buying discount designer knockoff fashions in Hong Kong? Da likes Da and Da likes living and Da knows how to live.

Example: One year I thought it would be fun if the two of us took a trekking tour to Bhutan.

Me: "Da, would you like to go on a 10 day trekking tour of Bhutan? The country is beautiful in the foothills of the Himalayas and I of course will pay for everything?"

Da: "You want me to go hiking in Bhutan? Are you out of your mind?"

All of a sudden her English language speaking and comprehension skills were excellent.

Anyway: In her small one bedroom apartment she has put the bed in the living room and made the bedroom into a walk-in closet for her clothes and shoes and purses and jewelry. She loves fashion. She is the only working girl on the boardwalk who is dressed up every single day. From the low rent Thai end of the boardwalk down near the Thai bathing beach section all the way south to the boardwalk wall opposite the Royal Garden Plaza 99% of the hookers are low rent bottom feeding trash who do not care how they look. Not Da. Da cares and Da dresses every single day. Her body and her age have now started the long betrayal and she is overweight and past her prime. Her breasts now sag where they used to point at the sun. But she has learned to dress to effect and make sure her big ripe puppies are up front and high and bursting from her tops. Later in the hotel room gravity takes over and you both have to do some adult expectations mental adjusting but meeting her and looking at her and picking her up on the boardwalk is always exciting.

A long long time ago a friend of mine and myself were at the town dump here in the States on a Sunday. Just messing around like twelve year old boys do. Throwing rocks at seagulls and stumbling around in junk and shooting slingshots at bottles and cans. We discovered a whole bundle of Playboy magazines. The breasts on those women made an impression on me for life. Da is the twelve year old part of me. She knows that part of every man is a part that is still only twelve years old and that is the part that you want to sell to. Hence the dressing up and the selling of sex through fashion. Part of the business and part of her personality. Her name is Da. She has value. She dresses up. She has about 300 hangers of clothes. Standing in her closet and looking around it is a monument to ego. Good for her. People without ego I do not want to know.

How about you Mr. Bigmouth Sympathetic Modern Man-still walking around in last years suit and shoes no one notices? Still wearing blue suits and white socks? Still wearing striped shirts and patterned ties? Still showing up at the office with no belt? Still not trimming your eyebrows or the hairs growing out of your nose or your ears? Still don't have a tailor?

Think no one notices? Think again Mr. Low Rent. Think again Mr. Big Talk. Da would have you spotted and measured at 200 yards. From her boardwalk station under the trees she would spot you moving up north from the Royal Garden Plaza Mall or headed south from around soi 11. Like a silent smiling jackal entertaining a mouse she would let you approach and genuflect and speak and squeak and bounce and jump and twitter. Then she would play you like a violin. Then you would pay.

A hint Mr. Modern Man: Never feel sorry for the person you are paying. You are paying them. They are not paying you. You are paying them. Now you repeat it.

6. Da the horrible prostitute that you feel so sorry for receives daily and constant reinforcement from the opposite sex that she has value as a woman. This is a brain stem primal need that we all have and one of the contributors to good mental health.

How about you Mr. Modern Man-are you receiving daily affirmations of your attractiveness as a male from females? Well, are you? Really? OK I believe you. Just answer me one question. How many females would give you money to have sex with them? This isn't reasonable or fair? Really? Well it is reasonable and fair in every one of Da's days. I guess you two aren't equal are you?

7. Da owns everything she has free and clear without loan, lien, or mortgage. Her only daily expense is the gas to run her motorbike into work. She would have to run the motorbike anyway no matter where she worked so it is a non issue. Same with the clothes. She would have to dress anyway no matter where she worked. Another non issue. Da's daily expenses to run her business are approximately zero and she is debt free.

How about you MMM? Are you debt free? Course not. Your debt is running you. Between your boss running you and your debt running you you're lucky your dog has not abandoned you.

8. Da has been running her business so long and so honorably on the boardwalk that she has the best spot and the most reliable friends and the protection of the police. She has respect.

How about you Mr. Modern Man? If you got in trouble would friends or the police show up? Really? Want to try it?

9. Da has a rolodex of happy satisfied clients that call constantly. She has a cushion if she meets no new clients on the boardwalk. Twice she has called me when things were slow. I nearly broke a leg getting down there. She has a business.

How about you MMM—do you have a business?

10. Da has the final veto in all matters. It is her business. It is Da's way or the highway. She makes the rules. She decides what is and what is not going to happen.

How about you MMM? Oh don't even bother lying to me. You haven't got control over anything and your resume is limper than your dick.

11. Da likes herself and her life and what she does. I know this will come as a complete shock to some people but there actually are some living breathing women who like to get attention from men and who like to get naked with men and who like to have sex with men and who like to get paid for it. In the hotel room Da likes to look at herself taking off her clothes and then she likes to get on the bed naked and put her arms around you. After sex she likes to take a shower with you and wash you and be washed by you. She then likes to get dressed in front of the mirror and she likes to look at herself while she is doing so. Sound superficial? Really? How about stamp collecting or golf or flower arranging or bird breeding or arrow making or dog training or church choir singing.

Superficial? Of course they are. Except for eating and shitting; everything we do is superficial. Nothing we do is important or required including breeding. Da's life is no more superficial than the lives of many. She is running no debt, socially stable, mentally happy, fun to be with, and a parasite on no one.

I used to have a girlfriend in the States who took showers with the light off in the bathroom because she 'didn't feel good' about her body. Clearly this human being had unresolved issues regarding ego and gender and personal appearance. I am 100% sure she would look down on Da and on Da's lifestyle in the patronizing way of all undersexed farang buckets of judgemental lard. She would be wrong. Da can get naked and get down to business because she has ego and intelligence and focus.

How about you Mr. Modern Man? Are you happy with who you are and what you do? Really? Then how come you are still farting around with recreational drugs and too much alcohol and a foul mouth and reading the Help Wanted section of the newspaper every Sunday? Last time we checked you are running debt, only socially stable because you are hemmed in by others, only fun to be with if someone wants to hear whining and victimhood pouting, and your payments into the social welfare system guarantee a future of parasitism masquerading as entitlement—"I paid into it—I earned it".

12. Because Da is a Thai citizen she has access to affordable health care.

How about you MMM? Is your health care affordable? Don't even bother answering. Lie to someone else.

So Mr. Modern Man who is so terribly concerned about the lives of prostitutes; who is doing better in their life-Da or you?

Remember how we started this conversation? We were going to run a tally and then you were going to do the responsible thing and reach the inescapable conclusion and take the necessary steps. I've heard you lately talking and chatting and I couldn't help but notice that you like to use Buddhism as a way to build yourself up. Expostulating on the features and benefits of Buddhism. Makes you look and sound International and hopefully sexy to Cindy in Accounting.

"Well, I'm not really that religious but if I were to pick a religion I think Buddhism has the most going for it".

I am sure Buddhism and the Buddha thank-you Mr. Modern Man.

Well, since you know so much about Buddhism I am sure you are aware that the simple ideas of making merit and rebirth have been transmogrified in Thai Buddhism into a belief in reincarnation. Sure, you knew that. Of course you did. OK, here is the question of the day Mr. Modern Man. Based on what we have just seen in comparing your life to the life of a Thai prostitute-when you are reincarnated; would you like to come back as a prostitute?

No ... Why not?

Hey, didn't we have a deal? Weren't you going to accept the evidence and then act accordingly? What's the matter Mr. Watercooler Warrior—no balls? Just average?

Why don't you put your life where your big mouth is Mr. Modern Man? I intend to. When I retire to Thailand it is not going to be as some old broken down storytelling farang. I'm going to be on the boardwalk selling it. Ankle braces and high heeled shoes, lemon yellow spaghetti strap summer dress, silk underpants with little pink elephants, jewelry, disco purse, pink lipstick and long pink nails (to go with the pink elephants), a glossy black wig that goes to the backs of my shaved knees, and sparkles in my hair that glint and flash in the sun. I'm going to be a prostitute. Finally I'll be able to live a life of independence and dignity and respect. No more bosses and no more debt and no more long hours and no more taxes and no more worry about where is the money coming from and how am I going to pay the medical bills. My worries will be over and I'll have a rolodex full of men who want to love me (and pay me).

Sweet Jesus reserve a spot for me in heaven-and heaven will be a place under the trees on the boardwalk in South Pattaya opposite Soi 13/0. No condoms—I'll be selling sex. No lube—it feels good when it hurts. And most especially no cell phone. No appointments necessary—I'll just take them as they come. A happy satisfying life of chatting with my friends, catching some rays next to the ocean, and playing butt darts with rich foreign men.

How about you Mr. Modern Man? Want to be a prostitute? I'm sure that little minx Cindy from Accounting would think you a man of honor if you chose to be reincarnated as a prostitute. She would respect you for making a rational choice based on the evidence. No? Well, OK-then you can be one of my customers. A second rater to the end.

140. They Ain't Talkin'

TT&A Part 125 18/3/2006

Prologue

Thoughts of Yesterday ... and Young Men Philosophizing

Cruz Bay, St. John—United States Virgin Islands

My friend Bob had a houseboat in the harbor called the Titanic (the dingy was called Free Ice) and it was a handy stopping off point, either on the way to our anchored boats or on the way to shore, for a beer and a talk. Under the normal circumstances and restrictions of civilization Bobby would have been labeled a loser and a waste of time but in the boat bum world of the 70's standards for social intercourse were a little more open minded. He was a riot. So there was visiting and there was drinking and there was laughing and there was man talk. Lots of talkin' and thinkin' and talkin'. Philosophers in the tropics. Sometimes there were parties.

One night there was a party. About thirty on board. Beers. Music. Laughter. The only illumination was a masthead lens that threw a circle of light on the water right behind the boat. Suddenly a scream. A female screaming and pointing. There hovering on the surface of the water in the pool of light in back of the boat was a fifteen foot shark. Waiting. Time on its side. Millions of years of time.

Except possibly for a komodo dragon ripping apart a soi dog, or a snake in your Surin sock drawer; there is nothing more primeval and prehistoric than a big shark. Suddenly with the finality of biology you know that you are small and weak and don't count for anything. The big shark doesn't care about the degree in Marketing you are about to get from Chulahorn University. Its only calculation is whether to include you in its life. Just like a

Pattaya boardwalk freelancer it will be making all of the decisions about your relationship.

Sometimes at these night time parties there would be tourists jumping in the water. But not the natives. They knew of sharks and primitive impulse and sudden savage bloodied water. They thought the Continentals (West Indian speak for farang) were crazy. The white men had money and the white women had needs; the rest was just sudden savage primitive impulse in their world. Black West Indians living wasted lives of childish impulse, and petty cruelties, and valueless xenophobia of place. Another Third World country. Desperate lives. Desperate people. Desperate country. Another Thailand.

Ten of us climbed up on the houseboat roof of the Titanic and pelted the shark with beer cans. Then it was party over. Rowing ashore in little boats with the oars hardly touching the water. Leaping over the bows into the sand rather than stepping over the side into the water. Scared into the quiet life. Just trying to emotionally regroup and deal with an environment that often diminished you and frightened you. Every black male and every black female on this island was stronger than every white male and every white female and everything in the water could kill you. White people far from home. Youth.

The West Indian tropics. From St. Thomas to Jamaica to Barbados the same psycho-social-sexual dramas played out with the banality and repetition of unintelligent procreative life forces. Dim-witted fathers' daughters with little backpacks and big-eyed college girls with a feminist inspired copy of Cosmo magazine in hand coming down from the States to get nailed by blacks. And in the meantime and for all time big predator fish coming into the harbors at night to feed. A primitive world of primitive desires. Sex and eating. Rowing out to your boat at night surrounded by swirling rapacious bats and the sometimes heaving water of big fish could be spooky. Once standing on the quayside at night with some friends in Charlotte Amalie we saw the faraway phosphorescent explosion of a tourist who had jumped off a yacht. Halfway out to Water Island and this numbskull was swimming to shore at 2:00 a.m. His flailing phosphorescence and beating heart sending out an invitation to every big toothed killer from Frenchtown to Water Island to the cruise ship dock. We took bets on whether he would make it.

Pale skinned visitors out of time and out of place and out of step with the landscape and the rules and the natives. Another Thailand. A Thailand of the West. Away from the postcard kiosks in the hotel gift shops and one hundred yards outside of town it was all primitive stuff dressed up with palm trees and trade wind breezes and fancy drinks and happy misleading travel brochures. Another tropical paradise. Another horror. Racist children with malnutrition sores on their legs, ineffectual schools, superstition rather than western medicine, loss of village life, fractured families, and a culture of rapine on all visitors. Another Thailand.

And Time the old trickster ever at hand. Like sands through an hourglass the expat life dribbled away without profit or hope. Delight turned to delusion and delusion turned to despair. Then followed depression and death. T-shirts could be bought throughout the islands that said, "Another Shitty Day In Paradise". Leathery skinned expats loved them and wore them. When you have lost everything else all you are left with is lame philosophy and donkey braying laughter and alcohol and clever self-deprecating T-shirt announcements of failure. The T-shirts could have said, "Another Farang Day In Thailand".

But the night time parties on the houseboat Titanic were rare. Mostly Bob's boat was a kind of men's clubhouse where you could share a beer and a thought. One night Bob and I were on the boat talking and sharing Heinekens. No moon and billions of stars overhead. You could hear the sound of trumpets and laughter tumbling down the hill from the native bars. Every black man and every black woman with more hormones than the whites and they knew it. The life force in abundance but not shared out equally. On this night the stars were reflected on the Cruz Bay water like Christmas lights on black slate. The ferry at the public dock was using the conspiratorial cloak of night to pump out the bilges and the harbor was covered with a thin sheen of oil. Stars reflected in the oiled dead flat water and stupid uncaring blacks despoiling paradise.

After a few beers I said,

1974—"All a man needs is a bed and a boat and a dog and a refrigerator and a toolbox"

Women imagine that because they sit around and talk about men that men must sit around and talk about women. They are mistaken. Men do not sit around and talk about women. At least in the West. That is not quite as true in Thailand—but at least in Thailand there is something to talk about. Anyway, what men mostly talk about is sports and current events and politics and stuff (life, philosophy, things). And there is not anything mean-spirited or of the complaint nature about it either. Just ruminations and enthusiasms. But doesn't this quote from 1974 and my youth look like there is something missing? I mean dogs and tools and boats and such is fine but isn't there something missing? Must have been the beers.

How about an update now that I am older and wiser:

2006—"All a man needs is a bed and a boat and a dog and a refrigerator and a toolbox and a dancer from the G-Spot bar."

We grow.

Hopefully, if I live long enough and acquire wisdom enough I will catch up on all of my knowledge deficiencies. I’ve spent a lifetime being surrounded by people smarter than me but I notice that they are not getting any smarter and I am getting a little bit smarter so maybe we will all break the tape together at the finish line. One of those knowledge deficiency categories of mine would have to be the Chinese of Thailand, the so-called and often misnomered Thai-Chinese.

To wit: Hey, what’s the deal with these people? I mean what is the flippin’ deal? I mean does anybody understand them? Can anybody talk to them? Has anyone ever felt good after doing business with them? Would any farang actually be crazy enough to ask Chinese parents for their daughter’s hand in marriage?

OK, I feel better now.

Anyway, I have written a little essay on this subject entitled:

They Ain’t Talkin’

Somebody of the writing researching social anthropology persuasion should do a study on the Chinese in Thailand. The often misnomered Thai-Chinese. What a joke. Many of them are about as Thai as I am. You see them everywhere and they own all the banks and you can’t find a Hi-So ribbon cutting event in the social pages of the newspapers and or the social pages of the expensive high gloss magazines that does not have at least one Chinese woman of means and fashion and often bullet proof bouffant hair and iron butterfly smile. But they ain’t talkin’.

1. Example: There is a Chinese owned mini-mart style convenience store and grocery across from the Right Spot hotel past Soi 16 on Walking Street in South Pattaya. At that end of the street they have all the business. And they have all of my

business. I am in there with my ready smile once or twice per day and at night I buy their overpriced grilled cob corn.

Me: Why is this corn-on-the-cob 20 baht when the grilled corn-on-the-cob down near Soi Diamond is only 10 baht?

Chinese Girl: This is special Chinese corn.

Well, she got me to laugh and she got me to pay. To overpay—by 100%. You have to give it to them—they've got balls. Or, maybe they don't have balls—maybe they are just a subspecies of humanity so chromosomally ingrained with greed that this behavior is normal. Who knows? See—this is an example of why we need some investigation. I can't be the lone wolf baying at the moon on this subject. I don't think any non-Chinese understand these people.

Like I said in the Prologue—you grow. And hopefully the cumulative years yield more wisdom. I'd like to finally figure out the Chinese in Thailand before some bargirl is scattering my ashes at the entrance to the Nana Entertainment Plaza on Soi 4 in Bangkok. I've got some of it figured out but not all of it. Just a subplot in my life.

Anyway, I am a regular customer at this little hole-in-the-wall Chinese mini-mart and a reliable customer and guaranteed repeat business and friendly. I am also a human being. They are presumably human beings (like I said we need some investigation). You would think that would mean something. You would be mistaken.

Often there is a baby on a blanket on the floor behind the counter. It belongs to the young Chinese woman who is doing the cashiering. By any measure this baby should be the happiest most amazing part of this woman's life. Something that would trigger a smile and non-judgemental extroverted behavior. A personal life event that would cause her to open up and expand her social horizons. She knows me. I have on more than one occasion said something friendly and supportive and adult about the baby or made a sincere inquiry about the baby.

Nothing. Down comes the Chinese wall. She ain't talkin' Take your yogurt and get out white devil.

2. Example: Further down Walking Street (going north) on the right hand side is a Chinese owned pharmacy. Big fat greasy stupid filthy Chinese father and big fat greasy stupid filthy incredibly ugly Chinese daughter. I have been a regular customer for years. I am reliable and regular and friendly and they have been overcharging me for Viagra for years and pocketing the profits. You would think this would earn a smile. You would be mistaken.

Apparently not long ago the daughter was taken to a blind men's' insane asylum in the Kingdom and impregnation was the result because there is now a baby on the floor of this pharmacy. Staring at the baby and looking at the daughter out of the corner of your eye you feel like Darwin in the Galapagos Islands trying to figure out the mysteries of iguanas and tortoises and prehistoric irrational and purposeless breeding. It is simply beyond a 100 beer loss-of-control scenario that any man would want to see this woman naked. Forget intercourse. Just seeing her naked would make your dick disappear into the safe nether regions of your groin. I personally would kiss an oozing harelip before I would copulate with this monster and I am not that particular. But there is the baby.

You would imagine that this baby on the blanket on the floor that loves mama without qualification or thought would bring a smile to this Chinese woman's face and cause her to be friendly without qualification to the customers. The happy side effect of hormonal overload and beating the odds at life. You would be mistaken. I once made the mistake of showing an interest in the baby. I said something friendly and adult and caring.

Nothing. She ain't talkin'. Take your Viagra and get out round eye.

"No wait, first put your hand in the cash drawer so that I can smash it on your barbarian fingers. One more caring sincere remark about my baby and I will have you flailed to death with wet laundry."

You'd have to roll this bloated whale in flour to find her wet spot but I do not come up to her high standards because I am not Chinese. Apparently, being Chinese supersedes all other human attributes of any and all kinds at any and all times in this or any other Solar System.

Ya know, I can almost go with that madness because of my charitable nature but if this two hundred pound pigtailed sausage thinks she has sex appeal because she has given birth my head will burst. There are limits. Instead of the mainland Chinese tour buses inching down Walking Street on the way to disgorging their uncomprehending load near Soi Pattayaland 2 they should just have the tour guides march all of them down to this pharmacy. Inside this Chinese daughter monster would have a sign hanging around her neck that says,

"Don't let this happen to you"

But I digress. Anyway, because she is Chinese and I am not Chinese she ain't talkin'. I am not worthy.

3. Example: Years ago I made the mistake in Chinatown of thinking that something that looked like a store was a store. In I went. I made inquiries about merchandise. I made inquiries about prices. I smiled. Nothing. The clerk wasn't talkin'. Get out big nose scum. Scram imperial white face colonizer. We don't

want your money and we don't want to be friendly or even human. We want to live lives of hopelessness and rage and despair and poverty all tied together by the notion that we are superior to everyone because our starving ancestors came from China 250 years ago. Yessir, we are the progeny of losers and that makes us winners. What?

OK, you get the idea and if you have spent any time in the Kingdom you could come up with more examples. The Chinese in Thailand do not actually live in Thailand. They live in China. Calling them Thai-Chinese is just charity and affectation. The whole Thailand part is just someone else's idea and additional proof if they needed it that they do not have to pay taxes or be good citizens or vote or take an interest in any other Thais, humans, or farang. China for China and everyone else can burn and twist in the fires of non-China hell for eternity.

One Minute One Act Play In The Kingdom—

Title: NOW YOU DIE

Thai-Chinese Moneylender—"The interest on the money is 127% compounded every six hours and then at the end of two days the interest rate jumps to an unspecified higher amount. You have no rights and you do not know my name and there is no paperwork."

Loan Applicant—"Can we discuss that?"

Thai-Chinese Moneylender—"No discuss. No loan. Now you and family die."

So, like I said; someone with writing and interviewing skills and 1000% fluency in every conceivable Chinese dialect, and pretend dialect, and just plain lying their ass off dialect should do some interviewing and try and break this behavior down. Not that it will benefit anyone or change anything. Just a westerner's 'knowledge for knowledge sake' kind of thing. I mean where do they get off thinking their shit doesn't stink? How soon will the innocent blank baby slates on the floor of the pharmacy and on the floor of the mini-mart start to have their brains polluted regarding white foreign devils and the innate supremacy of all Chinese everywhere? Does the fat stupid ignorant filthy Chinese father who runs the little hole-in-the-wall pharmacy on Walking Street look at himself in the mirror and see a God? I think he might. I think it is ego run amok and I think it is mental illness.

At any rate it is another mystery of the Kingdom. Welcome to Thailand. Where every day is a descent into a fun house of smoke and mirrors populated by people who are crazy and rude. I guess that is what is called multi-tasking in this emerging country; being crazy and rude at the same time. You know it is kind of funny when you think about it. Everything I have just said about the Chinese in Thailand I could also have said about the Indians or the Thais. Three groups of people living side by side in the same small country and all convinced that they are superior.

The only thing that has prevented bloodshed is that each of these racial-cultural groups is so consumed by greed that they can think of little else. If an Indian husband's wife was being abused and the husband saw a coin in the gutter he would dive for the coin first. And he would get support for this from the wife. If a Chinese house was on fire and they could get a good price for the water buckets they would sell them and let the house burn down. If a Thai restaurant owner thought he could make a bigger profit on glasses of water by watering down the water he would do it. No thought. Just greed.
Anyway, somebody should try and penetrate the Chinese community and try and get some facts. Because as the Indians don't really live in a country called Thailand—they live in a country and a culture called India; the Thai-Chinese do not

really live in Thailand—hence my contention that they are often misnomered as Thai-Chinese. I'll bet if I made a trip to the middle class and upper middle class Chinese sections of Thailand's major cities I would not find the Chinese living in modern apartments or living in traditional pitched roof Thai architecture but living in Chinese junks. Three and four masted teakwood Chinese junks that had been transported by truck or dragged by tractors from the sea and lined up gunnel to gunnel with their bows facing towards the Forbidden City and their sterns facing towards Bangkok. A community of bankers and merchants and university graduates living on Chinese junks. Red and black and tan matted sails waving in the suburban landlocked breeze, laundry hanging from the rigging, slit-eyed dogs running around, cooking fires on deck, a gold shop in the forward hold and a laundry in the after hold, and everyone sleeping topside under tattered tarpaulins to save money. China.

And while these white devil journalist investigators are at it I would like to know where in hell the baby in the Chinese pharmacy came from. Ugliest woman I have ever seen.

141. Ode to the Word Farang

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Prologue

F is for the way you Fooled with my heart.
A is for your Ass which tore me apart.
R is for the Runaround I got from day three.
A is for you Always lying, lying to me.
N is for your little Nose, just like a teddy bear.
G is for your intentions, spun like Gold, bringing me to your lair.

What does it spell? FARANG.

The sound of a warning shot.
The chill of a 'goodbye letter'.
Belief in something that's not ...
Oh, she was different—she was better.

But time would have been better served;
If your heart took a break and sang—
The number of times you heard the word
Farang Farang Farang

F is for the times you Fibbed and you lied.
A is for the 'Always' you promised till we died.
R is for the Rumble of your sexual heat.
A is for your Ass, about one foot wide.
N is for the 'No' received when asked about boyfriends and children.
G is for Goddamn—you just called me that word agen.

Farang Lie

“Oh, it’s just a way of saying foreigner.
It doesn’t mean a thing.
I love you honey bunny,
More than any thing.

But when we visit parents,
You will doubtless see—
They won’t call you by name,
You only count to me!”

Bargirls Singing The Farang Song

“F is for the Foolish way they buy everything we ask.
A is for Asian pretending—an easy easy task.
R is for the Roof of mama’s house that blew away.
A is for the Asshole that we got to pay.
N is for the Nights of fakery and sexual sigh.
G is for the Gold they buy and buy and buy.

F is for the Fools from far far away.
A is for them Always paying—paying every day.
R is for Redolent—jasmine on air.
A is for the kingdom—Always Always there!
N is for me and every Thai included—we will Never care.
G is for Gunther; my other boyfriend with the blond blond hair.

F is for the Foolish way they buy everything we ask.
A is for Asian pretending—an easy easy task.
R is for the Roof of mama’s house that blew away.
A is for the Asshole that we got to pay.
N is for the Nights of fakery and sexual sigh.
G is for the Gold they buy and buy and buy.”

Introduction

Learned expats expound,
That Farang is just descriptive.
But even they have found—
That Farang and Farang and Farang is very expletive

So next time they are telling and explaining Farang as neuter—
Ask them how many Smilers there are,
And how many friends they've got.
Ask them how many times Farang popped up
In the intimate loving discussion of Sin Sot.

Watch their hands and pupils,
The giveaways of lying.

Call them Farang instead of Jeff or Bob or Sam—
And see how soon you are corrected.
How soon their theory is dying.

It's Farang this and Farang that,
And give us some money.
On our deathbeds will we remember the charms of Siam?
Or FARANG I am?

F
A
R
A
N
G

What does it spell? FARANG.

The sound of a warning shot.
The chill of a 'goodbye letter'.
Belief in something that's not.
Oh, she was different—she was better.

But time would have been better served,
If your heart took a break and sang—
The number of times you heard
FARANG FARANG FARANG

FARANG
FARANG
FARANG
It's all I ever hear.
"Honey, I think it's time—
You found someone else to call you Dear."

F is for the way you Fooled with my heart.
A is for your Ass which tore me apart.
R is for Reformed, I'm through playing the fool.
A is for All Done In—I'm through being your tool.
N is for Never, I never thought I'd say:
G is for Go honey—it's time to go somewhere else and play.

Chorus

Farang Farang Farang:
That's all I ever hear.
Farang Farang Farang:
I think I'll have a beer.

Farang Farang Farang:
That's all I ever hear.
Farang Farang Farang;
I think I'll have another beer.

Soliloquy

Is this all it comes to?
Is this how it ends?
Am I only of value,
When it comes to 'lends'?

Lends me some money?
Lends me some baht?

"I want some money Farang.
I'll surely pay you back.
I'm so desperately poor,
And you're so Farang fat."

Did I never count?
Was it all a joke?
Just another stupid Farang?
Another 'hansum man' bloke?

How can this have happened
To a nice guy
like me?
This disrespect. This abuse. This mean-spirited Thai glee?

I still don't get it.
It's hard to smile—
At people who treat me
With criminal guile.

Thai Invocation

"You're the Farang,
And I am not.
It's your job to pay—
And mine to smile—a lot.

So date my daughter—
I don't care.
But never forget Laid and Paid—
The rhyming pair.

They go together,
Lay and Pay.
They make me smile.
They make my day.

Take your time.
I can wait.
When you are done with one;
I've got other daughters you can date."

The Counting Game

Ever count Farangs?
Or did it occur—
That the counting would give
Interesting info for sure?

Ever count Farangs?
No, not the wanderers past Big Dog's
Or the seat warmers in Lucky Luke's—
But the number of times you hear the word?

Farang Farang Farang
Ever keep a log?
Ever do the counting
Of them calling you a dog?

Not daily or weekly or monthly—
Too much trouble to keep.
Just certain situations ...
No need to get in too deep.

Here is an example
Of something you can try.
Don't let pride get in the way.
It's OK—you can cry.

Ode to the Word Farang

Check into the Mothership on happy Soi 4.
Get the Skytrain to Washington Square-Number 22.
Pick up a cutie, a real whore—
Then take her to the Nana, just you two.

The traffic's right on Sukhumvit—
An easy trip for the cab.
Soi 22 to Nana Soi 4—
Ten to fifteen minutes door to door.

Sitting in the back
All excited and stiff—
Count the Farangs
As the whore and the driver go into a disrespect Thai riff.

Minute to minute
And light to light—
It's Farang this and Farang that
Through the big city blight.

Her to him
And him to her—
Trading Farangs
As if invisible you were.

You can see the future;
It's not too bright.
You withdraw your arm
And stare into the night.

Now the retrenching;
Now the regrouping starts.
You start counting Farangs
Like Thai social farts.

Ode to the Word Farang

One, two, three—
And no mention of me.
Four, five, six—
How can these people be such dicks?

Seven and eight—
It's now too late.
Time to dump the Thai citizen—
She just doesn't rate.

Eight Farangs in fifteen minutes—
Eight insults to me.
How can they be so stupid?
Don't they know we see?

At the Nana
The driver gets no tip.
Again I have to hear
Farang—another social slip.

So it's nine Farangs now
Door to door.
She started out as my dream—
Now she's just a shabby bore.

Nine Farangs in fifteen minutes
Is enough.
This lookin' for love
Is really rough.

I'm willing to play
Fast and loose—
But nine Farangs
Is just abuse.

Ode to the Word Farang

If your response to this
Is one of relativity—
That in other places other peoples
Have even less civility …

I don't really care.
Ruder than the Thais—
I don't want to go there.

The Thais are my limit
I can't handle any more.
If it wasn't for the women
I'd be headed for the door.

So if you are an apologist
For the Thai word Farang—
Start listening to the song.
How is it they sang?

Farang once?
OK.
Farang twice?
I'm in.

Over two to me—
It's a social sin.
And you shouldn't need two hands
To count the shit you're in.

Counting Farangs
We shouldn't have to do.
Insulting others
Everyone should rue.

But it’s the Kingdom you’re in,
Not Boston or Leeds.
No social future—
Just disrespect seeds.

It’s Farang this
And Farang that—
Out loud
And in your face.
It’s a Kingdom of second-raters:
It’s a real disgrace.

So next time you pick up
Your heart throb for the night—
Count the Farangs in the taxi
To gauge your plight.

One or two
Is OK—
Beyond that
Is trouble.
Best to dump the Thai insulter—
Get out on the double.

Farang is an insult.
A word full of hurt.
No compliment to you.
They are treating you like dirt.

She’s earning points with the driver
By dumping on you—
She doesn’t give a shit
About you two.

Listen and learn.
If they are singing the Farang tune—
It’s bailout time and soon.

Gone to another.
Into the night …

Just ordinary social conventions please …
Maybe this time she'll be right.

Maybe this time she'll be sweet.
Maybe this time she'll be nice.
No Farang this and no Farang that—
And no lips of ice.

Farang Lament

(Best said on a Pattaya balcony with a bottle of Johnny Walker in one hand and a Chang beer in the other hand)

I read the books
And learned the ways.
I went to class.
And smiled through all my days.

But in the end it came to nought.
The Thais are the locals
And
I am not.

The smiles were fake
But the Farang was real.
It was my job to give and the Thais to take—
That's the real deal.

You can't accuse the Thais of being
Insincere.
They meant it everytime they said it—
It couldn't have been more clear.

Ode to the Word Farang

"Farang Farang Farang
Why don't you jump?
Farang Farang Farang
Another big nosed chump.

You're nine floor up Mr. Farang.
Out of money—
Down to your last Chang.
Jump.

We need the space.
More Farangs are coming
To take your place.
Jump.

Jump Mr. Farang.
You've bonked your last honey.
It's over now—
You're out of money.

Jump Big Nose.
We don't care.
In your humanity
We don't share."

It's curtain down—
Time to go home.
Goodbye Pattaya town—
I'm all alone.

I quess it wasn't meant to be.
Me for the Thais
And the Thais for me.

One leg over the railing.
Put down the Chang.
The last thing I'll remember
Is the word Farang.

Both legs over—
I can feel the breeze.
At last freedom—
From the need to please.

No more crying
No more pang
Go ahead Thais—shout it ...
Farang Farang Farang

Now the final push off.
I can see the ground rushing at my face.
I can hear the Thais shouting
The final disgrace.

Farang Farang Farang

Farang Passion Play

I love the sensitive and the hip and the 'pats
That pontificate to me;
That Farang is descriptive
And offensive not to be.

Like a spider in a web
I mark the march of time.
Then the call comes—
Someone is on the line.

Now the fun starts.
I've been through this before.
A Farang passion play;
Part of the expat Farang lore.

Ode to the Word Farang

"Hi Dana—How are you?"

"Would you like to buy some furniture?
Would you like to buy a car?
I thought of you first
Because you and me are friends we are.

I'm goin' back to England.
I'm goin' back to fog.
I'm sick of the word Farang.
I'm no better than a dog."

"Wait a minute."—I say.

"Only you and your Full Moon Party friends
Really knew the score.
You were ultra Thai hip;
And I was such a bore.

Suddenly a call.
You want my time and money?
What's the difference between you
And my lying bitch who calls me Honey Bunny?

You didn't call a hip happenin' local
In your time of need?
Why shouldn't I just sit
And watch you slowly bleed?

I wonder if your politically correct blood
Is so different than mine?
Isn't this fun—
Aren't we going to have a time?

You're in a panic to leave—
To get out broke and heartsick.
So it's settle up and settle down
And where can we get some money quick.

Ode to the Word Farang

You're leaving
Without grieving
Because you hate being called Farang.

But when it's the panic dance
And you need some exit money—
Where's your best chance?

You call me.
Me.
A farang.
Suddenly I'm your solvent expat honey.

Farang is the word you hate
But you hope it will be your salvation.
If you can only convince me
To drive you to the station.

Now you are in trouble.
Now you are in plight.
You've got to unload your furniture and car and motorcycle
Before your London flight.

Blood is in the heart of you.
Hormones in your veins.
All you can think of is getting to Bangkok
And catching homeward planes.

Suddenly I'm in your rolodex—
One Farang to another.
"Hey, I'll pay you back—
How about some help brother?"

So I get the call.
I get the chance—
To hold hands with you
In the final Farang money dance.

Ode to the Word Farang

Like a bargirl text messaging
Twenty foreign guys—
You've got a practised spiel;
The desperate borrower's lies.

You always liked me—
You want me to know.
Your snot nosed behavior
Was really just for show.

So lucky me ...
I'm on the phone
With another loser
Who wants a loan.

Or if not a loan
An outright buy.
"My cars mint condition
And that's no lie."

So me Mr. Unhip
Can buy your junk.
Bail you out financially
From your personal funk.

Forgive my enthusiasm spent
But my simple mind can't figure
How you and a Thai are any dif-er-ent.

It's money for this and baht for that.
And in a year—
All you will remember is that I was a
Sucker Farang when money was dear.

Ode to the Word Farang

Pride is telling you to go
Back to old London town.
Your too good for labeling.
Farang makes you frown.

Suddenly a call.
You want my time and money?
What's the difference between you
And every Thai who thinks I'm a dummy?

You didn't call a local
In your time of need.
Why shouldn't I just sit
And watch you bleed?

I wonder if your politically correct blood
Is so different than mine?
Isn't this fun?
Me listening to you whine?

I'm surprised your backpacker sensibility
Isn't money in the bank.
Why do you need me
To put gas in your tank?

What about your tatooed Thais
And good girls with whom you sang?
Didn't they loan you money?
Or just call you Farang?

You thought you were hip
And the locals were neat.
Farang was just a word
And every smile a sincere social feat.

Well, I had opinions too
Mr. Jackass.
Now the tables have turned—
Look what has come to pass."

Mr. Full Moon Party: "I'll sell you the car for 40,000 baht."
Me: "Sold"
Mr. Full Moon Party: "Typical expat—you're all a bunch of thieves."
Me: "I think we'll have to add your motorcycle to the deal before your plane leaves."

Refrain

Farang Farang Farang
That's all I ever hear.
Farang Farang Farang
I think I'll have a beer.

Farang Farang Farang
It's a Siamese pain in the ass.
Farang Farang Farang
Someone wants me. Someone with no class.

Farang Farang Farang
It's like an anal itch.
Farang Farang Farang
A whole culture callin' me their bitch.

Farang Farang Farang
The smile first and then the insult.
A second rate nation—
What other result?

Denouement

The sound of a warning shot.
The chill of a 'goodbye letter'.
Belief in something that's not …
Oh, she was different—she was better.

But time would have been better served,
If your heart took a break and sang—
The number of times you heard
FARANG FARANG FARANG

Finis

142. Playing Possum

TT&A Part 127 1/4/2006

Introduction

Are you like me? Do you dream of finally figuring this whole Buddhism thing out so that you can be reincarnated as a dog? A dog that belongs to a young fertile hormone filled Hi-So Thai woman with a white pancake face and a perfumed pussy that lives in a huge fancy apartment in the Emporium. And every month there is a whole week where the basket under her make-up table has used bloody tampons. Mmmmm …! good eating.

Of course you are like me. I can't be the only normal one. Anyway, enough about me. Let's talk about you. If you are on the ground in the Kingdom right now and you don't know what I am about to tell you than you are in trouble. Times are changing and dark forces are afoot. In other words, there are women amongst us. Thai women. Women with agendas. Women with strategies. Women with hearts of obsidian and the needle sharp intentions of baby ferret teeth. Monsters. And one of the things they do is 'play possum'. And they do it with you farang breath. Not with anyone else. Just you. It's a specialty skill born of special circumstances combined with a complete lack of morals or conscience. That is what I am going to talk about. So take heed and take notes and take cover.

Playing Possum

There is a small mammal here in the United States (hey probably in other places too—I'm no animalologist) called the opossum. It is a small furry mammal that comes out mostly at night and forages around. It comes out mostly at night because it has no defensive abilities. No scaled skin or saber toothed fangs or horned head or long razor claws. So when it is being predated on it pretends to be dead. It just lays down and pretends to be dead. Many times this works and the predator just wanders off. No sport in predating on something that won't fight for it's life I guess. Anyway, this behavior of pretending to be one thing (dead) when you are actually another thing (alive) is called 'playing possum'. People play 'possum' all the time. They pretend to be one thing when they are actually another thing. Bargirls and other nighttime venue girls in Thailand play possum all the time in Thailand.

How so? They pretend that they don't speak English when their English language skills and English language comprehension is much higher than you would ever imagine. Some examples:

1. I pick up an old friend on the boardwalk in Pattaya and over we go to the AA Hotel. She knows from past experience that it almost always takes me a long time to cum and we are in for a protracted bout of sexual athletics. She likes this. Only this morning she says,

"Cum Dana cum. Cum Dana cum."

Well, if I didn't know her and like her and respect her I would probably just have ignored her. But I listened and I ended up faking it. Later in the shower examining my equipment she said,

"You didn't cum did you?"
"No honey, I didn't"

Out of the shower and dressing in front of the mirror with her I decided to have some fun. When it came time to give her 'taxi' money I only gave her 20 baht instead of 500 baht. I had the other 500 baht in the other pocket, I just wanted to have some fun. When she saw the 20 baht she said,

"What is the meaning of this? What do you think you are doing? Where is the rest of my money?"

Then I smiled and said,

“No cum—no 500 baht. Only 20 baht.”

Then I quickly pulled the other 500 baht note out of my pocket and gave it to her. We had a laugh.

So what is the point? The point is what she said:

“What is the meaning of this? What do you think you are doing? Where is the rest of my money?”

Three questions in the English language and all absolutely perfect. No native English speaker could have spoken better. I have known this woman for years and had no idea that she spoke English. She has been playing possum with me for years. Pretending that she did not speak or understand English when she does speak and understand English. Kinda makes you think about the past I tell you.

2. Another example: I am in a small pokey bar in Chiang Mai full of really provincial girls. Girls who think Chiang Mai is urban excitement and collecting pirated CD’s is building an estate. It is hard to respect them. I am standing at the bar chatting with them. One of them says,

“How many times have you come to Thailand?”

I name a big number because I have been coming twice a year for many many years. The woman standing next to me pipes up and says,

“Gee, you don’t speak Thai very well for someone who has been coming to Thailand so long and who has visited here so many times!”

You could have knocked me over with a feather.

In the previous twenty minutes she had not given one clue that she could speak or understand English and then she comes out with this sentence in perfect English. She had been standing next to me playing possum. Calculating. Measuring. Making decisions. And not giving anything away to the enemy. Playing possum.

3. Another example: I pick up another old friend on the boardwalk that I have not seen in 11 months but that I have known for years. Undressing I notice that her breasts are bigger. She is not pregnant. I point to them and say—

"... breasts maak maak."

or something equally dumb; and she says—

"Yes, I am taking medicine and it is having the side effect of making my breasts big and full of milk. If you squeeze them you can make the milk come out. When I am riding you on top and my breasts are hanging down you can suck on the them and the milk will come out."

Well, you could have knocked me over with a feather. Perfect English. A paragraph of perfect English. Three ideas and three sentences of perfect English. I have known this woman for years and I never had any idea she had this level of English speaking and English comprehension ability. She had been playing possum with me. For years. Pretending to be the poor ignorant boardwalk whore and then probably making fun of me behind my back. No, let's correct that. Pretending to be the poor ignorant boardwalk whore and then for sure making fun of me behind my back. It's OK. Part of the program. But not something to be ignored. The enemy can read our dispatches gentlemen.

Oh by the way—so much milk shot down my throat I nearly choked to death. It's tough to be me. I hate when that happens.

4. Years ago I am checking into the Nana hotel and on the way to the elevator I pick up an Isaan wonder in a neck to ankles black Lycra body suit. Beautiful sexy face and heels and smile. Sex machine (Sweet Jesus what a package). Every single bit and particle of evidence is that she is a poor working girl from the land of drought and rice fields. We start out in the bath tub with her riding me like a demented monkey and all of the water in the tub leaving the tub. Wish I had pics of that I can tell you.

Anyway, later in the night her cell phone rings. Conversation. Then she hangs up and starts to get ready to leave. I pantomime "Where are you going?" And she says,

"My girlfriend is downstairs at the Angels Disco and she has had too much to drink. She needs me to go down and help her. So I am going to help her get home and then I'll be back."

Perfect English. And no, these sentences are not in any Thai-English phrases book. So much for the idea that she was some poor 'just-off-the-bus' girl from daddy's rice fields. If the phone had not rung I would never have known and she would never have told me. Playing possum with the farang on English comprehension.

Oh, and by the way; you know that bathtub thing—don't do it. You will strain your back and it will take two weeks to heel. Again, it's tough to be me. The next time a naked Thai sex machine wants to ride my dick like a demented monkey high on ya ba I am going to say "No". Well, OK—I probably won't say "No". I'm an idiot. My name is Dana.

5. One more: I am in a tailor shop getting some shirts made for my boss. I am negotiating with the Indian tailor and she says,

"Sir, we will have to either talk in Indian or in Thai—I don't speak English."

We do the deal in Thai. It is a little uncomfortable for me because I only speak limited 'bargirl—farang sex tourist' Thai but I guess it will be OK. She's pretty.

Of course if you have done any traveling you know immediately what is wrong with this. All Indians the world over speak English. An Indian tailor in a tourist section of a city in Thailand who doesn't speak English? What's next in Thailand? A bargirl who doesn't speak Thai? Birds that don't chirp? Monkeys that don't screech? Absurd. All Indians that do commerce with English speaking farangs speak English and often better than the native English speakers. The Indians of Thailand speak more languages and more fluently and are more traveled and more educated and more worldly than anyone else in the Kingdom but I get the one Indian tailor working in a farang tourist section of Bangkok who does not speak English. I don't say anything. Thailand.

Later on when I go back to pick up the shirts she is busy helping another customer so I have to wait. While I am waiting I hear her talking to the customer in faultless fluent British accented English. She couldn't speak English with me but she is suddenly Miss Winston Churchill with this other guy. She was playing possum with me. Pretending to not speak English when she really could. Probably thought it gave her an advantage in the negotiating process.

Some people love Thailand and love Bangkok on their first visit. Other first time visitors hate the whole Thai experience viscerally from the first. I am sympathetic to the Thai experience and Bangkok experience haters. This tailor routine is bullshit. Listen—I hate to go off like a rocket over this tailor experience but this is just vintage Thailand. Leave it to the Indian-Thais (there's a combo) to make simple commerce as abstractly weird and predatory and potentially uncomfortable as possible.

If I was in a tailor shop in Nigeria or PagoPagoland or Eskimoville or some crater on the moon the proprietors and the sales people would conduct business in a way to win return business. Not in the Kingdom. In the Kingdom they must have graduate business school courses in how to lose business and irritate the customers. I'm at the point now in the Land of Smiles where I do not expect to have a positive experience ever in doing business with any business in Thailand. EVER. If by some statistical anomaly I do have a positive or just neutral (I'll take anything) experience in doing business in Thailand it is of such exception that it almost does not count. In fact it can be disconcerting and a little disturbing.

You leave the business waiting for the other shoe to fall. Maybe something will fall off the roof on you on the way out. Or maybe the parking valet will suddenly attack you for no reason. Or maybe company sponsored birds will fly over and shit on your head. Maybe the canned food items in the bag will explode on the way home. Maybe a crazed elephant with the companies logo painted on it's side will T-bone you at the first intersection. You just don't believe anymore. You don't believe in your experiences and you don't believe in the future. Thailand.

Once in Pattaya I had a pair of pants made by the tailor on the second floor of the Royal Garden Plaza. The pants were perfect and the experience was a good one. I ate lunch with the family. Six months later I went back to get a second pair of pants made. The tailor didn't recognise me and didn't recognise the pants he had made and didn't seem swayed by a receipt he had written out and didn't seem inclined to be interested in making a second pair of pants and was rude. Thailand.

6. OK, just one more example. A woman motions me over to an open air bar in Pattaya. Over I go and it is like hitting the lottery. A sweeter gentler more demure and innocent newbie to the town

you could not imagine. From Roi Et. Absolutely no English. Just dropped off the back of the tapioca truck and rolled into the bar. I only speak some phrase and simple word Thai. The mamasan brings up the subject of a 'short time' with this new girl. Unfortunately, I have no money for the barfine. I pull out my wallet and hold it upside down and say,

"Mai Mee"

or something like that. Anyway, even when not pronounced 100% correctly it means "There isn't any (money)" and they understand it. And then my innocent ignorant country bumpkin linguistically limited new love says,

"Oh, that's no problem. I know where there is an ATM machine just down the street. I can take you there right now. Then you'll have the money for the barfine. We'll come back here and give the barfine, only 300 baht, to the mamasan; and then you and I can go to the AA Hotel on Soi 13 for 'short time'"

Perfect English without a pause and with no incomprehensible accent. Rolled off of her tongue like she just got off the plane from New York or London or a penthouse in Singapore. And of course when I got broadsided like this with my own mother tongue it made me wonder about some of my suppositions. Innocent? Country Bumpkin? Not bloody likely mate. More like a shark in a dress and flip flops.

She was playing possum all along. Pretending to be something she was not because experience had taught her that it would benefit her if the customer thought he was playing with a Thai rural instead of Thai shark.

Conclusion

So in conclusion—be careful guys. The girl who you have spent the last four days with and who looks wide eyed with wonder when you show her English words in the phrase book may already speak English. She is just playing possum. Pretending that she can not speak or understand English when she can speak and understand English. Why would she do this? Well, ask yourself this question. Have the last four days with this woman been the most unbelievable and fabulous days of your life? OK, she knows what she is doing. It's the Possum for Profit game. Hey, it ain't no big thing.

Or is it?

Played skillfully and profitably the Possum for Profit game can lead to the farang making a marriage proposal and the Thai temptress accepting the marriage proposal. Love birds are cooing in the Thai trees. Just don't be too surprised when later in her lawyer's office you hear your future non-English speaking wife and mother to your children say in perfect English:

"OK farang (oops, I mean Jeffrey); now, as it is laid down in section C of paragraph seventeen of Codicil Four of this Dowry, Will, and Pre-Nuptial agreement you will be making a dowry payment of 750,000 baht to be deposited in my father's bank three weeks before the wedding. Since my father does not have a bank account; as an addenda, you will be wiring the money directly to me and, acting as my father's agent; I will see that he receives it. Since I am going to lose a little money in currency slippage when I convert the baht to bars of gold you will be required to wire an additional 75,000 baht to cover conversion costs and other unitemized expenses. You will wire this money from New York because you will not be allowed in the country or near my person until the day of the wedding and Arrivals Immigration at every one of the Kingdoms Arrivals entry points has been apprised of this and provided with pictures, fingerprints, and voiceprints. Violations of this agreement will triple your financial obligations, automatically cancel the wedding, reserve a cell for you at Bang Kwang Monkey House (I mean prison), and make you an enemy of Thailand—the only country to have never been colonized by foreigners (Death To All White Devils). I love you with all of my heart.

Sign here:
____________________”

143. Pattaya Bound

TT&A Part 128 8/4/2006

Introduction

Bullets flyin'—
Hearts pumpin'—
Anarchy, sex, and fear.

The Thai experience—
No better place than
Here.

Hand me a gun.
Hand me a beer.
Pull down my pants
Call me "Dear".

Roosters crowin'
And dogs barkin'—
I'll never be going
From here.

Here's the mark
On my chest.
When the time comes shoot me.
Make it your best.

Pull up my shirt.
Give me a kiss.
So long Thailand—
It's was an aneurysm and a heartbreak and bliss.

Laying in the dirt—
Neurons shutting down.
My last act will be a smile;
Not a frown.

Bullets flyin'—
Heart's pumpin'—
Lying and stealing and
Beer.

The Thai experience—
No better place
Than here.

Pattaya Bound

We are rocketing along at 100 miles per hour and the firewall is so hot that I've got dancing feet under the dashboard. We're in a purpose built super stretch pink Hummer party van on a limo chassis with Elvis painting black velvet interior, mirrored ceiling, six inch purple shag carpet, and a gimbaled fish tank. Flames streaming back from the forward doors and red lips on the quartzite lacquer finish sparkle dust sides complete the look; and the vehicle has been accessorized with a four piece all midget Jamaican rock band called Pattaya Rules sporting Khao San Road dreadlocks and white Elvis jumpsuits, front and back 30 caliber machine guns, port and starboard oil ejection ports, roll bar cage, and a depth charge mechanism smoke bomb ejector in the trunk. It's a Hummer party van but don't mess with us.

I'm naked and my dick is limper than an overcooked noodle. Fa is next to me naked with her feet up on the dashboard. It's hotter than the center of the sun. She has an oilcan funnel stuck in her twat holding a piece of dry ice. Says it works. I'm popping beers and pouring them on my private parts. That works too. We are Pattaya Bound.

In the back of the big van are five big military issue wooden crates and ten big whore issue trannies named Febby and Teddy and Pucker and Ban and Suki and Pencil and Na and Bong and Lon and Oh that we picked up in the Obsessions bar at the NEP on Soi 4 in Bangkok. Hand inspected by me baby and ready to rock.

Ready to roll
And ready to rock.
Ready to pose
And grab your cock.

Champions of sex—
Purveyors of sin.
Never say 'No'.
Always let you in.

Fully equipped—
Just show the money.
It's rockin' time
With a lean tan honey.

Everyone a beauty who could 'pass' and everyone with a huge fulsome package of man meat. The stretch van is full of too much perfume and too much sex. Everyone is naked. So much cum has been flying around in the back of the van it looks like a milk bottle exploded. We are Pattaya Bound. Once in Pattaya we are going to stop off in Boyztown and pick up ten big dicked Thai players who like men and like making love to men. Then we'll all go up to my condo on the point at the Royal Cliff beach resort and party. Pattaya Bound.

The condo has purple shag carpet and triangular sound studio wall foam and ceiling mirrors and wall-to-wall mattresses and a little stage in the living room for the Pattaya Rules band and an audio system with $10,000 speakers. On the wall of the living room is a pink neon sign that says,

NO CONDOMS—NO APOLOGIES

There is a restaurant sized double door stainless steel refrigerator filled with tom yam gung and pastries and beer and whiskey and chips and dips and prawns and chicken feet and frogs legs and boiled eggs and gelato and som tam and fried insects, rooster beaks, mystery meat, shrimp, prik kee noo and some bottles of boh bak for the band. When you open the doors a little sign lights up that says,

IF IT LOOKS GOOD
AND IT FEELS RIGHT—
DO IT NOW,
DO IT TONIGHT.

Heterosexual and transvestite and homosexual love and liquor and food and music. Pattaya Bound.

The party started on the way down from Bangkok. Midnight rocketing and ya ba fueled antics that included frontal mooning of Hi-So ladies in their big cars, butt plugging at lights, silicone wonders pressed against windows for truckers, and more licking than at a cat convention. And people ask me why I come to Thailand. Sweet Jesus what a country.

As the pink Hummer party van blasting live Jamaican midget Hip Hop makes the final turn and we can see the ocean through the windshield the trannies start opening the spray stenciled wooden crates with crowbars and long handled screwdrivers and tire irons and hairbrush handles and start handing out the satchel bombs and the rocket propelled grenade launchers and the firecrackers and the smoke bombs and the hand grenades and the flare guns and the tear gas grenades and the Uzi's and the stun grenades and the MAC-10's and the Glocks and the Scorpions and the Chinese grease guns and the citizen friendly beanbag shotgun.

Two of the crates have special treatment and special stenciling. One of the crates is pink and contains the ever popular tranny party weapon: the birdshot or chilli loaded Franchi SPAS-12 shotgun. A tranny holding her dick with one hand and this monster with the other hand is a tranny that wants to party. The other crate has the initials Fa on all six sides and contains the rotary cylinder magazine Protecta shotgun popular with the South African special forces. This is Fa's favorite personal party tool. This weapon is so terrifying you do not even have to have it loaded. Some nights when Fa and I are bored we go down to Walking Street; her with the Protecta and me with a camera. She bursts into a bar and just starts screaming and waving the gun around. I take pictures as the bar empties. Later that night we laugh ourselves silly looking at the pics on the computer.

Anyway, the newbies are shown how to press against spring loaded clips and pull pins and keep the barrel from rising. Fifty thousand rounds of ammo and not one shooter has had a gun safety course. Welcome to life my way. You can smell the delicious aroma of factory oiled weapons. I wipe some factory oil off an Uzi and brush it against Fa's stomach. My dick starts to rise.

When the van passes under the Welcome to Pattaya sign the shooting starts. Honk if you like making an entrance to a party. I said: HONK IF YOU LIKE MAKING AN ENTRANCE TO A PARTY. Heads Up Pattayaites—Dana and Fa and a van full of trannies are coming to town. And we aren't coming to get your opinions or to get your approval or to get your love.

Please don't tell us
Of your dreams
Or needs.
Please don't prattle and fuss.

Your use to us
Is only physical—
Woman or man …
Get jacked or get out of the van.

We know your special
You're an alpha mare.
We couldn't care less.
The games about Dare—

Dare to get naked.
Dare to smile.
We're all just animals—
All the while.

Time to get wasted
And pounded like meat.
Time to shake and bake
And gasp in the heat.

You say you've got a sickness.
You think it might be Aids?
You're starting to deal with life
That might be beginning to fade?

You're not sure what to do?
You're in a confused state?
Party with us.
Let's make it a date.

You say you've got an illness—
It might truly be the end?
Your doctor used the word terminal—
And depression you're starting to fend?

You're not sure what to do?
You're in a confused state?
Come party with us
Before it's too late.

Life's for smiling
And living fast.
So stop that doctor dialing
And forget the past.

When you hear the rattle of gunfire
And heaving bombing sound.
Run down to Beach Road—
Dana and Fa are in town.

Wave a pair of panties
And jump in the van.
We'll give you a MAC-10
And make you one of the clan.

Life's for the living.
Living's for the now.
We're going to my condo
To rub and moan and laugh and how.

Put a clip in your boot
It's all about fun.
Put a clip in your mouth
And a clip in the gun.

Fun's the antidote
For whatever ails.
Squeeze the trigger—
Everything else pales.

We don't care about your disease.
We don't care about your past.
Shoot and laugh and reload now—
And later get naked fast.

It's another chapter of Pattaya Bound.
You can hear the party van shooting—
Dana and Fa and the trannies are in town.
You've been warned—warned by the sound.

If you can't duck the bombs
And can't dodge the rounds.
Then you haven't got meat
We want to pound.

Life's for the living
But only the players count.
We are headed for Boyztown ...
We've got dicks to mount.

Time to make amends
For wasted time in the past.
Time to get naked
Naked and fast.

Time to load the crates and the trannies.
Time to head for town.
Oh what is sweeter than being
Pattaya Bound?

Satchel bombs are dropped out of windows and smoke bombs and grenades are thrown like tossing confetti at a parade. Naked trannies, too much perfume, the smell of factory oil heating up, and the blasts from satchels and grenades. Someone lights a string of Chinese noisemakers and the van fills with leaping and screaming before the firecrackers are thrown from the window.

Naked trannies are bleeding and smoke blinded and scared. God what a great time.

The Pattaya Rules band starts really cranking:

PATTAYA BOUND—(Jamaican Hip Hop with sounds of gunfire, bombs, moaning, and screaming)—a 'Dana Down and Fa Crew' production.

First it's locked and loaded—
Then it's round after round.
It's travel time baby—
Pattaya Bound.

The boardwalks waiting—
And the palms.
Forget about the church
And singing those psalms.

Get in the mood
And load the guns ...
Whiskey and food
And beer by the tons.

Kiss goodbye to the past
And your rules.
Homos and trannies and straights—
It's love that rules.

Pattaya Bound is the way to be—
Freelancer action
By the sea.

So come on down
And have some fun—
Pattaya Bound
In the sun.

Rounding the corner and starting down Beach Road the doors are kicked open and the windows are blown out and my violent pervert big dicked trannies go into party overdrive. Some of them are so jacked they are just screaming and firing through the roof. The ceiling padding is on fire and bits of flaming Elvis velvet are floating around and landing on skin. It's a riot. A tranny named Pucker in back of Fa and me lowers two Tec 22 Scorpions on the back of the seat and squeezes the triggers. The windshield blows out with a boom and a tinkle. Everyone ducks so low it looks like a limbo contest.

Mindless violence, perversion, disgusting sex with disgusting people, and a complete disregard for others. Paradise. Then I get the face back blast. My beautiful Fa is firing rocket propelled grenades out her window. God bless her. The woman can suck the chrome off a trailer hitch and blow up fishing boats from a slow moving van. God I love this country. And the words Pattaya Bound.

From the Welcome to Pattaya sign to Soi Pattayaland 2 we leave a trail of stunned teargassed citizenry and disorientated farangs and blown up cars and shrapnel damage and plumes of smoke and spent shells and firecracker papers and bullet holes and yelping soi dogs and wide-eyed children and cheering patrons from discharging Go-Go's and bars. Smoking fishing boat hulks, shredded palms, and Beach front boulevard freelancers face down on the ground and smiling. Smiling because Dana and Fa and the trannies are in town. Good for business. Good for fun.

He comes twice a year—
Simply hits hard and runs.
Cruising the boardwalk—
You listen for the guns.

Guns and bombs—
Such a sweet sound.
Dana and Fa
Are back in town.

Time to get serious.
Time to get jacked.
Find a stupid newbie foreigner—
One who's whacked.

Take his arm.
Smile at his face.
Over to the hotel—
Clean out his place.

Lots of sex—
Jump and shout.
Start stuffing the purse
When he pass out.

Billfold and camera—
Computer and money.
I'm a boulevard whore.
A jacked up honey.

Out of the room—
Head looking down.
Dana and Fa and the trannies
Are in town.

Time to work
Naked and fast.
Dana brings a party—
But it won't last.

And we haven't even picked up the boys at Boyztown yet. Sweet Jesus—and people ask me why I like Thailand. Cruising down

Beach Road the van is full of hyena laughing and ganja gangster heavy bass and smoke and muzzle flashes. My dick is so hard you could use it for a concrete punch in a hammer drill. The big second floor NEP tranny named Bong with the huge heavy breasts is leaning over me firing out my window. I can feel muzzle flash heat and her great heavy breasts slamming the top of my head. I'm not complaining. Another face back blast temporarily blinds me on the right. Fa has fired another rocket propelled round. Her eyes have gone spooky and gun metal grey and her cheeks have sunk in and fluid is gushing out between her legs. She's in a zone and grabbing for another grenade before debris from the first has quit the night sky. You could jam it in right now and she wouldn't even notice. Another time. She'll be draining some boys tonight and I'll get pictures.

Unfortunately, the 25 gallon fish tank took a hit from 'friendly fire' and exploded neons and catfish and sharks and angelfish and guppies and swordtails and black mollies and goldfish and zebras and plecos and shrimps and snails and koy and a porcelain lighthouse and a bubbling deep-sea diver all over the interior. It looked like Thais reef fishing with dynamite. Part of the mix. I hate when that happens. Funny though. Ban got slammed in the eye with an angelfish, Suki had three neons land in her hair, and the band was peppered with blue aquarium gravel. The eight inch lighthouse landed in Fa's lap. She just stuck it between her legs and kept firing the beanbag shotgun at an old Thai woman with a basket of prawns on her head. Is anything sweeter than being Pattaya Bound?

Cruising down Beach road—

The stars are bright
And the air is still.
The ocean is sleeping—
Time to boredom kill.

The metal is hot.
Our minds are heat waved.
It’s a muggy night—
Best for the depraved.

Palm fronds hang
And dogs pant.
Guns go bang—
It’s a ballistic rant.

Pay attention.
Open your eyes.
It’s Dana and Fa
And the girl-guys.

It’s Party time.
Listen to the sound.
It’s Party time.
Dana and Fa and the trannies are in town.

Those who aren’t dodging bullets or bombs or face down on the pavement are cheering us. The fourth floor pool terrace of the AA Hotel and the second floor patio of Starbucks and the steps of the Royal Garden Plaza are choked with cheering farangs and teeruks. The caffeine junkies on the second floor of Starbucks give us the pants down salute. Febby and Teddy stand up in the moon roof and spray them with Uzi fire and tracers. It was a riot. Haven’t laughed so hard since I saw the Immigration hall poster of Thailand that said: Land of Smiles. Chaos and anarchy and stupidity and fear. If you could bottle it you could make a fortune. Jesus Mary and Joseph what a trip life is when you forget about standards and think only of yourself. Then it’s up Soi Pattayaland 2 to Boyztown.

The Lubemeisters have heard us coming ...

Up to Boyztown
And what a sight.
Lean boys auditioning—
Left and right.

Manwhores lining both sides of the soi.
Hoping tonight
They'd be picked—
Picked to be boy.

Out of the bars
And onto the street.
"Maybe tonight—
My life will be complete."

Life's competitive.
Only for the fleet.
Dana's coming—
Time to show the meat.

So pull down our pants.
This is our part of town.
The Dana van is coming—
No time for a frown.

Push to the front—
Dangle the snake.
Push to the curb—
A big dick you can't fake.

Over here Dana.
Over here Fa.
Check me out—
Ooh-La-La.

Show me the van.
I'm ready to go.
Out to the point—
To the party condo.

Choose me
And choose my friends.
You'll love the way
My body bends.

Put your ankles
Behind your ears.
I'll go real slow—
Forget your fears.

We all know Dana
And we love Fa.
Take us to the point—
Load us in the car.

We've dreamed for years
Of the Dana van.
We've honed our skills
Man to man.

Trannies or straights
It's all the same.
We're butt darters of love—
We know the game.

Check out our dicks—
Give us a shout.
Take us to the condo—
It's boy's night out.

We pick up ten boys at Boyztown. Noodle arms and long legs and caved-in chests and tight flat hairless stomachs and brown doe-eyed faces and purple-headed salamis that could plug up the Hummer's exhaust pipe. The kind of cobra hooded Thai foreskin logs that you'd have to weigh on a fish scale. Look up the word 'weight' in a Thai dictionary and there would be a photo of one of these nighttime accessories. One look at one of these puppies when the pants come down and you get the facial tics and the Turette's syndrome of the sexually possessed. No need to call me Satan—I'm right here.

Ten cent boys
And ten dollar dicks.
Trannies and homos—
A combo that clicks.

Eyes of fire,
Hearts of glass;
Both camps clawing
At each other's ass.

If your heart belongs
To a fine ladyboy;
And happy you want her to be—

Find her a guy named Toy
And make her a gift of he.

Every one of these Boyztown entertainers certified eighteen years old and their paperwork showing that Khao San Road document stamp of authenticity. When Fa and I load them in the van the trannies are on them like African dogs tearing at pigeons. No screaming or laughing. Just the guttural sounds of a pride of lions devouring a kill. Is there anything more beautiful than love? Then up to my purple shag Royal Cliff condo on the point.

Barreling down the new maritime park, hanging a left at the lighthouse, and then punching the gas pedal to make it to the top of the hill; twenty seven people in the van jacked for a night of sex and booze and laughter. Fa and I plus the four piece band plus the ten sicko trannies plus the ten brown-eyed boy wonders and the old crone who had the basket of prawns blasted off her head by Fa with the beanbag shotgun. Sweet Jesus it's great to be me.

Don't even get me started on that night of love. I thought I was going to die. I thought I was having a seizure. I thought I was having a heart attack. I couldn't get my breath. Trannies and homos make a nice mix and Fa held my hips from behind to help me do some standup drilling. That's what heterosexual love is all about—when your girlfriend will hold you steady while you plug a house guest in the ass. Honk if you love relationships of commitment and maturity.

Me: Fa honey, I need some help here.
Fa: No ploblum ka. What you want?
Me: Hold my hips from behind so I can do some butt darting.
Fa: No ploblum ka.
Me: Fa, I love you.
Fa: I love you Dana

God what a night. Sweet Jesus what a party. I thought I was having a seizure. I thought I was having a heart attack. I thought I was going to die. There is nothing like friends.

As the sun was coming up we were either in sex-alcohol-pastry sugar comas or bent over the railing of the balcony puking. But it was puking in Thailand which of course made it more special and exotic. The breakfast caterer showed at 10:00 and I handed out little terrycloth robes and mint scented dick wipes as souvenirs. Another great night in Thailand with old friends and new friends and Fa. And everyone glad we had been—

Pattaya Bound.

144. Zen Centered

TT&A Part 129 **15/4/2006**

Prologue

Free as a bird.
Free to be me.
No more worries—
Just me and me and me.

Surrounded by Thai women.
So so in love.
Them and me—
Like hand in glove.

Just what I need
At my time of life.
The sight of Thai women—
No need of a wife.

Just let me look.
Let me be.
Every Thai women
A part of me.

Filling my eyes.
Filling my life.
Eliminating stress.
No more strife.

Just a happy center—
A happy place to be.
Thai women
And me …

Introduction

1. My girlfriend Febby had announced to me that she had to go to Prathumrat to help her mother named Phitsanulok catch frogs. Or was it her mother named Prathumrat who lived in Phitsanulok? Whatever. Hey, it's Thailand. Only two ways to go. Believe nothing you are told or believe everything you are told. I've managed to strike a nice wet noodle expat middle road. I believe everything I am told but assign it no currency. You tell me a ghost visited you last night and the two of you made som tam until another ghost showed up and it was a bad ghost wearing a green hat and ... blah, blah, blah. OK, baby; but what exactly am I supposed to do with that information?

Anyway, Febby had to go away for a couple of days to help her mother catch frogs. Frog catching season or something. Maybe this accounts for all of the extra frogs I have seen lately in our village. The Phitsanulok frogs know what is coming so they are catching frog buses and frog planes south. So I took good daughter frog catcher Febby to the airport.

Do to some last minute glitches in personal planning (morning boom-boom) I am not dressed up but just wearing those super thin baggy beach pants and no underpants. You know, the pants that can't keep erections down. The pants you would like to wear into tranny bars. Anyway, I am really torn up over Febby leaving me. True it is only for a couple of days, and true I guess it's OK if she is just going to be messing around with frogs instead of messing around with farangs; but still I am going to miss her.

At the airport I just lose my emotional stability as I see her waving at me through the plane window. I break through security and run out onto the tarmac. Crying and waving and smiling at her I am now running towards the plane with a giant erection sticking straight ahead in my beach pants. I don't see the airplane propeller and run right into it. Boy those things are really big and go around really fast. Anyway, my cock and balls are cut off. That made me stop running I can tell you but the damage was done. No cock and balls.

Well, OK—that didn't happen but it could happen. Think about it.

2. I'm down in Takua Pa a couple of miles from the Chieo Lan reservoir helping the missionaries who are helping the locals. The locals think all a chainsaw is for is cutting down trees and the men are the worst. Give a man a chainsaw and it is a death sentence for a tree. They don't understand that a chainsaw is a tool and that it can be used for selective pruning. Selective pruning and scientific forestry management are good things but if they just keep cutting down whole trees around the reservoir it will contribute to erosion and that will negatively impact the water quality of the reservoir. So I am volunteering my time with the Missionaries of the Sacred Blood of the Dying Jesus and Wine Soaked Wafer International Christian Busybodies Church.

I am giving a chainsaw demonstration. It is mostly men watching. But there is one person watching who is not a man. She is about fourteen years old. She has the shelf hips of a woman and the mature face of a woman and a pony tail sticking out of the back of her baseball cap. When the Martians land they aren't going to say,

"Take me to your leader."

They are going to say,

"Take me to the woman who was in the chainsaw lecture in the year 2006 on the banks of the Chieo Lan reservoir near Takua Pa, Thailand. We are not interested in your planet's minerals or territory or oxygen or food or water. We do not want to breed with Earthlings and we do not want to meet your leaders or sign peace agreements or compare technologies. Just please help us.

Our planet Mars is inhabited by fat white mouthy stupid sexless females. Please take us to the woman who was wearing the baseball cap with her long black hair sticking out the back, and who had dazzling white teeth, and a glorious smile, and a bouncy walk, and lovely smooth brown skin, and rivulets of musk running down the insides of her thighs.

We beseech you Earthlings. We beg you. Please give us a planetary reason to live. Please take us to the woman who was in the chainsaw lecture in the year 2006 on the banks of the Chieo Lan reservoir near Takua Pa, Thailand."

Anyway I don't have to tell you that when demonstrating chainsaw usage it is mandatory to be careful. But my attention wanders and the blade rips into my pants. Before I can hit the kill switch my cock and balls have been ripped off and flung to the ground.

OK, didn't happen. But I think you can see how it could happen.

3. I hop off of the baht bus in South Pattaya and give the driver the legal fare of 5 baht and start walking away. One thing leads to another. He wants 10 baht. Etc. We end up in a knife fight in front of Starbucks. This turns out to be a mistake.

I'm not going to lie to you. I'm not that good a knife fighter. I'm exceptionally skilled with belt fed automatic weapons on tripods, and I can't be beat with shoulder fired missiles, and I was first in class with giant slingshot grenade throwing; but knives are not really my thing. So I end up having my cock and balls cut off in front of Starbucks on Beach road. But the driver didn't get his extra 5 baht so I guess we are even. Well, maybe not—but principles are important and he didn't get to steal from me or abuse me just because I am a farang. Did get my genitalia removed however. More trips to the tailor I guess.

Well, OK—that didn't happen but it could have.

Zen Centered

So where am I going with these little stories?

Just this: I get about 2000 emails a day from expats and visitors to the Kingdom and we talk of many things. Best way to get to Lotus from On Nut station. Yeah, we talk about that. How to sip drinks through a face mask in smoke filled Jap bars. Yup, talk about that too. How a dick flambé can cure you of Aids (pour brandy on your dick and drop a lit match on it). What else? How to shop at Victoria's Secret for the most diaphanous see-thru blouses they have so that you can play Wet T-Shirt contest in the shower with your teeruk. Oh yeah baby—lots of talk on that subject and some bitchin' pics too. What to do when a decrepit disgusting Hilltop Tribe ancient offers you his bong. You know, the bong where the end of it that has been in his mouth looks like something you'd see coming out of a women giving birth. Ya know—some gross placenta-like thing. Opinions differ here on what to do.

Anyway, I get a lot of emails on every conceivable subject related to farang—Thai issues but one of the subjects that comes up again and again is a testament to the thoughtfulness and maturity and deep seated love for Thailand that farangs have: To wit—

"How would losing your cock and balls affect your experience as a man in Thailand?"

And the answer I think will surprise you. Well, of course; part of the answer is that it would effect your experience in Thailand in a mechanical way. No doubt there. Hard to make them sweat and thrash their heads like rag dolls gone berserk if you can't boom-boom them. But remember, I used words like 'testament' and 'thoughtfulness' and 'maturity' and 'deep seated love'. To help you with this subject it might be helpful to remind you that

Thailand and Vietnam are the only two countries in the world where you can be walking down the sidewalk behind a woman and hear yourself say out loud—

“No ass, no breasts: unbelievably sexy!”

The women are just different.

To return to Thailand; Thai women are of such surpassing sexuality and beauty and femininity that it is actually transporting. You are taken to another place. Out of yourself. They are not humans but angels that have been sent down from heaven to give you life. And it is their giving and your receiving that constitutes a silver cord of transcendent pleasure beyond measure. In fact if it could be quantified you receive more pleasure from the visual contact and the imagined relationship than from the actual sex.

In a typical day in Pattaya I might kick my ‘long-time’ Daow out of bed at seven so that I can boogy across the street at nine and pick up Fa for a ‘short-time’. Then at 2:00 p.m. I go to the open air bar in front of the Walking Street sign and pick up Oh for a ‘short-time’, and then later at night I stumble into the wall-eyed Chinese whore on the boardwalk and take her upstairs for a drilling. Four sex romps in one day. Sounds like a lot if you are a prisoner I guess but that is not remotely what gave me the most sexual pleasure that day.

What gave me the most sexual pleasure that day and every day was just seeing Thai women. In a typical day in Pattaya I probably see 500 Thai women of incandescent and delectable sexuality. Let’s see: 500 vs. 4, which is the bigger number? Why 500 is of course. So most of the time most of your sexual pleasure is from seeing Thai women and smiling at Thai women and talking to Thai women. Two of the internet cafes I frequent are not even that convenient to me but the girls at the front desks are virgins and father's daughters and knee tremblers. Can these experiences be had in some other part of the world? Not usually.

That is why when asked the question

"How would losing your cock and balls affect your experience as a man in Thailand?"

the almost unanimous response was 'not that much'. I received answers like—

"Wouldn't keep me from coming to the Kingdom. Addicted to Thai women."—Farnlap Gotlab: Iceland.

"Not my first choice for something to happen to me but would not cause me to move back to England. A day without a cock in Thailand is better than a year with a cock in England."—Mortimer Jones: Swansea, England

"So I'm missing my cock and balls. So what. A Thai women's body is like an amusement park and a church. So many rides and always something to worship. I'd adjust and I'd be happy."—Eule Fondue: Montreal, Canada

"Well of course I would not like that to happen but it would not embarrass me or keep me from taking off my clothes in front of Thai women. I am so Zen centered and Buddha calm now that nothing can effect me and nothing will keep me from worshiping Thai women."—Bronkley Tasker: Federal prisoner TY472LU3, Tasmania.

"My face would not betray my tragedy. Just seeing Thai women and smiling at them and talking to them gives me more happiness than I can account for. If I never had penetrating sex with a Thai women again it would be a loss but it would not be the end. Just because you can not paint does not mean you stop going into museums to witness great paintings."—Noddley Frisker CBN (retired): Singapore.

"Well Dana, I gotta tell ya, I haven't always agreed with everything you have written but I must admit that I have already dealt with this subject in my mind. Accident, illness, the big C, disease; anything can happen and the older you get and the closer you get to the final glidepath the more the odds are not tipped in your favor. Here is where I am at in my mind. If I still have my arms and I still have my voice than I am still ahead of my friends back home in the nursing homes and the malls and the churches of America. I can still hold Thai women in my arms and I can still tell them I love them. And I will mean it every time I say it. I'd love to chat more but I've got to go to the lobby of the Royal Garden Plaza department store and watch the girls come down the escalator. Chok dii."—Daniel MacInnis: Akron, Ohio.

Well, there you have some of the representative responses I get in my email box almost every day from men in Thailand and from visitors in response to the question—

"How would losing your cock and balls affect your experiences as a man in Thailand?"

Surprised? Well, then you are not a man who has spent time in the Kingdom. No matter. That is partly why I typed this thing out. Kind of an educational thing. Heck, there could be some poor unfortunate Farang genitalia tragedies due to accident or surgery or disease or bargirl revenge walking around in the Kingdom right now. I can't tell. I don't see any sad faces. So sure you want to be careful about running into airplane propellers and you want to be careful with chain saws and you want to avoid knife fights with baht bus drivers; but hey, if you lose the equipment it is not the end of the world.

And this is your strength. Knowing that even if the worst thing that can happen to a man happens to you that it is not 'leap off a Pattaya balcony' time. You aren't like other men. You are in

Thailand and you are surrounded by female beauty that fills your chest to bursting everyday. You are not normal and your life is not normal and the rods and cones of your eyes for sure are routinely sending female images to your brain that are not normal. It is this knowledge and this experience that gives you an inner calm and an inner strength known only to gurus and mystics and experienced Thai expats. You aren't normal and your happiness will always exceed your pain.

So for me this is one of the defining things about my life in the Kingdom. Under the most sexually tragic man-centered circumstances that I can think of I will still be happier and more fulfilled and more excited about each new day than any of my friends back in the States. Clattering down the marble steps of the AA Hotel in South Pattaya in the morning with my digital camera in my shirt pocket and my Nikon across one shoulder and my Polaroid Instamatic across the other shoulder I know that sometime during my day I am going to be just struck dumb and happy by a beautiful Thai woman. And I hope she will let me take a picture of her face. So go ahead life. I'm prepared for the worst. Already an issue dealt with in my mind. I live in Thailand. I love Thai women. I have a future. I am happy.

145. Notes From a Diary

TT&A Part 130 22/4/2006

Prologue To An Open Letter

The Reckoning by Robert Service (1874-1958)

It's fine to have a blow-out in a fancy restaurant,
With terrapin and canvas-back and all the wine you want;
To enjoy the flowers and music, watch the pretty women pass,
Smoke a choice cigar, and sip the wealthy water in your glass.
It's bully in a high-toned joint to eat and drink your fill,
But it's quite another matter when you
Pay the bill.

It's great to go out every night on fun or pleasure bent;
To wear your glad rags always and to never save a cent;
To drift along regardless, have a good time every trip;
To hit the high spots sometimes, and to let your chances slip;
To know you're acting foolish, yet to go on fooling still,
Till Nature calls a show-down, and you
Pay the bill.

Time has got a little bill—get wise while yet you may,
For the debit side's increasing in a most alarming way;
The things you had no right to do, the things you should have done,
They're all put down; it's up to you to pay for every one.
So eat, drink and be merry, have a good time if you will,
But God help you when the time comes, and you
Foot the bill.

Like The Casino Lush …

OK, so the deal is that the bill in life always comes do. Nobody ever said it better than Robert Service. He was a poet who was able to make a living from his poetry and spend his later years in France. Pretty high living for an obscure and not well remembered rhymer. But even he never forgot that the bill always comes do. You can dance and sing and over borrow and over indulge and over risk but eventually a car is going to pull up in front of your house and a big guy called Life is going to get out and lumber up the front walk and knock on the door and tell you it is time to pay the bill.

And the chances are 99% that you can't pay the bill. That's when things get ugly. But of course you knew all of this. In fact it was one of your discharged duties as a parent that you passed on this wisdom to your children to protect them from the ugly parts of life.

Don't you wish you could get your bargirl companions in Thailand to read this poem and heed the message? Of course you do. They live like the children you weren't in charge of. The children you couldn't reach. They gamble and they do drugs and they eat without thought of nutrition and they choose alliances unwisely and they hook up with guys who are not good for them and they drink and smoke to excess. It's the list of the fool and the child. Living on impulse and for the moment without a thought for the future. Giving birth to unloved children. Not practicing safe sex. Not saving money. Not thinking of career. Abandoning family and community for an ephemeral dream in a far off place. The risk taking behavior of the loser. Nothing reads and dreams with more excitement than risk and nothing promises loss with more guarantee.

Do you know who made the fortunes during the Goldrush in the United States? The merchants who sold housing and food to the miners. The risk takers lost everything. But you can't get your bargirl to learn from this poem because she does not read English. She's got a good reason for not benefiting from the wisdom of Robert Service.

But how about you?
What?
I said, "How about you Mr. Expat?"

What in the world are you doing? You step on the bargirl's back to lift yourself higher and belittle her adult life of childishness and foolery but how are you different? Haven't you abandoned your family and your community for an ephemeral dream? Remember the trips to friends and neighbors and family when you gave everything away before coming over? The posturing and the brave talk about a new start in a happy place. Isn't that what she did in Chiang Rai or Hat Yai or Korat before coming to Phuket or Pattaya or Bangkok? Only difference is that she didn't have anything to give away.

Well, she did give away her pride and her baby.

And excess? Now that you are miles away from cultural restrictions and imagined chains on your so special self are you living the life of a sainted mendicant or are you eating and drinking and loving and recreating based on a desire to satisfy impulse? If you used tampons once a month most people on Mars would not be able to tell the difference between you and the bargirl; the bargirl you use as an example of untutored undisciplined uneducated foolish living based on hormones and perceived present needs.

Think about it. If the telescopic observers on Mars or Pluto or Uranus can not tell the difference between a bargirl and you maybe you should reexamine your behavior. The biggest difference between adult and non—adult behavior is the perception of and ameliorating of risk. Thoughtful adults seek to limit risk. Limiting risk limits loss and pain and uncertainty and increases the odds of pleasure and a long life. No reasonable adult could counsel against limiting risk.

And yet look what you have done. You have left your language and your culture and your community and your family and come to a place where you can not communicate and you can not be appreciated and you can never fit in and you can not be successful socially. In addition you can not protect yourself and you have no way to accurately gauge social signals and you have no legal rights.

And you are judging the bargirls? You actually have time in your busy risk filled day to judge others? Hey jackass, I've got an idea—why don't you look in the mirror. Is it any wonder the bargirls don't respect us? We belittle them and patronize them and compare them to children and we are behaving the same way only on a bigger scale. Don't you think they know that? Of course they do. Do you think they respect guys with no family connections and no careers and no sense of community and no parental obligation and apparently no children and no love.

Well, do you?
No they don't.

I have often had bargirls say things to me after I had spent some time with them that shows they are thinking of these things:

Where is your wife? (Do you have love in your life?)
Where are your children? (Do you have someone to love?)
What is your job? (Do you have any value?)
Why are you not with your family? (Are you all alone and why?)
Why are you here? (I can't think of a reason for you to be here—can you?)

Are these the wonderings of trivial undeveloped human beings or are these reasonable thoughts from intelligent people? So the next time you see a bargirl who you think is being foolish and profligate with her money and her health and her time and her emotions maybe you should look in the mirror. She doesn't respect you because she can see you for what you are. Someone who is not so very different than her. A risk taker. And risk takers are losers. She might have a good reason for her behavior. She might have a story to tell. Do you?

You are in Thailand. Maybe it is time to go home.

Notes From A Diary

"In the Ming Ding bar a mamasan named Song introduced me to a woman named Boo Bang Dong from Nong Song Hong who wanted to go Bong Bong Bong. She said she had a phi phi named C. See who would do a B.J. So we went to the A.A. and we took an ab nam and then both did me smoke smoke. Afterwards, I gave them baht baht for same same and taxi taxi."

Did you write this? Is this what your life has come to? Is this your life? Remember when you came to Thailand and you started your expat years that you also started a journal: a personal diary that was going to be a testament to your new life and your adventures and your philosophy and the new you? Or haven't you made many journal entries lately?

You are a reasonable intelligent educated person right? Well, is that an attribution based on class or on performance? Because reasonable intelligent educated people do not court risk and call it adventure. Reasonable intelligent educated people do not laugh at jokes that are not funny. Reasonable intelligent educated people do not see charm where no charm exists. Reasonable intelligent educated people do not lie to their friends and pretend things are cheerier than they are. Reasonable intelligent educated people do not forfeit their dignity and costume it in politically correct culture vulturism. Reasonable intelligent educated people do not thrive in the company of unreasonable unintelligent uneducated people. What are you doing? What are you doing in Thailand?

People go to Antarctica to see the penguins and the blue ice but no one in their right mind would stay to live there or move there. People visit Machu Picchu on the mountain top in the Andes to imagine what the city meant or what the lives of the inhabitants were like but no one in their right mind would give up their language and their personal history to go and live there. People go to the Great Wall of China to contemplate history and the folly of empire and hubris and architecture but no one would contemplate selling their cars and houses and giving away their favorite things and camping out at the base of the wall. Think you know where I am going with this? Then that is because the notion is already in your head.

What in the world are you doing on the planet Thailand? The great food? What a joke. Most of the food is inedible unless your mother's milk had spice in it. If you want great food go to Italy. The smiling people? They hate you. The beautiful scenery? Almost every country in the world has more beautiful scenery than Thailand including most probably the country you left. The beautiful women? They laugh at you. The charming innocent children? Their parents are training them that you are a devil. The language? Unless you can learn to speak tones 100% fluently there won't be any Thai language for you. Yes I know some farang learn to speak Thai fluently. They are exceptions. Are you an exception? In your own country people one town over did not know your name. You have not lead an exceptional life and you have never been an exception at anything. What makes you think that since you have deplaned in a place that eats dogs that suddenly your chromosomal makeup is going to change and your IQ is going to shoot up? You will not master Thai and in Thailand it is all or nothing. Ninety nine correct tones and one incorrect tone and you get complete goggle-eyed incomprehension. Three legged dogs can be trained to juggle faster than Thais can be trained to understand foreigners.

So what are you doing? What are you doing in Thailand? After the self-congratulatory postcards have been sent home and the lying letters have been posted and the visitors and friends visits from the old country have stopped after two years what are you doing there? It's been two years. What have you got to show for it? Have you made three good solid friends? OK, how about two good solid friends? One? Have you had a single successful mature relationship with a woman? Can you say in Thai:

"Honey, the holiday bus schedule says that the bus leaves at 7:17a.m. on Tuesdays and Thursdays but it has this information printed on the p.m. page with an asterisk but no accompanying footnote at the bottom. Can you explain this?"

I'll bet not one in a thousand ex-pats can flawlessly say this sentence in Thai at the end of two years. Too hard you say? An unfair example? It's a bus schedule nimrod. You can not speak and read Thai. Period. But you are going to be different right? No, wait a minute; let's not get our tenses wrong. You were going to be different. But now it has been two years and you are not different. Not only are you not different then the average farang that you pledged to exceed in class and style and breeding and deportment; you are not really that different from the average bargirl. Observers on Mercury and Jupiter notate that you and bargirls have different genitalia but few other differences. Losers. Nobodies. Average.

> *"and for him losing is just a form of winning. A loser, after all, is still in the game."*—David Denby.

Is this you? So blinded by delusion and hope that you imagine that because you are 'on the field' that you are a winner and that you are 'in the game'? Making the same mistake the Thais do by assigning character to field placement rather than by whether you are carrying the ball across the goal line? Taking morbid pathetic delight in a continuous series of losses and failures and disappointments and humiliations? Do you think when the great conquerors and the great generals and the great novelists and the great inventors and the great visionaries and the great politicians and the great businessmen sit in bars and talk they talk about their failures or their successes? They talk about their successes. They have already forgotten their failures. And they are imagining their next successes. Is that what you do with other expats in bars or do you delight each other with stories of self-flagellating misery and despair and incompetence? Are you like the casino lush who keeps losing and losing and losing but says,

“He loves the game.”

as if he has some kind of philosophy? Is that what Thailand is for you Mr. Bigboy? A giant life events casino you can lush around in making man noises to drown out the sound of ‘Loser’: to distract yourself and others from the fact that you are losing losing losing?

Hey, I’ve got an idea. I just thought of something that will lift your spirits. Here I come. I’m a tourist. I’m only going to be in the Kingdom for three weeks. My clothes are clean and my pants are pressed and they have a crease down the front of each pant leg. I’m in a happy mood and having fun and glad to be on vacation. And I am now walking into the bar you are in. You can make fun of me. That’s right. You can make fun of me. That will lift your spirits. Having fun at my expense will illustrate your superiority. Hey, I’m all for it. I’m just a visiting sacrificial node for every expat who can find time in his busy successful expat day to make fun of short term visitors. So have it. Make fun of me. Loser.

Maybe it is time to leave Thailand. Maybe it is time to go home.

> *"Death is nothing, but to live defeated and inglorious is to die daily."*—Napoleon Bonaparte

You'll have lots of exotic stories to tell and a bottomless well of believable lies that you can trot out. But after a while you will notice that people are not really listening and not really asking you any questions about life and risk and adventure half way around the world. It is just not that interesting. It never was. Time to get out the seed catalogue and plan the garden. And when you do go home to Bahrain or Christ Church or Montreal or San Francisco or Tokyo or Edinburgh or Galway send me a postcard. I'll believe that one. I never believed anything you sent me from Thailand.

If you are in Thailand and you are reading this maybe it is time to go home.

Remember:

"Time has got a little bill—get wise while yet you may,
For the debit side's increasing in a most alarming way;
The things you had no right to do, the things you should have done,
They're all put down; it's up to you to pay for every one.
So eat, drink and be merry, have a good time if you will,
But God help you when the time comes, and you
Foot the bill."

Sincerely Yours,
Dana

146. Dana Expat Party Train

TT&A Part 131 1/5/2006

An Open Letter and an Announcement and a Proposal

The Dana Expat Party Train (DEPT) will be leaving Chiang Mai next month and we are already 71% booked with expats who are leaving the country. We currently have 174 confirmed reservations so there is room for another seventy-two guys. In response to TT&A Part 130—Like A Casino Lush: I have received hundreds and hundreds of emails from expats who say that based on the submission's content that they are now pulling up their tired ass farang stakes and getting out of the Kingdom. I received emails like:

1. "Thanks for opening my eyes bro—I'm getting out next week."—Farley Dompat; Jomtien—going back to Bahrain.

2. "Dana it was like you read my mind. My passport is in hand and it is back to the land of dingos and bank managers who will not steal my money."— Aussie Dave; Pathiu—going back to Melbourne.

3. "God bless you scribbler—I guess I needed to be embarrassed. Living in a hotel now waiting for the plane. The wife and kids will miss me for about two days and then the whole mistake will just rumble on without me. I'll be back for fun but no more wasted good intentions on the 'face' people."—Leonard Rumple; Phang Khon—going back to New Zealand.

4. "Jesus Mary and Joseph; I wouldn't want to cross you. You write with a scalpel but thanks for the surgery. Bailing out in three weeks. Thanks."—Farndik Meops; Pattaya—going back to Crete.

5. "Thanks Dana for TT&A Part 130—Like A Casino Lush. I took all of my teeruk-fiancé visa paperwork and threw it down

the shitter hole. Goodbye to her and her friends and her 'family'. At least I thought that the people I met were her family. Who knows? Who knows anything in this place? Time to saddle up and ride baby ride. Heading back to America and I'll kiss the ground when I get there. Thanks again."—Pattaya Kelley; Flipper Lodge, Soi 6, Fun City—going back to New Orleans.

6. "Thanks Dana for the last submission. Been here nine years and all I've got is a damaged larynx from too many chilies, unidentifiable warts on my member, and a trail of Thai teeruks that do not remember my name. Going home. I'll be back for some Viagra vacations but no more will I hope or believe or try or make attempts at social intercourse in this smoke-and-mirrors place. I gave it my best shot. I got nothing in return. Time to lay the cards down, get up, and leave the table. I can't win here."—Tristan Hillary; Pattaya/Jomtien/Bangkok—going back to Tasmania.

7. "I'm gone Danaman and thanks for the final push in TT&A Part 130—Like A Casino Lush. This will also be my last email to you and I will not be reading any more Stickman. The whole Thai thing is being thrown in the crapper and I am lowering the lid. Goodbye Siam—it wasn't that great."—Heinz Plotnik; Bangkok/Lop Buri/Pattaya—going back to Austria.

8. "Putting the kids and the wife for sale up on eBay Dana and I do not even feel guilty about it. They don't care so why should I? Going to use the money to rent a chainsaw in Poland and I am going to spend a week just chainsawing trees and screaming. Thanks for showing me the way Dana. Thanks to you I am getting out of Thailand after eleven years. The only thing I have to show for it is bruises and lacerations and wounds and concussion from banging my head against the wall in this country. Jesus what a waste."—Apoloniusz Wojciechowski; Nana Hotel—going back to Czestochowa on the Warta river.

'My ancestral Poland—
Where the green grass grow.
Jesus Poland—
I miss you so.

I wish I had never seen
The tarmac at Don Muang.
All I want now is to glean
My homeland—gone so long.

My ancestral Poland—
Where the green grass grow.
I'm crying Poland—
I miss you so.

9. "Cripes Kuhn Dana: if Emily Dickinson the American poetess was made merry with by Dostoyevsky and Melville and Milton and Dylan and Joyce and Coleridge the resulting child would still not be able to write as well and as presciently as you. My Thai wife who is English language literate read TT&A Part 130 entitled Like A Casino Lush and said—

'Honey, if the guy who wrote this is a farang and you are a farang then you probably agree with this so why don't you just get out!'

I tell you man it was like your mother giving you permission to wank off in public. I opened the dresser drawer, and grabbed my passport, and documents envelope, and wallet, and stepped through the window and ran and ran and ran and ran. Thanks maak maak dude."—Crankley Purdett; Ayutthaya—going back to Vancouver, B.C. Canada.

10. "Jumpin' rabbits dude—that submission about Martians not bein' able to tell the difference between bargirls and farangs was totally stoked and awesome to the max man. I'm going to score some heavy mojo action and then I'm going to ... well, actually I forgot what I'm going to do ... but anyway man—I'm kissin' this

wat infested, snake crawlin', watered down drink country goodbye. I mean man we shouldn't even have to pay the bitches—you dig? Anyway, thanks for the push Dana. I'm going to marry my fat pig girlfriend from the old country. You ought to see this tattooed monster swinging a chain in German stadiums man—it's a hoot. Anyway, I know I'll be better off with her than mixing with the lying brownies in Frankenstein boots. We'll name our first child Dana—whichever way it comes out."—Todd Soccerfan; Pattaya 2nd road—going back to Manchester (United).

So—we still have places left on the final 'getting out of the Kingdom' Dana expat party train if you want to get on board. There won't be any Thai music or teeruks or Thai vendors coming aboard at every stop and the train crew is all Caucasian. It is a special train set up by me. A final goodbye. We will start in northern Thailand and make one final tour of the country from north to south and into the northwest. It will be a nine day trip. A final hurrah. A final goodbye. No Thai wives and no Thai children allowed. This train is only for guys who have finally made the big decision. The train will be the Oriental Express that I have leased and the engines will be steam engines brought in from India. Not a single part or particle or decorative device or hanging picture or piece of stationary or food item or anything else on or about or in or out of the train will bespeak Thailand. Thailand is history. Two flags with my picture on them will fly from either side of the steam engine on fifteen foot poles, and the windows will have special drop down sashes so that we can moon select examples of the Kingdom as we thunder by. And I mean thunder by. Special carriage wheels will be fitted so that we can proceed at breakneck speed regardless of the state of the Thai track. We will not be stopping for gaggles of geese, or Thai officials, or three-legged water buffalos. Look out—hundreds of farangs and thousands of tons of farang train coming.

I'm paying the freight on this whole thing but it is not a freebie. You have to earn the right to the train trip by submitting documents that show you are leaving Siam for good and going back home for good. Everyone will be interviewed and truth serum tested and documents will be checked. This train trip is only for players and the game is GET OUT OF THAILAND. There will of course be hundreds and hundreds more applicants than the seventy-two spaces that we have left so it will be a competitive situation. Emphasis will be given to time served in country, and time served with a woman, and time served with children, and number of times a visa run had to be made, and number of times you had a mystery illness, and number of times you had to pay a bribe, and finally your age. All things being equal I will be disposed to getting the older fellows and the more beat up specimens out first. It isn't just a train trip—I am trying to save humanity. If this trip is a success I may get involved in taking over the Oriental Express leases for the carriages and buying the steam engines from India. Dana Expat Party Trains run every three months may become a fixture of the future. Time will tell. Stick with me guys. I'll take care of you.

I may even get involved in laying extra dedicated track to supplement the Thai track. Starting from Chiang Mai and running up to the border near Mae Hong Son and then hugging the Laotian and Cambodian borders down to Aranyaprathet would be wonderful (Pai, Mae Sai, Chiang Saen, Wang Pha, Nan, Loei, Nong Khai, Bung Kan, Nakhon Phanom, Mukdahan, Ubon Ratchathani, Aranyaprathet). Then over to Pattaya (opinions differ on the wisdom of this) and then back up to Khorat and Khon Kaen. West to Phitsanulok. Then it would be Phitsanulok—Nakhon Sawan—Sangkla Buri—Ayutthaya—and Ratchaburi. The trip down the peninsula would follow all the way to Trang; and then back up to Hua Lamphong station in BKK. This project is just getting off the ground so I am a long way from putting down special Dana Expat Party Train Dedicated Track (DEPTDT). If you have any routing suggestions send them in.

There will be dining cars (no Thai food), saloon cars for conversation, sleeping compartment cars, and cars with card tables and pingpong tables and pool tables. No Thais and no women and no children on this train. You are leaving that behind. It is go time, and it is you time, and it is decision time. A time of quiet martinis (no more stupid whiskey), and coma like sleep in the private apartments, and quiet reflection. A time to regroup and rethink before getting on the plane and going back to responsible people and dependable services and emotions you can bank on. Civilization. Talking of Thai matters and personal Thai matters will be discouraged. The train trip will not only be a last hurrah before leaving the Kingdom but also a way to start the transition back to civilization. Try something you might not have done in years.

Talk of art, and philosophy, and engineering, and history, and science, and manufacturing, and theories of economics, and architecture, and religion, and modern medicine, and astronomy, and materials research, and physics, and anthropology, and archeology, and human development, and psychology, and classic literature and writing and medieval studies, and environmental science, and the ozone layer, and literature, and the industrial revolution, and arts & crafts, and political science, and linguistic studies, and the history of weaponry, and the cathedrals of Europe, and typography & fonts, and great artists and all the rest that goes into a modern man's intellectual repertoire in a modern society.

No these interesting subjects did not go away while you were in Thailand—you went away. It is OK. You do not have to pretend anymore. The teeruk is gone. You can open a book without incurring her jealousy, or eye rolling, or nonsense about how you will 'hurt your head'. Go ahead. Be the person you are. Be the person you want to be. Be the person you missed while you were in the Kingdom. Be interesting and modern and curious and interested. Try it—you'll like it. Welcome back. Welcome back to you.

There won't be any activities directors on the train. Just 246 interesting guys who have decided to go forward with their lives. You can spend your time hiding in your sleeping compartment decompressing from years of unearned abuse, or you can spend your time sitting in the saloon with your third dry martini of the day contemplating the Thai landscape through the window, or you can meet other expats and exchange experiences, or you can spend nine days playing cards or pool or pingpong; or you can moon every Thai thing in sight through the special drop down sash windows. No judgements will be made. It is the end. The last hurrah. A page turning moment in your life that everyone will respect. As the train dawdles or creeps or rumbles or thunders through the Thai countryside and through the cities and villages you will feel the tension of the years wash away. Some of you may cry. Others will sit in dining salon cars as if in shock. The shock of recognition that the horror is finally over. No more Learn To Speak Thai classes, no more fear of policemen, no more checking the girlfriends purse for ya ba, no more getting shafted by landlords and vendors and retailers and officialdom, no more trips to other stupid dangerous unsympathetic places on visa runs, no more incompetent doctors and mystery pills for what was another bout of bronchitis, no more pussy footing around the edges of klongs and rice paddies looking for wiggly death snakes, no more checking the girlfriends computer and phone contacts, no more lying to friends about how great paradise is, no more surreptitiously reading copies of the New York Times to find out what is happening in civilization, no more dropping the friendships of expats that turn out to just be boring, no more ... it is over. Finished. It is smiling time. But first will come disorientation as you board, then shock, then tears, then sleeping, then smiles. Everyone will finally detrain smiling.

But they will not be smiling because they just arrived in Thailand, they will be smiling because they are leaving Thailand. And they are leaving alone. They came to this strange planet alone and they are leaving alone. There will not be any Thai wives or Thai children or Thai friends (?) or expat friends from the former life on the train and there will not be any of these suspects at the airport to see them off. It is time to bootstrap yourself up and throw off the baggage and to start on your new life. You are not taking any souvenirs home and you are already commanding your brain synapses to start wiping out the Thai language at breakneck speed and if questioned you can't remember your Thai wife's name or where you lived or indeed why you came to the country in the first place. It is over. Finished. The final page has turned.

—Expat having some private thoughts in the saloon car on the way to Trang—twenty minutes past midnight—train going 90 miles per hour through a slashing rainstorm—(other expats goggle-eyed with fear or stupefied with alcohol hanging on for dear life and grinning like monkeys in a banana factory)—3rd martini ...

"You made a horrible horrible mistake by coming to the Kingdom. You know that now. Years were wasted and emotions were wasted and heartbeats can never be retrieved. But you are still alive, and still ambulatory, and still interested in seeing sunrises and sunsets. Just not in Thailand. There is no power like the power of knowledge and better late than never. You have the knowledge and the power now and your step is lighter than it has been in years. Documents are in order and tickets are in hand and your old country will honor your passport and honor your name. Saints be praised you are going to get another chance at life. You feel as if by leaving the Kingdom that you are being reborn. You kind of sort of wish that you could get the left behinds; the expats still in the Kingdom clinging to false hopes and dashed dreams and fraudulent emotions to see what you can see. It would be great to get everyone out. It would be great (3rd martini talking) to go down in history as the pied piper that led hundreds of thousands of farangs over the border. A mass exodus. The blind and the lame and the sick and the infirm and the aged and the heartbroken and the confused and the broke being helped by the younger stronger ones. An army of love directed from farang to farang as it moves en mass to the border and then sweeps over the border with an exultant shouting that carries for miles. The primal scream of the unloved and the dispossessed and the underappreciated and the abused fighting through a scream and a shout for dignity and respect and love and inclusion … Ah well, maybe later. History is a series of baby steps. And the first step is for me to get my tired ass out. Who knows—maybe in the future I'll hook up with this Dana cat and help get farangs out from the outside—handle paperwork or something. Who knows …

Bartender?
Yes sir?
I'll have another martini."

So that's the deal Lads—If you want to be a part of the Final Dana Expat Party train Hurrah you will have to hurry because there are only seventy-two spaces left. Guys like Swanny Himmler, Fondork Marcel, Brailsworth Hayden, Muhammed Muhammed IV, Ishmael Feeber, Booger Entrailmont, Freberg Phipps, Icelandia Beowulf and one hundred sixty-six others are already on board. Just email your requests for tickets and information care of this website and care of Stickman: DANA EXPAT PARTY TRAIN (DEPT). Make sure you show up with all of your luggage and documents and passport and monies. The final stop will be Bangkok and then limos will take you directly to the airport. I'm fronting the expenses on this puppy gentlemen so don't let me down. Don't get on the train unless you know what you are doing. You are stepping off a private cliff in your life. You are leaving Siam and with extreme prejudice. It is over. This will be a turning of the last page and the book will be closed. It is time to tie the bedsheets together gentlemen. It is time to go over the wall. Who's with us?

Sincerely yours,
Dana

147. I Have Aids

TT&A Part 132 6/5/2006

Hello—My name is Dana and I have Aids.
Hello—My name is Dana and I have Aids.
Hello—My name is Dana and I have Aids.

OK, I don't actually have Aids right now but someday I expect to say:

"Hello, my name is Dana and I have Aids."

I'll be saying this either to my face in the mirror or to a group or to an individual. It will be the natural outcome and finish and product of a life and a time beyond my ability or desire or inclination to alter or escape. You can't live and not live at the same time. You can't go down every road. You can't adopt every philosophy. You can't please every stranger. You can't vote for every candidate. You can't march to every tune. You can't pretend to be something or pretend to be someone you are not. You have to make choices. I have made mine.

I expect to get Aids. I expect to die a wasting lonely despairing dignity robbing death from Aids. If I continue to fall in love in Thailand at the rate I have been falling in love in Thailand eventually bad luck will catch up with me. Look over your shoulder. What do you see? Sickness and Bad Luck and Accident are chasing you. And they all work for Death. They run with the stamina of the preordained and the unsympathetic. The Three Horsemen of your personal apocalypse.

Your legs are getting tired? My legs also. My legs are getting tired. Eventually one of these morbidity and mortality horsemen will catch up to me and trample me. When you are young you imagine that you are going to play with Life—later you learn that Life is a wave that is going to roll right over you. Feel the swell of living raising you up—feel the little hairs on your neck standing up—hear that faint deep sound like a faraway train? Here comes the tsunami of life. There is no point in running or wailing or beseeching or dealing or going into a fetal position and sending prayers heavenward. It is time.

I expect to get Aids in Thailand. I expect to die a lonely death. Born alone to a woman who did not breast feed me. Lived alone surrounded by people that did not see my value. Will die alone. But I am OK with it. In fact I see it as a good thing. It will mean that I did not waste my time sitting at home wondering where the sparks of life were. The sparks of life were in the arms of women. It took me a while but I figured it out. Life gave me some extra reprieve and some extra time to figure things out. That's my accomplishment and my triumph. I figured that out. How many men are on their death beds right now and they never figured out where the sparks of their own life were? They tried books and clubs and the television and sports and careers and opinions and drugs and habits and dreams and hobbies. Nothing. All a waste of time. They could not identify their own needs. They listened to others. Scrambled around trying to please others. Learned to repeat what others said. Perhaps picked up weapons and put on uniforms and fought others' wars. Wound up with nothing. No spark—no sparks—no life.

I haven't cured cancer or figured out a way to feed the hungry or stopped war; but I also did no harm and meant no harm and smiled back at women smiling at me. I got that right. It's a personal triumph but it counts. I figured out that nothing substitutes for the life force and you can not be a player unless your body is touching another body. Right now my immune system is strong. So far I am healthy. But every year my immune system gets weaker and my testosterone level gets lower and the personal apocalypse of Sickness and Bad Luck and Accident is hot on my trail. Sometimes I think I can hear the hoofbeats behind me. I don't look over my shoulder anymore because something might be gaining on me. My hope is that selective hearing and senility will just keep one step ahead of the hoofbeats. I know the cleaver is going to strike between my shoulders but I prefer it to be a surprise.

I expect to go on holding women in my arms. I expect to get Aids. I'm OK with it. I lived as a man. I did what I was supposed to do. Every bill comes do. Nothing is for free and no human is in charge of the accounting. I'll pay mine when it is presented to me. I expect to die of Aids. I'm OK with it. Acceptance is not bliss but it does eliminate a lot of stress. The day I hear a knock on the door and look through the peephole and see Death staring back I won't try to run. Foolish. It is time. I'll just open the door.

On my death bed I won't have the strength to mouth the words in my heart but my last act will be to run them through my mind as a final act of volition and ego and personal mandate:

“Thank-you one and all. Thank-you every lovely woman who returned my gaze. Thank-you every smiling face that opened up her arms to me. Thank-you every angel who invited me inside. I was never not paying attention. I was never not grateful. Every second was a thrill. I loved you all. Thank-you”

Who Loves You Baby?

And now the announcement of a special treat (trumpets and fireworks and shrill screeching piccolos):

Sometimes I get heartfelt emails from fans whose internet communications are clearly cries for help and expostulations of pain. They often read like:

“Ah jeez, Dana; why don’t you write like you used to? Just beers and broads man; that’s all I’m cranked on … Come on man, come back to us man—beers and broads man—that’s all we Stickmanites really care about. We don’t want to hear about ‘life in the village’, or different boring opinions on Sin Sod (yawn), or musings on the Thai language (doubly boring), or stories about ‘good Thai girls’ (triple boring), or stories about happily married farangs to Thai women (‘shoot me’ boring). Beers and broads man. Where are they and how much? Period. So come on man—how about writing about the shit you used to write about? Hey and some of the tranny stuff is OK man. Keeps me from forgetting what a disgusting sicko you are.”—signed: A Friend.

So in honor of these fellow Stickmanites and their cries for help and expostulations of personal pain I will soon be sending in a submission that does nothing but list beer prices in two hundred and fifteen bars in Pattaya. It is easy to read on the internet that Pattaya has one thousand bars. Really? I’m not so sure about that. But I do feel that the two hundred and fifteen bars I have chosen from Soi Srina Kom in the north to beyond Soi 16 on Walking Street in South Pattaya and from Pattaya 2nd road to Beach road are a representative survey of bars in Fun City. Oh sure I could have extended the survey all the way from Beach road to Pattaya 3rd road (maybe that is where the mythic ‘thousand bars’ comes from) but the territory from Pattaya 2nd road to Pattaya 3rd road really starts to tip over into expat country. So to keep it simple and geographically easy to understand I stayed within the 2nd road—Beach road rectangle.

In addition this submission will list the barfine and short time and long time prices on the girls in these two hundred and fifteen bars. Just beer prices and prices on the girls in two hundred and fifteen bars in Pattaya. Let me repeat that: BEER PRICES AND PRICES ON THE GIRLS IN TWO

HUNDRED AND FIFTEEN BARS IN PATTAYA. So far on my end the first draft prints out to eighty two pages. Approximately 49,200 words.

Eighty two pages of nothing but beer prices and prices on the girls in two hundred and fifteen bars in Pattaya. Sweet Jesus it makes me breathless just to say it. Beer prices and girl prices in two hundred and fifteen bars in Pattaya. Fall on your knees and touch your foreheads to the ground Stickmanites: your salvation is coming—accurate information that will save you money and eliminate stress from mongering. Who loves you baby?

List after list after list after list after page after page after page after page of nothing but beer prices and bargirl prices in two hundred and fifteen bars in Pattaya. To repeat: Who loves you baby? This monster project has been a logistical and practical and paperwork and managerial and document and recordkeeping ballbuster but my step has never slowed in servicing the needs and wants of the Stickmanite readers.

No one supports and endorses mongerism more than me. And personal sacrifice is practically my middle name. Yes sir, talking to hundreds and hundreds of promiscuous beautiful women and going into hundreds of fun houses hasn't been all cookies and cream. The toughest assignments are the bars where the Isaan wonders glom onto you and just start rubbing and moaning. But yeah, I'm not looking for sympathy. It's a job and I am the man for the job. You can't fight fate and this is what I was sent to Pattaya to do. I accept my destiny.

Even as I write this a final price checking and information editing cadre of expats and alcoholics and mongers and mamasans and bar owners is working on the info that will become part of the submission. Expats and others working on the project are going into the bars wearing the official Dana stringer T-shirt that says

DANA IS THE MAN on the front in English letters and DON'T MESS WITH DANA on the back in Thai script. This ensures respect and accurate information that translates into reliable reporting and ultimately a submission of Biblical size and weight and importance.

Have you ever read Deuteronomy in the Bible word for word and sentence for sentence and paragraph by paragraph? How about Leviticus? OK, then you get a flavor for what this submission is going to be all about. Stick with me guys. Soon I will be coming down from the mountaintop with two hundred and fifteen stone tablets in my hands. Moses? Amateur. It's Dana Time boys and girls. Sound the trumpets and light the bonfires and fire the flares. I am soon going to deliver unto you the information you need to dance around the golden bargirl with the sure and certain knowledge that you are not paying too much.

No … wait a minute. Wait … a … minute. Hold it there … Stickmanites.

What was I thinking?

What in God's name have I gotten myself into?

I'm not going to follow through on this big stupid project. That would be boring. BORING. Come on guys. Let's try to bootstrap ourselves up and hope for more and reach for more. I'd dig my eyes out with a wooden som tam spoon before I would dedicate a valuable portion of my life to tripe like that. So if you guys are only interested in the beer and broad prices in Thailand I am cool with that. But that ain't me. So cancel everything. Forget the 49,200 words on beers and broads. It ain't gonna happen. Whew, that was close. For a minute there I was almost wallowing around in the trough of mediocrity wearing a rugby T-shirt and singing ribald songs about the Queen.

Jesus, sometimes life is just a squeaker. Squeaked through that one. I'll pay off the mamasans and bar owners and mongers and alcoholics and bargirls and expat stringers and just wash my hands of the whole thing. What to do with the eighty-two page unedited manuscript? I don't know. Maybe run off a dozen copies and use them for insulation here in Boston. Winter's coming and it is getting cold in my fifth floor garret room.

So I guess my submissions are not going to change that much. Non-fiction and fiction and faction with an attraction to the weird and the wonderful and the fanciful and the bizarre other-world quality of the Thai experience. I tell ya. Sobriety can be a neat thing. Because the more sober you are in Thailand the easier it is to see that everyone around you is nuts.

Example: I once asked the woman who sells magazines in front of the NEP if she sold men's' magazines. The thought had occurred to me (I'm a thinker) that lying in the bath tub at the Nana hotel perusing a magazine of high quality paper stock pages and high resolution photos depicting the world's most beautiful women nude and doing what comes naturally would be a good use of my time.

She acted surprised and offended. Funny. She sells Thai language newspapers that parade and foment ignorant xenophobic racist predatory views about foreigners, and she sells crap watches, and she sells pirated electronic items, and she sells fruit laced with pesticides that produce birth deformities and cancer; but she is offended at my question.

"Hey, look around lady. Your customers are whores and whore's customers and you are in one of the most famous red-light districts in the world and you think I am behaving inappropriately?"

Gets spooky and disorientating and funny sometimes (that's when you start writing). So there is not going to be any listing of alcohol and women prices from me guys. Sorry.

By the way ...

1. Did I ever tell you about my girlfriend who was hiding her cellphone in her twat and it went off while we were having a monk tying strings around our wrists? Well it happened in a faraway land a long time ago ...

2. And did I ever tell you about the three legged soi dog in Phayakkhaphum Phisai who had a penis so long that he could use it as a fourth leg?

3. Have you heard about the ghosts in the town of Kamphaeng Phet and what they did to Nan and me one night while we were locked in a 69 embrace? Well, it was a dark and stormy night ...

4. And have I ever told you about my visit to an Isaan snack foods factory? Millions and millions and millions and millions of crickets, and roaches, and grasshoppers, and grubs, and ants, and giant water beetles being bred and fried and held for shipment? Not a place to visit sober I tell you. Think it was all about the visuals? Wrong Chang breath. The sound and the smell was the kind of thing that would cling to you for life. Stay tuned for the Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes inside scoop on this part of the Thai food manufacturing industry that blows the lid off and names names. After this unstinting microscopic exposure of the Isaan bargirls favorite snack foods and how they make the trip from natural living to fried snack food heaps in front of the NEP I will not be able to run for Prime Minister. But I don't care. I fear nothing in my relentless search for truth and journalistic integrity,

5. Has anyone ever gone undercover in Thailand? Well, yes; I have. I used bodybuilder show tan products to darken my skin

and shaved all the hair off my body and got a wig and a bikini and some Frankenstein boots and a tattoo and got hired as an Isaan bargirl at a BJ bar on Soi 6 in Pattaya. Stay tuned for the shocking behind the scenes look at the bargirl lifestyle and my own personal trials and tribulations in having to service farang after farang after farang after farang. I tell you I went through boxes of toothpicks just picking my teeth. But I am getting ahead of myself. Stay tuned.

I know what you are thinking. How could a buff ripped Adonis like myself pull this off? Well, actually it wasn't that difficult. I went to the north end of Jomtien beach and picked up some youthful gay beach bait. Then across the road to a room. After a couple of hours of camera and mirror action I was practically a female chromosome. Sometimes life is just research and mimicry and desire.

So who loves you baby? Beer prices and bargirl prices? Please ... I'd rather write menus in a diner that just sells beans. I don't think that is what I was put on Earth for. Oh, and by-the-way; did I ever tell you the story about the ... wait a minute—story idea coming in—gotta go.

Chok dee
Dana

148. A Western Woman

TT&A Part 133 13/5/2006

Introduction

Honey you're so smart—
Smarter than I'll ever be.
But I'm still not in line
To dance or drink
With thee.

Book learning's good—
Of that I don't doubt.
But love is better ...
Kiss me or get out.

So take the fancy talk
And the college degree.
And find someone else—
You'll not sleep with me.

A Western Woman

In the middle of the 19th century an American Shakespeare managed to direct all of his genius on a single point and that point was a novel called Moby Dick. Much could be made of the many layers and meanings and references and philosophical exercises in the book but it can also be read for simple adventure reading and man stuff pleasure. The plot is simple. Previous to the happenings in the book a Captain Ahab had tangled with a great white whale. The whale taking exception to Ahab's intentions (cutting him up into little pieces and rendering him into oil) bit his leg off. So now Captain Ahab is missing a leg. He could have responded to this in a Fair-is-Fair kind of way but he does not. He is angry at the whale. So now we have the book about a great white whale called Moby Dick. A new voyage and

Captain Ahab has determined that in addition to discharging his duties to the owners by killing and rendering as many whales as possible he is also going to keep an eye out for Moby Dick. And if he catches him—oh boy, look out.

So what have we got here? Well, we have a great long detailed book that chronicles men doing manly things in the ocean and ship environment. Man stuff and lots of it. Great fun and a simple story. A bunch of guys on a boat and a monomaniacal captain consumed by thoughts of vengeance. Cool.

No, not cool. Not if you are a Western Woman. A Thai woman would not get all worked up over this book because she would not want to 'hurt her head'. Under the circumstances this almost looks like wisdom. But a western woman and most especially a western educated smarti-pants college professor feminist with a flapping mouth is always alert to bringing the party down. I would of course be talking about Camille Paglia. College professor, western feminist, and all around blabbermouth. Ask Camille Paglia what time it is and she will tell you how to make a watch. Can not shut up. Here are some quotes of hers regarding the American Shakespearian masterpiece of maritime adventure known as Moby Dick. I follow them with some of my own thoughts that may reflect other men's deep seated desire to have western females with barbed wire in their armpits and razor blades in their pants just shut up:

1. Camille Paglia: "Moby-Dick (the novel) rejects male sexual destiny, which Romanticism portrays as servitude to female power."

Me: "What? What the hell is she talking about? It's guys on a boat chasing whales."

2. Camille Paglia: “This is Melville’s real heaven, an all-male platoon, each with his hand in someone else’s pocket. The circle jerk is another Romantic uroboros.”

Me: “OK, I can see your eyes rolling back and I can hear the sound of the palm of your hand slamming down on the bar. I’m with ya. Crap like this just sucks the wind out of your lungs. I’ll say it for everyone—What? What the hell is she talking about? This is just insulting. Camille Paglia couldn’t give it away in the blind men’s section of Bang Kwang prison so she wants to bring down every other beating heart. Absurd.”

3. Camille Paglia: “The harpooners are daemonic archangels, tanned by hellfire. I view their multiracialism as a sexual transposition. As Romantic sexual personae, silent, solitary, and proudly self-complete, they have stolen their dark glittering glamour from repressed woman.”

Me: “What? What the hell is she talking about? There was not even a woman on the ship. I hate to get all arty-farty and intellectual here but if western feminists want to reduce every human nanosecond of life to the word ‘woman’ things are going to get pretty silly. When I am talking to a woman on the boardwalk in South Pattaya the only reduction I am interested in is the one that leads to her and I spending the night together. We will be naked and smiling and in each other’s arms. Camille Paglia will be sleeping alone. I think Ning or Nong or Noi and I are ahead on points.”

4. Camille Paglia: “The tax laid upon masculinity in Moby Dick is evident in the burden of sexual symbolism borne by Captain Ahab, the Romantic outlaw. He stands upon the “dead stump” of an amputated leg, a sexual injury consistent with his one-night stand marriage. His artificial leg nearly pierces his groin, leaving an incurable wound: his is thigh torn Adonis, severed from

mother nature by his “unsurrenderable willfulness.” Therefore the harpoon Ahab darts at Moby-Dick is a phallic mental projection, born of frustrated desire.”

Me: “A phallic mental projection, born of frustrated desire? OK, I’m not even going to waste time saying this woman is nuts. That is not the largest point. The largest point is to use this nonsense to remind yourself why you left the country you came from and why you are in Thailand. The male-female arena in Thailand is a tough gig requiring tough players but at least everyone is sticking to the basics. When I bring a woman that I have met and smiled at back to my hotel room she takes her clothes off instantly. Basics. She is a woman and I am a man. It is not about ego or one-upmanship with fancy academic words. It is about making a connection in another way. Can you imagine this western woman Camille Paglia taking her clothes off instantly because she sees the value of sexual connections without the clogging minutia of ego and intellect? Raise your hands if you do not even want this western woman to take her clothes off.”

5. Camille Paglia: “In Moby-Dick, his attempt to suppress the indebtedness of male to female has produced a stunning sadomasochistic spectacle of male subdued by male.”

Me: “OK, I’ll say it for all of you guys out there. Up to now she might have been pathetic or wrong headed or stupid but this is just insane. This western trained woman who is a professor and has classes full of young impressionable western girls is so full of it that you need to be wearing hip boots when you are around her. Indebtedness of male to female? I’ve got news for you. I am not indebted by inclination or biological fact to any female. It is not a posture or a philosophy but a fact. That is why the night-time venues and the bargirls and the sexual arenas of Thailand are so wonderful. Finally I am free. Free to be me. And the greatest part of me just as the greatest part of all of us is reptilian.

Deeper than the brain is a core of life that sparks without regard to anything but the basics. When I finally return to the Kingdom and go into my first bar or see my first Thai females in the shops or the hotels or on the street I am released from the West and delivered to Myself. My blood pressure drops and my smile widens.

And unlike the western feminists who seek to define every myriad human interaction in terms of 'woman power' I am not so foolish. I do not reduce my world to everything man centered. I know that I am only half of the equation. The other half of the equation is that lovely Thai woman over there. Gosh, I hope she likes me."

So in conclusion: Camille Paglia and her western trained feminism is not really the point. She is just a symptom of a larger disease. A mean-spirited disease of intellectual gender bashing that seeks to dominate and subjugate every male's natural desires and needs. With more degrees than a thermometer factory she will always be able to out-talk you and out-argue you and out-quote you and out-footnote you and out-interrupt you at the faculty party. People holding little sandwiches and paper cups full of wine will smile and applaud her verbal facility and aggressiveness. But you know something because you have been to Thailand that trumps all of her talk.

You do not want to see her naked. She will imagine you want to see her naked because

'all men are pigs with only one thing on their minds'

but she is wrong. Mistaken. Without the facts or the knowledge. You are a man and she is not. You have been to Thailand as a man and she has not. You do not want to see her naked. You do not want to have sex with her. So where the rubber meets the road in life she is not a player and she is not smart.

Lest I be accused of hyperbolous hyperbole or awkward metaphor or abstract allusion or unclear writing let me just restate that not only do I not want to see her naked; I also do not want to hear the sound of her voice, or see her silhouette on the horizon, or be the recipient of her opinions, or be in the same room as her royal prune ass. I'd rather shimmy up a greased pole with rabid ferrets in my pants than spend one valuable second of my life connected to this mammal.

Every woman I have ever met in Thailand and had sexual relations with was smarter than her and more of a woman than her. They knew how to communicate with me without blame placing or finger pointing. Thailand is a tough imperfect place full of sometimes tough imperfect people and not always happy times. But as an antidote to feminism maybe it is fulfilling it's destiny.

In one hundred years, or two hundred years, or five hundred years the men of Earth may look back on Thailand and realize that it was a social antidote and release valve in a world of ignorant angry hostile women ratcheting up the social tensions to no purpose. Maybe Thailand is more than a dose of medicine for each one of us individual men; maybe it is also an antidote that the world needs. Maybe it is time to just chill out a little bit and give Thailand a break. Try to see the bigger picture.

Organism—Infection—Antidote

Maybe there is something going on here bigger than all of us. There is a scientific theory now being promulgated by bright biology lights and other cross disciplinary scientists that the entire Earth is a single organism. In this theory all of the oceans, and the land masses, and the microbes, and the beating hearts, and the chlorophyll feeders, and the fishes, and the beetles, and the atmosphere, and the minerals, and algae, and cellular dances, and atomic reactions are part and parcel of a giant pulsating symbiotic organism. It is all one and the giant complex macro parts of the earth down to the smallest reactionary chemical processes are working together to keep organic healthy homeostasis in some mysterious cosmic way. In a sort of biological offshoot of chaos theory when one part of the organism known as Earth such as the oceans salinity, or the amount of carbon dioxide in the atmosphere, or the amount of plants in the Amazon are effected then that effects not only other parts of the organism but also the whole.

Who knows? This idea is certainly no stranger than every other scientific idea in the history of man. Perhaps by lighting some incense sticks and hanging a crystal around our neck and putting on the aluminum foil antlers that we use to communicate with space people we might benefit from accepting this idea. Accepting the notion that planet Earth is really one organism opens up the possibility that it might get infected. And that infection might be fought off by antidotes being sent in to eradicate the infection. Infection of a healthy organism can be insidious because of its sometimes beginning stage triviality. Often without calling attention to itself and sometimes with a kind of biological stealth it infiltrates. But the results can be dramatic. Examples:

1. The surgery was a success but the patient died? Post surgical infection.

2. Dentists now are having to reconsider what they do in the patient's mouth. There is evidence that oral infections can effect the heart and other parts of the body. Hence dental dams and drugs and a new attitude. Everything is connected to everything else.

3. We had a neighbor when I was growing up who had lost his leg to the hip due to an infected topical wound during WWII. He could not get to a hospital to have the source of infection treated soon enough so he lost the whole leg. Given more time the infection would have taken the whole body.

Where am I going with this?

Consider this: if the Earth is an organism of pulsating symbiotic life and perhaps some sort of conscious macro cellular intelligence then perhaps our current state of feminism in the world with it's attendant gender bashing is an infection. The larger healthy organism (Earth) instinctively identifies this infection as a problem to be fixed and sends in armies of antidote in the form of millions of smiling Thai women. Perhaps the women of Thailand are part of a larger purpose and a larger plan and a larger arena then most of us would ever dream of. Maybe they are human antidotes being sent in by Earth to fight off the infections of feminism and meanness towards men. Infection has the Devil's face; always waiting in the wings of the theater of life. Always ready, willing, and able to take to the stage; hit it's marks, and perform. Always strong, always insidious, always stealthy—often victorious. Fighting infection is the duty and the necessity of every living thing. Hey, maybe the Earth knows what it is doing.

Perhaps Thailand should not be thought of as a social hematoma, but as a place where the organism Earth is sending in antidote to a disease. At times the Thai experience may seem like an open wound but help is coming. Infection fighters and antidotes are being sent in and you can identify them by the smiles. Maybe the smiling girls of the Kingdom are really agents of the organism known as Earth and they are in service to the organism; sent in to fight feminism and gender bashing of men. Maybe we should stop patronizing the bargirls and using words like ignorant; and instead recognise them as front line fighters against forces of evil intent on demonizing and diminishing men. Maybe we should recognise what they themselves may not even know or understand. They are a part of more than social history and gender relations destiny; they are infection fighters and antidotes to infection and disease in the giant macro complexed wandering cosmic organism known as Earth.

Maybe it is time to just chill out a little bit and give Thailand a break. Maybe it is time to just step back and try to get a glimmer of the bigger picture. And be damned glad that there is a place where women smile back at you. Because without these human antidotes and infection fighters the disease known as male bashing and feminism may in fact infiltrate and diminish and sicken the Earth beyond redemption. Think this is all about you because you are a human? Well, consider this: what about all of the other resident males on this cosmic orb? How about male insects and male fishes and male silverback gorillas and male birds and male reptiles and … male everything. These guys are males too. Do you think the infection known as feminism would stop with just humans? Of course not.

Once these razorblade mouthed monsters with the barbed wire in their pants started to turn gender battles won into gender wars won the snowball of meanness would just continue to grow and all males of every kith and kin and kind would eventually have their genitalia thrown into a great pile. You think the concept of a black hole is scary with it's indifferent all inclusive life sucking predation? Kid stuff. Try and imagine the planet Earth with nothing but females of every beating heart species in charge and the smell of trillions of billions of tons of rotting male genitalia of every size and age and innocence and species that had been thrown into a great pile.

Hard to imagine? Try this. Imagine a future Earth governed and populated by weekend lesbian backyard gardeners naked from the waist up using compost from decaying male genitalia to build up the soil in their little herb gardens. Scared now? You should be. Because unless we start getting an awareness of the big picture here on this giant pulsating life engorged organism known as Earth and start appreciating and supporting the antidote work of the Thai women this may be our future. I don't know about you but I do not want my severed cock and balls serving as compost in some lesbians herb garden.

The smiling antidote Thai women restricted by language barrier can not talk in English with the facility of Camille Paglia or other western feminists. I am more likely to hear things like "You have jai dee." or "Up to you." or "Where you go?" or "You hansum man." or "We go loom?" or "Short time or long time?" than fancy college talk with words like Romanticism, and chthonian (?), and Wordsworthian, and mythologically and archetypically and Dionysian—Jesus, get a gun.

Well, if the western feminist is so superior to the rice farmer's daughter how come they are all sleeping alone at night with their romance novels and their graduate school diplomas and their cats? The rice farmer's daughters of the Kingdom may be easy fodder for the critics and the satirists and the people posturing as their friends but reeking of paternalistic prejudice; but the final tally is done on the smile meter. And ultimately possibly in the future on the planetary survival meter. Thai women may save the Earth.

The rice farmer's daughters get and give more smiles than anyone else. Smiles from women don't stop in the head or the heart, they only make pitstops there on the way to the brain stem. Smiles from women in Thailand saved my life as a man. I don't mind saying it. My dignity and self-worth were returned to me. I don't mind making that public. I can now open myself up in public like a clam. I am free. And I owe it to many women who could not read or write their own language. What has reading and writing got to do with anything? Tricks.

I love the women of Thailand. On a personal level I accept their antidote feminine medicine that they pour into my male psyche infection. Pride goes before the fall and I am not too proud to say that I am sick and under heavy mortar attack from feminists and other gash monsters. I need the women of Thailand. And I love them. Every one of them. Infection loves the game and the game is disrespect for healthy happy bodies and minds, aggressive behavior, demeanment of ego, and public and personal humiliation. Sound like any feminists or western females you know of? How best do you fight a woman? With a man? No, with another woman. A Thai woman. A smiler.

Hey, maybe the Earth knows what it is doing.

149. Science Fiction, Thailand, and You

TT&A Part 134 20/5/2006

Dateline: 2018

With recent advances in science a trip to Pattaya now from anywhere in the world or the Solar System is no longer a process or an event but just a thought. Gone are the planes that could do Eskimo rolls off Pattaya beach and travel at nose cone pulsating speeds and scare the wits out of me and Noi and teddy bear in flight suit. Now I only have to share information with Noi through pupil contact and telepathy. No more tortured language barrier and miscues and miscommunications. If she agrees we travel as broken down bits and bytes of information eating up parsec and part-of-parsec distances in a nanosecond.

In fact the word travel is no longer accurate. Travel involves time measured relative to a human's perception of time. This transposition of humans from one place to another place happens faster than a human can perceive. It's a modern scientific magic act beyond understanding. Now finally after a tedious 4000 years we are on the cusp of interesting ideas and interesting results. Time travel and transposition of matter and other dimensions routinely accessed. Goodbye religion and hello intelligence. Now evolution has truly started.

In this new world and in this year of 2018 the so-called constant of the speed of light is just an anachronistic embarrassment and 20th century physicists are looked upon with the indulgence of little dogs jumping through hoops at the circus. It's not a bad thing. When the great thinkers of the past are looked at with pity it means that progress is being made. Aristotle was wrong about some mighty big things for a very long time but at least progress was finally made. Even incorrect boneheaded scientific ideas have use as a baseline. So goodbye 19th and 20th century physics and hello the future of now. Sharks have lasted 400 million years. We are just getting started.

Anyway, as your bits and bites of information that represent you cruise to Pattaya from Rio or Jeddah or Christ Church or Mars at greater than speed-of-light speeds your metabolic processes go into hibernation and the aging process stops. Traveling is no longer about process or event. It just does not take that long. You 'think' your way to places. Be careful with your thoughts. This new understanding of science makes the universe an Aladdin's lamp—be very careful what you wish for. Absolute power measured against human frailty is an unequal contest. If you don't truly want to be in your parents bedroom when they are making love than don't think about it.

Anyway, in this new world and in this new travel modality at the other end your bits and bytes of information that represent you automatically reform. No longer do Noi and I have to climb out of cockpits and take off flight suits or deal with the tranny mechanics. We just automatically appear holding hands on the boardwalk in Pattaya or at a little table in Swenson's ice cream store or in the function room of the Amari hotel at a society event. This is what travel is like now. Which means that all around you like the twinkling lights on a Christmas tree, or the blinking stars reflected in a velvet black fish pond, or the silent flashing of Tata Young paparazzi people are constantly appearing and disappearing. No one takes notice. The mind's eye accepts and filters the incoming data the way our bodies automatically accept and filter the neutrinos from space, and the magnetic influences, and the photons slicing through us.

So travel to Thailand has changed for everybody. Gone is the risk of airline flight and the inconvenience of airport protocols and the demeanment of Immigration procedures and the cost.

Thailand is now a destination of the mind open to all with big and small possibilities. One of the big possibilities is that there will be less xenophobia, and less tiresome nationalism, and less petty corruption, and fewer mind boggling regulations, and less Stalinesque clerk behavior from the Thais because they will have lost control. Papers and stamps and entry interviews are now impossible on entry and exit because there is no entry or exit. People just appear and disappear.

An example of a small change is that because of the beyond the speed of light speeds of bits and bytes of information: a man could travel to Thailand and have sex with Lek from the boardwalk and then travel back to Argentina or Iceland or Boston on his lunch hour. Feminists hate this. But then feminists hate everything so there really hasn't been any change there.

So there have been some big changes in travel. But then you already knew that. You have been traveling this way for the last two years. What I was really talking about is how these changes will affect how we treat each other. Since incoming and outgoing travel to nations will be impossible to monitor and restrict nations and governments will have to adapt and change how they treat people. Maybe everyone will have to act nicer. Maybe acting nicer to guests in your country will not occur as an act of will and conscious volition but only as a no-other-options part of social science. OK, we'll take it. Sometimes it is not really the point to ask too many questions. Just take the gift. If your dog goes from making smelly poops to poops that smell like perfume just go with it.

Times are changing. Most of the established Newtonian and Einsteinium laws of physics have been discarded and we now rightly and accurately describe our emotional and our corporeal selves and our travel possibilities in the Solar System as results of quantum mechanics, atomic morphology, and subatomic cellular intelligence. Unless of course we are having one of those fabulous ice cream cones sold at night on Walking Street. Then it is back to the 20th century and licking and laughing like children. Sometimes Noi and I will be in line at this shop and another couple coming in from God knows where will just automatically appear in front of us in line. That's called cutting in line folks and I don't like it. I don't care if you just came from Mars or our colonies on the Moon or the even more remote Betong or Mae Sai that is called cutting in line. I don't like it and it makes Noi wild.

Nothing is perfect.

—Finit—

An Open Letter Afterword

Dear Stickmanites: Sometimes I get emails from readers of the Stickmanbangkok.com site and they say things to me like this:

Fairy Freakin' Morning To You Kuhn Asshole Dana—

"Ah geez Dana, how come you can't write normal like you used to. What the hell happened to you? Did you trade in your testicles for two candy canes? I don't really dig this science fiction stuff. OK, forget stuff—it's shit man and I hate it. Don't get me wrong. You are a rockin' cat and a totally happenin' dude and a far out wick dipper but I just don't dig this stuff. I'm a man's man—you know what I mean? I had an airhead girlfriend once who was always going on about flying rabbits and talking trees and little forest elves wearing tights. Had to get rid of her before my head exploded. Not my scene man.

Like I said, I'm a man's man. Hell, I don't even have to pay for it if you know what I mean. I've been dip tank tested and my body fat is only 2%; and you could bounce bullets off my pecs. I'm the most man I ever met and a woman's wet dream. That's just the way it is. I'm dyin' if I'm lyin' dude and like all real men I hate this faggotty pansy ass weird literary funk called science fiction. Not to put too fine a point on it I've got more ripped shredded veined muscles in my gluteus maximus than you've got in your whole soft turd writer body. My juiced up balls may have shrunk to the size of BB's but I can bench press double my weight in teeruks and shout out the names of the last twenty Republican presidents at the same time. Welcome to Manville you little baby food slurping tranny plugging noodle dick dweeb.

Manville—the only gym in the world that counts. No lycra body suit females, and no stockbrokers, and no lifting routines written down on little pieces of paper. Just the clang of plates, and the grunted 'Seig Heil Spot Me Gunter' bouncing off the bare mold covered concrete block walls. A place where the only things real men are interested in is stuff that is real and stuff that is now. But I don't guess that's something you'd know about. You probably stretch before exercising you little short pants weekend warrior. Stretching. I think I'm gonna puke. What's next world—sex changes? Carrying purses and shopping for tampons?

I hate to tell you this and rain on your little pansy parade but real men don't stretch before exercise. Real men don't do anything before exercise. That would be like farting before going to the crapper and dropping a load. Real men just get it done. Learn to just get it done little runt buddy. Real men have groin pull hematomas that look like purple placentas, biceps muscles that have ripped right off the bone, burst capillaries in the backs of their eyes, incipient kidney failure, a chance of steroid induced brain tumor, and the beginnings of early onset arthritis in all of their joints. But I don't guess you'd know anything about this. You're too busy voting liberal, and listening to educational radio, and reading books. Faggot.

That's right you little snot nose keyboard pecking asswipe I live in a place called Manville—a place where If I can't salute it or paint it or jam it I ain't interested. My dick can do jumping jacks. I'll bet you never even thought of that idea you little retail window dresser. So just keep it real man. Snap out of whatever little gay writer dream you're having and grab the reins. And I ain't kidding. The meek ain't going to inherit shit and the real men of the world are getting sick and tired of Commander Jerkwads like you who want to pay for something in a 7-11 cashier line with a personal check. Hell, real men don't even know how to fill out a check register. So get jacked and get scared pimple face. If I see you and Noi and that stupidass flightsuited teddy bear doing beach landings off Pattaya the last thing you are going to remember hearing is the whoosh of a shoulder fired rocket.

In fact, now that I think of it (and believe me when I tell you that real men like me don't waste much time thinking): I'll bet you have never even been to Thailand. It's all a fraud. Just a bunch of lies. I'll bet you're some pervert double amputee in the St. Francis homeless shelter on Tremont St. in Boston with straps to keep you upright and a stick glued to your forehead so that you can tap out these so-called submissions. After your free breakfast (my taxes dickwad) you send your stringers (alcoholics, methadone users, babblers, droolers, homos, parole violators, little girl dreamers) to the various branches of the Boston Public Library to Google up 'research' on Thailand. Back to you with the info and voila next week another submission. Don't know why I didn't think of this before.

Because if you had ever been to Thailand; if you had ever been on the boardwalk in Pattaya I would have spotted you. Everyone on the boardwalk would have spotted you because you and me on the boardwalk together would look like Man and Anti-Man.

Within minutes of you and me fighting for oxygen on the same boardwalk there would be giant Sikorsky helicopters overhead with truck sized generators powering huge humming apparatus that would spotlight us. The United Nations would show up with that yellow crime scene tape to surround us; and then the Bangkok Post and the Pattaya Mail and the Tokyo Tattler and the New York Times and the Bahrain Bugler and all of the other newspapers would send in reporters and camera people to chronicle Man and Anti-Man. No offence …! OK, you might have been to the Kingdom. I'm just sayin'. Something to think about. Because if I find out you been lying all this time I'm going to come to that homeless shelter and rip that keyboard pecking stick off of your forehead and …!

So listen here dweeb: Just tell me where to score with the ladies and how much to pay and where are the cheapest beers and the best shows. And oh yeah, also I need to know where I can get a cheap banger breakfast. Real men eat crap that looks like soi dog turds and clogs their veins and they start first thing in the morning. And by real men I mean me. A walking living testosterone fueled Adonis that doesn't have to pay for it. Ya know how I mash up my bangers? I stick'em under my foreskin, lay my enormous turgid member on the table, and hit it with a hammer. A jackhammer. Try that Mr. Science Fiction Candy Cane Balls.

And oh yeah, one more thing. Where is the biggest TV for watching football? I know from some of your previous submissions that you don't like soccer but that's 'cause you're an asshole (no offence). You probably couldn't kick the ball if we tied it to one of your little girly ankles with a rope. I'm just saying. No offence. When I play in the Bahrain Cameltoe league no other players on our team take the field. I am all that is required. Remember candy cane balls; it takes leather balls to play soccer. I'm not braggin'. I'm just sayin'. So just keep it real man. Teddy bears in flight suits and you and Noi traveling in bits and bytes (?) of information instead of coach. I ain't into that shit."

Choker deeski—
A Bigger Man Than You'll Every Be

Like I said, sometimes I get emails from readers of the Stickmanbangkok.com site and they say things to me like this. OK, it's not exactly Hitler telling his Generals not to retreat but imagine getting 50-60 of these emails per week. OK, imagine getting 5 or 6 of these epistles a month. Alright, I got four letters like this. That's not really the point. If you prick me do I not bleed? Usually I just whip out my little runt buddy dick and slam it down on the delete button when I get incoming mental midget literary mortars like this. But some muttonheads just earn more attention and receive a reply—To wit:

Sa Wa Dee Khrap Hansum Man With Suay Maak Glutious Maximus—

Don't like science fiction do you? If we take the above email and grind it up in a mortar and pestle, then put it in a cyclotron, and finally reduce it through heat; the essence of this email is that you don't like science fiction?

Let's test that shall we? There is no greater wisdom than to 'know thyself' so I am sure you are correct about not liking science fiction. But it won't hurt to test it will it?

Let's see: You save your money all year to go to a place where women more lovely than you deserve call you hansum man? You love science fiction. Because if you think that is real you need serious counseling. Forget about what you think you look like in the mirror real man. Not one of your bargirls has Caucasian pictures of a man like you on the ceiling over her bed. She dreams of Thai men. You are second rate to her and you will always be second rate to her. Her calling you hansum man is science fiction and you love it. It is a siren song stronger than you because you believe it.

You are holding hands with beautiful women within two seconds of meeting them and they are tipping their heads and just riveted by everything you are saying? That's science fiction baby and you love it. You dreamed about it for the last twelve months while working in that tire factory in Germany. You didn't dream about the real world. The real world is full of huge German women and smells like cabbage. The ravishing non-Germanic femme fatale in your arms can not understand one word you are saying but she finds it fascinating? Fiction jackass and you love it.

When you take a young beautiful Thai woman to your hotel room she TAKES OFF ALL OF HER CLOTHES IMMEDIATELY AND STANDS THERE NAKED. That's science fiction in your life nimrod because in no way do you deserve this in the real world of your life. If you really were an alpha male and a women's wet dream this behavior would be normal and routine to you. But it isn't. Your pupil dilation and heart rate and skin temperature give you away every time. You have never gotten used to it. It is beyond the norm for all men. You are stunned anew every time. It is a fiction that you have purchased and it is fiction that you love. You aren't paying to purchase reality—you could have had that under a bridge in Berlin or Cologne; you are paying to take part in science fiction.

The sex is so great with the women of the Kingdom of Make-Believe that you can not tell if they are faking or not? That is science fiction you jerk because that ain't real. Not only can you not tell if they are faking their emotions and their responses or not; you do not care. You have left the real world behind and are now living in a world divorced from reality where you don't know what is real and what is not real—and you don't care.

And that is why you come to Thailand. None of it is real and all of it is better than your real life. Oh I know you have bullet bouncing pecs and ass cheeks that could open a beer bottle but real alpha males don't have to bray about it like drunken donkeys. Hey, and don't misunderstand me. I'd love to be able to open beers with my ass. Why to be able to say to a woman in a bar:

"Hello, my name is Dana and I can open that beer for you with my ass cheeks."

is a dream of mine. I know I'm just a little baby food slurping dweeb but we have dreams too. But you know—real men receive respect; they don't demand it, or shout about it, or use it as some juvenile measuring stick. Your bad language and poor social skills make you ordinary. People one town over don't know your name, and on your death's anniversary no one will come by your grave. And that is why you come to Thailand. Not because you 'don't have to pay for it' or because you are a 'woman's wet dream'—but because none of the Thai experience is real and all of it is better than your real life. Fiction is better than reality and you can't get enough of it. You love science fiction. You dream about moving to Thailand. But not to be real or to live real. You dream about moving to Thailand to be part of science fiction. To live a life divorced from reality and more wonderful than most of your friends can imagine.

They should just change the name of the country from Thailand to ScienceFictionland and be done with it. Put Noi and me in charge. It's all science fiction. Get with the program. And forget about your big man stories, and your gluteus maximus, and your bench press anecdotes; none of that is currency in science fiction land. You can not bring anything to Thailand from the West, or from your life, or out of your reality ego that counts. It is start over time. From scratch. When you deplane at Don Muang with your expat dreams you have entered a time and a place beyond reality. A place of science fiction. Don't believe me? What would be your response if on hitting the tarmac at Don Muang all you could see to the horizon were tire factories and fat German women and piles of cabbages? You love science fiction. That's why you got on the plane.

Oh, and one more thing. You know how when you return from your trips and you are telling stories to your friends and office associates? Have you ever noticed that after a while their attention wanders and they kinda stop listening? Know why? Because it sounds like science fiction to them. It can't be real. They can't really make a connection between what you are saying and what you are describing and their life. It is just too much to absorb or credit. You are returning from a place and a mindset of science fiction. They are going to leave you behind in favor of reality; and you are going to leave them behind when you re-board for Siam in favor of science fiction.

Thailand. It's all science fiction. You love science fiction. All of your future dreams are composed of bits and bytes of psychic science fiction. You are living by dreaming. And you aren't dreaming of fat German wives, or promotions in the tire factory, or owning every cabbage in Munich. So the next time Noi and I buzz Pattaya beach at 18,000 miles per hour in our NASA designed plutonium powered jet shaped like a dolphin and made up of noodles and reprocessed carbon fiber flip-flops—salute us. That's me flying and my teeruk sitting on my shoulders and the nose of the teddy bear pressed against the canopy. We are living the life you dream of. A life that is not quite real and not quite fiction. Just like the trannies are the third sex—not quite male and not quite female: Noi and I are living in a third dimension of reality, a life of science fiction. Not quite reality and not quite fiction. If you ever manage to get to Thailand as an expat look us up. We'll be at the old jet bar on the steps of the Royal Garden Plaza. We'll show you pictures and tell you stories. We'll include you. Noi will take a picture of you under the wing holding her teddy bear in his flight suit. Thailand. A place of science fiction. Come on down. You'll love it.

Chok dee
Dana

(dedicated to Caveman)

150. Expat for the Ages

TT&A Part 135 27/5/2006

Open Letter Prologue

Tear it to pieces
Then do it again.
Make yourself happy
Rend and rend.

Little pieces
And then smaller still—
Little little pieces;
Go at it with a will.

Grimace and tear—
It's OK with me.
You're so so pretty
But you just don't see.

In one piece
Or many;
It's all the same.
It's my heart honey—
My only game.

Every cell's connected
To every mate.
You just can't hurt me—
You're too late.

Others came before you—
The damage is done.
Be proud to be Thai—
Where words are like a gun.

I believed every sigh—
I believed every one.
I believed every woman—
I believed in the fun.

Then I found out
I was nothing but wheat.
The women were scythes—
I fell at their feet.

But it wasn't all loss—
I still have a heart.
Whole or in pieces
It's still of me a part.

A heart that lets me
Remember and cry.
A heart that reminds me
Why I want to die.

I gave you my heart
And got back pieces.
But it's OK my tart—
Life's nothing but short term leases.

I'm cryin' now
In the form of song.
Feeling better—
Singing loud and long.

Like a lone cold wolf
Baying at the moon—
I'm recovering slowly;
And maybe soon—

I'll meet another nice woman.

Expat For The Ages

Some men know where they are supposed to be—most men don't. Some men are where they are supposed to be—most men aren't. Some men have been where they were supposed to be—most men have not. Nothing in one's life exceeds the happy serendipity of being in the right place at the right time for the right reason and being the right person.

Examples:

480BC—Thermopylae: Three hundred Spartans and five thousand Persians. But the Spartans are the right men at the right time and at the right place for the right reasons. They hold off the Persians long enough for the home country to catch a second breath.

1795—'Napoleon Bonaparte, charged with protecting the Directory, discharges cannon into the crowd.' OK, he had to mow down some French citizens; but heh, it was a real career starter. Right place, right time, right person—when there is killing to be done get a killer.

1805—Nelson at Trafalgar uses the column instead of the line to decimate the enemy's ships and change history. Of course he was shipped home in a barrel of brandy but he was still the right man at the right time.

1861—Abraham Lincoln is elected President of the United States and presides over civil war. Unhappy times and imperfect results but the right man at the right time. No one since has made another suggestion. Right man—right time.

1945—The Soviet Union enters Berlin. A western ally that lost 20,000,000 men in the crucible of World War II and received scant recognition for it because of the subsequent Cold War. Right men at the right time. If you were a Berliner at the end of the war and you saw a Russian soldier coming you knew that he was the right man at the right time and in the right place for the right reason and you were not any of those things. Best to just lay down and take it in the neck. Nothing roles forward more inexorably than history and nothing trumps serendipity. The war in Europe ends.

1953—A New Zealand beekeeper named Edmund Hillary stands atop Mount Everest for the first time. Impossible in retrospect to imagine a more fitting and historically happy person to have made the final plod.

1969—Astronaut Neil Armstrong steps foot on the moon for the first time. Historically a footnote now but the history maker is still alive and still lending dignity to the event by being the right man at the right time in the right place and for the right reasons. It has been almost forty years and no other name has been suggested for the pages of history.

Some men are so intrinsically and beyond debate chromosomally and personality suited for some things that history cries out for them to assume their rightful crown. So who should be the ultimate expat? Who by appearance and expostulation deserves the appellation Expat For The Ages? Who should receive the Thai expat crown? My vote is for the singer Joe Cocker. To wit:

"Unchain My Heart"
(B.Sharp/T.Powell)—sung by Joe Cocker

Unchain my heart
Baby let me be
'Cause you don't care
Let me
Set me free

Unchain my heart
Baby let me go
Unchain my heart
'Cause you don't love me no more

Every time I call you on the phone
Some fella tells me that you're not at home
Unchain my heart
Set me free

Unchain my heart
Baby let me be
Unchain my heart
'Cause you don't care about me
You've got me sowed up like a mellow case
But you let my love go to waste
Unchain my heart
Set me free

I'm under your spell
Like a man in a trance baby
Oh but you're no doubt aware
That I don't stand a chance

Unchain my heart
Let me me go my way
Unchain my heart
You are in me night and day

Why leave me to a life of misery
When you don't care about the beans for me
Unchain my heart oh please
Set me free
Alright
I'm under your spell
Just like a man in a trance oh baby
But you're no doubt aware
That I don't stand a chance
Please unchain my heart
Let me go my way
Unchain my heart
You are in my night and day

Why leave me to a life of misery
When you don't care about the beans for me
Unchain my heart
Please set me free
Oh set me free
Oh woman why don't you do that for me
You don't care
Won't you let me go
That you don't love me no more
Like a man in a trance
let me go
I'm under your spell
Like a man in a trance
And you're no doubt aware
That I don't stand a chance no
Oh
You don't care
Please set me free

Joe Cocker singing with the tortured lyrics and broken heart and stroke presaging sweat and jerky movements of the love deranged gets my vote for the Expat For The Ages award. He never established a presence in Thailand but if he had he would have known that he had found his Mount Everest. Right man at the right time and in the right place for the right reason. Joe Cocker in Thailand. Joe Cocker in the red light districts of Thailand. Joe Cocker singing in an open air bar on Walking Street.

It takes a lot to stop the Bataan Death March tourist shuffle of the slightly bored crowds on Walking Street as they cruise up and down looking for happiness they won't find. They are not really sex tourists but more of the migrating unimaginative wretches of humanity wondering when the 'fun' will be over and they can go back to their hotel rooms and watch TV. But Joe Cocker singing expat laments in an open bar on Walking Street would bring the crowds and the people and the hearts and the street to a stop. Listening to the music and seeing the tortured figure expostulating every expat's lament would reach inside their brains and put a choke hold on their neurons.

The only thing more exciting than yelling

"Jump Jump Jump"

is yelling

"Sing Sing Sing".

Sing Joe and let me listen.
Sing Joe and let me sigh
Sing Joe and my-oh-my;
Sing Joe and let me cry.

Men are the equal of anybody and the equal of any woman but we do not hear from expat men in the Kingdom. Sing Joe. Sing for me and my lost dreams and my broken heart and my need for love.

Expat Street Theatre

—Performed by the DanaTime Players

Me: Honey Bunny?

Woman: Yes, my snookums.

Me: Could you review for me again why women are so superior to men?

Woman: Oh, snookums there are so many reasons and your brain is too simple and undeveloped to understand them all.

Me: Really?

Woman: Yes, me pet; you just have to accept the fact that we are not equal.

Me: Well, actually I have been hearing this crap for the last 40 years so I believe I am pretty knowledgeable about all the ways that women are superior to men. In fact it is about all I have heard from women for forty years. But most of the reasons that women are superior to men are secondary to the fact that women can make babies and give birth and men can not make babies and give birth. Would you agree with that?

Woman: Yes.

Me: OK, help me out here since my man brain is so primitive. Rats and snakes make babies and give birth and retarded women and women in comas make babies and give birth.

Woman: What are you getting at?

Me: Well, I am just asking for help. Are you honestly expecting any man to crawl on his belly like a reptile before a woman just because she can imitate rats and snakes and celebrate her ‘difference’ even if retarded or in a coma?

Woman: I don’t think I like your attitude.

Me: I've got an idea. Why don't you take your superior intelligence in the kitchen and rearrange the spice rack while I continue to read this article on Newtonian and Einsteinian and Quantum physics. Maybe somewhere in this article or buried in the footnotes I will learn why men get their hearts broken by trash like you.

Thai Woman: Up to you. But we are still not equal.

Me: You are right.

CURTAIN CLOSES—Applause from the expats-stonefaces from the Chinese.

I'll be emigrating to the Kingdom soon. I have friends setting me up with housing and utilities and computers and phone. My stuff has already been taken over trip by trip and my condo is rented out on Beacon Hill. A few more trips to the bank and the financial planner and then it will be the cab ride to Logan airport and fly baby fly. That big bird is going to take off even if I have to pull it off the runway myself.

Fly baby fly—
Take me to my Pattaya home.
Fly baby fly—
I'll never more roam.

Goodbye United States—
It wasn't that great.
Hello Pattaya—
I know I'm not too late.

I'm older and slower
With tired feet.
But I've still got a yen—
For Walking Street.

Fly baby fly—
Leap into the air.
Take me to Thailand;
My love I declare.

Fly baby fly—
Take me to Fa.
Fly baby fly—
She's my Ooh La La.

Fly baby fly—
Take me to Daow.
Fly baby fly—
Fly baby and now.

Fly baby fly—
Goodbye America.
Fly baby fly—
Hello Thai 'ka'.

Once I get to the land of palms and smiles and spice I am going to start an open air bar on Walking Street. I'll rob freelancers from Tony's and from Lucifer's and have dancing girls in the street. Fa will be the mamasan and Daow will be in charge of the waitresses. I've got an expat friend who will run interference with the vendors and another expat friend who will help me with 'special situations' regarding Thais who wear uniforms. Sure. Easy. All figured out. I'll run it like the Pentagon and chase every baht. We'll have lots of fun and laugh a lot; but it will all be a loss leader in terms of energy for the real event. The defining moment and archstone event every Friday, Saturday and Sunday night—the Dana's Delight bar signature brand and ultimate nighttime venue experience:

Joe Cocker Night

That's right ladies and gentlemen, expats and newbies, farangs and farangs (no Thais allowed): Joe Cocker night—Friday and Saturday and Sunday. A show of emotional expat lament and broken heart lyrics that will stop people in the street cold. We'll have Joe Cocker look-a-like contests, and Joe Cocker flying sweat contests, and Joe Cocker karaoke contests, and when everyone is good and loaded will have the waitresses go up to the mike one by one and try and say Joe Cocker—charming and hysterical. And some nights we'll have the man himself flown in at the bar's expense.

Joe Cocker—short stocky body, Celtic face, bad teeth, rheumy eyes, big farang nostrils. Joe Cocker—an Englishman. Englishmen—genes from the Scots and the Irish and the Welsh and all of the Norse tribes: the Danes and the Norwegians and the Swedes and the Finns. Genes for big tall strong people but too much mixing yields mutts. Englishmen—mutts. Down turned mouth and receding hair and overweight—expat mutt. Joe Cocker—Expat For The Ages. By face and body he could have been a Midlands farmer, or a London taxi driver, or a lifetime town councilor. But Joe was put on earth to cry and to lament and to sing. Joe was put on earth to stand in for men. Our lone wolf crying at the moon. Our fast friend making sure we are not forgotten too soon.

Joe Cocker look-a-like contests, and flying sweat contests, and lip-synching contests, and karaoke contests? Sure—no ploblum. But the real deal will be the lyrics and the expostulation of man. Mankind. People who have value who just happen to have male genitalia. The forgotten ones. The left behinds. The politically incorrect because we do not want to spend our time rearranging bath towels and talking to mother and cold creaming our legs. Men. Men with hearts. Men without love or hope because they have been to bottom of the well. Men who live in Thailand. Men who understand that song titles are hints and clues and keys to someone's heart and mind and soul:

DON'T LET THE SUN GO DOWN ON ME
and
CRY ME A RIVER
and
DON'T YOU LOVE ME ANYMORE?
and
HAVE A LITTLE FAITH IN ME
and
I WILL LIVE FOR YOU
and
WHEN A WOMAN CRIES

And what a cryin' shame that Joe couldn't be everywhere in our visitor and expat lives in Thailand; setting the right tone and making sure we are not alone ...!

Joe on the tarmac when we arrive singing—"Unchain my heart/ Set me free".

Joe standing behind the check-in desk register clerks at the Nana Hotel singing—"I'm under your spell/Like a man in a trance".

And finally, Joe handing out CD's to fellow farang all over the Kingdom with the lines—"Every time I call you on the phone/Some fella tells me that you're not at home".

Who would I like to be? I'd like to be Joe Cocker in the flesh and in Thailand representing every man and sending out male lament to the furthest reaches of the universe.

Sing Joe ...

Sing for me
And sing for you.
These are expat times—
It's OK to be blue.

Let it come out.
Open your heart.
We all love you—
Let the cryin' start.

It's hard to be a man.
It hurts to lose.
Every woman—
Makes us choose.

Dignity or love;
It all ends in pain.
A woman's choice—
Always their game.

Sing for us Joe.
The expat criers—
Sing for us;
Lead us in choir.

We need a leader.
A hero to follow.
Sing for us—
The expat hollow.

Anyway, as I mentioned before: the bar will be known as Dana's Delight. It will be a refuge and a womb, a place of respite, a place of homage, and a temple to lives lived too soon. Springy wooden floors for tired knees and feet, genuinely cold glasses and ice for those who like their drinks neat, and squeaking armchairs with cushions for the just plain tired and beat. Come on down any

Friday or Saturday or Sunday night for Joe Cocker night. Show starts at eleven.

And on special occasions when the man himself is in town that is when I will leave my high legged directors chair overlooking the cash register and walk to the stage (still looking out of the back of my head at the cash register); take the mike stand by hand and shout—

"And now ladies and gentleman of the Dana's Delight bar here in Pattaya, Thailand it is my pleasure to introduce a man who needs no introduction outside of Thailand but a man who deserves an introduction inside of Thailand because of his distinct moniker. A man who it is my duty to nominate and accredit and introducicate as the Expat For The Ages. A walking living legend breathes and sings and sweats amongst us and it is our duty to know when to look up and to know when to bow down—So let's have a great big City of Sin Walking Street round of applause for my Expat For The Ages and yours: Joe Cocker."

At this point my bar mamasan Fa flicks on the Applause sign, and punches the button on the foot stamping and cheering CD; while my head waitress Daow stands at the fuse box and flicks the bar lights on and off, and on and off, and on and off. Then Joe takes the stage and the Expat For The Ages Dana's Delight bar band big wheels start rolling.

Rumblin' rumblin' rumblin' big big sound, a hush of the bar patrons, and a slowing of the Bataan Death March Walking Street tourists. Then Joe on stage belting out every hit and every lament from the past to the now; energized by the heat, and the location, and the upturned faces. Later between sets a lineup of waitresses and patrons and expats and freelancers on stage singing. People at the tables transfixed by real emotion and people in the street starring open mouthed at raw humanity wailing straight from the heart.

And everything perfect the way everything perfect should be.
When the ultimate of anything is singing to thee.
Bad teeth and sweaty brow,
Runny eyes and some fat now—
It's the beekeeper on Everest,
Or Armstrong on the moon;
It's the right man at the right time and none too soon.
Of that there can be no doubt—
Come down to the Dana Bar,
Come down to sing and shout.

And remember; it's OK to cry. Cryin' just means you are paying attention.

Stand and listen.
Stand and cry.
Look me up—
And tell me why

You are a Joe Cocker.

Sincerely Yours,
Dana

151. Public Forum Open Letter

TT&A Part 136 3/6/2006

Introduction

It's poem and prose time once again. Prologue and paean. Enjoy. And remember: every word is 100% true. That's right rockers and mongers and expats and Dana fans. Every word is 100% true. In the past there have been some disbelieving and sometimes unkind remarks forwarded to me about how some of my non-fiction was really fiction or at best faction. I've tried to be charitable about this. After all, how can beta males understand or comprehend alpha males? However, it would be disingenuous of me to state that the smallest stone does not irritate the elephant's foot.

However, I am nothing if not accommodating so as a literary sop to the naysayers and those who still have one foot on the floor a new initiative in the form of a Dana-specific Stickmanbangkok submission policy is being flomlugated (new word). All articles and stories and ruminations and rants and essays and autobiographical reminiscences will now be checked and rechecked and then checked again for veracity and fact by unimpeachable Thai sources. And I think we all know how rigorous that kind of thing can be.

Anyway—copies have been made of documents, and notarized signatures have been examined by handwriting experts, and committees have been formed, and rules and protocols have been written down in official looking books, and super mysterious cross referencing has been done that frankly I barely understand. So relax. No need to get your liver in a quiver. Every word from now until the pen drops from my aged fumbling farang fingers will be absolutely true. And no better inauguration of this new policy could be had than the following submission entitled: IT'S

CATAPULT TIME. Every word is 100% true. So the Thai sun is rising on a new moment in history and you are all going to be a part of it. Check the Buddhist calendar date, and check your Patpong rip-off watches, and make entries in your 15 baht Foodland journals. ITS CATAPULT TIME would make an excellent commutative tattoo. And remember: Every word is 100% true.

Cranking Prologue

Winching and drinking
In the hot night air.
The pillow cased body
Just lying there.

There has been an incident—
Funny how life wends.
Some time for targeting;
Then the machine sends.

A creak and a squeal,
A whoosh and a crack—
The offender is gone.
No more flack.

Back down the stairs.
And in the door.
Drinks all around—
Tonight adds to the lore.

So don't mess around
In the Dana Bar.
Or you'll be shot from the roof—
You'll be shot far.

Pillowcased and gassed—
Regretful and limp.
Too late to take back
What made you a simp.

Its the Dana Bar—
No shout and no bark.
But don't mess up
Or you'll be doing an arch.

Only one catapult
And not many rules;
The Dana Bar—
No place for fools.

It's Catapult Time

—By the DanaTime Players (Dedicated to the Royal Cranksters of Bung Kan)

Stage Preface—Crank Theatre

(Yellow Spotlight—Two Figures Center Stage—Bar Scene)

Idiot: For real dude—totally cranked. And no knarly whatever about it either bro—just bitchin' totally happenin' far out stuff man ... crazy man.

Me: Hey jackass—I've got an idea for you. I'm fifty seven years old. Why don't you speak English?

Idiot: Chill baby chill—ain't no big thing. Just go with the flow man.

Me: Hey Kuhn Flowster; let's start over. See that framed document on the wall behind me? I own this bar. Now get out. And when you get back to your little room with the broken fan and the politically correct roaches get on your cell phone and tell all of your totally cranked completely awesome knarly stoked friends—you know; the fools who never even heard of WWII or the moon landing, not to come here.

Yellow spot fades—curtain closes … two hundred rheumy-eyed expats burst from their seats like lanced boils and burst into applause.

Finit

One: Crank Pet Peeves

OK, I've got three pet peeves. Not bad for someone who has managed to avoid getting hit by cars crossing streets for fifty seven years and has had to put up with more bullshit than any random group of ten people. The first is the weather. It is just too damn hot in this country. Someone needs to get rid of the weather. The second is the people. They're everywhere in this country and they can be a real pain. And the third is the food. Too many stupid chillies. Someone needs to get rid of the Thai food. That's right; if we could just get rid of the weather, and the people, and the food; this place would be great.

Wait a minute … those weren't my three pet peeves for this open forum letter at all … Jesus, I guess the literary jalopy just flashed off the road there for a second. Forget that. Just forget that stuff. Don't know what I was thinking. My real Three Pet Peeves (try and get your teeruk to say that) are below:

Pet Peeve Number One: The 'hats-on-backwards' people. What's with that? What's next? Pants on backwards and telling me that is fashion that I am too unhip to understand? Hey, I've got an idea. When you get hit by a car and I show up driving the ambulance we'll put the oxygen mask on backwards. Hey dude—knarly and cool. Just chill baby and go with the flow. Can't feel the flow? Totally cranked and crazy dude. As you jerk your last jerk with your legs I'll reach up and turn your hat around. Asshole.

Pet Peeve Number Two: The stupid misanthropic human mistakes that keep their wallets in their front pockets. And the wallets are always these stupid big thick things. These anal misanthropes still have their favorite baseball cards from when they were ten years old in these things, five year old movie ticket stubs, fifteen year old Robinson's department store receipts, calculator instruction booklet, Burmese paper money, picture of old girlfriend who is now fat and fatter, tattered pics of someone else's grandkids, copy of military induction notice, etc. Big bulge wallets in the front pocket. You might as well just hang a sign around your neck that says:

Mommy Has Breasts But I Never Look
or
Skytrain Pervert
or
Girls Make Me Giggle

Pet Peeve Number Three: Gay retail store window dressers. Hang around the mall and eventually you are going to see one of these thin hipped dweebs moving the ladder around in the display window. Pursing their lips at the mannequin and mincing up and down the ladder to change a light bulb and squatting down like a girl to put some piece of display crap on the floor.

OK, ... now that I am at the keyboard I am thinking that I probably have more than three pet peeves but that is enough for now. Kinda sets the tone.

Wait a minute: Just thought of another—people who call me dude. Do not do that. I am not now nor have I ever been a dude and I intend to be ever vigilant between now and my deathbed scene making sure that I never become a dude. Calling me a dude does not make me look on you kindly. You may imagine that by calling me dude that you are behaving in a welcoming way. Welcoming me into your totally hip hop happenin' life and lifestyle and gang. Let me clue you in gangman dudester. Calling me dude triggers a brain wave dream that has me shattering your sternum with a slow moving heavy caliber bullet at close range. Do not call me dude.

OK, and then there is snakes … but we gotta move on.

Two: I Have Opened A Bar

Anyway, I have opened a bar in Thailand and it is a fun place for everyone; well almost everyone. Look, the thing is that the older you get the crankier you get. You are just fed up to here (imagine me holding my hand up to the top of my head) with people trying to hustle you, and sell you things, and lying to you, and worst of all; all of the little human dramas that clutter up your life and mind and heart and time. And like the lay Buddhist who can with enough application and experience and exposure attain a higher form of being; it is possible for the pet peeved man to go way way beyond just being irritated or pissed and enter into the sanctified beingness of Crank. To become Crankified.

You don't know what cranky means or how you can get cranky between birth and praying not to die? Or between the cock crowing and getting to the end of your driveway to wait for the company car? Oh, be still my heart; there is a child amongst us. Someone must have left the window open and a little delicate butterfly flew in. OK, I'll tell you. I'll tell you what it is to live a crank life and be cranky and to end up crankified.

Cranky is when on the way to the crapper in the morning you slam into the door jam (where did that come from?), sit down on the rim of the toilet (Christ I forgot to put the toilet seat down), put salt instead of sugar on your cereal (why don't they color code this crapola), and manage to have the long sleeve of your bathrobe slip over the faucet. You turn on the cold water to get the coffee pot going and cold water pours into your sleeve. You jerk back your arm and now the cold water pours down your sleeve. Why are you wearing a long sleeved bathrobe in Thailand you ask? Simple. The wife likes the air-con up so high that ice forms on the inside of the windows, I have had to lay in a supply of blowtorches in case the pipes freeze, and the other day when I opened the hall closet door there were three penguins standing there looking up at me.

OK—to continue: The phone rings but you can't find it because you put it in the sock drawer (forgot I did that), and you can only get half of the morning's turd out so you are walking around bowlegged because there is still something in there sort of, and your wife says a booger is hanging out of your nose and this triggers some kind of stupidass superstition thing on her part, and your three and a half year old daughter teases you because you can't use the child computer (Daddy, you can't even make the puppets dance), and there is a pubic hair with the tensile strength of a piece of copper wire jabbing itself into your groin, and no matter how many times you sit down and unstrap your sandal you can't find the goddamned stone that is making each step an exercise in bewilderment and rage and pain. And you are only to the end of the driveway.

Ten hours stretch ahead in Goofyville surrounded by the Nutso people and little brown jackasses want to know why you are not smiling like a mental patient who has just found another bucket of shit to rub all over himself. And this is a not so bad day. It gets worse. Much much worse. And then it gets even worse than that. So by the time you are about fifty years old you start to get permanently pissed. Cranky. You stop holding doors for women, stop holding in farts, stop shaving, stop laughing at jokes that aren't funny, stop listening to others' stories, stop explaining or defending yourself, and maybe even stop paying taxes.

Three: Owned By Me And Run By Me

So this bar in Thailand is owned by me and run by me. And it is me and my bar and my rules or the highway. It's cranky time baby and I am the chief crank. Me me me and all about me and me or the highway. So don't come in trying to sell your hand painted pictures, or your tired ass flowers, or your underage daughter, or pesticide laced fruits, or your stolen-off-the-back-of-the-truck food and beverage specials, or your brother's DJ services, or an 80's disco ball you found in an abandoned PX in Angeles City. And I don't want to hear about how I should be buying techno crap music, or stocking the bar with trannies, or putting in a tattoo parlor—barber shop—massage room—bouncing bull machine—strobe lights—revolving stage—fancy drink menu—country music and country music decorations—soccer and rugby team shirts hanging from the ceiling—moosehead with women's underthings hanging off the antlers—glass case of python skulls for sale—rent space in front of the bar for mystery meat and fruit vendors—sell stolen car radios—or convert Laotian money to Thai money. Just save it Mr. Good Idea breath. This bar is owned by me and run by me; and it is me and my bar and my rules or the highway. It's cranky time baby and I am the chief crank. Hit the road.

You want to play with me? Figure out a way for me to score a truckload of cheap Burmese T-shirts in all sizes that say: CRANKY AND PROUD. I also need some Chief Crank and Crankster coffee cups as well as some women's bikini underpants that say: CRANKS WELCOME in the crotch. I am also looking for a pinstriper who can paint CRANK POWER on the door to my truck and I would like to pick up about a thousand bumper stickers that say CRANKY TO THE MAX and CRANKS DO IT WITH A FROWN.

In fact, to return to the previous theme; if you are selling anything other than the above denotated ‘Cranky’ items do not come in. This bar is for guys who are no longer young and pretty damned cranky. One aging blotchy skinned farang sea turtle who had the misfortune to breed with an Isaan wonder named his four children Cranky and To and The and Max. Cranky To The Max. Anyway, this bar and me are in Crankyville and we ain’t buyin’ shit and mostly we ain’t listening to anybody and for sure most of the time we just don’t care. Care? Yeah, care. You name the subject Mr. Bigcity Tourist Psychologist and mostly we just don’t care. We do not want to make a donation to the Greater Thailand Toys For Turette’s Syndrome Farang Tots (GTTFTSFT) charity and we ain’t sponsoring (giving money) for you to run in some marathon on Krabi to save whales in Belize. Screw the whales. In fact: get me a couple of thousand pounds of whale meat and I’ll sell it to the lower Sukhumvit vendors in BKK as mystery meat. Screw the whales and screw you. Crank this dirtball.

Dana Bar Patron Mantra (DBPM):

“We’ve reached a nice Middle Way (college Buddhist talk for intellectual laying around on the couch) with Thailand. Thailand does not give a shit and neither do we. Now I’ll have a beer. And no I do not want a menu, or beer nuts, or peanuts, or a slice of candied Mango, or a copy of the Chiang Mai Gazette, or a drinking companion named Noi. I do not want to watch whatever crap is on the TV, and no I do not want to talk to the bartender, and no I do not want to know anything about any of the regulars:

Examples:

1. Joe from the Hapy Daz Smiling Monkee Butt condos died last week? Tell someone who cares.

2. The one-eyed, one-legged, one-armed waitress known as Lucky has disappeared? And your point is?

3. Someone's niece-uncle-grandfather-sister-father-cousin-grandson is doing something or going somewhere or coming from somewhere or married or gave birth or got arrested or got a light bulb stuck up his/her/its poop chute? I don't give a rat's ass. Let me be more clear on this. If sitting here in this bar I had a taxidermied postage sized rat's ass in my hand I would not trade it for that information. I'm not young and I've still got that stone in my sandal and I've still got that wire pubic hair making me crazy and I still have not squeezed out the other half of this morning's turd festival. I'm cranky. Make puppets dance on my daughter's computer? I'll make'em dance. I'll teach them the AK-47 polka. Over here in the States we have a popular children's TV character named Barney that is a big purple dinosaur. Barney had to stop making appearances at malls and supermarkets because people would attack him. I'm not the only one.

Just leave me alone with my beer and don't block the air conditioning. I don't want to hear your story and I don't want to be your friend. I'm no longer young and I'm cranky."

Four: Get Out—Get Out—Get Out—Get Out

Anyway, this bar of mine is a quiet refuge in northeastern Thailand up near the border. Just outside of Bung Kan.

Local farang Bung Kan tranny joke: "You want bung me? Kan."

Anyway, it's a clean safe friendly low key place that caters to guys who are now in a quiet time of their lives. That means expats of a certain kind and vintage—no Thais or French or Asians or

Eastern Europeans or numnuts from Usuckistan and especially no tattooed freaks who think soccer is worth dying for. The music is Thai and Cambodian and Laotian and Vietnamese and Hong Kong Chinese female pop. If you do not want to hear Asian music in Asia then get out. GET OUT. Hit the road Commander Jackass. And take your big shouldered sun blackened Israeli backpacker bitch girlfriend with you. It's my bar and that's the music I like. Go to Hell. Assholes.

And do not ask me any politically correct super culturally sensitive really interested questions about the music. I don't know anything about the music and I don't care and I don't want to know and I don't want to know if you know anything about the music. I just play what I like. Last time I checked that was what music was for. So don't ask me any 'Gee, I'm really interested' questions about the music.

Example:

Jerkwad Customer From Universityville in Farangland: Gosh Bartender, that music is very interesting. I myself have a PhD. degree in Eskimo percussion instruments of the 10th century. They used hollow cranes' legs for drum sticks and tapped out the beat on really big snowballs. It was very quiet percussion music. Is the music you are playing for these fine expat gentlemen a derivative of something that originated in China; or is it an example of a totally original indigenous musical form that is now being exported to other parts of the Kingdom?

Me: Get Out.

And while I am on the subject of what can get you ejected in the Dana Bar.

1. You think the air-con is anything (too cold, not cold enough, too noisy, blowing too much air, etc—blah blah blah)? Get out.
2. You want a napkin? Get out. Wipe your hands on your shirt.

Act like a man.
3. You want to tell me some story about you? Get out.
4. You want to talk about sports? GET OUT AND STAY OUT.
5. You want to tell me anything about the toilet? Get out.
6. You want another glass because your glass has a hair on the lip? GET OUT.
7. You want to say something nice to me so that I will say something nice to you? GET OUT AND STAY OUT AND NEVER COME BACK. THIS BAR IS FOR MEN.
8. You want to introduce me to your friend? Get out and fast—I am going for the gas capsule and the pillowcase.
9. You have learned how to say a naughty word in Thai and you want to share it with me. GET OUT OF MY BAR AND NEVER COME BACK.
10. You want to know anything about the local Thai community because you are 'not a sex tourist'. GET OUUUUUUUUUUT.

Oh, and I almost forgot the Big Kahunna of Dana Bar ejection triggers: You were the star player on your high school football/rugby/cricket team and you won the big game and you want to tell somebody in the bar about it. Getout Getout Getout Getout Getoutofmybaryoujuvenilebrayingjackass.

Five: The Australians—A Rule Conundrum

But it's not all hard and fast rules and unsympathetic behavior and cranky impulse though. I'm nothing if not an easy going, live-and-let-live, go-with-the-flow social animal. They don't call me party animal Dana for nothing. In fact: with regard to one possible Dana Bar ejection rule I just haven't made up my mind yet.

The Australians. All that Yank crap and that Mate crap can get a little wearing. Americans do not really like to be called Yanks and I'm not your mate unless we are playing butt darts in the billabong (whatever). But it's hard not to like guys that can put down a Fooble of Fosters (think Gaggle of Geese) and then piss over a Ford Econoline van. And I once saw a Yank-and-Mate guy from Amata (where men are lonely and dingos know when to tuck under their tails) hold up a bucket full of stolen Nana hotel ashtrays on his dick. Hard not to respect that. But still it could go either way. Stay tuned.

Six: The Rules

There aren't many rules in the Dana Bar because there don't have to be many rules. The aged wizened beaten up cranky survivors of life that manage by word-of-mouth, or destinous navigation, or spooky Van Allen belt weegeeing to find the door will possess knowledge that does not require data or instruction. Rules inviolate will be understood by all. Rules of such magnitude and stone chiseled plinth monumentality that they will accept enforcement by all as one. The rules will rule but it will be like family. Pillowcases with knockout gas capsules will be hanging on a hook and available to all. What are these rules?

1. Anyone who mentions the Eagles or the song Hotel California has just signed their own Catapult Warrant (more on that later).

2. Anyone who mentions the word 'Nam' (as in Vietnam) in conversation. Again you won't have enough time to get to the door. Everyone will be on you like a soi dog on a dung beetle. The capsule of knockout gas will be broken and the pillowcase will be pulled over your head. Say goodbye to the Dana Bar and hello to the catapult.

3. Any mention made or pictures shown in any context of any kind of grandchildren. If you want to blather on about grandchildren go down to Bangkok and get a sex change at Bumrungrad Hospital. We ain't interested and we ain't listening. We're men and we're cranky and we ain't gettin' involved in any

more relationships. One mention made of grandchildren and you will be warned. Two mentions made of grandchildren or if God forbid the pictures come out of the wallet then you are headed for the roof and the catapult. No use fighting. You might as well break the knockout gas capsule yourself and put the pillowcase over your head. Febley Brankster from Poole did that eight months ago. He set a nice example.

Seven: The Catapult

What is the catapult you say? Simple. Lately various recreationists and historically minded men have gotten involved worldwide in building replicas of Medieval siege engines. These are great machines with potential energy that converts crudely but efficiently to kinetic energy and when triggered can throw large stones. (Sweet Jesus, is there anything more interesting than men and the lives and activities of men?)

The apex of this siege engine development was the trebuchet. Pull the trigger on one of these babies and watch the Middle Ages era counter-weighted lever throw a castle busting three hundred pound stone for two hundred and fifty yards. OK, anyway—I have built one of these catapults on the roof of the bar. That's right. You heard right. On the roof of my dinky little bar is a great huge siege engine. Kinda looks like a praying mantis on top of a june bug. That's why the interior of the bar looks like a Muslim mosque with all of the posts and pillars and arches and beams. The catapult of great huge green timbers and stone counter weight and accessory fastenings and timbers weighs tons and the shock loading to the roof when the thing explodes is frightening. Before I fastened lag bolts into the roof and ran turnbuckled cables to deadman posts buried in the ground the whole bar used to jump and shake and lurch. Patrons loved it. Just the right combination of alcohol and childish pursuit and fear can make a man's body sing. God, it's great to be a man.

So … mess around with crap like grandchild pictures, or requests for the song Hotel California, or stories of 'Nam, and you are going to be gassed and pillowcased and dragged up to the roof and put in the catapult pouch. Now it is party time for a bunch of quiet no longer young cranky guys. My guys. Dana guys. My patrons. The Royal Cranksters of Bung Kan (RCBK). Guys who understand the value of follow through, and anger, and prejudices, and taking pleasure in other's misfortune. Cranking (no pun intended) the winch takes a while. Most of my guys now have big bellies and noodle arms but they work as a team. There is usually some talk about targeting. Then the jerk lanyard release and Mr. Hotel California leaves the roof in a groan and a whoosh on a personal night time mission.

So if you are up near the border somewhere near Bung Kan and you see a flying body or you hear the rumble and whoosh of a catapult you are close. Close to the Dana Bar. Stop on in. All are welcome. Well, almost all. If you happen to have your big thick stupid wallet in your front pants pocket, or you use the word dude, or your hat is on backwards, or your profession is limp wrist retail store window dresser; don't even try to back out. It's catapult time for you baby.

So the sun is truly up and the lower rim has left the horizon on the future Stickmanites and I don't mind being the point man, and the visionary, and the philosopher on this thing. Have you done the extrapolation yet? Have you gotten a mental glimpse of the future? No? Then imagine this. Imagine a humongous giant preying mantis like catapult on the roof of every bar building in Pattaya. Five hundred catapults solving problems every night. Like popping corn in a hot oil skillet bodies arching into the night sky and catapult rooftop parties lending to the general hilarity. Problems with customers, or police, or boyfriends, or teeruks, or beggars, or lying landlords, or late employees, or thieving mamasans, or cheating vendors, or loud Germans, or obnoxious French, or stone faced Chinese, or pushy Russians? It's catapult time. A new addition to the exotic and charming and wonderful culture of Siam and millions of catapult toys for tourist and Thai child sold everywhere.

Nothing washes away the writ of Time and Time tells all. My legacy now is clear. I leave behind no children, or grieving wives, or cure for cancer, or great expat novel, or wars averted; but soon the catapults of the Kingdom will become known as Danas. Screw up and you are gassed and pillowcased and taken to the roof to be put in the Dana. From Patpong to Pattaya to the NEP to Hat Yai to Udon Thani to Khun Kaen to Korat to Ubon Ratchathani to Chiang Mai to Phuket to Krabi and beyond there will be Danas on the roofs of every freestanding bar or bar building in Thailand. Large and small and every now and then simply mind boggling huge catapults festooned with flowers and offerings and paint. New Danas will receive monk blessings and special catapult evenings will be featured in Hi-So magazine articles with the obligatory bouffant haired Chinese woman cutting a ribbon before shouting "PULL". A new day dawning on a new Kingdom ladies and gentleman and my contribution helping to ease societal tensions every night. Makes me proud.

Finit

Sincerely Yours,
Kuhn 100% Dana

P.S. ICT Addenda: Catapult Rental

Yes yes yes yes I know what you are all thinking. Like the loving mother to the suckling child I am connected to all of you by a silver cord of farang expat crank mongerism and super intelligent testosterone fueled man stuff awareness. You are all wondering if the Dana Bar roof top catapult is available for parties and rentals and special situations.

Yes it is. I repeat: Yes it is. Kinda sends a chill through you don't it. Makes the bulb of your pant's friend start to burn and tear at the little opening. For a fee of course; but the list below is a partial list of Dana Bar catapult activities in the month of April:

1. MacMannis Glendoogle HMS (ret.) had his friends fire off his teeruk's cellphones, and tennis racket, and sandals, and flip flops, and purse, and backpack, and toiletries, and assorted female sundries in separate shots and he stood about two hundred yards down range with a double barreled shotgun and blasted the crap out of the sky. At least that was the plan. Hard to tell at night how successful he was. The first pull usually blows out his monocle and the second boom often occurs as he leans over to look for it.

2. David Tufenkjian, and Bohumil Cenkl, and Muhammed Muhammed, and Robert Tomasello all showed up with satchels and valises and file folders of paperwork regarding visas and legal papers and such to get their teeruks out of Thailand and into Armenia, and Prague, and Saudi Arabia, and Italy for reasons of matrimony (OK, they are foreigners but at least they are not French). Apparently the blush was off the bloom in these couplings of love because they requested that I provide a bucket of gasoline. A special day was chosen because there was no moon. The individual bundles of paperwork were soaked in gasoline, weighted down with big net bags of durian fruit, lit with a match, and then fired into the dark night sky. Kinda pretty.

I had asked my wife Doom and our three daughters Gloom, Boom, and Loom to attend this catapulting event because I thought they would appreciate the fiery bundles arching through the night sky. But just before it was time to go up to the roof one of them broke a Dana Bar rule so I told them all to GET OUT.

3. Blonkers Crutchfield from Dorset asked that photographers be provided for his catapult rental. His bargirl devilchild teeruk had requested that they get a puppy. The little furry monster's first act was to urinate on Blonker's keyboard. I think we can all agree that you don't mess with a man and his keyboard. Take a dump in my shoe? I don't care. Leave a puddle on the pillow? I laugh it off. Shred the mail as it comes through the mail slot? Cute. Bark at the fish in the aquarium until they turn white belly up from fright? Puppy excess. But pee on my keyboard and a line has been crossed. BC from Eaton agreed and didn't negotiate too hard. I made a fortune on this catapult time rental. Basically Blonkers went bonkers.

Anyway, the keyboard was tied around the puppies neck and then both were fired off like a canine keyboard rocket. Two seconds later there were two shotgun blasts and tiny flashes of fire about a hundred and fifty yards down range. Apparently MacMannis Glendoogle HMS (ret.) was still mucking about with his rosewood stock silver inlaid Belgian shotgun. Kinda sad. I hate to see a keyboard blasted out of the sky.

4. Foonster Lumley was asked by his teeruk to buy her a Honda Dream cycle. A week later she said the cycle had been stolen and could he buy her another? He bought her another cycle. Later, when her brother (?) came to visit he was driving the first 'stolen' Honda Dream cycle.

Now it was Foonster Time: He showed up on the roof with the first Honda Dream, an inflatable doll, some of his teeruks clothes, a photo of her face, some light rope, and T-shirts for all of the Royal Cranksters of Bung Kan that said, "Don't Mess With The Foonster". The inflatable doll was dressed in his girlfriends clothes, the picture of her face was stuck on the doll's face, and the doll was tied to the cycle by the wrists and the feet and the waist. A few splashes of gasoline on the doll and cycle, a thrown match, and a teary eyed Foonster croaked "Pull". One of the prettiest things I have ever seen. The flaming teeruk and cycle shot off in a fiery streak at the start and then tumbled into an asteroid like pinwheel of fire and revenge on the downside of the arch. No greater pleasure than revenge. Made you believe in God. Most beautiful thing I have ever seen. Foonster had a tear in his eye and we were all slack jawed at the wonder and the beauty of the universe. Then floating up to the roof from downrange we heard BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM like the calving of a distant glacier and saw the pinpricks of muzzle flash. Apparently MacMannis Glendoogle HMS (ret.) and some grouse hunter expats from Scotland were encamped downrange. Hard to get angry it was all so beautiful.

So there it is fellas—the original Dana Bar Catapult here in Bung Kan is available for special situations and private parties. Just remember there is a 300 lb. limit. Think of that as one fat German or three teeruks (no discount for bundling). Only your imagination will limit it's uses and it's pleasures. If you are looking for whooshing fiery revenge, or the beauties of bargirl crap blasted out of the sky, or shooting off thousands of pounds of flame trailed durian and mango and bananas and cantaloupe and farlung and malakor and mang-khut and rambutans and pomelos (shotgun rentals available), or blasting into catapult oblivion the front door and the bath fixtures and the sink and the couch and the air conditioner unit of the Isaan house the bitch and bitch parents are NOT going to move into (thank-you Jesus for waking me up); just contact me. Cash only and it is probably a good idea to keep your mouth shut or I might yell GET OUT. 2% percent discount for new ideas. So if you have any ideas of import, and originality, and fall down drunk laughing your ass off hysteria send them into me care of this website.

Finitus Secondorum: "PULL"

152. Heard in Bars

TT&A Part 137 10/6/2006

Poetical Preface

If I told you the story.
If I laid it all out.
You wouldn't believe it—
You'd think me a lout.

Except this is the Kingdom—
Where in is out.
Here nothing makes sense—
And a whisper is a shout.

Stories in Thailand—
Stories in bars—
Forget the outside;
You are now on Mars.

A place beyond sense.
A place with no rules.
God bless Thailand;
Where bar stories rule.

Heard In Bars

I don't know if you alpha male guys have any regrets in your lives. Probably not. I'm the big screw up. People are right when they say that some of your biggest regrets will be the things you did not do in life. One of the biggest regrets in my life is that I did not take pictures of all of the wonderful Thai women who have shared their lives with me. I'm not talking about racy pictures. Just their smiling beautiful faces with their names on the back. A partial record of my life. I'm taking pictures now but I can never make up for what has been lost.

Another regret is that I did not start a journal of stories heard in bars from the first day I arrived in the Kingdom. Stories that got my attention at the time and were a part of the fabric of my life but have since been forgotten. The typical or the goofy or the funny or the farang urban legend or the reworked old joke or the old con. I believe that a sense of humor is a sign of intelligence and I believe men are the funniest primates. I love men talking. You all know what I am talking about. Guys are clever and smart and wise and funny. And bargirls God bless them can perform feats of illogic and childish centricity that are awe inspiring. Nonsense you wouldn't accept from a ten year old you feel like giving them a trophy for. Because they took you out of yourself. For a minute you were just transfixed by the moment. So between the bargirls and the visitors and the expats the bars are full of interesting people who tell interesting stories. The men mostly make me laugh and the women mostly just stun me with brain freeze illogic and stupidity and charm. What a wonderful mix. I love the bars of Thailand and I love the stories I hear in the bars of Thailand.

Anyway, I am now starting to keep a journal of stuff heard in bars. Below are some examples:

1. FAIR DINKUM

Stop me if you have heard this (you've all heard it):

Aussie: I tell you mate the best girls are in Angeles City in the Philippines. Better curvier bodies and less expensive and more fun.

Me: Really?

Aussie: Yup.

Me: Fair dinkum?

Aussie: Fair dinkum!

Me: So let me see if I understand you. The best women for sex are the pudgy Catholic Filipina women to be found near an old defunct U.S. airbase town outside of Manila. Out of all the world's wonderful possibilities they are the best. They are the most fabulously feminine, and the most sexually provocative, and the most glamorously beautiful? Spanish-Indian-Black mixes in Rio, dark skinned temptresses of the Mediterranean, green eyed blondes from Scandinavia, black-purple wild eyed Haitians, dusky Sudanese princesses, etc; out of all the world's exotic and diverse and heart stopping women the high body fat content peasant faced little Roman Catholic daddy's daughters of the Philippines are the pick of the litter?

Aussie: Yup.

Me: OK, then let me ask you a question. If these are the best women in the world what are you doing here in Bangkok?

Aussie: Well, normally I wouldn't be slumming in this Siamese cesspit but I have just gotten a big huge important management position with a big huge important international company in Rayong.

Me: Really ...

Aussie: I'm dyin' if I'm lyin'!Me: What is the name of the company?

Aussie: That's not really important. Want a beer?

2. DICK INFESTED PANTS

Stop me if you've heard this (you've all heard it).

Sven: Hi.

Me: Hi.

Sven: First time in the Kingdom?

Me: Not exactly.

Sven: So you are a newbie, huh?

Me: Well ...

Sven: Ever think about livin' here permanent and shaggin' till it drops off?

Me: Well ...

Sven: I'll cut to the chase because you look like a savvy international investor.

Me: What?

Sven: I gotta a friend who is friends with a Thai policeman and he's got a friend who knows some Indians from Soi 11 and they are hooked into some expats from Chiang Mai who are siphoning cash money from restaurants and ... well, the point is I am now in a position to buy one of the top Go-Go bars in Koh Samui. Half ladyboy and half Thai gay and half lesbian shower stuff. I'll explain what ladyboy means later since you are so new to the Kingdom. Because of the policeman insider connection this will be a well connected operation and we forecast four million baht per week gross with at least one million baht profit—that's approximately $25,000US profit per week. And I already know what you are thinking and the answer is YES—the nooky is free. I have one other investor plus me. We need one more investor. That would mean the $25,000 profit per week would only be split three ways. Are you interested?

Me: Well ...

Sven: $25,000 per week divided by three would mean you and the other investor (a high ranking government official) and I would each be jamming $8333.00 per week into our dick infested pants. Or approximately 333,320 baht in chink terms.

Me: Well ...

Sven: Interested?

Me: Well ...

Sven: Of course you are. Your one third investment in this nooky gold mine is only $40,000 but you have to promise to keep it a secret. I'd tell you why you have to keep it a secret but then I'd have to kill you ... ha, ha, ha. What do you say? Do you want to go to an ATM machine now and withdraw a $2000 binder so that I can start drawing up the partnership papers and freeze the price? Do you want to meet the mamasan and the top dancers (I mean future free women) this weekend? Or are you gay—heh, no offense.

Me: Well, I did have one question.

Sven: What's that?

Me: I just realized I left the hotel with no money. Can you pay for this beer?

Sven: Gotta go. See ya.

3. WANNA LUBE ME UP?

OK, you probably haven't heard this one—

Barguy: Hi.

Me: Hi.

Barguy: Say, aren't you that rockin' Dana cat from the Stickmanbangkok.com site?

Me: Yes, that's me.

Barguy: Far out. I've read everything you have written. You are the man.

Me: Thank-you.

Barguy: I mean you are the man. You got it goin' on. You get around dude.

Me: Well, that is nice to hear. Writing is hard work. It is nice to get some positive feedback.

Barguy: Yeah, cool—and what I like is the way you lay it all out and just be trippin' on sex if it feels good without gettin' all wrapped up in lotsa rules 'n stuff. You dig brother?

Me: Well ...

Barguy: I'm into anything that feels good and I know you know what I mean. In Detroit the project bitches call me Mr. Dong if you get my meaning.

Me: Ah ...

Barguy: I tell ya man—when I read that story about you drillin' the tranny on your last night in Bangkok I nearly sprayed all four walls plus the ceiling and floor. You know what I mean bro?

Me: Ah ...

Barguy: So I am across the street at the Nana Hotel. Wanna come over and lube me up and get busy?

Me: What?

4. FOR BEING SO HONEST

You've never heard this—I did.

3:00 p.m. at an open air beer bar in South Pattaya—

Bargirl: Sa Wa Dee Ka—

Me: Sa Wa Dee Khrap—

Bargirl: My name is Boom.

Me: Nice to meet you.

Bargirl: I have seen you around a lot so I am not going to tell you that I need money for my sick mother, or my brother's operation, or the dead buffalo, or a leaky roof, or my smashed motorbike, or my little sisters schoolbooks.

Me: Dee maak. I'm glad to hear that.

Bargirl: So could I have 100 baht for being so honest?

Me: What?

5. STILL PISSED

Every experienced farang has his favorite open air bar. And he usually wants to tell you about it. I used to take these recommendations seriously and follow up on them but it never worked out. It's all too personal. One man's meat is another man's poison. Pretty much 100% of the time I was disappointed. Etc. So I am not even going to tell you the location of my favorite open air bar.

Anyway, I went in my favorite open air bar in South Pattaya one late afternoon and there is Lon smiling at me. And she says,

"Dana, give me some money and I'll buy us a chicken for tomorrow. Come by tomorrow about this time and you and I and the girls will have dinner."

So I give her the money for the chicken.

Next day I walk in and there are the girls, and there is Lon, and there is a counter full of Thai bargirl food, and there is the chicken. And I do not get one piece of chicken. Not one smile and not one piece of chicken. The girls eat it like soi dogs tearing at a dead rooster. No one offers me any, and no one slides the chicken down my way, and no pretty girl feeds me small pieces by hand. I don't say anything.

OK, technically it’s not really a story heard in a bar. Well, it’s kind of a story. It’s a ‘buy us all a chicken and we’ll all have a good time’ story. I got a big story from Lon and she got a big chicken from me.

Score: Thai Girls 1—Farang 0.

I’m still pissed. There, I feel better.

6. IT WON’T BE EASY

Nong: I’m glad you came to say goodbye.

Me: I haven’t got much time.

Nong: While you are gone I am going to quit the bar and not cruise the boardwalk for customers. I am going to become Hi-So woman in my heart and never do wrong.

Me: What will you do for money?

Nong: Could you give me 2000 baht?

Me: 2000 baht? That won’t help. I’m going to be gone six months.

Nong: It won’t be easy.

7. SONGKRAN PROTECTION CLUB

Never heard this whopper since and you’ve never heard it.

Bar Bum: Hi, what’s your name?

Me: Dana.

Bar Bum: Is this your first trip to exotic wonderful Thailand?

Me: Well, no.

Bar Bum: Do you know what starts tomorrow?

Me: Nope.

Bar Bum: Songkran.

Me: What’s that?

Bar Bum: It’s a special Thai holiday where the Thais throw buckets of water at foreigners and smear powder all over your face and clothes. No entreaty to not do this will make them stop, and there is a good chance that you will lose your contact lenses and go blind, have your clothes and cameras ruined, and be on your knees in public surrounded by jeering nationals having the dignity washed right out of you. I’m surprised my friend Joe Cummings didn’t go into it in that Lonely Planet book you are holding.

Me: Oh dear—I don’t think I like the sound of that.

Bar Bum: I could tell that would be your reaction because just by looking at you I can see that you are an educated man of taste and class.

Me: Well ...

Bar Bum: So you might be interested in the special club that this bar has during the Songkran holiday.

Me: What’s that?

Bar Bum: It’s called the Songkran Protection Club (SPC) and If you pay the bar a membership fee of 15,000 baht you can hide out here for three days and nothing bad will happen to you—sort of a port in a storm. Nobody will disrespect you, and nobody will throw water at you, and your clothes and hair and contact lenses and cameras and backpack and glasses and wallet and money and dignity will not get ruined by having powder rubbed in them. It’s a way to bond with the wonderful friendly Thais at their best and make friends for life. I’m the official bar comptroller and club secretary for this. I collect the fees. If you pay the 15,000 baht Songkran bar protection fee now the next two beers are free. Part of the program.

Me: I'll think about it.

Bar Bum: Are you familiar with the Pope mobile?

Me: Yes, it's that bubble car the Pope rides around in public so that he can not get shot.

Bar Bum: Righto mate and as a club member here during Songkran you will get to use the specially designed and highly engineered Songkran Protection Club tuktuk mobiles. Special tuktuks that have been fitted with plastic bubbles to protect men of educated taste and class like yourself. This club has eleven of them. It's all a special service because the owner here is an expat that loves tourists and wants them to have a wonderful safe time here in the Kingdom. Lucky you found us.

Me: Do you mean during this Thai holiday called Songkran that a Thai might try to shoot me?

Bar Bum: No no nothing like that. Again, I am surprised that Cummings did not go into detail on this in that Lonely Planet book you are holding. Anyway, the tuktuk mobiles are for club members so that when they are traveling to the bar and back or when they are doing errands around town they will be protected from the water throwing.

Me: Very interesting … could I see one of these tuktuk mobiles?

Bar Bum: Sorry not now—they are all at the Thai auto registry in Chonburi getting their roadworthy documents upgraded. This is a very straight ahead country that does everything by the book.

Me: I see.

Bar Bum: So anyway: I'm the official bar comptroller and club secretary for this. I collect the fees. If you pay the 15,000 baht Songkran bar protection fee now the next two beers are free. Part of the program.

Me: I'll think about it.

Bar Bum: Or you can allow us to hold your ATM card here during the festivities and if you are not 100% thrilled with the service you will get double your money back. The mamasan here named Ning will handle that part of the escrow ATM card account services of the Songkran Protection Club.

Ning: I no lie you—you number one GI.

Me: Check please.

8. NA AND NAA

I experienced this little implausible drama at the GOOD DEAL bar in Kanchanaburi (and you thought BKK was bad).

Ugly Bargirl #1—My name Na. You want 'short-time'?

Me: Ah ...

Na: I have beautiful sister Naa. Two girl—2000 baht.

Me: Your name is Na and your sister's name is Naa?

Naa: Na and I—2000 baht. Only one thing.

Me: One thing ... ?

Na: Yes, I sore from too much boomsing, and Naa have period so no sex. You have camera?

Me: You want me to take pictures of you two?

Na and Naa: No, we take pictures of you jerk off—2000 baht.

Me: You want me to pay you two ugly girls 2000 baht to take pictures with my own camera of me jerking off?

Na and Naa—3000 baht.

Me: What?

9. THAT AIN'T RIGHT

Aussie: Goodaye mate.

Me: Hi.

Aussie: You a Yank?

Me: Actually, we call ourselves Americans.

Aussie: I'm from the land down under.

Me: I'd have never guessed.

Aussie: Finest nation in the history of the rock.

Me: Isn't that the nation that was founded with the dregs and the losers and the castoffs and the criminals and the debtors of the finest nation in the history of the rock—England?

Aussie: Aw, that ain't right. That's just pansy limp wristed faggot political rewriting of history. Fact is the first people to come to Aussieland and settle were men and women who had decided not to take it from the system. They weren't going to let the man and the system and politics and liberals tell them what to do so they emigrated.

Me: Let me see if I understand this. The first Australian pioneers and settlers committed crimes in England so that they would be expelled to a wasteland as their way of triumphing against the system?

Aussie: Listen you faggot Yank how'd you like this fist shoved up your rear? How would you like me to smash this glass in your face? How would you like my girlfriend to get some of her buddies to mess with you? How would you like to kiss my billabong? How would you like to have both of your little homosexual Yank arms broken? Etc. Etc. Etc. Etc. Etc. Etc.

Me: Checkbin please.

You get the idea. It's always a personal thing. What you remember. These are just the first nine stories that came to my mind in the last twenty minutes. It's a concept thing. If I wasn't engaged in a daily fight with the forces of senility I could probably think of another fifty stories in the next month. Anyway, as you know there are thousands and thousands and thousands of noteworthy stories. So noteworthy that it would be a crime if they were to be lost. So this is what I propose.

I propose that we all work on a project to collect and record and save the most noteworthy stories of the bars of Thailand. All stories will be sent to me with an International Money Order for 1000 baht. I've got expenses. I'll do the collecting and editing and collating (fancy funding request word) and then have them reduced to microfilm made up of carbon buckyballs and plutonium and melted bargirl flip-flops. The microfilm will then be stored in a mountain in the state of Utah here in the United States.

This way the best stories of the bars of Thailand will never be lost. It may be that after our present and future foolishness has reduced the earth to a burned out nuclear holocaust cinder that the only thing left to trumpet our civilization will be the Thailand bar stories buried in a mountain in Utah. This is what the Martians will find when they come here. So let's get going. Start sending in your best Thailand bar stories. We owe it to the Martians.

Of course dreaming is never enough. We need to set a goal and work a plan. So let's establish a goal of every reader sending me one story a month (plus the 1000 baht per story). That should be about 30,000 stories per month or 360,000 stories per year. 360,000 stories times 1000 baht per story equals 360,000,000 baht. That should cover my expenses. If I need more money I'll notify everyone. And don't forget why you are doing this—it's for posterity, for the human race, and for the Martians. All story submission participants will receive quarterly story digests printed on mulberry bark paper and bound using black strands of hair from top of the line bar girl pole huggers. All digests will be autographed by me and will include 8 x 10 sepia toned photos of me.

OK, hold it ... hold it—"CUT"—Jesus Mary and Joseph—don't know what I was thinking; that is way way too much work. Forget the quarterly digests dudes and dudettes; just send the money. Anyway, the reason you are doing this is the good feeling that comes with knowing that you are part of this historical planetary repository of Thailand bar stories.

Thank-you and I'll drink to that—bye the way; did I ever tell you about the time ...

"Well it was like this: On a dark and stormy night ... the dogs couldn't smell us and the tunnel almost collapsed ... Nong got caught on the concertina wire ... slashing rain ... when we started there were eight of us ... I'm dyin' if I'm lyin' ... the brewery chemists never knew ... her father was a police captain ... the Pope and two pole hugging nuns ... eighteen million baht split three ways ... and that's the God's honest truth mate."

153. Happy or Sad

TT&A Part 138 8/7/2006

Introduction

Easy to judge
So so right—
Easy to laugh
At other's plight.

But ever try
To not compare?
To just accept—
Do you dare?

Just give and love—
No patronizing
From above.
Do you dare?

Just love and accept.
Try a new game.
Not the same old
Same-Same.

You are only as good
As what others feel.
What vibes are you sending—
What's the deal?

Happy Or Sad

> *"So within each man is the quick of him, when he is baby, and when he is old, the same quick; some spark, some unborn and undying vivid life-electron."*—D.H. Lawrence

Sometimes in Thailand I don't know whether to be happy or to be sad. Removed from the cultural net of my own country and language and customs I am confronted with things that just defy easy categorization. I used to go to the Chatuchak Weekend market two or three times a year. Because I am by personality a generalist rather than a specialist it was fun to wander around just to see what I could see. One year there was a store selling used cowboy boots. Cool. Makes you wonder though. I mean what was his source of supply? Dead cowboys? Or did he just rip the boots off sleeping cowboys? I'm single. I've got time to think about these things.

And of course I would always make the obligatory trip to see the fighting roosters for sale plus the fighting rooster tonic potions that are supposed to get them jazzed up. Standing there in the hot sun holding one of these little bottles you have to wonder what effect it would have on your system to choke down the mysterious contents of about twenty of these bottles. Hey, I can't be the only one thinking this. Maybe that is where the so-called Viagra research started—some foreign guy wondering how to make human roosters with dicks of steel. Anyway you don't see much of this stuff in Boston and you don't have many of these thoughts in Boston.

Then of course there was always the food. I'd never buy anything unless I had a teeruk with me but it was fun to look. What the hell is that? And what the flying crap is that? And what in the world is that? Fun to watch the Thais eat because they know what they are doing and they are happy. Makes me feel happy to see happy people. I like tropical fish so I would investigate that. But just a tourist looker. Tough to get plastic bags of time zone disoriented fish through Detroit customs on the way home. The upscale textiles and clothing for women were sometimes works of art. Reminded me of the extraordinary clothes for women that you can see in the Night Market in Chiang Mai if you look. Made you want to buy some of the clothes and frame them and put them up on the wall. Jewelry was always fun. I love jewelry. There is a lovely middle aged woman with hair to her ass who works at the check-in desk at the Nana hotel who has jewelry up to both of her elbows. Fun to talk to. Again works of art.

And so it would go. Wandering around to no purpose other than pleasure. Tourist. Incredibly crowded and incredibly hot. Being a tourist. And at the end of the day I would always make my way through the landscaping section (want to buy some giant rocks?) and go across the street to the park to wind down and cool down. Not that many people know about the park. But it is right across the street and fabulous. A large well tended botanical garden with water elements and benches and paths and civilized people. The perfect end to the hot and crowded market. So that would be my trip once or twice or three times per year to the Chatuchak Market.

And every year and every trip I would forget about the elderly Thai couple that were weaving animals out of straw. Every single trip I would walk into them or come upon them or almost trip over them and internally exclaim,

“Oh, these guys. They are still here.”

And then I would stand and watch. These two elderly people, man and wife, had no money to rent a stall or pay others to weave the animals or even the infrastructure of a table and chairs. Right in the middle of the sidewalk crowd they would just plop themselves down on the concrete and weave little animals out of straw. Pigs and roosters and water buffalos and snakes and birds and frogs and fish and butterflies and dogs and chickens and elephants and monkeys and scorpions and spiders and beetles. The animals of their agrarian youth. The animals of their lives. The characters in their stories and memories and dreams. Just the kinds of things that modern Thai youth sneers at and does not want to be caught dead near.

A public relations weasel and a smarmy agent would have recommended that this couple of ancients should be weaving Mercedes Benz automobiles and cell phones and karaoke microphones and ... but that would not have been them. Their race was run and they were what they were and the little straw animals were as representative of them as their cells. The little animals were well woven and artfully made and about six inches to a foot high and very cheap. I never saw a single person buy one.

I used to stand and watch and pity. Poor and illiterate, shabby and filthy, without the means to protect themselves from the vicissitudes of life and reduced to weaving straw animals that no modern Thais wanted. And I used to think the paternalistic questions that so infuriate the destitute and the dispossessed. Questions like:

Where do they sleep at night?
Do their children remember them and help them and love them?
Are they receiving any medical care?
How long have they been married?
Do their grandchildren even know who they are and do they respect them?
Do they get enough to eat?
Why are they so filthy?

But over time they won me over. They would look up and smile. Smiles without calculation. Acceptance without guile. Smiles I do not remember receiving from my own parents. Smiles I will never receive from a wife or children. I would squat down and look carefully at each little animal. They would say things. Of course I never had any idea what they were saying but they were talking to me. Not negotiating or lying or pushing. Just talking to me. No one else at the market had talked to me all day. I would always buy one or two of the little animals.

In the years to follow I made some advances in my thinking and the pity turned to admiration. They had each other and had had each other their whole lives. I had no one. It was they that probably pitied me. Their ancient Thai thoughts might have scrolled:

Where was my wife?
Where were my children?
Where was my love?
Why was I alone every time they saw me?
What was wrong with me that I could not attract a woman?
What part of my life could I make with my hands?

They loved each other. They had each other and their little straw animals that no modern Thai wanted to buy. Each one was made unhurriedly and with love. They had a common interest. They had something that connected them to their lives. And throughout their lives they had not abandoned the electron spark of their lives that D.H. Lawrence speaks of. The essential thing that we are born with that makes us unique. The part of us that can not be sold or bought or modified or denied. They were what they were and that is what they went with in their lives. And to find someone else to share your primal electron spark of humanity and uniqueness is everything. It is beyond love. It is mating. They had and they had had everything.

Natural lives lived in concert with the life spark that had been given to them at birth. The same baby cries and twitches and eye movements at the start would be repeated on the death bed. We are what we are. To forget or deny bone marrow deep wisdoms is to miss out on life in the pursuit of the ephemeral like social acceptance or material things. The only things that matter are to love and to be loved. Animals that mate for life know this. Many people do not.

What was I doing wandering around looking at stuff I did not need? What grotesquery of foolishness caused me to judge these people based on their lack of power or their clothes or their poverty. I had not one thing that connected me to my life. Like many modern people my life was one of schedules and timetables and quotas and production meetings and bills to pay and then a vacation to some faraway place. But if someone came in my apartment and tried to pick out something that was me nothing would cry out for attention.

What is the quick of me?
What is my spark?
What is my undying vivid life-electron?

Maybe there was no me to me. Christ, I am feeling sorry for these people and I do not even have little straw animals as talismans of my life or my accomplishments or my past. These people are doing better than me. I had been feeling sorry for them because they did not have any things and they might have been feeling sorry for me because I did not have any memories.

Sometimes in Thailand I do not know whether to be happy or to be sad. Why do I go to the Chatuchak Weekend Market? Because it makes me feel happy. Doing inconsequential time filling tourist things makes me happy. Never successful in my business or personal life I am now reduced to little things that make me happy—like going to the Chatuchak Market. But then I would stumble into the elderly couple weaving little straw animals. Now I feel kinda sad. But I'm not sure whether I feel sad for them or whether I feel sad for me. Happy or sad? Sometimes in Thailand I do not know whether to be happy or to be sad.

Sometimes in my own life I do not know whether to be happy or to be sad.

154. Driving With David

TT&A Part 139 15/7/2006

Prologue

Them or Us—
Always the same.
From Africa to Iceland—
The same old game.

You have to make decisions
About who you want to be—
Do you want to be alive
Or dead like he.

Most of life is shouting
And dancing and fun.
But sometimes you have to choose
Whether to fight or whether to run.

My mind's made up.
From the moon to the sun—
I'm always ready
To reach for the gun.

So think twice Mr. Guy
Before pressuring me.
Alive is something
I intend to be.

I love the smiles
And I love the sun.
I love the girls
And I love my gun.

But mostly I love
Me.

Introduction

The 80's in the States were not good for my psyche. I was the wrong fish in the wrong pond. Raised by Quakers and by nature not a predatory bone in my body; I became a Series 7 stockbroker (at last I'll have a career) and spent years listening to sales managers say things like this:

"Look assholes, and assholettes now that we have some cxxt brokers; you aren't stockbrokers. You do not even know what brokering means. 'Stockbroker' is just the marketing pablum we feed the masses and that you tell your friends and family to convince yourself and them that you actually have a meaningful job. What you are is losers that could not get any other kind of job because you lack talent, and you lack gifts, and you lack friends in high places. What you are is telephone salesmen. Only instead of selling Guaranteed Five Year Life light bulbs, or super brooms made by the blind; you are flogging and shilling and selling stocks and bonds and other nonsense. Your job is to gather assets for the company. You are a fundraiser. Stop giving a shit whether the customer makes money or not. It's none of your business. Just churn'em and burn'em. And remember: the bigger the lie the more they buy.

And don't waste my time with your ignorant baby whining about professionalism and ethics. The Federal Securities and Exchange Commission in it's infinite wisdom allows investment companies like ours to take a position on a stock at one price and dump it on the customer at another price. When the ink dries on your Series 7 licenses and you wake up from your little dream you will realize this is white color crime sanctioned and encouraged by the government and that you are all accessories. So get with the program and get on the phone. This is Monday and I have a $500 cash bonus for anyone who can churn an account down to zero by Friday. It's all about trades gentlemen and knowing when the last train leaves town.

Oh and don't forget: At the end of every month the salesman on the bottom of the production ladder can pack his or her junk and get out. I keep the cardboard box under my desk. Don't waste my time with a story or a sigh—just pack your kitty pictures or your girlfriend picture and the meaningless bogus company plaques and awards you got for stealing and lying and get out. Losers."

A few years of that and I decamped to wonderful sunny Phuket island in Thailand. A new start.

As the owner of a little successful tourist shop in a western shore beach town it is like having a target painted on me. Everyone knows me, and everyone knows I own a cash business, and everyone knows I make my own cash drops at the bank, and everyone knows that I sometimes have mega cash on me, and everyone knows that I have no bodyguard, and everyone knows that I am small and weak; and everyone knows that in Thailand you can shoot farangs and get away with it.

Driving With David

My friend David is visiting from the States. Sixty years old. Built like a brick and tough as a lug nut. He can quote the classics and he can quote scripture and he can sucker punch you and kick in your ear drums before you know what happened. Early years spent robbing trucks and enforcing Irish mafia debts in South Boston and scaring people. Stories about guys in groups swinging baseball bats and yelling. Business the old fashioned way. Working as a collector and enforcer is easy and fun when the whole neighborhood knows you have killed guys. Just show up and the mooches rip their pant's pocket going for their wallet. Out comes the money and away goes David.

But in a small neighborhood too many people talk. Twelve years in prison. Everyone in the joint bigger and stronger and meaner. Tough years. When the last door banged behind him it was a whole new David. Moved out of the neighborhood—moved out of the past. A new David issued from the gray concrete womb of the prison years. Loving wife and adoring children, successful business, Christian values, friendly giving and friendly living. A sojourn on Earth of two lives: violent and peaceful; old and new. Much time spent atoning and for all the right reasons. A new David. The old David is done and gone; a buried memory. The local Catholic church and the local hospital now have brass plaques on the walls thanking him for his contributions.

He has been spending time with me on his first visit to the Kingdom. A time to chill out and cycle down and forget the violent past and retool the psyche and get some rays and smile. I love this guy. In another life of my own I spent four years working with him shoulder to shoulder under very difficult circumstances. Me with my heart in my throat and stretched to my limits and him with the easy confidence of the violent man with a big knife in the top drawer of his desk. He never let me down once. Not once. He has a perfect record with me. I love this guy.

We are going home and it is night. I live outside of town. Low season and no traffic and no lights lighting up the road. Pitch dark. Suddenly two headlights in my mirror. There was no traffic on this empty dark lonely road and now suddenly there are two headlights in the rear view mirror. Not connected to each other. Two motorcycles—not a car. Must have been waiting just off the road. Waiting for a farang.

"David?"
"What?"
"Turn around and look behind us—don't hurry and look very

carefully—look at the two cycles behind us and tell me what you see."

David: Two cycles. Three guys. The one-guy motorcycle is coming up on the right. The guy on the back of the two-guy cycle just pulled out a gun.

Me: Are you absolutely sure about the gun?

David: Yes

Me: Can you see the type of gun?

David: Small caliber, maybe a twenty two; but Dana he's not using it to pick his nose.

Me: OK, I just wanted to double check on what you see.

David: I ain't young but I see guns just fine. Made a living holding them, and pointing them, and shooting them, and watching for them coming out of jackets and bags and folded newspapers and body holsters.

Me: David—reach in the glove box and pull out the surgical gloves carton. Put a pair of gloves on you and a pair of gloves on me. Then reach under your seat and pull out the wooden box. Put the box in my lap.

I flip the brass hook on the box cover and dump the large caliber pistol in my lap. It's a custom 45 with a ladies grip for a small hand and a tritium night sight aiming system. An example of serendipitous pistol design; it has little recoil, makes little noise, no smack and chatter in the hand, and shoots where you aim it. A problem solver with six heavy bullets. Point blank range and I'm sober and tight and calm. Loaded and now the safety off. The single rider cycle is now in front and boxing us in and slowing us down. The two guy cycle is coming up on the left.

Me: David—take the wheel and steer straight; I'll plug the two guys coming up on the left and then speed up and bump the guy in front with the car.

Too easy. Three guys down and now it's time to finish.

Me: David we can't take a chance on leaving witnesses. Do you want to do this or do you want me to?
David: Give me the gun.

No traffic and no lights. No moon and no stars. Pitch dark. Third world country dark. Plenty of time. But sometimes it is the denouement that scares you the most. Me the driver and David the shooter. Slowing down and turning around. It's dig down deep time now: final commitments made and fighting for breath control. Then: Boom! Boom! Boom.

Headed for home again ... the sleeping jungle snores and the hidden moon ain't talkin' ... legs shaking and lactic acid pain in my shoulders and upper arms because I have been flexing them so much. No longer young.

Me: David take the wheel again. I'm going to break this mother down and then drive with one set of wheels in the grass. You throw the pieces into the jungle. When we get to the apartment complex turn the gloves inside out and stuff them in someone's exhaust pipe to kill the prints.
David: OK—there's one bullet left. Can I keep it as a souvenir?
Me: No—our farang freedom is our Siamese souvenir—throw it in the grass.

Dana?
What?
How many years have you lived here?
Seven—why?
How many times have you had to do something like this?

Sorry Dave; some stuff goes to the deathbed with me. Now take this wooden box and smash it to pieces on your knee and throw it all out the window.

OK, brother.

Later at the house ...

Me: Jeez Dave; I don't know about you but I'm shaky. I'm going to have a drink. Want one?

David: No thanks—I'm on the straight and narrow now. I've given myself to God and quit drinking. Just trying to be a good citizen and a good grandfather and forget my violent past.

Me: OK, that's cool. Well, welcome to Thailand.

David: Thanks Dana—I'm really glad I came and I am looking forward to forgetting the past and just relaxing. A place and a time in my life where I can take in some photons, and breathe without calculation, and smile without guile, and not have to look over my shoulder. A stress free trip to another place in my mind. It's a vacation.

Bye the way; any idea where I can pick up a gun?

155. I Want To Get Hooked Up

TT&A Part 140 22/7/2006

"Show me a burrow and a laptop and an idea
and I'll show you happiness."—Gopher Charlie

Prologuius Writer's Blockium

A blank sheet of paper
Isn't so bad.
It's the blank blank mind
That frightens a lad.

Where once there was tumult—
Murmur and shout;
Now it's quiet days
And nights of doubt.

Is it all over?
The writing spree ...
Is this the end
Of this part of me?

Time for tricks—
Cure for the lame.
Book the tickets—
Get on the plane.

I'm Thailand bound—
No more writer's block.
A land of experiences
Novelty and shock.

Blank sheets of paper
Will fill up quick.
Better yet my mind
Only has to listen to my dick.

It's a writer's heaven—
Siam it is.
A daily adventure—
And no women named Ms.

So it's time to board
With laptop and cxxk.
A human gopher Charlie—
And no more writer's block.

I Want To Get Hooked Up

End of the week and home from work—dead dog tired and bone weary—ideations of suicide permeated with crushing self pity—had to stop twice climbing the hill from Park Street station to the State House due to shortness of breath—so so so much want to write. So so so (another stop for a heart attack stab at breathing) want to write. Some people have dreams of flying to escape the dross and pain of life. My dreams are more subterranean and terrestrial. I dream of finding a human sized gopher hole that I can hide in. Safe and warm and dedicated to hiding from the world and living through the keyboard. On the property line at the back of the parking lot behind my building there are gopher burrows and if you are quiet and still you can sometimes see gophers catching some rays. With one foot on the edge of the hole and their faces tilted to the sun they are living simple lives of simple pleasures and simple needs.

I sometimes wonder if they have little computers in their burrows they write on, and if they have little passports, and if they make trips to Thailand on AGA (All Gopher Airlines) for winter break and writing inspiration. Writing is my drug and I want to get hooked up. Love to get an idea and drop into the zone. But nothing is coming. Blank. Cruising the trip reports on Pattaya Talk, and reviewing emails to me from Thailand, and spreading out the reference works and books and magazines, and strapping a mulberry bark umbrella to the back of the chair, and putting on my Thailand ceremonial music CD, and putting on my beach pants and jewelry, and sitting at the keyboard wearing flip flops and sunblock and a half torso razor cut T-shirt, and throwing old Pattaya Mail newspapers all over the floor, and rummaging through the maps and old photos ... Nothing.

All written out I guess. Blank. Done in. Probably time to email Stick and tell him the well has run dry and the pinwheeling literary asteroid is passing forever from the Stickmanbangkok.com sky. No surer sign silhouettes than the blank writer. The writer deep in the zone has the gaunt face of missed meals and internal compulsion, and the writer with nothing to write also has a gaunt face but it is the face of fear. The falling climber who looks down and sees the end of the line rising to meet him. Time to get back on the plane. Time to go back to the Kingdom.

Thailand here I come. Please don't disappointment me. I'm a bone weary blank writer looking for more material. Here I come Thailand. Don't disappointment me. Here I come Thailand. I need you. I need you for muse, and I need you for psychic sustenance, and I need you for laughs and ego and novelty and more water in the story well. You're my literary wet nurse LOS and baby is coming home.

And don't tease me. Let it happen quick. In three days max I'd like to be knee to knee in the booth on the right with Mehkong Kurt at the Texas Lone Star bar. Him pounding out his column—sipping a beer—talking to regulars; and me banging out another couple of submissions for Stickman. Knee to knee, laptop to laptop; pounding out brainwaves and trying to punch a hole in the indifferent wall of the universe—a happy human gopher in a Texas Lone Star bar burrow. If I can roll into the bar at two in the afternoon with about 8000 words in me than around eight at night I should be able to stagger out with four new submissions done. Done and done, edited and titled and finished.

A final Lao beer in a frosted glass, a final wink at Poom and Run and Oh; and then I shamble and stumble to the door. Too tired for whores, and too tired for smiles at the Nana car park; but not too tired for one final Bloody Mary at the Mothership bar before heading up to my room and collapsing into a writer coma. Ah Thailand. Ah writing. Ah me. A serendipitous alliance. A drug. A happy zone of reflection and creativity and fun times. I'm coming to visit Thailand. Tell the woman at the front desk at the Nana hotel with all of the silver jewelry on her arms that I'll be checking in around 1:30 am.

Next morning I'll be staggering around in a time zone induced coma of travel shock and sleep deprived weariness. But like an insect of many antennas I'll be notating all of the incoming impressions. Like an empty sponge filling up with water my writer's mind will be filling up with ideas and then all of a sudden I will know that it is time. Time to drop whatever I was doing, or whoever I was doing; and hustle back to the Mothership and pick up my laptop and run to the Skytrain. Skipping and race walking and running down the sidewalk in a writer's compulsion to eliminate time and distance as quickly as possible and get to that place called writing.

Gone is the pain of bits of glass in my knees (should have had surgery ten years ago), bladder pain, cataract gauze vision, kidney stabs (all I had was some water for freakin' sake), mysterious elbow arthritis, hemorrhoid searing, and esophageal burning (goddamned Thais snuck in another chili). In the happy zone of the addicted you feel no corporeal pain. Mind over matter releasing pleasure endorphins into your blood stream that circulate from your toes to your brain. Gone is the self pity and the self doubt and the fear of the future. Racing around the corner of Soi 4 and Sukhumvit and then up to the Nana Skytrain station I am a gopher hole seeking missile.

Destination: Texas Lone Star bar in Washington Square. A dumpy bar in a dumpy part of the urban hell known as Bangkok but a nice place to hide and write. Try the door and it seems locked. Cup your hands around your eyes and look through the windows and you can't see anything. But don't despair. The door is not locked just stuck. And the bar is not closed just dark. An Asian gopher hole deep in the heart of the LOS monster. It's time to start writing. I can feel the pressure behind the dam in my head, and see the cracks in the dam face, and see the water overspilling the top, and I know that I need to be in position when it all blows and the words start flashing out of the ends of my fingers like channeled lightning from my brain. It's a race against time and against myself and against things outside of myself. I need to be in place and cranked up and ready to be bangin' the keys before the dam of ideas and words bursts.

Then it is like hanging on to a wildly careening and galloping horse. The words and ideas and sentences and images and stories take over and it is my job to be up to the challenge as thousands of words and tens of thousands of word choices start spilling out like bees from an overturned hive. At the best of times it is a sober helmsman steering a straight course, and at the worst of times it is like herding cats; but it is always compelling and God I hope it goes on for hours. Hours and hours and hours of writing. Sometimes a word with a local, and sometimes a bargirl sitting by my side, and sometimes a comment with Kurt about something; but always in a zone in a bar in Thailand. No happier people than the addicted. No sweeter pleasure than the addiction. No calmer more centered place than the internal place that mumblers and droolers and the facial tic people go to. Happy gophers in their own personal gopher holes. Separated out from the dross and foolishness of life and living and people. Writing. No greater happiness. I'm coming Thailand.

Tell the Immigration people at Don Muang airport that I am not going to respond as Business or Tourist when asked my purpose in Thailand. The answer will be Writer. Experiential sponge, human gopher, and teller of tales. I'll be standing in line with no luggage. Just a passport and a laptop and the slightly loopy look of the lost who has been found. I'm coming Thailand. I'm coming home to write. Sweet Jesus I'm happy.

156. Do We Make Too Much Of Sex In The West?

TT&A Part 141 29/7/2006

Introduction

Sex this and Sex that—
Everywhere the talk.
From people who are
Not walking the walk.

Lots of talk—
Little walk.
Lots of bragging—
Little shagging.

The lovers smile
And the braggers shout.
Confident Thai woman
And nervous farang lout.

Thai women
And farang men.
Unequal partners
Until the end—

Women so calm—
Comfortable with sex.
Men so nervous—
“Hey honey—look at my pecs.”

So if you want
To impress
Your teeruk to be—

Forget more, try less
Forget me me me—
And just be.

It's only sex.
It's not a sin.
Relax like her
Then she'll let you in.

Open Letter: Do We Make Too Much Of Sex In The West?

I don't know about you guys but I am starting to think that we make way too much of sex in the West; and by the West, I mean Farangland—wherever you are from. I'm from the US.

Let me give some examples:

1. I'm walking down Beach road in South Pattaya one afternoon around 2:30 and a nice looking woman at one of those open air bars just in front of the Walking Street sign waves me over. Over I go. I go to this open air bar complex every day so I have a high comfort level with the place. So over I go. It is her first day. She doesn't know where anything is or what she is doing or what to charge me for stuff. A bottle of water in the grocery is 6 baht. She doesn't know whether to charge me 100 baht or 50 baht or 30 baht. She doesn't know where the girls keep the games. I show her. She forgets the receipt. I help her make one out. It is kind of comical. Little tourist dramas of inclusion on a hot Pattaya afternoon. The temporary delusion of thinking you are more than a target. Maybe you are sharing some small human moments that will grow into something. And in the meantime your eyes roam like the navigation apparatus on a heat seeking missile. Face and figure that represents God working overtime. About thirty years old. Mature. I stand up and look over the counter to eyeball the rest. Holy suffering Jesus what a body.

She was beautiful and charming and vivacious and funny and smart. She had the manner and the deportment and the carriage and the confidence of an educated Hi-So woman. If someone had told me she had a Doctorate in Nuclear Physics I would have believed them. If someone had told me she hosted a Thai TV show about flower arranging in Buddhist temples I would have believed them. If someone told me she had an IQ of 164 and spent her days helping out in the Catholic orphanage I would have believed them. If someone told me that her hobby was translating Siamese stories of mythology into Latin I would have believed them. I would have believed anything anyone told me that illustrated the fact that she was an example of the most a human being can be and the most that a woman can be. Class and style and breeding and never a wrong decision made. I'd have believed any picture anyone painted.

Then she asked me if I wanted to go 'Short Time'.

OK, I'm no virgin to the Pattaya scene but still it was kind of a shock. I had to do some fast regrouping in my mind. She didn't. She didn't have to do any regrouping in her mind. Yes, she was all of the things that I imagined she was but she was also a whore. And she had no problem with it.

I think maybe we might be making too much of sex in the West.

2. Another example: in the same bar complex I bring in a roast chicken everyday at 4:30 to a certain bar. The girls are having dinner and I contribute the chicken. It is a fun thing. One of the women is named Oh. She is wonderful and friendly and really just the salt of the earth. She has a fifteen year old child and a ten year old child and she is a good mother. Like I said, salt of the earth. She always has a big smile for me and hand feeds me and we talk. You just could not imagine a better woman. And she makes a living as a prostitute. She is a whore.

Hey, doesn't bother her. Just me I guess. My problem.

I think we might be making too much of sex in the West.

4. Same bar complex again: There is another bar next to the one that Oh works at and there is a wonderful woman there that I spend time with every afternoon or early evening. We play those two bar games that you see everywhere. You know, the game where you throw the dice and then flip the flippers; and the other game where you slide the coins down from the top. Anyway, it is a regular thing with us. She looks out for me and we spend about thirty minutes playing games and talking. I am simply besotted with this woman. She is class and style and breeding in every pore of her wonderful charming lovely face. Intelligence radiates from her. I once ran into her outside of work because she had seen me and flagged me down just to say hello and out of the context of her bar I was just helpless. Could barely speak. Confronted with a saint I did not know what to do.

No, she is not a saint—she is a whore. Hey, doesn't bother her. I'm the one trying to deal with it.

Maybe we need to grow up in Farangland—maybe we are like children the way we make too much of sex.

5. Same bar complex again. A while ago at one of the little bars right next to the street I had met a woman named Tum and I had met a woman named Uri. Fell in love with Tum and fell in fun with Uri. Many happy times with both women which I still wish was a part of my life but both women have moved on. So I am familiar with the bar. And one of the women that was at the bar two years ago is still there. She is not by any stretch of the imagination a beauty. She is plain. She looks like the girl in school who would win the spelling contest or the science fair or who got 100% on every test she ever took. Not in a million years would you pick her out of a police lineup to be a dick sucker.

She has been at this very sexually aggressive and successfully active bar for at least to my knowledge two years. At least two years. Who knows? Maybe ten years. And she is not at a spelling bee or a science fair. She is a prostitute. Agrees with her just fine. She recognized me and we chatted about all of the times that I had come by in the past to pick up Uri or Tum. Not a stressed bone in her body or line in her face and couldn't have been more relaxed and congenial and easy going and pleasant. And she is a whore.

I don't know. Maybe it's me. Maybe it is all of us from Farangland. No wonder we look like such trout rising to the flies in this town. No wonder the women mock us. We look like headless chickens running around as if sex was new to us. We make way too much about this sex thing. We get made fun of because we earn it by acting foolish. We are not equal.

6. And last I should mention a woman named Fa that I have known for years in Pattaya. Fa is now in her early 40's and has been hooking her whole life. She has no boss, she has no debt, she only works about nine months per year, she travels the world, she dresses up every day, she delivers the goods and she does it with a smile. If you make too much of her beauty or her sexuality or of the wonderful sexual time you are having together you run the risk of having her mock you.

"Come on Farangman; grow up—it's only sex. Now get naked and put your hands on me and show me what you got. I'm a woman. What are you?"

I tell you the first time I got this mocking from Fa it really rocked me. But it also shocked me into the next stage of me. The stage of me that is more mature and more relaxed and more easy and fun for women to be with. Thank-you Fa.

So what is my conclusion? Well, my conclusion I am happy to report is my life. In the last couple of years I have gotten much much more relaxed about this whole sex thing. You might say I have grown up. Left the West behind. And the difference has been immediate and wonderful. You send out different vibes when you are relaxed. Unhurried. Confident. Patient. Not needy.

Result. My relations with Thai females are easier and better and more fun than ever. But I had to leave part of myself behind. I had to graduate to their level. If you see me in a bar I'm no longer hustling, or super smiling, or doing tricks, or making some kind of sexy eye contact, or all of the other little things that we farangs do because we just can't get over the idea that all of these beautiful women will take their clothes off and let you put it in. In fact sometimes when I am really in control I will monitor myself and actively try to get my heart rate down, and my blood pressure down, and my feet relaxed inside my shoes, and my voice level down, and my hands and my arms down. And that is when one of the quiet confident solid salt of the earth intelligent wise smilers will say, "Hello hansum man"

Jesus, what a country! And the key is to zoom in on the fact that great sex with beautiful women is no big deal. Just go with it. Relax. Stop pushing. Stop selling. Stop needing. It's like everything else in life. If you look like you need it no one will give it to you. So relax—and don't let them see you sweat. Then something wonderful will be happening every day.

Chok dee
Dana

157. A Good Place To Die

TT&A Part 142 5/8/2006

Smooth doe-eyed young Moroccan men and skinny-armed western men. The needy and the hopeful anyway you shuffle the human deck. Hot sand, filthy buildings, soft brown eyes masking primal needs, flies on the food, blistering Tangiers sun, and bartenders who have to be trained to put the glasses in the fridge before pouring the drink. Lovers so smooth, and ceiling fan blades so slow; and everyone smiling. If it is all so wrong why all the smiles? If everyone is smiling shouldn't God be smiling too?

Different points of view and every beating heart a prisoner of it's own individuality. Far far from home blocked emotional neuron switches open up. Like clam shells opening in answer to tidal signals; young dark desert sons and white western newspaper readers slip into each other as the river and the ocean mingle at the shore. It's so so hot and every thing is so so slow … and …"What is that?"—ah, someone is at the door.

My lover's armpits taste of aluminum. He is still using deodorant. He is trying to please me by being modern. Excesses of youth and inexperience. What will be next—a studded dog collar? I will have to be patient and wait for him to catch up. To realize that I want him uncorrupted by the West. My living desert son Pieta lover limp and trusting in my arms. Lovers so smooth and slow; sunburn turning to tan as the season progresses and everyone smiling. If it is all so wrong then why all the smiles? If everyone is smiling shouldn't God be smiling too?

Prologue

There's no deeper well than William Burroughs and no more frightening mirror to look into. All the other great writers minced around the literary wellheads like ballet fairies. They played with the buckets, and they played with the ropes, and they danced, and they looked down the dark tube of commitment, and they sang, and they fidgeted, and they called it philosophy or channeling or the words of God or great writing. Burroughs threw the bucket down the well and then jumped in after it. Racing the bucket to the bottom with his nails leaving trails in the stone he knew that the only way out was up and there were absolutely no rules. He was all alone. If people had the patience and the stamina and the intelligence he may be all you have to read. All you have to know. But what a frightening thing are the two 'm' words—morbidity and mortality. His face and his voice and his gait marked him.

> *"When the journalist Duncan Fallowell met him 14 years ago, he wrote that (his) 'gait is a combination of shuffle and hop'. Now the hop's all gone, only the shuffle remains."* —Peter Popham

Same-same me Kuhn Dana—the hop's all gone. I'm doing the 'has been' boogie and the 'broken dreams' polka now. Skinny arms turned to bronze and slow moving ceiling fans replaced by window ledge air-con units but little else to show for the long sojourn on the flying rock. Still ambulatory and verbal but looking more and more like an expat who is—

Baying At The Moon

"Oh God please help me. Isn't there someone who can care for me? Love me? Want me? Why am I so alone? What have I done to deserve this? Oh God please help me ...!"

Every dark cloud has a silver lining. The fact that I can not speak Thai and will never speak Thai turns out to be a benefit. All I am left with is my own language. A language incomprehensible to the surrounding Thais. So the emotional pain that erupts from my body like a wolf baying at the moon in expostulations of pity and rage and hopelessness and confusion and anger and despair is less noticed because the other humans around me have no idea what I am saying. In my own country personal public forum emoting would look like dangerous self-immolation and I would end up in a psychiatric ward. Condemned to an exact same psychic life only with diminished geography.

So local lingua franca incompetence and geographic displacement turn out to be just what I need. As my life of failure spirals downward and I bottom out in a well of despair I can still be human and act out and emote. Because no one around me has any idea what I am saying I could be quoting from Sir Isaac Newton's Philosophiae Naturalis Principia Mathematica for all the Thais know. And their indifference to me as a foreigner also gives me the insulation I need as every one of my emotional neurons and needs fray to a breaking point.

So if you do speak English and you hear me rambling and dissembling and groaning and crying in a literate way in a language you understand; take no heed. I'm not crazy, just verbal; and I need higher powers of attention than you can give me. In a way I'm free. I've got nothing left to lose except my sanity and if I lose that I won't notice. Wandering the halls of MBK surrounded by office girls with fake designer purses they imagine levitate them out of the Third World, or sitting in the park down the street from the Emporium talking to the ducks, or using the barmaids cold towel to wipe the phlegm from the corners of my mouth it is all the same. I am alone. And I know am alone. That is why I am lonely. And finally with age and wisdom and a lifetime of evidence is the conclusion that I am an emotional math problem without solution.

The things I say when I talk out loud in public are not evidence of loss of intelligence or loss of sanity or loss of sense of self but evidence of intelligence and evidence of sanity and evidence of sense of self. I'm baying at the moon just like wolves on cold arctic nights. Sending out a cry for help and a cry for love and a cry for species connection as old as mammalian time. Intelligent life on faraway planets may hear my lament and decide not to come here.

Andromeda Galaxy Tribunal Quarterly Report—"Many of these Earthlings seem to have life without hope and a heart without love. We'll visit other strange life forms on another world in another galaxy and perhaps another dimension. We've recorded more dignity and hope in interstellar bacteria. Earth must offer little if lower developed and higher developed mammals are both baying at the moon."

Luckily the Thais can't understand me so they don't hear me. I'm a human barking soi dog; invisible and untouched by the kindly solicitations or unkindly remonstrances of people not like me. Far far from home blocked neuron switches open up. Like an open clam shell I can send or receive love or despair on the shifting hopes and dreams of my tidal pool.

I guess God never wanted to smile on me. OK, I'm still head to the sun taking in photons and paying attention to the process. The ceiling geckos blink and the window ledge air-con units hum. In the early morning I can see the silent panorama of the Pattaya parasails being pulled offshore. Mocking me with their youth and their mindless investment in triviality—pleasure exchanged against the future. Thailand is a blessing. A refuge. A womb. A deep psychic well that has the marks of my fingernails etched in the sides of experiential stone. Did I jump or did I fall down the well of Siam? Can't remember.

No matter. Thailand is a blessing. A refuge. A womb. A good place to die.

Life Is A Dream

Life is a dream, they say, that you wake from when you die. Now on the final shambling glide path of the final death spiral I can see what I could not see before. Like a gecko on a cosmic ceiling I have a different point of view. Like the omniscient narrator of my own life or the dying patient who reports later looking down on himself in surgery during the transformation from life to death Thailand was just a preface for what is to come. The cultural of smoke and mirrors, and the incomprehensible language tonals, and the shifting sands of Face, and the Yes's that could mean No and the No's that could mean Yes, and the smiles without love were just the earthly expat preparation for the waking time to come. Thailand was just a dream. What the Buddhists know and the Thais react to instinctively; the expats have to learn one by one.

It is all a dream. A slippery Siamese stew of no consequence until your carbon based life form starts the trip from dreaming time to waking time. Makes you wonder about some of the Pattaya balcony jumpers. Maybe it wasn't drugs or depression or teeruks that triggered their step into the future. That's all dream stuff. Thailand stuff. Maybe they were jumping towards something. Like fish in a tank they had seen the other side and just wanted to accelerate the timeline forward. Personal prophets who had seen that their life of fish bowl blue colored sand, and glittering gold coined treasure chests, and bubbling deep sea divers, and imitation shipwrecks, and plastic purple sea fronds, and neon lit Go-Go bars, and empty flashing smiles, and the shouted "Pai nai hansum man?" was all a dream. Real life was on the other side of the glass. Where's the balcony? Leaving the dream and plunging into reality. Time travelers. Hey, maybe the Pattaya police were right all along. They were suicides. But not enders of life.

Beginners of life. Life on the other side. Enders of the dream. Thailand. Just a dream.

Life is a dream, they say, that you wake from when you die. None of it ever counted. You can’t touch Thailand, and you can’t hold it in your hand, and you certainly can not explain it to any sane Western person. No matter. For the right souls at the right time and for the right reasons Thailand is a blessing. A refuge. A womb.

A good place to die.

158. I Am Going To Start a Church of Dana

TT&A Part 143 12/8/2006

Official open letter to all non-Thai adult male Earthlings in or out of the Kingdom:

Church Of Dana

“In Pattaya did Dana Man
A stately Churchure Dome decree.”

OK, it’s not:

“In Xanadu did Kublai Khan—
A stately pleasure dome decree.”

by Coleridge; but it’s the result that counts. I am going to start a Church of Dana. Let me repeat that:

I AM GOING TO START A ‘CHURCH OF DANA’.

Thirty thousand Stickmanites, and tens of thousands of resident Kingdom farang, and numberless visiting farang, and a few non-Western non-Thais (Japs and Chinks), and every single Pattaya expat can’t be wrong: and what they tell me is that they want a Church of Dana. Actually the constant Refrainius Messegium is more like they need a Church of Dana like a hot slavering soi dog needs a drink from the toilet. But enough of iconic religious imagery: a CHURCH OF DANA is going to be formed.

Sound of trumpets and kettle drums and orgiastic moaning …! followed by tens of thousands of—”Honey, I’ll have a beer.”

And I already know what cerebral diapason has burst from your brains—

“It’s about time man …! we’ve been waiting to worship you in a formal setting for years dude. What took so long man …! we’re totally stoked and pumped man; and for sure this is the most awesome knarly thing that has ever happened man …!"

and from wealthy condopats living above the 6th floor—

"Indubitably: and notify my retired Oxford proctor now; I am a very happy chappy—a most auspicious announcement not out of keeping with the heartfelt civilized spiritual wishes residing in every educated farang and …!OK, what I really want to know is … do we get to do any bonking most esteemed Kuhn Dana? I haven't Isaan slammed my University educated Stoke-on-Trent pecker in months and if I have to go to one more expat club meeting and get appointed to blow up balloons at one more orphanage I'm going to jump."

Anyway, a Church of Dana (COD) is going to be formed. I know extreme happiness can sometimes cause shock so I'll just give you some time to rebound and regroup. A cog has slipped forward in the machinations of the Universe and change is afoot. With the delicacy of a butterfly's wing and the rumbling onrushing fate of a freight train a new day is dawning. So I'll repeat it. A Church of Dana is going to be formed. This will be a world wide religion based on me. A 540,000 word 72 chapter specialized treatise monograph outlining and announcing the Church of Dana will be appearing on this website. It will be a testament to inclusiveness, and open arms, and no judging, and love for all (except the French). Stay tuned. Subjects such as protocols and hymns (songs to Dana written by me) will be presented and explained. Example Hymn:

UNTO DANA

Unto Dana be all glory, honor, and praise—
Flow from his throne, unto His own, his anthem raise.
So exalt, lift up on high the name of Dana,
Magnify, come glorify Dana all the Kingdom's days.

Glory Glory Glory
Praise to Him all knowing …
Holy Holy Holy
Look to Him when Pattaya A-Going …

I can hear my Dana calling,
"Take thy beer and follow, follow Me."
Where he leads me I will follow,
Whether beer bar, or Go-Go, or freelancer by the sea.

Because Dana lives I can face tomorrow—
Because Dana lives all fear is gone;
Because I know he holds the future,
Whether it be teeruks, or trannies, or best price for Fong.

Holy Holy Holy …
Listen well to his advice.
Glory Glory Glory …
Judge not and treat everyone nice.

Unto Dana be all glory, honor, and praise.
So exalt, lift up his name all your Thai days.
Magnify, come worship and sing—
Let your cares like your morals take easy wing.

Because He lives I never use condoms.
Because He lives I never overpay.
Life is worth living—
I sing his praises every LOS day.

Unto Dana be all glory, honor, and praise.
Flow from his throne, unto His own, His anthem raise.*

* DVD's of the All Isaan Church of Dana Choir will be available with the linguistic charm of the letter l's becoming letter r's and the letter r's becoming letter l's; as well as dropped word endings, and other spoken mysteries. Example:

"Groly Groly Groly …
Hory Hory Hory …

Unlu Kuhn Dana be arr groly, honol, and plai."—etc.

Preaching will start on the steps of the Royal Palm Plaza in South Pattaya and as the church grows will move to the maritime park. Services will include singing my praises, a choir of dancing Go-Go girls, fireworks, free drinks, roadkill roast, drunken Honda Wave races, moon dancing monks, and lots of naked smiling laughing Thai women. The inaugural service will be marked by Noi and her girls doing a 100 plane flyover at 18,000 miles per hour. The girls will have their teddy bear co-pilots in the cockpits with their gas masked plush fur faces and button eyes pressed against the windshields. Purple smoke oil jet exhaust will sky write the words WE LOVE DANA. Following that will be a flyover of 100 pink C-130 Hercules transports with 100 big bulge parachuting trannies per plane. Stripped of armor and ordinance, and altered with extra large control surfaces; the C-130's will do a 360 degree loop right off the beach and disgorge the trannies at 20,000 feet. 10,000 parachuting trannies with pink parachutes trailing pink smoke bombs. On the way down they will first form into the shape of a vagina and then regroup and form into the shape of a penis. The Church of Dana accepts all persuasions. Big bulge parachuting professionals volunteering their time in service to their new God Dana. Now that's a way to inaugurate a religion.

Since Pattaya has no volcanoes there will be no volcano sacrifices of vestal virgins but the Church of Dana will be doing something with virgins (if we can find any). Actually I haven't had contact with a virgin in so long I'll be taking suggestions on what to do with them. One thing's for sure—you won't want to miss services at the Church of Dana. Oh, and one more item. Free cheese for everyone upon joining. Free 60 year old U.S. military grade surplus government cheese. I worked a deal. No need to thank me. Worship of me is enough. If you are new to the Kingdom and the goddamned chilies have made you a little loose in the caboose I recommend you chow down on some of this post WW II cheese. You'll be stopped up tighter than a cork in a cockroach. Again, no need to thank me. You know what you have to do.

Anyway, a Church of Dana (COD) is going to be formed. An opportunity for you to worship me and to see naked women wearing heels and gold chains around their waists passing the collection plates. Stay tuned on this website. There is no God and life has no meaning; but we are saved. There is Dana and the Church of Dana. It'll be a 'no worries mate' religion (at last a reason for Australia). No confessions. We aren't confessing anything. And no belief in reincarnation. We aren't saving anything for the next life. It's going to be a pedal to the metal, balls to the wall, no lookin' back religion dedicated to three words: Now and Fun and Dana. We ain't thinking of the future and we are not apologizing for the past. And there aren't going to be any cell phones. We aren't taking any calls and we aren't making any calls. If it is not on impulse we are not interested. It's DanaTime kats and kittens and all you need to know is Now and Fun and Dana (NAFAD).

What kind of religion will it be you ask? It will be a secular religion devoid of exclusionary intellectual fascism. In other words we aren't really going to believe in anything except NAFAD (Now and Fun and Dana). Complicated belief systems and ancillary notions lead to rules, and rules lead to rule breakers, and rule breakers lead to punishments, and punishments lead to fascists. Welcome South American priests plunging obsidian knives into still beating chests. That kind of thing has already been done since the beginning of time. The only thing we are going to be plunging is olives into martinis (extra dry). This will be a new kind of religion. The emphasis will be on the cult of me and on a cult of fun. As long as it's an inclusive rockin' party there won't be too many rules. In fact at the end of every service parishioners will point the bottoms of their bare feet at each other and at me. On special Church of Dana holidays we will do the same thing with genitals. It's a religion. It's a cult. It's a party. It's the Church of Dana.

A Church of Dana is going to be formed. An opportunity for you to worship me and to see naked women passing the collection plates. Tranny skywriting postcards, plush Noi teddy bears in silver flightsuits, plastic C-130 Hercules transport model planes, DVD's of the All Isaan Church of Dana Choir (with grammar translations), bedsheets with my likeness (you can worship me and you can sleep with me), hymns about me so that you can sing my praises at home, collection plate dolls wearing gold waist chain and heels (dashboard or life-size), NAFAD tattoos, four volume autographed box sets of COD announcement monograph, and gift wrapped packages of US grade 60 year old military surplus cheese (tell someone with the galloping shits you love them) will all be for sale in the church gift shop (next to the open bar).

Whew … I don't know about you but I am exhausted. Same feeling I get after thirty minutes with Fa. But remember: this is only the 'Official open letter to all non-Thai adult male Earthlings in or out of the Kingdom— (8/8/06)'. Stay tuned on this website. A 540,000 word 72 chapter submission outlining and announcing the Church of Dana will be appearing soon. Learn to spell and sing Hallelujah because that will be your life.

See You On The Boardwalk—
Pastor Dana

159. You Can’t Go Back

TT&A Part 144 19/8/2006

Here is a true story (what else?) followed by a stunning announcement. Enjoy.

You Can’t Go Back

The first Thai woman I met was named Esther Goldberg. Actually that was her American name. Her Thai first name was Pakpao. Her mom was Thai and her father was an American from Manhattan, a borough of New York City. I met her in 1968 in some kind of Art History class at the University of Michigan that had a lot of slides of Buddha. Anyway I was drawn to her like iron filings to a magnet and sat down next to her. We started passing notes. At the end of class she asked me if I would like to come to her place and have some tomato soup and a sandwich. I moved in the next day and we lived together for five months.

Pakpao had the young dick hardening girl / woman sweet Thai face of an 18 year old and long beautiful black hair. That would have been enough but God had gifted her with 50% Caucasian biology that manifested itself in a body of such voluptuousness that she looked like something you would see in a Japanese comic book. Small hands and small feet and small face and small waist and huge breasts and huge hips. The effect was startling. And if you were an 18 year old green-as-grass inexperienced male like me you couldn’t help but slap yourself in the forehead with the palm of your hand. Holy boomsing what a body. Every juvenile immature impossible young boy’s dream come to life. The first night we spent together I waited by the bed while she was in the bathroom. Then the door opened and she walked out naked. She smiled at me and opened her arms and said, “What do you think?”

That was exactly forty years ago and I can remember it like it was yesterday. Made an impression on me for life. Only later did I learn on the ground in Thailand that the average Thai woman's body does not look like an hourglass or some kind of Mayan fertility rite sculpture.

The summer previous to the start of our freshman year she had been in Israel working on some kind of peach tree kibbutz. Because she was so short the peach bag dragged on the ground and made the job hard. That is the only conversation I can remember in five months of us living together. At the age of eighteen and with this woman within ten feet of me I was only interested in one thing and I think you all know what that was. We bonked like rabbits on speed. She was socially and sexually way ahead of me. Because of her face and her hair and her figure she had started saying "Yes" to men or "No" to men starting at age fourteen. When I was fourteen I couldn't find my feet with a flashlight. So we were not equals.

But I did have one compensating feature as a man / boy. I had something wrong or goofy or abnormal or developmentally retarded in the bonking equipment department and I could not cum. This meant I could pound and drill for hours and never stop. Hopped up on candy bars and Cokes (college diet) and youth and hormones and horniness and her body (or any other woman's body) I could boomsing literally for hours. I could bonk them until they went dry or in Pakpao's case lost her patience and got up and pulled the mattress off the box springs and ordered me to sleep the rest of the night on the box springs. She had the standard student bed on the floor arrangement and I can still remember seeing her lit up by the streetlight from outside bent over double with her huge ponderous breasts swinging forward as she pulled the mattress off the bedsprings. Anyway, she was socially and sexually way ahead of me but I was a pneumatic perpetual motion machine that couldn't cum. You go with what you got.

A week after we split up both her parents were killed in an automobile accident and she inherited parking lots and liquor stores in Manhattan. Talk about bad timing. She immediately had a travel agent book her on a five month tour of Asia according to world famous restaurants. All she saw was menus and all she did was eat. I should have seen the future coming.

Fourteen years later I was in Bangkok and I had her name and her phone number on a little piece of paper. I had never forgotten her. Fourteen years is a long time but some people leave an imprint. And it was not her face or her hair or her figure that I remembered the most. It was her love. She had been filled to bursting with love. All she wanted was to love and be loved. She was so open and so generous and so sweet and so loving that I had never forgotten her. Maybe that was the Thai part of her. I had hired a private detective and he had found out that she was richer than God and she spent half of the year in Manhattan and half of the year in Bangkok. I was in Bangkok. I got a hooker in the Nana Hotel lobby to make the call for me. Fourteen years! What, was I nuts? Too many years. She won't remember me. She won't care. I was just an ignorant boy then. I'm an idiot for calling.

I call and she answers. Before I can get through my nervous rehearsed introduction she cuts me off. She remembers me and we should get together right away. Tonight. She tells me where to go and where to stand and when to go there and a black car will pull up in front of me. We will go to a wonderful Japanese restaurant. I do as instructed. A big black car with a driver and smoked windows pulls up in front of me. The back door opens and I can see her face and her hair and her smile. Then something completely unexpected and horrible happens. The rest of her gets out. She is now an elephant. She is huge. Fat. Formless. Gargantuan. Humongous. Her fertility rite hourglass Caucasian inherited body has turned against her and she is now a beautiful mature rich Thai woman wearing a sack dress to cover up her unappealing figure. I am stunned. Standing there on the curb as she is getting out of the car I have a momentary impulse to just cut and run. But I don't. We go to a Japanese restaurant. We talk. I smile. I have no idea what she said or what we talked about. All I could think of is that if I poked a stick at her I probably couldn't find her breasts. They were probably down around her knees. Fourteen years is long time.

At the end of our meal we go to an ice cream vendor and buy some of those wonderful Italian sherbets — I think they are called gelatos. She takes out her cellphone and tells me that she has an apartment nearby and would I like her to summon the car and we can go over to her place. I say something. I don't know what it was. I made up some kind of stupid story. Mr. eunuch perpetual motion bonking machine from the past was suddenly too busy to go to an apartment with a rich Thai woman and have sex. Yeah, right—who is going to believe that? She didn't believe it either. I could see her face fall. I felt sick.

So that's my story. The first Thai woman I met in my life was a woman named Pakpao that I met at college. What we did was sex but what I remembered years later was the love. Then I did something right in my life and called her fourteen years later. No change in her — she was still all about love. No change in me—I still was just a boy. Couldn't say "yes" when I should have said "yes". Still thinking of her. I hope she is not thinking of me. I don't deserve it.

You can't go back.

And Now A Stunning Announcement

Attention readers, worldwide fans, and members of the Church of Dana.

A film entitled: DANA: THE MOVIE is now in the ‘My People Will Have Lunch With Your People’ pre-production stage and should be hitting the big screens worldwide in about forty months. It is not too late to get involved. If you have any ideas regarding casting, plots, characters, set design, location shooting, etc. please send them into this website—Attn: Stick. He will do the final preliminary filtering and collating and then send me the three ring binders with your ideas.

No investors needed at this stage. I solicited a small donation from each of my former teeruks and so raising the 180 million dollars was pretty easy. Most of my former Na’s and Fa’s and Pa’s and Da’s and La’s and Wa’s and Ra’s and Num’s and Dum’s and Um’s and Lum’s and Sum’s and Noi’s and Doi’s and Loi’s and Boi’s and Woi’s and Foi’s and Bang’s were able to kick in about 10,000 baht each. I’ll leave you to do the math. In return for their investment they all get a one line note in the rolling film credits at the end in the FOD (Friend Of Dana) section that will help them advertise their businesses. For example:

Hello from Nit—Pattaya boardwalk Soi 7—8 am
—no condoms.

Have big feet—you know what that means—Nana car park
—bling lube.

My name Lik Suk
—have pictures of Dana with big frightened chicken.

Name is Ow Ow—car park steps to Nana restaurant
—bling kneepads.

Me Supee—Soi Diamond Superbabies top girl
—I wear handcuffs.

Nok from Carousel bar
—fat but go like kwazy wabbit on yaa baa.

Num from Rajah car park Ball-in-Hand:
I love pool stick—you take pictures.

Of course there are going to be thousands of these one line teeruk investor advertisements but you get the idea. Rolling film credits that will show where the investor money came from. We believe in full access and full disclosure. We are modern people.

In addition we are practicing knife to the bone economies—for example: I am not allowing or paying for any spice in the catered food, and we are going to reuse street vendor chicken breast bamboo skewers to hold up cue cards. Like I said—economies. We are modern people.

Anyway, the 180 million dollars will be matched by the United Nations as part of their campaign to help Thailand get respect and join the global community. So that ups the ante to 360 million dollars for production and post production and believe me when I say all the money will be on the screen. For example: right now I have private parties, investigators, retired mongers, and Siamese super sleuths combing the country village by village, bar by bar, and alley by alley looking for the ever elusive very short very beautiful big package tranny. They're out there but boy oh boy do you have to look. But hey, that's what this movie is going to be all about. A gift to the world.

So get involved. DANA: THE MOVIE will soon be on the big screen. Film production headquarters will be the Mothership (a.k.a Nana Hotel) and I will of course be in charge of everything. This screen extravaganza will bring together all of my skill sets and allow me to show the world what my life is like. I expect it to clock in around two and half hours and for that entire time all you will hear in the theatres from Bombay to Khartoum to Vancouver to Rio to Minsk to Wellington to the Emporium is gasping as normal human beings are taken into my life and just amazed. So get involved and send in your ideas to the Stickman for DANA: THE MOVIE.

Chok dee
Dana

P.S. And what of the after-the-movie incoming tsunami of respect and adulation and attention and love? Well, I plan to run for Prime Minister of Thailand. But you knew that.

160. An Opinion I Never Hear

TT&A Part 145 26/8/2006

I have developed an ethical limit on my behavior in Thailand that I never hear about from other male visitors to the Kingdom. You would think with all of the farang-Thai web sites and all the chat rooms and all of the essayists and storytellers and the millions of words that have been written on every conceivable aspect of the farang-Thai experience that this subject would have already been covered but I never see it. Maybe it is just me. Maybe I am the odd man out. Maybe I am the lone ranger. Maybe I am all wrong. Maybe my personal ethical opinion on a certain subject has no merit. Here is the subject and my ethical opinion / behavior that I have adopted. What do you think?

I do not believe that male tourists to Thailand should spend time with 'good' Thai girls. Holy Moly—what am I talking about? Am I crazy? Have I lost my mind? Have I joined some weird religious order? Isn't this the conscious or subconscious desire of many farang: to meet a nice Thai girl and fall in love? Maybe get married? Maybe have some kids? To mate successfully? To die happy and respected with a heart full of love?

Aren't these male dreams of successful coupling valid and beyond reproach? Don't these tourist farang dreams of meeting a nice Thai girl represent all that is best about adult civilized sensitive people? Well, Yes and No. The dreaming part is the nice part. No one in their right mind would negate the value and importance of successful coupling and a life filled with love. But the practice that has to lead to the dream is the bumpy part of the road. And the practice that leads to the dream involves meeting nice Thai girls. I strongly believe that tourist farangs should not do this. Let me explain with a little story.

Last time I was in the Kingdom a friend set me up on a blind date with a 'good' Thai girl. He knew what he was doing because the two of us hit it off immediately. We just fell into each other. She worked in a massage parlor and gave me a foot massage. I think all massage is bunk and junk and fraud but I submitted to this shame of Thailand so that I could spend time with her. At the end I told her that I was going to Pattaya for two weeks but that I would come back to see her. And I did.

When I walked in two weeks later and she saw me her smile was huge. Happy eyes. Another silly foot massage and then we went to lunch. It was magic. And different. Walking back from lunch I tried to put my arm around her and she pushed me away. I tried again to put my arm around her and she pushed me away again. A good girl. 'Slow down mister.' Across from the massage place was an Internet place. I paid to have her get an account so that she could send me emails, etc. We talked. Then it was time for me to go. We did the awkward goodbye. I didn't want to leave and she didn't want me to leave.

Walking away she called out my name and ran after me with something to say. Just an excuse to prolong the contact. Then it was over.

Walking away I realized I had made a mistake. I had wasted a good woman's time. I was going back home. I would probably never see her again. It had all been false hope and a silly dream. I had wasted her time and been irresponsible with her emotions. She is a human being. I didn't have the right to do that. I had done wrong. I vowed to never do it again. I vowed to never waste a good Thai woman's time again.

I believe that if you can not follow through with a good woman in Thailand in a responsible adult meaningful future orientated way you should not be spending time with her. So there it is: the kernel of my ethical / behavioral point-of-view when in the Kingdom. Taking up her time and her emotions without the ability or the intention of possible future action is wrong. Not wrong as in incorrect or inappropriate; but wrong as in morally wrong. Animals can not and do not make decisions based on virtue or ethics; but humans can make decisions based on virtue and ethics and should try to. That is what separates us from the dogs and the chickens and the snakes. We have the ability to do better when mixing with other members of our species: to make finer distinctions and more meaningful decisions. If you are not treating the good Thai woman in a virtuous and ethical way then you are behaving irresponsibly and disrespectfully.

I do not see any compromise on this issue. I don't think you can have it both ways. You can not be taking up the time and the emotions of a good Thai woman and telling yourself that you are really a good guy. You have to make a choice. You already know what kind of a woman she is or you would not be thinking about it: so what kind of a person are you? This woman that my friend introduced me to had a son, a life, dreams, needs; if a man is not local and a resident and in a position to make a commitment he should not be talking to her. I hope she found that man. She is wonderful.

Now, if you are thinking while you are reading this you might be saying to yourself—"Oh come on, Dana: are there no exceptions? Are there no lights in the twinkling firmament of our emotional existence that have value? Is it all so black and white? Is there no hope for a farang man? What about the well known fact that sometimes a woman just picks a man. It certainly does not happen very often but it is a fact that sometimes a woman acts in a way that surpasses understanding or explanation and picks a man. To use Margaret Trudeau's autobiography title, she acts Beyond Reason. Somehow she knows in the bone deep marrow of her woman's being that you are it. You are the man, the future, the buried treasure at the end of the rainbow, the X that marks the spot, the future half of the rest of her, the father of the children, the everything of her life. It is a personal knowledge that exceeds her own understanding. It is something that goes beyond lust, or social mating rituals, or desire for security, or peer pressure, or sex, or anything else that a friend or a neighbor or a psychologist would use to describe her behavior. She just knows. You can not talk her into this idea and you can not talk her out of this idea. Most especially you can not talk her out of this idea. It isn't about reason or being articulate or being educated or anything else. She just knows. You are it. You are the man.

In that case Dana isn't a non local non resident farang excused from your draconian rule about never having contact with a good Thai girl? Isn't this a case that lends a little humanity to your idea through the hope of exception?"

My answer to this and my behavior that proofs my answer is NO. No, I do not believe this sometimes exceptional behavior of women gives you carte blanche to spend time with local women. The statistical anomaly of the good Thai woman who has decided against all explanation because of some star dust buried primal reason that you are IT is such an infinitesimal percentage in the game of successful mating that its very exceptionalness works against you.

Obsession can be a beautiful flower when it is all about love and successful lifetime mating: but you can not will it, or buy it, or steal it, or earn it. It has to be the woman's idea. You are the recipient but not the influencer. It is all about her responding to internal mysterious messages that impel her towards you and blind her to anything else. And the odds of you being included in this theatre of life are so small that you have no rights. Long odds and small percentages do not give you the right to treat every good Thai woman as a chip in your gambling love game of life. Leave them alone.

Right now even as you conjure this text and mull over these ideas and even as I am pounding these keys there are thousands of relationships in Thailand between non local non resident farang and good Thai girls where both parties have now had the veil lifted from their eyes and both parties are peering ahead trying to discern the future. But that does not mean that both parties are equal. Every single month the woman is reminded through her period of all that she is and of all that she can become. The only way a male visitor can match this level of practical maturity is to recognize all that she is and all that she can become and realize that he has no right to be at her table. If he wants to throw dice in the casino game of life it is not to be with good Thai girls. It is not right. It is wrong. Leave them alone.

So that's it. My story and my conclusion and my new ethical limit on my behavior when I am in Thailand. When the plane lands and I am walking down the long hallway to Immigration I remind myself of this. I am not a resident. I am going to tell the gentleman at Immigration that my purpose in the country is Tourist. I am going to visit and then I am going to leave. No geographic commitment. I grace the Kingdom with my farang presence but I'm not stickin' around. I'm not putting down Asian roots, or applying for long time visas, or researching ways to buy homes or buy businesses or transfer funds to Thai banks, or enrolling in a two year learn-to-speak Thai program, or joining the Pattaya Expats club. I'm simply a human airplane doing a 'touch-and-go' on the runway of Thailand for my own amusement. I have no business holding a good Thai woman in my arms. If there were a law it should be criminal to do such a thing. And if your name is Hans or Ragnar or Zia or Marcel or

Peter or Boris and you are doing such a thing than I think you are a criminal visiting a crime upon women who do not deserve it.

All of this I mentally review as I walk down the long hallway on the way to the Immigration line. I am so so glad to be back in the Kingdom that I feel like crying. I feel as if I am coming home. The bag is weightless in my hand, and the trauma of the long flight is forgotten, and my feet seem to not even be touching the floor. Suddenly I feel younger, and stronger, and leaner, and more hopeful and clever and handsome. Like a lover with his love in sight my system is pumping chemicals into my bloodstream that are traveling to every part of my body. But in the euphoria of the moment I do not forget who I am and who the other players will be. I will set ethical limits on my behavior. The only women I am qualified to responsibly spend time with in Thailand are whores. That is all I am good for.

161. I’m Having a Dream

TT&A Part 146 2/9/2006

Prologue

Sa Wa Dee Khrap Stickmanites, lesser Earthlings, world leaders, members of the Church of Dana, short big package trannies, sycophants, members of the Dana Fan Club, LOS chicken-on-a-stick vendors, freaks, and friends.

Here is another absolutely true story from the Personal Stories series—(Lonely Hearts and Lonely Nights) soon to be out in airport gift shop quality paperback by I’M HAVING A DREAM PUBLISHING INC. (a subsidiary of HOW DO THESE OTHER CRAP AUTHORS GET BLOWN LTD). Enjoy.

Freakazoid Intro

Calling at random—
Seeking a friend.
Part of my personal life—
Anxious to send.

It’s phone call time—
Any stranger will due.
Random naked dialing—
I’ll make a friend new.

It’s me and the night.
It’s me and you.
Let me explain …
Let’s talk, let’s do—

No need to take notes.
It’ll sear your brain.
My average life—
Your thoughts just the same.

So just listen—
Don’t deny …
You’ve dreamed of this pleasure.
Just listen—
You and I.

Ring … Ring … Ring … Hello?

“Oh hello, I’m glad I caught you. It sounds like you’re a lonely farang and I’m one too. So just listen to me—I’ve got something to say. Listen to this … so here is my question: Are you just like me?

Of course you are. Everyone is. Sometimes I wish I was a little different. You know you get tired of being average. But I guess I am what I am. I’m hotter than a firecracker factory in August and I love male meat. You too? You don’t need to tell me. Most of this is going to sound awfully familiar. I guess I just have a need to talk.

Anyway, I have installed floor to ceiling mirrors in my condo and built a stage with seating all around and bolted in place a chrome pole. I can’t be the only guy who dreams of being a dancing whore in one of the farang gogo bars of Thailand. Of course not. We all have this dream. It’s natural. It’s just that most people don’t follow through on their dreams.

The music and sound system was easy and the costumes were easy. For dancing presentation variety I picked up some vocational costumes (nurse—construction worker—Robinson’s department store retail clerk—chicken on a stick vendor) and a schoolgirl costume, and some string bikinis, and some lingerie items, and of course those see-thru tops and bottoms that look like pieces of black fishing net. Also some 24/7 Internet cafe receptionist outfits. Jesus God in heaven these untouchable virgins make me squirm. Getting assigned my computer, and being asked if I want coffee, and then paying the bill at the end makes me blubber and stammer and facial tic like a baby with Turette’s. If Armageddon is ever reliably announced and there are only hours left I am heading right for one of these honeys. Anyway ...

Now the audience. Every man dreams of being a woman and cavorting and teasing and exposing herself in front of men and I’m no different. So I needed an audience of men around the stage. So I decided to pick up about fifty inflatable men and seat them around the stage. Problem is I couldn’t find any inflatable men. So I bought inflatable women instead. Different wigs and different clothes and some make-up attention and I had men at the stage in my condo. Only problem was that inflatable people are kind of expensive so I could only afford fifty guys and I needed at least one hundred males for the kind of audience feedback that a woman craves.

So I bought a bunch of those celebrity and historical and contemporary ‘stand-ups’ that you see at the fairgrounds that you can have your picture taken next to. You know what I’m talkin’ about baby. You’ll be at a sheep shearing contest and community carnival in New Zealand and there will be a plywood life size standup of that guy who climbed Mount Everest and you can have your picture taken with your arm around him. Quick cheap fun and you have a photo to show your friends. You and Edmund Hillary are pals. Or you’ll be at a rock concert in Godthab and you can have your picture taken with a life size cardboard silhouette of Eric the Red. You and Eric colonizing Greenland. A simple pleasure that makes everyone smile and brings in Mr. Cash for the carnival freak who runs the thing. Or you might be at a fundraising event in Pattaya run by the Church of Dana and there will be a five foot high Isaan wonder with hair to her knees and a plywood silhouette bubble coming out of her mouth that has the words—”You velly hansum man!”. Viagra and Cialis warriors will line up around the block to have a picture taken with their arm around this plywood prostitute. I know I would. Hormonal needs and simple pleasures spell big smiles. You get the idea. These life size plywood and cardboard cutouts of celebrities and famous people are easy cheap mail order items with a lot of diversity. You can pretty much order anyone you want.

Anyway, I purchased life size cardboard and plywood mockups of the Pope (not sure which one), and Theodoric the Ostrogoth (Is that an axe in your pants or are you just glad to see me?), and Gary Glitter (‘I’ve been framed.’), and President Bush (the younger scarier idiot), and Osama Bin Laden, and Edward the Black Prince, and Bill Gates (‘Hey, they were all my ideas.’), and Ronald Reagan, and Charles Lindbergh, and Mozart, and Fidel Castro, and Nelson Mandela (his life’s work is not over—still has to kill Winnie), and Idi Amin (‘So many body part entrees—so little time.’), and Pol Pot (a little weird, but men are men) and Genghis Khan (‘Google me for Baby Impaling’), and Margaret Thatcher (couldn’t keep her out), and Napoleon, and Marco Polo, and President Clinton, and Jane Goodall (snuck in with Margaret Thatcher), and Liberace (all man for the right man), and Jerry Lewis, and Ludwig van Beethoven, and Laurence Olivier and Michael Jordan and James Bond (you know which one), and Hitler, and Woody Allen, and Yoda (his dick can meditate), and Winston Churchill, and Homer Simpson (giant underpants model), and Orson Welles (him and Churchill won’t shut up), and Zorro (Is this guy gay?), and Elvis Presley (Is this guy gay?), and Batman (Is this guy gay?), and Captain Kirk (Is this guy gay?), and Fred Astaire (Is this guy gay?), and Mohammed Ali, and Crocodile Dundee, and Benny Hill (always wants to get up on stage), and Marlon Brando, and Alaric the Visigoth (lice are nice), and Pee Wee Herman, and Genseric the Vandal (... come here Pee Wee), and Hugh Hefner, and Saddam Hussein (crazy funny bastard), and Bruce Lee (—jerks off so fast you are not even sure you saw it—), and Mr. Spock, and Yasser Arafat (party animal), and Isaac Newton, and Charlemagne (slept with seven women in the winter), and many many others. It looks like a pretty diverse group but there are no Chinese or Japs or Ruskies or Eastern Europeans and especially no French (Fxxx the French). Hey, it's a private party. There's a few 9" trannies mixed in—couldn't resist.

Anyway, I think you can see that on show nights in my condo the place is packed with male meat. Some of them I cut in half so that they would be seated and others I stood up in the background. There have been some problems with some of the plywood mock-ups putting their hands inside the inflatable men's shirts and squeezing their breasts—but hey; it's Pattaya. It's a go-with-the-flow thing. I can't seem to break Napoleon of this habit, and Jane Goodall keeps putting her hands down Homer Simpson's giant underpants and calling him her 'little monkey'. Problems.

But what the hell; it's Thailand. You can't expect getting hot and naked in a Pattaya beachfront condo full of inflatable and plywood people to be all peaches and cream. But I have had to set some limits and post some rules at the door. Once Margaret Thatcher gets juiced up she won't stop hitting on Hitler and I don't think any of us want to see that.

I know what you are thinking: How did Margaret and Jane and some of the other 'light-in-the loafers' varieties even get in the door on Men’s night? Hey, if you tell me you’re a man I’m bound to believe you. It’s Thailand where nobody’s a straight line after a while. Everybody deplanes a straight line but after about a year everybody has a little squiggle in their walk. Ever been to some of the Boyztown bars in South Pattaya on Trannies-Get-In-Free night? After a few hours and a few beers you’ll either come out confused or you’ll exit open minded.

I like to think of myself as open minded. Hey, if you bat your eyes at me like a bad girl but you’re wearing construction boots—OK, you’re a man. Come on in. I’m easy. And as for the guys wearing masks—Zorro and Batman and the rest of the light loafer lot; again, I’m easy—if you say you’re a man come on in. Drinks are free, we wink at yaa baa, and the music starts at 10:00. The show starts at 11:00 and everyone should be slippery and sweaty by midnight. Only one rule. No smoking. Plywood people, and cardboard cut-out celebrities, and inflatable man meat, and plastic pails of alcohol torch like the Hindenburg.

Anyway, the place is packed with men now and tonight is going to be show time. Just me and a room full of men and music and drinks and hormones and ... well, you get the picture. Sure you do. You’ve done this yourself. Dancing and strutting and pouting and showing it to whoever walks in the door. You little piece of trash. Love it when you are finally naked in front of them don’t you. Bending over in front of Castro and letting him put his cigar in there. Telling James Bond you want to be ‘shaken AND stirred’. Yeah baby. I’m with you baby. That final kick off of that final shoe as the place goes wild is a real rush. Ciao baby. Gotta go.

Oh, hey baby ... before I hang up ... I’m naked and I’m pulling on my clear plastic heels with the pink bows, and my flesh colored knee braces, and my hidden colostomy bag, and my licorice stick red Khao San road braided wig. When you are through with your men in your condo tonight why don’t you come over to my place. I’ll show you some moves that will rock your world, and we could do some man meat trading. I’ll let you have my young buff bronze inflatable tuktuk driver if you’ll give me your caved in chest plywood Indian tailor. He makes me hot.

Ciao pussycat … good night … I guess I just had a need to talk.”

162. Ideas For Hiding Money And Valuables

TT&A Part 147 9/9/2006

Prologius Drillium

Jacked on beers—
Sweating like a pig.
Pim holding the chair.
Me handling the rig.

No safes for me—
I'm nobody's fool.
Hold the chair steady Pim—
I'll handle the tool.

Then a horrible slip—
Almost shredding my balls.
Pim's hysterical laughter—
Bouncing off the walls.

There's no explaining Thailand fun.
You can't exceed it—
With a list
And a gun.

So pay attention to this essay
From me—
And safer will your valuables
And your cash be.

Introduction

Recently there has been some talk about security issues for the farang hotel guest in Thailand. Various opinions and anecdotes regarding hotel lobby safes and room safes have been opined. I do not use either of these safe alternatives for security purposes having developed in-the-room hiding place ideas that work for me. I went into some detail on this subject in a prior submission. However I do not want to repeat.

My purpose here is to cover some hiding place ideas that I forgot to mention before in a new submission entitled … OK, there's actually no title—just:

Ten Additional Ideas For Hiding Money And Valuables

To change your life and eliminate the insecurity of storing your cash and documents and valuables in hotel lobby safes and in room safes (what a joke) you will need a DSTK.

What's a DSTK you ask? Cripes doesn't anyone know anything? OK, deep breaths. There, I'm stable now. Anyway, a DSTK is a Dana Security Tool Kit—

DSTK: Union weight long handled carpenter's claw hammer, electric drill or hand brace, 2" paddle bit or brace bit, two or three glass preserve jars with rubber gaskets, one large and one small plastic bag, serrated knife, long handled big slotted screw driver, wood glue, five inflatable dolls (Thai, Vietnamese, Chinese, etc), note to maid written in Thai script, and big pile of used condoms.

OK, now that you have your DSTK information and your computer printer ready here are ten additional ideas for security in the Kingdom.

1. Most hotel rooms have one of those little desks with little drawers. The desk is mostly just for show although I do sit at them to write my postcards and to make notes in my journal. The little drawers are cute but useless. You open them once and look inside and then that is it. What I do is place my documents and cash and credit cards and traveler's checks and plane tickets and other valuables in one of the little desk drawers and then

glue it shut. Any cheap white glue for wood is fine. It is important to glue both drawers shut even if you are only using one. That way whomever tries to open a drawer will think they are just for show and not real drawers. Clever huh? On my last day when I am checking out I simply take a hammer and smash the drawer open. No worries mate.

2. If the toilet has a toilet tank I get two or three of those glass preserve jars with the rubber gaskets. I stuff the jars with money and travelers checks and passport and jewelry, hinge down the lids, and then drop them in the toilet tank. Sometimes it is a little crowded in there so you get odd sounds from inside the tank as the various moving toilet tank mechanisms hit the glass jars. But no one ever looks. It's Thailand. You just naturally expect everything to be a little strange. Actually, after a while, you will expect everything to be fxxxed up but I do not want to use vulgar language in an academic tutorial.

How do I think of these ideas? Genius.

3. Tearing up the carpet is always a sure fire security winner. The wall to wall carpet is always held down on tack strips that run around the perimeter of the room. Using your big screwdriver and carpenter's claw hammer (review above Security Tool Kit) pull up the carpet. Put all of your valuables in a pile and then throw the carpet back down. Of course there is always a big lump that can be seen under the carpet but I just throw some clothes over the lump and then put a chair over that. Believe me when I tell you that in the hotels that I stay at none of the maids are going to move the chair or pick up the clothes. And for double sure none of the teeruks are going to notice. Have you ever seen their rooms? Hell, have you ever seen Thailand? Go to the Nana Plaza during the daylight hours and look around at the place. Now tell me someone is going to notice a little lump under your carpet. Ain't going to happen. If your computer printer is broken

and you are taking notes the beauty of this hiding place is easy access. Out of sight but not out of your mind and of course easily gotten to. A little like a pre-op tranny's penis. Oops, maybe I've said too much.

4. Another idea bordering on genius is to go down to the hardware store and get an electric drill and drill bit. A paddle bit or brace bit of about 1" width is usually best. Back to the hotel room and drill out the chair and table legs. This is a gut buster requiring a couple of hours and most of the drinks in the mini-bar but when you are done you have places to stash your valuables where no one will look. I know—genius.

A little caution here. One night after a few too many drinks (I'm not a drinker) the drill bit slipped and nearly shredded my testicles. Pim was laughing so hard she was screaming. No, Mr. FOP (Fresh Off the Plane), they are not just spending time with us for the money. We crack them up. This idea that the girls for hire are just spending time with us for the money has been and is repeated with such wearisome repetitude that guys actually spout it now in print as if it were some kind of philosophy. Believe me when I tell you that sometimes it is more complicated than that. We crack them up. They have never laughed so hard in their home village as they have in Pattaya or Bangkok or Patong when telling each other stories about farang. We crack them up. And of course for certain select specimens like myself there is always the sexual selection arena. Women in the Kingdom spend time with me because I am so interesting and handsome. But that is a whole 'nother subject not germane to this serious paper. Anyway, the drill bit slipped off the end of the chair leg and the downward descending paddle bit nearly flapdoodled the family jewels at extremely high speed and with extreme prejudice. Pim screamed with laughter. Thailand.

5. Drop ceilings are almost too easy but even here there is strategy. Take one panel out and leave it out. Leave a chair near the ceiling hole. The motivated maid or teeruk will only look there. Your stuff is way across the room behind another drop ceiling tile. This is why white people have all of the money. Big brains.

This is an example of the magicians trick of misdirection or diversion. For this reason I often find it useful to leave the room with five inflatable dolls scattered about. Maybe one on the bed, and one upside down with her head in the toilet bowl, and one sitting in a chair, and two entwined lesbo style on the floor. Etc. Distracted maids forget to turn the desk upside down to see if you have drilled out the legs. No charge for this information.

6. Cutting the centers out of mattresses and pillows and the foam cushions of chairs is a 100% security winner but try and find a knife first, preferably serrated. I recommend dining at a good Irish steak house earlier in the evening and borrowing one of the steak knives. I have spent way too much time with a bunch of keys trying to cut and slash. Hey, it is supposed to be a vacation. You wouldn't believe how hard it can be to cut holes in mattresses and pillows and chair cushions with just a key. When your thumb starts to cramp and your triceps are burning and sweat is dropping from your nose you have entered the Tourist Stamina Zone. It's Western values time now and screw sanuk. You started to cut a hole in this foam chair cushion and goddamned it you are going to finish it even if it kills you.

A little aside note here. I tell ya; when I walk past the Mothership lobby and see all those guys using the hotel lobby safes I almost feel sorry for them. Ignorance and innocence can be a lethal mix when traveling overseas. These travel rubes are so primitive they don't even know about taking the guts out of the rooms air-conditioning unit on the outside window ledge and using it to store valuables (oh yeah, forgot to mention that one). I mean which would you prefer: to be cool or to be safe? Exactly. Bye the way, a special note on this; if you have not brought any climbing rope with you I suggest that you tie together the sheets and make a rope. One end around your waist and the other end tied to the bed leg. Some of these outside window ledges are pretty narrow. I'm just sayin'.

Anyway these farangs lined up at the hotel lobby counter playing with their safe deposit boxes look like giant Pavlovian pigeons waiting for a light to come on and a food pellet to drop down. Pitiful. Next I'll probably be finding that these loin-clothed farang of the travel jungle use credit cards to pay for things when every experienced traveler like me knows that it is much safer to walk around with a giant wad of cash in your pocket. Nobody with an exotic smile is going to cheat me on my credit card. But I digress ...

7. If you are in one of those high brow urban hotels (I've seen pictures) or family style rural places or hippy dippy 'we are more hip than you' crash pads with potted plants in the room this is just too easy. Put all of your valuables in a plastic bag, jerk out the plant, drop in the bag, and replant. One note of caution if you are in one of those incredibly charming country places where the girls smile, and the birds tweet, and the air caresses your skin: before you reach down to grab the stem of the plant and pull it out of the pot look first. See that skinny green thing wrapped around the plant stem? It's a SNAKE.

"SNAY IN HOW. SNAY IN HOW. SNAY IN HOW". Translation: Snake in house. Pim ain't laughing now. God I love Thailand.

8. This idea just screams MacArthur genius grant. I take all of my valuables such as US $100 bills, and travelers checks, and jewelry,

and important documents, and credit cards and put them in a plastic bag and then dump in a big load of used condoms. I then hang this bag of used condoms and valuables over a clothes hanger and then hang the clothes hanger on the clothes rod in the closet. All in plain sight. How can this work for security purposes? Wait, I'm not through explaining this yet. I then pin a note on the bag that says in Thai script:

"Used condoms—please don't throw away—I'm not done being moral and safe yet." Hey, I didn't get rich by ignoring thrift. They are just like underpants. Turn them inside out and use them again. So far no problems. I'm just assuming that the maids respect my respect for their culture and leave the bag alone. I call it my Korski bag.

Bye the way: this reminds me of a poem—

Head To Toe

It's Korski time
And I want you to know—
It ain't the sixties—
And he ain't on Blow.

He's just smarter than us
And smarter than me.
Check him for footnotes and references and name dropping—
You'll see …

So I've stopped all thinking.
I just listen to him.
Goodbye adventure and personal needs—
Goodbye whim.

Now when I deplane—
I want you to know:
I'm covered with a condom
Head to toe.

Good in the rain.
Hot in the sun.
Always moral—
If not much fun.

But fun's not the point—
Or anything that means me.
It's all about Korski's world—
Of that I see.

So now when I deplane—
I want you to know:
I'm condom covered—
Head to toe.

OK, on to security idea number nine:

9. This idea is so simple I am sure others do it even though I have not read it on any one of these Thai—farang sites. Some stuff is so universal that no one bothers to write it down. A little like pulling on your foreskin and then smelling your fingers every night. Universal. Anyway, everyone knows that foreign hotel guests hide money and valuables in the toes of their shoes. It is the first place that the maids look. In fact this maid behavior is so universal I wonder if it is a part of the Hotel Human Services training for new maids. So the morning after my arrival at the Mothership (aka Nana Hotel) I go across the street to the Mini-Mart and buy about twenty of the little yogurt cups with the plastic spoons. Then every day before I go out I simply spoon yogurt into the toes of my shoes. Lots of it. Pack it in. The maids stick their fingers down there looking for 1,000 baht notes and ...

well, you get the picture. Passing them in the halls I get looks of disdain and fear on their faces.

“Farang baba bobo—Mai dee maak—Yet ped—Tood Muek.”

Works for me. My room becomes the room that they just get in and out of. Strip and make the bed—lay out the towels—rearrange the sink stuff—steal some desk top change—and scram.

Hey, and I know what you all are thinkin’. “Hey, hip hop happenin’ totally knarly groovy rockin’ dudeman Dana; where do you get these ideas?” Well, I’m not like you. Sorry, some of life’s lessons come hard. At the start when God was making the diamonds and the flowers and the rainbows and the fishes and the Go-Go boots I was in on every idea (you can thank me for the platypus). You were waiting at the water’s edge for one of your relatives to come crawling out. Life ain’t fair and we’re not equal. So just go with it. Pay attention to these great hotel lobby safe and in-your-room safe alternative ideas. You’ll be glad you did.

10. So as you can see there are ways to hide stuff in the room without playing the suckers game of hotel lobby safes and room safes. Hotel lobby safes and room safes. Don’t make me laugh. I’m way too smart and way too advanced for that nonsense.

So lastly, if you are in new construction like the Dynasty Hotel units in the alley in the back on Soi 4 in BKK take a large screwdriver and a claw hammer and pull off the wall paneling. You can’t do this with painted concrete units or drywall but if the walls are simply cheap scored plywood put up with finishing nails this is easy. A little eyeballing helps first. You want to find a butt joint in the middle of a wall and you may have to pop the floor molding first. Put your valuables between the studs. Push the wall panel back on. I generally have a couple of spray cans of roach killer handy in case there is a tsunami of roaches. Sound like a lot of work? It isn't. We're men—we can do this stuff. Hey, if there is no woman in your room what were you planning on doing anyway? Don't tell me.

OK, you get the idea. Forget hotel safes and room safes. Strictly for newbies and guys who like to tell stories about five star hotels in Singapore and Hong Kong. I'm talkin' real life for real guys in the Kingdom. Believe when I tell you these 'safes' are the first place thieves full of sanuk and smiles look. Oh, and one more thing—do not forget the retail store principle of giving a little to save a lot. All retail stores here in the States like convenience stores have cheap stuff on the counter (penny whistles, gum, cheap crap, toys, key rings, etc.) near the cash register. While you are stealing something worth a penny you are not stealing something worth a dollar. Same-same in Thailand. I always leave the maids favorite candies and snack foods and an ashtray full of small change on the desk. While they are stealing candy and coins they are not looking for my travelers checks. Again—genius and there is no charge.

So to review—if you check into a hotel room in Thailand and the rug is pulled up, and the legs of the chairs and tables have been drilled out, and the window ledge air-con unit has been gutted, and the toilet tank lid is askew, and the sheets have been tied together to make a rope, and the mattress and pillows and chair cushions have holes in them, and wall paneling has been pulled off, and there are discarded yogurt cups under the bed and behind the TV, and there are a couple of drop ceiling squares missing, and the big decorative floor plant is tipped over, and one of the cute little desk drawers has been smashed to bits; I was there just ahead of you. Check the closet for the Korski bag of used condoms. And have a safe and moral vacation.

SCD (Security Chief Dana)

163. Ode to Bim

TT&A Part 148 16/9/2006

Goodbyeius Poemium

I can hear the retirement train coming—
Sweet Jesus what a wonderful sound.
No more essays or stories summing;
Wait for me Fa—I'm freedom bound.

With my ear on the rail
I can hear the final submission:
The last writer effort—the very last nail.
The Stickman coffin lid is over me—
Goodbye Stickmanites—it's time to sail.

The Kingdom seems a little same-same:
Every ending of every adventure way to sure.
It's time to sail to new horizons;
Cambodia, Laos or Kuala Lumpur.

Good luck to all of you—
Make every day a happy day.
I'll think of you on the boardwalk—
And do not overpay.

Introduction

Greetings Stickmanites: TT&A Part 150 will appear in two weeks. If you have not already joined the Church Of Dana (COD) and the Dana Fan Club (DFC) then I recommend you do so because upon publication of TT&A Part 150 in two weeks it is going to be party time. I have official deputized tranny volunteers in place who are going to shut down Pattaya from Soi 6 to the end of Walking Street at Soi 16 and from Beach road to 2nd road. This will be the party zone. I know there are smarty-pants expats out there that like to brag on the Buffalo Bar on Third road or about how there are libation and love centers on Soi 2 that don't get enough attention but just save it. You know where the party zone is and you know what you have to do. No one allowed in and no one allowed out after TT&A Part 150 appears on Stickmanbangkok.com so watch the web site for the exact time of publication. The party will be of twenty-four hours duration from the time of publication. Don't even think about getting through the party celibate. I'm thinking of having some kind of official penis smelling station in case any guys are trying to ride this train by just drinking and playing Connect Four. If your private parts don't smell like a water buffalo or a German or Mickey Mouse underpants than I am afraid I will have to make some executive decisions. I'm sorry but if there is one thing I am known for it is high standards. If you Google deeply enough you will learn that DANA is actually a six thousand year old Suboblovokian word and philosophical concept that means ethically pure, all loving, and deeply respectful of every living thing. But enough about me—back to the slamming bamming whamming fxxx party.

Anyway, I am paying all the bills. I can afford it. Nude modeling contracts and fees and endorsements have made me a very rich man. The drinks will be free, and there will be no barfines, or short term or long term charges, or condoms (don't even say the word). And anyone who mentions mothers or bibles or morals or goal setting or personal discipline or helping the less fortunate or being sensitive to others or western women or the World Cup (yawn) will be strapped to a Chinese rocket and fired from the roof of the Marriott. Men who mention the word resume as in job resume will not even make it to the roof of the Marriott. Cell phone calls will be made by jacked up yaa baa fueled sloe eyed DDT's (Dana Deputized Trannies) and I will arrive and personally stab you. Hit the road loser. Go back to the dispensary that issued you your penis and turn it back in. Put that on your resume.

Anyway, it is all on me. Hundreds of rice barges, and longtail boats, and fishing boats, and landing craft, and jet skis, and motor boats, and Hobie cats, plus Noi and her jets have been chartered to evacuate the elderly, and the infirm, and the sick, and the irritating (no coughers or wheezers or wet farters allowed), and children, and the bible people, and tourist families, and non-Thai women, and the French. Actually the French are not going to be evacuated with the rest. We have special plans for them. Je m'appelle Dana frog eaters! Anyway, the rest of you—start shaving everything in sight.

Put your ear to the ground and what do you hear?
It's a party train coming
And nothing to fear.

No money to spend—
Dana's payin'.
No emotions to defend—
Just have fun—that's what I'm sayin'.

Mark your calendars.
The time is nigh.
Hold her in your arms—
Let out a sigh.

And now for TT&A Part 148 entitled: ODE TO BIM. An autobiographical stroll down memory lane and a reminder of why I endure all that I endure in the Kingdom. Enjoy.

It's Bim time—
And I want you to know:
There's a Bim for you and a Bim for me—
Just take it slow.

Feel the attraction?
Feel the pull?
That's your Bim—
And your life full.

So just give in—
It's no whim.
Time to smile ...
You've found your Bim

Prologue

> *"There are two ways to become King. One way is to seduce the Queen. The other way is to kill the King. Most men aren't man enough to seduce the Queen—so they opt to kill the King."*—Unknown

Think this does not apply to you? Think you are equal to any woman? Do you bridle at the notion that there are women you are not man enough for? Do you let pride cloud your vision in the gender wars? Do you want to show me the size of your pecs you four beer jackass? Well, do you? No? Sure? Then consider Bim.

Ode To Bim

An alpha male expat friend of mine in Thailand is living with a woman named Bim that he met in a bar near Bangla Road. He walked into the bar, looked at her face, and the rest was history repeating itself. She was the highliner and he is big and strong and handsome. One thing led to another. Anyway, by living with her I mean it more in the quantum mechanic physics sense where it is impossible to accurately predict where the two of them will be at any one time. You can plot the location of the players or you can plot the speed and direction of the players but when you call his number it is impossible to predict whether they will both be there or not. Try and imagine two electrons in a skillet on the stove. Now turn on the heat. See the way the two electrons are together but acting kind of crazy and unpredictable? With highliner alpha female man masticator Bim there are always little potential bumps in the domestic happiness road:

Bump #1—Thai alpha female irrational anger of a striking cobra.
Bump #2—Thai alpha female mood changes every twelve hours.
Bump #3—Evidence of gestation on the planet Crazy.

Anyway, my friend sends me respectful loving pictures and tells me respectful loving stories about Bim. He loves her or he would like to love her. She loves him or she would like to love him. Remember the two electrons in the hot skillet. Sigh. Thailand.

She gets away with all of this incendiary heart tearing nonsense because she can. Still not tuned into this situation? OK, consider this. If you could rape everything in sight what would you do? Really? That's all? Well this woman has power over other mortals that you are having trouble even considering. Half Thai and half Japanese and all woman; I believe this is one of the most beautiful and charming and sexy and intelligent women I will probably ever witness, hear about, or dream about. No man can resist her. She has the sexual gravity of Jupiter. The average man has the gravity of a wandering asteroid. The contact on her surface barely awakens her but is man killing. Think I am exaggerating? OK, then imagine this. Imagine a room full of happily married couples. The wives all love their husbands. Now push Bim into the room. The wives will immediately start dragging their husbands out of the room before they lose them. DANGER DANGER DANGER. Bim.

Recently my friend was involved in a motorcycle accident that was serious. Under stress he clamped down on the front brakes of a crotch rocket. The results were predictable and ballistic.

Luckily he was wearing a helmet. At the time he and Bim were having a problem (Bim) in their relationship. She returned to him to nurse him. I have pictures of her nursing and applying dressings and sleeping on the couch by his side. Electrifying. She is dressed in a bikini and leaning over him as she changes the dressings. Dark skin, flawless figure, small waist, classically featured Asian face, long black hair, jewelry. The woman is stunning. When I sit at the computer and look at pictures of her that sound I hear is the air being sucked from my lungs. Quick, where is the oxygen bottle. Bim. I now have dreams of renting a motorcycle in Thailand and purposely crashing it in the hopes that a Bim will show up to touch my brow and replace my bandages. I have these dreams with frequency and with detail. Imagine the most sexually compelling woman in the world kissing your cheek. That's the moment of impact in these dreams. In America these would not be reasonable dreams but in the Kingdom this makes a lot of sense. Some advanced physicists opine that in different dimensions of different universes there may be different laws of physics. Think Thailand. Think Bim.

Long Thai fingers and long Thai legs and flat Thai stomach with Japanese features in a head and face that screams Alpha Female. Normally I am not an enthusiast of the Japanese female face (inbreeding knows only entropy) but this totemic mask of sexuality reminds me of the Somerset Maugham quote: "... it is a beauty that batters you and stuns you and leaves you breathless."

If she had the desire it would be first class tickets round trip to Tokyo once a month, limo greeting at the airport, penthouse suite, and bucketfuls of favorable exchange rate Jap money. Rich fat repressed Jap businessmen in Tokyo would crawl over jagged glass with their asses on fire to get to this woman. Only instead of 4-4-4 (four inches, four minutes, four thousand baht) it would be more like 4-4-40 (four inches, four minutes, forty thousand baht). If she dyed her hair blonde it would be 4-4-80 (four inches, four minutes, eighty thousand baht).

But she loves my friend. She may not always know that she loves him—she may sometimes need a life event like his motorcycle accident to remind her that she loves him—but she loves him. People pick each other. She has picked him. Gorgeous skin and beautiful hair. Intelligent eyes that can either speak of love and companionship or; when hooded, creep you out and scare the life out of you. Hide the scissors.

Women here in the States like to ask— "What is so special about Thailand?"

It is not really a question but more of an accusation. I used to be fooled by this question and think they wanted to have a conversation about different gendered adults making different choices but believe you me I have learned my lesson. It is not really a question and they are not really interested in the answer.

Intelligent adult sharing between the genders is not what these western women want. What they want is for you to have a heart attack and crash to the marble floor of the mall and then they want to eat another bag of cookies. When I was growing up I was, like all other boys in America, exposed to the nursery rhyme lines:

"Sugar and spice and all things nice—That's what little girls are made of."

I'm still looking.

Anyway, at times like this when confronted with these lard bucket mall monsters I'd love to be able to show them a picture of Bim. To be able to reach in my wallet and pull out a laminated picture of Bim. A picture my friend took of her face just as she was waking up. A face without pretense or calculation. A face before the innocence is replaced with the adultness of our lives. Breathtaking. Spellbinding. I'd carry this picture of her face around in my wallet and every time one of these stupid white bitches started in with the negative vibes about Thailand and men who go there I would just show them the face of Bim.

Case closed.

Can you find a face like Bim's face in the shopping malls of white America? Odds are that you should be able to. Odds are that this should read like an unbalanced, or childishly preoccupied, or obsessed male screed. But you can't—you can't find a face or a figure or a woman like Bim in the public places of white America. And that is why Ladies-of-America I go to Thailand. The tickets were delivered to my office yesterday and I leave in a couple of days. When I get to Pattaya I will call my friend. I hope he invites me to come over for a cup of coffee. I hope I get to meet Bim.

Pinpricks of light in our souls. That's what we steer for. It isn't gravity that runs the universe, or dark matter that determines the tumbling future, or chaos theory stabbing at the soul chilling randomness of the whole thing; it is hope springing eternal. The spiritual perpetual motion machine that powers our hearts. Surgeons love to say that our hearts are electrical devices residing in pumps. No. Our hearts are witnesses. Witnesses to hope.

Hope makes us go on. Love is the lure, but Hope makes us choose to stumble rather than to fall. Someday I hope to meet Bim. I know I am not man enough for this woman. No contest. Don't even have to waste my or anyone else's time on the subject. If she was the Queen I would have to kill the King. No way could I ever seduce this woman. But that does not mean I am dead to desire or insensible to the pleasures of honor and devotion and reverence and veneration. I would like to meet Bim. To look into her eyes and to shake her hand. To make contact with her. Maybe she'll smile at me and be flirtatious. Give me the gift that only a woman can give a man. A smile. When I get to Pattaya I will call my friend. I hope he invites me to come over for a cup of coffee.

I hope I get to meet Bim.

164. Fifty Bullets

TT&A Part 149 23/9/2006

Special Announcement

OK Dana fans—only one week to go ‘till party time (see TT&A Part 148—Introduction—for details). Start shaving and get some talcum powder and start the build up program of saturating your tissues with Viagra and Cialis. The well known pharmacy on 2nd road in South Pattaya that has developed a reputation for serving farangs honestly has agreed to supply all sex performance drugs for free. To make this decidedly non-Thai concept a reality I had to shovel some heavy baht and I had to spend some personal time with the woman who works there that has teeth like the grill work on a ‘56 Buick. But that’s my problem not yours. Your job is … well, you know what to do. I’m paying all the bills but try and show some respect. Just drinking ain’t enough. You better be butt slamming or belly whomping something. The whole world thinks we are nothing but sex mongers. As if that is a bad thing. OK, I’m in. How about you?

Oh, and I had a little talk with the skinny dark doorboyz in Boyztown and they aren’t going to turn anyone away from the clubs and cabarets and bars. Because I am the living embodiment of heterosexual Darwinian evolution I have been refused entrance to these bars in the past. Let’s face it; I look about as gay as a silverback gorilla on steroids wearing a shoulder harness Browning automatic rifle and a hardhat. So if you are like me (what are the odds?) you will be pleased to hear that you are not going to be barred from any fun of any kind. And believe me when I tell you that you have not had a good time until you have been in a gay bar in South Pattaya with everyone drunk and on drugs and yelling and laughing and groping and showing their wing wangs. You think you know how to party? Well then how come your wing wang is still in your pants? Anyway, all of the door men at these fag venues are going to let you in (no pun intended). And if there is any trouble report them to the nearest DDT (Dana Deputized Tranny) and I will force them to date western women for a month.

And now for TT&A Part 149 entitled: FIFTY BULLETS. This is a literary song of praise from a loving son about his dearly missed and departed father. I hope my father in heaven can hear this anthem. A man of wisdom and intelligence and hope for the future I can never equal. A great man who had a great idea. Enjoy.

Prologue

If you've spent your life
Making a list
And checking it twice:
You're going to love this plan—
It's really nice.

Time to start dancing
And laughing with glee.
Time to start checking names—
Him and him and her and her and ME.

It's fifty bullet time—
The future is nigh.
The governments involved—
And that's no lie.

The sun is coming up
On the right kind of fun.
A government plan—
Government bullets—
Government gun.

Have your docs ready
In all the right ways.
Be at the government office
On your fortieth birthday.

Read the essay below—
And don't forget:
You reap what you sow—
Your life you beget.

Fifty Bullets

My dad had an idea for social leavening and justice gerrymandering that he unsuccessfully espoused for years. Impassioned letters were sent to the local papers and to the United Nations and to Washington D.C. and other capitals of other nations and of course he was always on the phone with municipal and state and federal people of influence over the years but the response was poor. Various police and law enforcement officials showed up at our door one cold winter day in 1959 to talk to him. He wasn't hauled off in handcuffs or anything but there was a long conversation on the crunchy white front lawn and nobody was smiling. Neighbors looked through windows and traffic slowed. I looked through the curtains of the big house on the hill. My ice maiden Quaker mom ... my mom ... my mom cried.

It's hard to be a visionary. I don't want to say my dad was a crank or an eccentric but this social-government plan was pretty much all I heard about for the first eighteen years of my life. Come to think of it I do not remember one phone call coming into the house or one neighbor visiting the house in the first eighteen years of my life. Hey, where's the love people? Muhammad and Buddha and Jesus were one note singers always going on and on and on about some crazy idea but you didn't see people being rude to them (OK, there was the whole cross thing but you get my point).

Anyway Dad's idea was based on the politically incorrect notion that there was not enough violence in the world. The politically correct notion is that there is too much violence in the world. An idea of such bone weary repetitude that no one questions or examines it. Dad had done some deep thinking and reached a different conclusion. His idea was that there was not enough violence of the right kind in the world and based on this he had come up with an idea that he thought all nations should adopt: To wit—

At the age of forty all citizens are issued a high powered pistol and fifty bullets by the government. You could do anything you wanted with the first forty-nine bullets; but you had to use the last bullet on yourself.

I repeat: You Can Do Anything You Want With The First Forty-nine Bullets But You Have To Use The Last Bullet On Yourself.

Kind of a conversation stopper isn't it. Great ideas are like that. You might have been sitting on your View Talay Jomtien balcony thinking about dipping your wick in an Isaan wonder, or you might have been contemplating walking around the condo pool with a gerbil in your pants, or you might have been pondering laying a mirror on the floor and squatting over it so that you can shave your ass for ladyboy games; but when you hear an idea like this your mind clears and focuses.

You don't have to be Einstein's butler to see some obvious ramifications of this simple set-up. The faster you trigger squeeze through the first forty-nine bullets settling old and new scores the faster you get to yourself. On the other hand it would be a crying shame to be lying on the death bed at the Mothership (aka Nana Hotel) and realize you still had some bullets left. One of the great behind the social curtain facts that no one wants to talk about is that few things give more pleasure than killing members of your own species. Six bullets left and you can't do anything about it? Poor planning. So obviously this forty-nine bullets of fun followed by paying the final bill is a game of strategy for the thinking man and impulse for the fool.

Dad meant well. His dream was for a civil society of law abiding people dedicated to reciprocal kindnesses, respect for every beating heart, and freedom from fear. He was of the saintly variety and he assumed most people were like him. So empowering citizens like him with the task of eliminating social aberrations made perfect sense. It added little to the tax base to run the program, used the talents and maturity and wisdom of the village elders, benefited everyone, took a lot of the pressure for cleaning the drain of society off the back of the government, and was fiscally progressive because social scum cost everyone money. Self-absorbed willful moral malingerers would be dispatched with extreme prejudice. No witch burning or afternoon Christians vs. Lions coliseum drama would bring forth more spontaneous community happiness then the offing of scum.

But dad was no fool and he recognized that sometimes people can make poor decisions. Hence the fifty bullet rule. At least the wrong sort of behavior would not go on for too long. He also recognized that killing other people always has a negative taint attached to it even when they clearly deserve it and this kind of thing, like a cancer or a virus, can not be allowed to gain too much steam. Again, the fifty bullet rule.

Of course the ideal would be to go to your place in heaven having never used a single bullet because your life had no social stresses. We can all dream. Anyway, dad was a deep thinker. For example: the fifty bullet rule was run on kind of the honor system. So what do you do when program participants are reticent about offing themselves when they get to bullet number fifty?

Believe me Dad had a plan for that. His letter to the United Nations regarding the social permutations and combinations and nuances and complexities and features and benefits of this plan went on for some forty pages. Single spaced. I know because I had to pound the letter out key by key on an old manual typewriter. Good old dad, involving me in his life's work and also guaranteeing that no one at school or in the neighborhood would ever talk to me. Thanks Dad for willing me the first eighteen years of my life in isolation and rejection: it made me tough.

Anyway, dad's plan was really simple and kind. He was not looking to eliminate all of the great three categories; the Stupid, and the Unlucky, and the Criminal that hold back the herd of human wildebeest so that the social predators can feed—just the Criminal. The bad people doing bad things—such as the 10 year old bully in school who is electrically sparked with each act of bullyism and predation, delighting in terrorizing your young son or daughter. The snot nosed youthful human fecal matter that grows into a carelessly breeding adult who mistakes self-interest for philosophy and clothes his actions borne of sloth and species indifference in influence peddling and sales and baroquely presented big ideas and unreachable dreams for the masses.

Find me someone with a successful career in sales and politics and big ideas and I am looking for blood on their hands. Dad simply wanted a government administered and government endorsed program where the village elders who knew right from wrong would voluntarily participate in skimming the scum from the top of the social water. The ten year old bullies would not become careless breeders. Way way before that they would hear the crashing sound of a high powered 45 caliber pistol shot at close range.

Now—applying this social plan of my fathers to the Thai scene begs a number of interesting questions. Since the Thai Constitution declares men and women equal (Chapter III, section 24); both men and women at age forty in Thailand would be issued high powered pistols and fifty bullets. Holy crapola Batman—ain't we going to have fun in the nightlife venues catering to farangs now. You thought a combination of innocence, and ignorance, and rock music, and ladyboys on yaa baa, and sex, and venality, and greed was fun before; now imagine every mamasan and bar owner and bargirl and bargirl boyfriend over forty is pistol packing. In my case I pick up a lot of sidewalk, parking lot, and beachfront cruisers and over forty is not uncommon. What's age got to do with it? That's what the light switch is for. I still ain't going to wear a condom but the gun in the purse is an attention getter. Might have to start paying more than 500 baht. Jesus, there's a knee trembler of an idea. Hell, might have to move to Sihanoukville.

Hey, I can hear you saying—

"No way Dana—no way would I go near those bars and pickup joints if the Thai government got involved in this crazy plan. Giving a gun and fifty bullets to some of these monkey faced misanthropes would be like lighting a match in a fireworks factory. Just too dangerous."

Really? Remember, if you are over forty you are packing too. Hey, and when you are down to your last bullet what have you got to lose? Suppose you do accidentally stop a flying bullet. No matter. You had to use your last bullet on yourself anyway. Might as well have some fun and see a show before the final curtain. Wake up and live like a man—dodging some bullets will put some pep in your step. Personally, too much alcohol and too many whores and too many bullets is my idea of just enough fun. And if you see the Devil in one of these gin joints don't run away from him; run towards him—he knows pussy you'd love to meet. So be glad for my Dad's Fifty Bullet Plan and be grateful to the Thai government for adopting it.

Ah Thailand, it just has the capacity to get better and better and better. Thailand is what is called a developing country. It has not run it's race yet. Social changes are built into the concept of a developing country as it struggles with interior and exterior pressures to conform and succeed and grow. I hope the wise leaders of Thailand's government adopt this idea of my fathers. Look in the mirror and what do you see? You? Naw, look over your shoulder dude. That's the future sneakin' up on you. This All-Nations-Adopting FIFTY BULLET PLAN is coming.

There is too much violence in Thailand? Not of the right kind sport. Every right thinking man like my dad and like you knows that the list you keep in your head is a list of jerks and idiots and cheaters and liars and fools and thieves who have crossed your path and need to be cut out of the herd. Call it grass roots social engineering. Call it righteous retribution. Call it delicious government approved vengeance. Hey, call it whatever you want but the next time I give a bargirl in the G-Spot bar a 1000 baht note and she brings me change for a 500 baht note out comes the gun.

Hey, aren't you sorry you're a young man now? Don't mess with us. We're over forty, jacked on Viagra, packing government heat, and we're working on a list. Shove off Mr. Abdominals from Ko Samui or I'll spend the evening with my teeruks nail polish painting your name on the end of a bullet. Your job is to make it to forty, my job is to make some social decisions.

Anyway, I give this idea to Thailand's leaders as a gift from my Dad. I love the Kingdom more than the smile on my daughter's face and nothing would please me more than to hear the constant sound of high powered pistols twenty-four hours per day. Hey, and I bet this bit of insightful and loving social engineering would also cut down on the number of expats 'falling' from balconies in Pattaya. No need. Just wait till the last bullet and take care of your personal government plan responsibility on the couch while watching reruns of the World Cup.

"Just wait till bullet number fifty and ..."

The concept of the last bullet is key. Social theory is a numbers game for philosophers and government planners; you can't get too emotionally involved in the eggs you have to break to make an omelet. Still, the notion of every person being an example of species specialty has value; hence the fifty bullet rule. If you decide to participate in righteous thinning of the herd to benefit society you have to accept the fact that after forty-nine subtractions it may be time for you to check out. Logically this makes no sense but sometimes in administering societies it is the results that count. You had your fun and you did a lot of good by eliminating some awful people who should not be breeding; but now it is time to cash in the chips. Thanks for your participation, and your good intentions, and your best efforts; and we will see you in heaven.

The finality of the fifty bullet rule can catch some people unawares. As you are rounding the first turn, or galloping down the backstretch, or even pounding up to the finish line of this great visionary idea of my dad's it is sometimes possible to forget how it is all going to end. And then with crushing and horrifying darkroom development it will suddenly occur to you that you have done some poor planning and that you do not want to die. This can have sometimes comedic/tragic results.

Example: You say your farang neighbor in Sangkhla Buri is married to a Thai woman that is equal parts shrew, screaming banshee, and scissor wielding penis threatener? And you wonder why your balanced intelligent western values farang neighbor does not just do the right social thing and off her? Simple—he has planned very very badly and he is now down to two bullets. If he offs her then he has to kill himself. And he does not want to kill himself. Suddenly, face to face with the maturity load of this social program; he realizes he should not have gotten involved. He does not want to die. So he is now wed to this screaming dangerous shrew for life because he can not kill her. And SHE KNOWS IT. She knows he is down to only two bullets and he does not want to die. The Devil is now a Thai woman wearing a yellow summer dress, pink flip flops, and cricket legs stuck to her lipstick.

Example Number Two: You are smarter than everyone else and not given to impulse or poorly thought out ideas. You are down to three bullets. One night in a Thai Woman Moment Of Insanity (TWMOI) your raven haired wife grabs your pistol and shoots at you. She misses but the bullet counts against the total. You are now down to two bullets and you can not solve this little domestic problem unless you want to go to heaven yourself. Conclusion: you've got to start planning way before bullet number three.

Example Number Three: You have forty-four bullets left. No problem. You are a person of moderate emotions, and careful living, and few social stresses, and a very short list of really irritating people that have crossed your path. The bullets were issued by the government in clips of ten. You lose four of the clips. Suddenly you are down to bullet number four. Welcome to my world. It's Dana Time now Mr. Professor and that new feeling is sweat pouring out of your temples.

Example Number Four: Two spitting cobra bitter angry hateful ex-lovers meet by accident and they are both wearing shirts that say TWO BULLETS. Boy, talk about social tension.

Now I know some whiners and pansies and little girls and lawyer types are going to start bleating about how the wrong people might be the recipients of some of the first forty-nine bullets. Innocent people and stuff like that. OK, this is where you have to be analytical but I can't do all the heavy lifting here—give it some thought yourself and apply it to Thailand. There is more than meets the eye here. Violence based social gerrymandering nuances of thought and mechanics. So do some heavy thinking and write those thoughts out and send them in to this website. Do it for Thailand. And remember, there is not enough violence in society. We need a lot more violence. Violence of the right kind. Here is an area of intelligent communal social Darwinism where Thailand could show the world a thing or two.

Imagine deplaning at midnight off the Northwest Airlines flight from Narita to Don Muang and you can hear gunfire even before you get through Currency Exchange. It would give you a good feeling wouldn't it? Knowing that the over age 40 elders are cleaning things up and making Thailand safer and more civil for you. Whether waiting upstairs at the Departure curb or waiting on ground level in the taxi line the sound of 45 caliber handgun fire would make you feel good. Hey, was my father a genius or what? Sure my mom cried, and the dogs hid, and the neighbors looked away but it turns out he was right. When you're right your right. Sure everyone thought he was a crank and an idiot and possibly unstable and dangerous and a goof but he was right. I was a lucky son. Hey, I'm just the messenger here. Give the credit to my father. Look up to heaven and sing him a thankful song of praise—then squeeze the trigger on a Sukhumvit tout.

Anyway, kind of gives you the shivers don't it? Paradise with a sharper edge and visiting farangs wearing T-shirts that say: 18 Bullets, or 27 Bullets, or 41 Bullets, or 34 Bullets. Are you going to screw around with a farang that has 27 bullets left? And how about if your teeruk was wearing a T-shirt that said 12 Bullets? When she asks for 'taxi money' in the morning I'll bet you'll give it to her. Fear and sex and violence mixed in with revenge, and settling old scores, and domestic violence of the final kind, and honest mistakes, and wrong-headed impulses, and lover's quarrels, and businessmen's negotiations gone wrong, and angry women, and men full of self-pity and ... hey, it's the devil's brew and he's getting more pussy than anyone. And it is all run, and approved by, and sanctioned by the government. Kewl huh. Oh, and back to you lawyer types for a second. No—you can not transfer, or will, or sell unused bullets to another party. They're your bullets and it is your life so learn to pull the trigger.

Good old dad—a thinker and a visionary; I'm only sorry that he will not live to see the day when nations all over the earth devote themselves to allowing their wizened mature citizens to make decisions about right and wrong. Eliminating the bad people so that the rest of us can lead lives of dignity and repose. And I'm sorry he will not be able to go into Superbabies in Soi Diamond off Walking Street in South Pattaya around 1:00 a.m. on a weeknight as a bar full of beautiful gorgeous sexy Thai women have not been barfined. That's when the frustrated door men, and owners, and mamasans over forty will pull out the guns and start shooting. Sure it will be impulsive and probably injurious to the wrong parties—but who doesn't want to be there? We all want to be there. Sure there might be some egregious social errors made but there are too many beating hearts anyway. The best writing always benefits from slash and burn editing and maybe it is the same happy social result with the Fifty Bullet Plan. Violence and Thailand and Sex. It's just going to get better and better. Sweet Jesus what a great future and we owe it all to my dad.

So start thinking about the features and benefits, and the ins and outs, and the nuances of this program and send in your ideas and observations to this website. You're never a participant in life until you pull the trigger; so pull the trigger on your pen and start sending in some submissions. Heck, you only have to look to Thailand's neighbor Cambodia to see a slightly less structured example of this kind of society. The exception being in that wonderful Asian paradise everyone is allowed to carry weaponry and make social decisions. And we all know how safe Cambodia is. Anyway, to help prime the pump on your submission ideas regarding the Fifty Bullet Plan I'll offer up some ideas that you can think about:

1. What happens if the guy is down to the last bullet and he doesn't use it on himself? How does the government handle it?

2. What about guys wearing T-shirts proclaiming the wrong number of bullets left? How is that handled?

3. Would there be any limit on citizens over forty who could participate? To wit: Giving a pistol and fifty bullets to a bad person seems somehow unappealing.

4. How do you prevent double-dippers? People trying to get the handout of gun and bullets more than once.

5. Would there be built in penalties (loss of a certain number of bullets for instance) for egregious shooting of demonstrably innocent people?

6. Could bullet bonuses be earned for offing universally accepted social scum? Nana car park taxi drivers come to mind.

7. What to do with the participant who uses bullet number fifty on someone else instead of himself?

8. What Bang Kwang prison penalties for Thais and farangs caught black market selling their bullets and guns to others?

9. How to curb impulsive acts that can be injurious to the innocent? Should there be counseling and training and role playing in how to commit acts of retribution and vengeance and correctly channeled eyeball busting rage and anger?

10. Should the program be named after my father? I vote YES and suggest the abbreviation moniker: DDFBP (Dana's Dad's Fifty Bullet Plan).

So there you have it Stickmanites: a story from my past, and a look into the mind of a great man, and a different point of view on how much violence in society is a good/bad thing, and a brief overview of how the program works, and some notions of the program at work in the Kingdom, and lastly; ten idea prompters to get you thinking and sending in additional analysis in the form of submissions to this website. And remember—this is not a mandatory government program from the mind of my father but a voluntary government program. You at age forty or above had to have internalized the obligations and responsibilities and mechanics of the social program in advance of showing up at a government office in Hat Yai or Pathiu or Ratchaburi or Ayutthaya or Nakhon or Chiang Mai or Phitsanulok or Udon Thani or Ubon Ratchathani or Khorat or Chonburi or Trat or Bangkok. You had to have reached the conclusion without outside influence that you had the wisdom and the morals and the selfless interest in a stable society of law and order to know which Thai and farang wildebeest were qualified to make it to the other side of the river and which ones should be cut from the herd. So the plan had a kind of happy philosophic gravitational force that would naturally attract those of high morals.

Finitius Bulletium

Addendum: T-shirts that say 49 Bullets sequentially down to 2 Bullets are available. They are available in all sizes and come in black, gun metal gray, and pink. Send a request note about details. Place an order for the whole set when you are first issued your government program pistol and bullets. Wear a different shirt with a descending number every day and watch the locals start to treat you with respect.

Which T-shirts will get the most attention? Why the T-shirts that say 49 Bullets and 2 Bullets of course (I told you this idea had subtleties). The citizen who is starting on the program and has 49 bullets left (remember, bullet number 50 is for you nimrod) could snap at any moment and go off like a bottle rocket. And the male or female with the shirt that says 2 Bullets is a guy or guyette with a plan. If he or she strolls into a bar or a business or your home and asks for you it is time to start running. Peace.

165. Thailand Tombstone

TT&A Part 150 30/9/2006

—Here Lies Dana—
Stickmanbangkok.com Writer
2003—2006

Friend of the cruiser,
Champion of the 500 baht note.
He'll be missed by his friends—
And remembered for what he wrote.

He's said what he said—
There's nothing new.
It's sayonara time—
A Dana fan boo hoo.

Every literary patch
Has writer grave yards.
He's headed there now
To lay down with other bards.

Time calls us all—
The aged and the young, the short and the tall.
The heart slows it's beat—
And youth is replaced with shuffling feet.

Birds tire of flapping—
And fish tire of finning.
Life is eventually wrapping—
Every day can not be winning.

He's done enough.
He's had his say.
Some writer days were tough—
But mostly it was play.

He’s on the path to Godhead status—
A serious life and serious fun.
His text is going to become stardust someday—
His life and times recorded—his work done.

PTTP (Prologue To The Public)

Well Dana haters, and sick twisted fans; I made it to TT&A Part 150 and I’m flippin’ breathless. The Smithsonian Museum here in Washington, D.C. called and wants to have me sign paperwork that will allow them to claim my brain for science when I die. They want to know what is wrong with me. Works for me. Imagine what I could have done if there was a Viagra for writers. Can’t even imagine it. Anyway, 150 submissions is enough. Stick a fork in me—I’m done.

This is my last submission. I am now retired from writing for the Stickmanbangkok.com site. I thought I had retired at TT&A Part 77 and specifically wrote that submission as a swan song; and I again thought I had retired at TT&A Part 100 and found the notion of retiring once reaching the mythic number 100 very appealing. We will call those errors of judgement. I’d rather call them youthful mistakes but that train left the station a long time ago. A mean spirited Washington Squaronian has mentioned that I have retired more times than Sinatra and a friend of mine in California has a $100 bet with a Mexican tranny (Question: where is a Mexican tranny going to get $100?) that I will start writing again. When I hear these kinds of small minded comments it is cosmic sigh time. Recently I was conference calling with Milton and Coleridge and Shakespeare and Dostoyevsky and they related that they had the same trouble with the unappreciative and the unfriendly but they just soldiered on.

> *"Write when you are rich and write when you are poor. Write when you are confident and write when you are not so sure. But just keep on writing."* —I.D.H.

Anyway, no one is going to make any money off this $100 Mexican tranny bet and this TT&A Part 150 is absolutely and incontrovertibly without chance of doubt or hesitation or debate my last submission. I ain't singin' no more.

When I started making submissions to the Stickmanbangkok site I was walking and Stick was driving a tuktuk and Mrs. Stick was driving a Mercedes Benz automobile with smoked glass and wire wheels. Now Stick and his wife are both driving Hi-So 007 Bangkokmobiles with machine guns that fire flaming soi dog turds out of the front grill; and ejection ports around the license plate in the rear that fire flaming fish paste. If you cut in front of the Sticks' car in your forest green 1937 Bentley 4.25 litre Sedanca Coup with your Chinese face, and your bouffant hair, and your fake Japanese pearls you will be blasted by twin machine guns each firing two hundred soi dog turds per second. A ten second squeeze of the firing mechanism by a road raged Stick is four thousand turds on a mission. The front end of the Benz jumps and shimmies and shakes and chatters and Mrs. Stick grabs on to her shoulder harness for support. Take that to your Emporium fashion show Mrs. Mah Jong.

Try to force Mrs. Stick off the road or out of her lane by tailgating her and she will reach down to the left of the steering column and press buttons marked Ports and Ignition. Ejection ports on either side of the license plate in the rear will open up, there will be a faint phoot of ignition; and then flamethrower fish paste flumes will spew from the rear. Five gallons per second per ejection port and one hundred gallons in reserve. So long traction and so long tailgater.

Nobody messes with the Sticks when they are driving around Bangkok but I am still walking and that ain't right. The Stickmanbangkok.com empire has been very good to Stick but I am still wearing five dollar Nike sandal knockoffs and dodging holes, and German tourist puke, and takeout Styrofoam cartons, and sidewalk cracks, and water buffalo flop, and construction pipes; and that ain't right. So no more Mr. Nice Guy.

Also, not to put too fine a point on it: I have received several offers from other farang focused Thai sites that have offered to pay me twice what Stick is paying me. It's a competitive world and I need angora sweater money for my stateside teeruks. Winter is coming. So it is time to saddle up the old computer and ride out to greener pastures (OK, I've been drinking) where the stories write themselves, and editing is never required, and the accolades of envy and respect are replaced with the constant tsunami of incoming money.

Anyway, I am through writing for the Stickmanbangkok.com site. This submission is Numero Lasto. That's it. Finito. El Endo. I am Done O. I Quito. Don't Even Think About It O. I Don't Care If You Point A Gun At Me O. I'm bushwhacked. Done in. Fractured. Spent. Pooped. DTTK (Dead To The Keyboard). Too Tired To Shit—To Weak To Fart. That's All Folks. To all of you who thought I was the greatest living writer in the history of the English language—good luck to you. You others can burn and twist in the fires of hell for eternity. OK, forget that last bit … just tired I guess.

Anyway …

It's time for someone else to grab the story reins and give the literary horse a kick in the ribs: slide down the narrative embankment squeezing your groin muscles 'till you think they'll tear and ford the cold roiling rushing river while your four legged pal fights for footing on tumbling slime covered rocks. Then the wheeze and the push and the shout and the prayer as you reach the other side only to see another self-same embankment of mud and snakes and loose shale and editing nightmares and grammatical errors and unresolved plot points and politically correct nonsense that you have to get up.

Sound easy? Sound like fun? Think you can do it? OK, now do it 150 times. And remember: you can never tell the same story or the same joke twice, and you have to write from the heart, and you have to write from experience, and you can never lie. Hell, I can't even do that in my own life. Anyway, I'm tired pardners. There are no circumstances, eventualities, impulses, fat money contracts, occurrences, emotions, pleadings, legal threats, proceedings, facts, inducements, contingencies, or random influences of the universe that can ever get me to write another submission for Stickmanbangkok.com.

And that includes Mort of the beach boulevard in Pattaya from 2005. Sorry Mort, your tight tight tight belly button and your flat flat flat brown stomach make my penis orifice pull and tear with Bunsen burnered pipette pain but even that is not enough to get me to write one more submission for Stickmabangkok.com. Leaning over the stainless steel pipe rail of the fourth floor terrace pool at the AA Hotel on the corner of Beach road and soi 13 in Pattaya and seeing you in the early morning sun standing on the curb fills me with pleasure and hope beyond measure. Normally I would crawl over glass with my ass on fire to get to you; but even that is not enough to get me to sit down at the keyboard one more time and type the words TT&A Part 151 by Dana. The last dying ember has gone cold, the sky is without shooting stars, and my brain can not send any more messages to my fingers. I'm making this public personal pronouncement with my hand on top of a stack of bar chits, and

AA Hotel mini-bar receipts, and used Viagra pill punch cards. It does not get any more definite than that.

I am scheduled for surgery tomorrow at Massachusetts General Hospital. Going to have all of my fingers amputated so that I can not even think of doing any more submissions. It's called the Writerium Guillotine Digitus (WGD) operation. Funny story: a writer friend of mine had this finger removal operation about 7 years ago and almost immediately started pecking away at the keyboard with his toes. I had to listen to him bewail his addiction to writing and mention that he might have to have his toes amputated.

"Yeah, but you'll still be able to peck and slam the keyboard with your dick." I said.

Wait a minute—that's not funny ...

Anyway, I don't think I'm that sort; I just need a little medical attention to get my life a little more balanced. I'll miss the emails detailing how I am scum of the earth who should be kept from breeding but other than that high note I think just kickin' back and not writing will be a pleasure.

And if you do not find this submission appealing do not bother to email me because even as I type these words I am starting to shut the whole operation down. Trannies in electric blue short plastic dresses, and midgets in school girl uniforms, and pool table whore sharks in stiletto heels with chalk holsters are already tearing the place down. Accountants, and proofreaders, and research staff, and interns, and expat experts, and stringers, and office machine maintenance people, and support staff, and lawyers, and computer people have already received their last pay checks. The office cat has bailed out, now fearless soi dogs are boosting themselves in the windows, and the roaches are starting to appear from their hiding places. The heat is shut down, the fans have stopped moving, and the phones are fast becoming plastic relics of a past I will never return to. In an hour I am going to take the mouse and the printer and the monitor and the cube and the manuals and the speakers and the keyboard out to a field and pump shotgun blast after shotgun blast into the pile until the barrel burns my hands, there is a ringing in my ears, my laughter has turned into a hyena screech, and I lose control of my bladder. Finit.

I know what some of you cynics are thinking—

"Ah Dana, we've heard all of this retirement talk before. And just when we get our hopes up, just when we think a stake has finally been driven into the heart of this submissions monster, just when we imagine it is safe to cordon off Soi 6 in Pattaya and have an all night party—you send in another submission the next week. Please, we are begging you—honor this retirement; we need to get back to normal lives instead of going from week to week waiting for your submissions like a yaa baa addict watching the Burma border for a mule train."

OK, let me tell you why this retirement is inviolable this time. No … better yet: let me show you. Have Noi and her teddy bear co-pilot fly you over to my Federalist style mansion in Louisburg Square here on Beacon Hill in Boston. Her space buster dolphin shaped plane of melted flip flops and soldered plutonium ingots goes 18,000 miles per second. It will take you about … oh, there you are outside my window now. Can you see me? No? I'm right here in front of the Delft tiled fireplace looking at you. Tonight I am burning Taiwanese camphor wood, Irish peat, and tsunami longtail boat kindling. Anyway, can you see me now? No? You are looking right at me.

Do you know why you are looking right at me and yet you can not see me? It is because you do not recognize me. When I first started writing for Stickmanbangkok.com I was young and strong and hansum and sleek. But there have been some changes. My soul and my physique and my mind have been mortar and pestled by the inhuman load of having to submit submissions to Stickmanbangkok.com every week. Look again through the wavy purple imported English glass mullion panes in the bow front window. Do you see the monster with his flipper feet up on the bamboo coffee table? Do you see the scaled beaked visage with the greenish hue? Can you see the fingers that have webbed and turned into claws? Can you see how the ermine collared red Chinese silk nightgown hangs from my narrow shoulders like a funeral shroud? Can you see the outline of a large oblate shell shape under the shroud? That's me you are looking at.

The unrelenting unbending inflexible weekly ticking time bomb of mind destroying stress involved in starting with a blank sheet of paper every Monday and producing a masterpiece by the end of every selfsame week for Stickmanbangkok.com has visited upon me the horror of reverse mutant evolution. I have regressed and become a hideous hopeless green hued, scaled, beaked sea turtle of a man. Don't pity me. It's my lot. I wanted to write. This is what I got. Like Icarus on wings of wax I flew too high. I've run my race. Now I sit in my red silk Chinese nightgown with my flipper feet up on the bamboo coffee table and wait to die. My words will outlive me. They are stardust bound. But it's a heavy price. On the one scale genius and art; on the other scale a life now bereft and alone in a house without a sound.

I have become a monster. A night person. I can only go out at night because if I wander from my mansion in the daytime I scare the kids and excite the dogs. I am hideous. Ever seen a sea turtle that could touch his pecker with his flippers? Well, I can't either. Be careful for what you wish for. I wanted to write but I paid a price. Offered again I might think twice. All that remains of my former self are the memories. Writing for Stickmanbangkok.com has ruined my life. I have become a human sea turtle. Scaled and green and beaked and carrying a heavy shell that makes a mockery of the closet full of custom made clothes from Mr. Ambassador the Indian tailor in Bangkok. I hope you are all happy. I gave and I gave and I gave and this is what I got. I hope you are thrilled. So this is why there will not be any more submissions after this one. This is why Mr. Smarty-pants Cynic there will not be any more submissions next week or any other week. So go ahead and have your block party on Soi 6 in Pattaya. I hope the girls dance on the table tops, and the dogs snap at sparklers, and the toilets explode from M-80's. Don't look for me. I won't be there.

I'll be sitting in my red bricked mansion—
Perched on my sea turtle ass.
Watching the covering night fall
Through the purple wavy glass..

Don't think of me.
Don't give it a thought.
This is my life.
It's what I bought.

You can't calculate life—
Can't predict what will be.
You've got you—
And I've got me.

There, night's fallen—
I can flipper my sea turtle self outside.
Stare up at the stars—
Cry out—and cry in—and confide ...

Anyway, here is a bit of biographical memory lane entitled: I KNOW MY DANA. Enjoy.

Karmic Krologue

Roses are red.
Violets are blue.
No one escapes—
Not even you.

Put the water in the saucer.
Put the saucer on the rail.
When the water starts vibrating—
It's telling your tale.

Lay down in the cinders—
The sharp gravel too.
Put your ear on the track and listen …
Listen …
It's all about you.

Hear that sound?
Feel it in your chest too?
It's the Karma train coming—
And it's coming for you.

You think you can run
And you think you can hide—
But you're glued to the tracks
And feeling sick inside.

So many lies
And bluffing too—
Never believing
Someday you'd rue—

Rue your actions
And lack of jai dee—
Well it's karma train time:
Time to pay the fee.

Hear that sound?
Feel it in your chest too?
It's karma train time—
And it's coming for you.

Forget suicide—
That's not your fate.
Life's not done yet—
That can wait.

First you have to
Face up and atone:
There's people involved—
Your not alone.

Everything goes
Until it runs down—
Every woman knows
The man from the clown.

So don't be surprised
If your teeruk strikes back.
She wanted a man—
And got a mirror with a crack.

I Know My Dana

I'm dyin' if I'm lyin' baby and you only have stories like this in Thailand. It's been months since I've seen Fa so when I get rid of the porter at the AA Hotel I run back down the hall and I plummet down the stairs (too impatient to wait for the elevator); and then I run across the lobby, and clatter down the steps, and then I run down to Beach road, and then I run across the highway to the boardwalk. Fa and I don't have an appointment but I stopped that silliness in Thailand years ago. Making an appointment with a Thai is the kiss of death on them showing up on time or maybe even showing up at all. It's like herding cats with a shotgun. Activity but poor results. In moments of extreme cross-cultural charity I sometimes believe that they just do not understand the concept of an appointment. This simple social contract that represents one of the first footprints in the sand of evolution as we crawled up out of the ocean has somehow eluded them. Sort of like asking your cat to go to the refrigerator and get you a beer. The cat can see your lips moving and can hear you making sounds but just has no idea what you are talking about. With my Fa no formal appointment is necessary anyway because her habits are as regular as the atomic clock in Washington, D.C. I know where she will be within four decimal points on the longitude and latitude tracking device of pussy seeking missiles and I know when she will be there. She is my Fa. I know her.

No Fa. Anywhere. I'm staggered. Heartbroken. The boardwalk is choked with pussy but I only want Fa. I walk from the Royal Garden Plaza to the Thai beach section to the north at all hours of the day and night. I wear different outfits. I sit across the street in the shade where I can see a lot of the boulevard and I just watch. Nothing. I ask some of the girls. No cooperation. I visit the bars at night and see the lesbian shows at Superbabies, and lick pussy at Club Electric Blue, and put my hand inside a tranny's pants at the Jenny bar, and watch the fire show at the Polo Entertainment lounge; but my heart just isn't in it. I miss my Fa. I love Fa.

I spend some time with other women and visit with a pal and do some tourist things but I am just a balloon that the air has gone out of. This goes on for three days. On the third day around 2 p.m. I am sitting on the boulevard next to a Chinese whore who is feeding me mystery meat. She has been making eyes at me for the days that I have been walking up and down looking for Fa and I have been ignoring her. She's down market trash too lazy to even get up when I come by. I've rented these numbskulls in the past and learned my lesson. Now sitting next to her eating little pieces of meat that look as if someone has already eaten them I am warming up to the idea of taking her across the street. I've gone Faless and bonkless for three days and time is the great corrupter of good intentions. Just then two prostitutes walk up and start talking to her. One is cute and looks like a reddy teddy but her friend is DLT (Dana Lottery Time). About four feet tall and shaped like an hourglass with breasts that look like someone taped huge funnels to her chest. She is dark and cute with a square face that speaks of some origin other than Thailand. I am stricken. Suddenly the Chinese whore sitting next to me could be stuffing the little pieces of mystery meat up my nose and I wouldn't notice. The short whore says something to me that has the words 'short time' in it. I don't say anything in return. I just get up and smile and walk towards her and take her hand and start walking her to the curb. She giggles and turns and says something over her shoulder to her friend. Probably "wait for me".

Well, I am going to spare you all the details. I could sit here and hammer out 10,000 words on how much fun and fabulous this woman was. Her name was Daow. God bless her. God bless all women like her. She was cute and fun and funny. She giggled and screamed when I tickled her. She got naked and down to business like a pro. Her body was a fifteen year old boy's dream and I am fifty six years old. In addition I got a fashion show posing in my clothes and hers in front of the mirror in the bedroom, and a Wet T-Shirt contest in the shower with posing in front of the bathroom mirror. Shower athletics and games were outstanding. All for 500 baht. I know men get married to have sex and fun and companionship and tenderness and adult connections but I just do not know why. I got it for 500 baht. And all I had to do was spend fifteen minutes eating mystery meat with a Chinese whore and then say “Yes” to opportunity when it strolled up. Sweet Jesus I love this country. Put me down as just incredibly culturally sensitive. Anyway I really really liked her. Maybe she will become my teeruk. Maybe we will become a couple. She liked me too. We made an appointment to meet again the next day at noon.

Did I forget about my Fa? No. Next morning at 7:30 a.m. I was up and out and cruising the boardwalk from one end to the other looking for her. Did this until about eleven. Then quit. No Fa. Have to pick up Daow at noon. Can’t wait. This new woman named Daow is fantastic and fun. With time and trust and repetition she will just get better and better and better. God I love this town.

At noon I step over the curb and start down the boulevard. Way down I can see Daow talking to her friend. She looks great. It’s a breezy day with the wind coming in off the water and the sun is overhead and I am feeling fine. In about fifteen minutes I will have this naked woman in my arms and be stealing glances at her unbelievable breasts and nipples. Life is good.

Just then the unthinkable and the unpredictable happens. There, half way between me and Daow is Fa. She is standing right in the middle of the sidewalk and beaming a smile at me that could light up the night sky. It is the kind of smile that says,

“Hey big boy—where have you been; and oh by the way, I am really really glad to see you and I missed you and I missed us and I can’t wait for you to walk the next fifty feet and put your arms around me.”

Well, you could not have surprised me more if you shot off a gun next to my ear. One moment the sidewalk is empty and the next moment she is blocking my way and filling it up big as life. Where did she come from? Did she just drop out of the sky?

Dumfounding. And there she is big as life and smiling that 50,000 watt smile and brimming with the confidence of the accomplished seducer watching a regular customer walk right into her web.

Which is what I did. Walked the next fifty feet and put my arms around my Fa. My smile was so big it is a miracle that it did not cut my face in two and my heart felt as if it was going to leap out of my chest. I had tears in my eyes. Would have been happy to hold her in my arms on that boulevard in the sun forever. Unfortunately, looking over Fa's shoulder I can see Daow. She is looking at us. And her face is not a mask, it is a story. Betrayal, disappointment, sadness, shock—all there. And then she does something that could not have been predicted.

She runs towards us. Not away from us. Towards us. I have my arms around Fa who is expecting me to be faithful and loving and full of words and deeds of commitment and loyalty and love as I have been in the past and there is a crazy woman running towards us who is going to ruin it all. Jesus what a country.

Daow runs up yelling and grabs my hand. She has tears in her eyes and her face is falling apart from disappointment. I am stunned. I have my right arm around Fa and I am holding the hand of Daow with my left hand. Two women. Jesus what a country. And I want them both. I do not want to lose either of them. Greed is now a part of the mix. I want them both. Now the girls are talking in Thai. Then Daow is talking to me and it is not good. She is broken hearted. Teary eyes in her dark square face. Then there is more talking in Thai. I absolutely am not going to let go of Fa and the body language is pretty clear. I love Fa. More talking between the girls and I am getting nervous because I know that if I do not get this thing fixed pretty quickly the chances are excellent that I will lose both of them. Then it would be jump-off-a-balcony time in Pattaya. I can just imagine the double column four color front page story in the Pattaya Mail newspaper—

RICH HANSUM FARANG JUMPS FROM AA HOTEL (continued page 4) —Thursday edition: Farnslop Gottlefip reporting—

“Early Tuesday morning the body of world famous Stickmanbangkok.com writer Dana was found on the pavement outside the AA Hotel at the corner of Soi 13 and Beach Road. Blunt trauma wounds indicated that he had jumped/fallen from the sixth floor where he had been renting a seaside suite. No suicide note was found, no one reported domestic problems although he was known by hotel staff and neighbors to be quite popular with the ladies, no girlfriends were present, and no family has responded.

Witnesses report that the body was very fashionably dressed and the gentleman extremely handsome. The only ID was a Church of Dana maritime park services schedule, a Club of Dana membership card, an Eight of Spades porno playing card showing anal sex, and a large forehead tattoo that said: DON’T OVERPAY (witnesses conjecture that he could see this every time he looked in the mirror). Additional investigation by the US Embassy Pattaya proconsul reported no condoms at the scene of the tragedy and only 500 baht in the gentleman’s wallet creating more questions than answers.

To wit:

1. Why would a farang of such high intelligence not be carrying condoms?
2. Why would a farang of such wealth only be carrying 500 baht?
3. Why would a member of the Church of Dana be carrying such a disgusting playing card?

4. Who was this guy's tailor?
5. How can a man be this hansum?

Investigation will continue and this reporter pledges to follow this story like a soi dog trailing a lame chicken.

Pattaya police conjecture: 'Broken Farang Heart Followed By Jump'—a cause of death amongst farang so common that all Pattaya police now carry special paperwork and stamp pads to facilitate farang accident scene procedures. Regardless of bullet wounds or knives sticking out the crack Pattaya detectives simply stamp SUICIDE on the form and pin it to the guy's clothing and stamp SUICIDE on the guy's forehead. Case closed.

(Kind of makes you wonder if the brain dead efficiency of this Pattaya Police procedure will spread to other accident calls by citizenry. For example: "Hello Police—there is a dead soi dog in my driveway."—minutes (actually hours) later the crack Pattaya investigative police arrive and minutes (actually seconds) later the dog has a form with the letters SDS (Soi Dog Suicide) pinned to his paw and the letters SDS (Soi Dog Suicide) stamped on his forehead. Case closed. But I digress ... back to the Pattaya Mail newspaper cover story on the farang Dana suicide.)

Police captain 'Karaoke Kid' Wattanamobamabingbangmon when interviewed by this reporter for the Pattaya Mail said: "It is like big dollops of first falling rain on rice field when monsoon come. Pattaya farang like falling coconut after big wind. Bodies fall with regularity of ..." (see page 4 for complete statement). Suffice it to say that the local Pattaya police department lockup facility for stolen motorbikes has had to give up some of it's space for steel industrial warehouse racks to store farang bodies.

Pattaya Police Farang Body Storage Rack Graffiti

Just shove the body there—
We're running out of room.
Every night another suicide
Hitting the street—Boom.

It's a plague
And a shame—
A nation's disgrace.

Our women are killers.
But not to them the blame—
They'd lose Face.

So shove the body here
And put the body there—
When we are done with tsunami victims—
We will medically declare:

Every one a suicide—
Farangs of no note.
Soon the sun will do it's work
And every one will bloat.

Chonburi coroner 'Crazy Legs' Wattanamobamabingbangmon (no relation to police captain 'Karaoke Kid' Wattaanmobamabingbangmon) reports Cause of Death will be listed as Thai Woman Factor (TWF); a trigger of farang illness, mental instability, and death."—Farnslop Gottelfip, senior reporter.

Anyway, more talking in Thai between the girls and it is clear to Daow that I have chosen Fa. Fa turns to me and says that I must pay Daow 100 baht for expenses because it cost her money to come and meet me. I don't have any money (and that's no accident). So Fa opens her purse and gives me 100 baht to give to Daow. I feel sick. Jesus what a town.

So Fa won. I don't know what she said to Daow but Fa won and we went over to the AA Hotel. And she didn't say a thing. Not one thing. And it was wonderful. Just like before. Almost. As we were dressing she asked me if I wanted to meet her the next morning. "Of course." I said, "There is only Fa." Just like I have been saying for years.

She turned and looked at me and said, "I know my Dana."

166. An Ode to Fiction

TT&A Part 151 21/10/2006

Post Retirement Addenda

OK, first of all; do not be fooled by the number 151. This is not really a submission and I am for sure not coming out of retirement. It's just that my super computer has some kind of automatic program and every time I get within three feet of the keyboard it automatically pulls up another email form to Stick and automatically sequentially titles it. Then like a quark in the Van Allen belt I find myself responding to the pull of forces greater than my self. Yeah, that's it. That's my story and I'm stickin' to it. So all of you Dana haters can rest easy. The monster is well and truly dead. This is just a post-retirement addenda. Think of the Pope making comments on the way to heaven. Who loves you baby?

Introduction

Greetings Dana fans, and lesser mortals—

Well it is over and sweet Jesus on a cracker what a relief not to have to come up with something clever and original this week. Stick says I still have to wash and wax his car every Saturday and Mrs. Stick says I still have to trail behind her and carry her packages in malls on Sunday even though I am no longer making submissions but these are small things. My Len Wai or Me Den Mai or Mai Ben Ron or—whatever. Anyway this is just a summing up piece. A brain dead farang could bang this puppy out and typing something is helping me with the withdrawal symptoms that are starting to settle in. I tried to steady my nerves by cruising some tranny sites but even that did not help. Made me even more jittery if you get my meaning. So some post retirement typing and it's just about fun.

An Ode To Fiction

I didn't stumble across the Stickman site until 2003 because that is the first year I got a computer. Fifty four years old and my first computer. By personality and background and perhaps low or spiky (handy excuse) intelligence I am completely unsuited for the computer world but I love to read and I love to write and so the computer to me was basically a library and a typewriter. Still is. My ignorance is stunning and it would take several black ink cartridges in the printer to list all of the things I can not do on this infernal machine. But it is OK because really all I want to do is read and write. Serendipity trumps stupidity. Anyway, a little surfing and up popped Stickmanbangkok.com. Back then it was mostly journalistic fact telling. The best beers and where to find them and how much they cost, and the best women and where to find them and how much they cost. In addition there were the 'I met a woman who done me wrong' sad stories in the Reader's Submissions section, plus Stick's big sections on Living & Working in Bangkok, Teaching English in Bangkok, Travel in Thailand, and the Nightlife section.

I am over simplifying but I am about to make a point. All of this material was very interesting, and a lot of fun, and attractively presented, and intelligently done but I had a lot of Kingdom experience before finding Stickman and it occurred to me that fiction would be interesting. After all, you couldn't write about the King or the royal family, or contemporary Thai politics, or Thai history in some cases, or police misbehaviors, or the war on drugs, or Buddhism/monks, or endemic corruption, or not very flattering Thai social issues, or; hey—it was a long list. And notice I did not say you couldn't write critically or negatively about these subjects. In many cases you could not write about these subjects even if you were saying nice things.

The Thais in many instances just do not want to hear from farangs. The above list is by no means the complete list. So what did that leave that farangs could write about that might make the Stickmanbangkok.com site more diverse and interesting? Fiction. Sure I wrote submissions using all of the standard literary forms: non-fiction, and maybe one or two rants, and autobiography, and opinion pieces, and one play, and point-counterpoint stuff, and straight ahead journalistic descriptive pieces, travelogue, dialogue, newspaper accounts, quotes, song snippets, a lot of farang male—Thai female relationship material, an obituary, poetry (one submission was all rhyme—an editing nightmare), essays, etc.

I can't remember it all; but the cage door was really opened when Stickmanbangkok.com started accepting fiction or faction (combination of fiction and non-fiction). It was like a dam bursting for me and at one time I had sixteen submissions all done and up on the story board ready to be sent in. Four months ahead and still typing. If I had been fitted with a catheter I probably could have typed for days. If you have made multiple trips to the Kingdom or if you are an expat and you can not easily think up original stories then you must be dead or drunk. Just my opinion. Personally, I can not think of more fertile ground in the world for writers than Thailand. If you are living in Thailand and you are drinking—well that is an excuse for not writing. But if you are living in the Kingdom and you are not a drinker and you are not writing then you need to check your pulse. Just leaving your hotel room or your house or your condo or your apartment plunges you into a rolling cresting surfline of surprises and nonsensicals that should get your attention. Living in Thailand (or just vacationing in Thailand) is a little like camping out next to railroad tracks and watching train wrecks. And if you missed the last train wreck don't worry; there'll be another. Hey, and the odds are in your favor that you will be personally involved in some of the train wrecks. Groovy, huh? And you didn't mention that on the postcard you mailed home to your friends? Start writing.

The beauty part about fiction is that only your mind limits you. You can be anyone you want to be and you can do anything you want to do. Fun. Lots of fun. A good personal example of this was the world I created in Pattaya with me and Noi and her flightsuited teddy bear flying futuristic planes at impossible speeds and doing wonderful things. Straight improbable 100% fiction of no purpose other than to entertain and have fun. I loved these ideas, and then I loved the writing, and now later I love rereading these pieces. A category you might call 'fiction-faction-fiction' because there is just enough of the inside joke and the common geography to give everyone a comfort level literary footing. The frosting on the cake is just fun for fun's sake without regard to anything other than what I can dream up within the world I have created. A wonderful thing about this world that I created was that suddenly the entire world was available for fiction. After all, if Noi and I are flying a plane made of melted flip flops, fish paste noodles, and plutonium chips at 18,000 miles per second we can go to Rio for lunch.

When this dawned on me I was ecstatic. I got so excited at having the whole world available for me and Noi and silver flightsuited teddy bear other Thai femme fatales flying fast planes to Minsk, and Prague, and Hong Kong, and Adelaide, and Singapore, and Mexico City and Shanghai, and London that I started to imagine a thirty piece series. I had the whole world available as a canvas for fiction. I loved writing these stories and I got emails from private and commercial pilots who appreciated them. Like I said, originally I had planned on a long series. After all, if Visakay could pound out a twenty-one part 75,000 word series called

FIRST YOU DIE I figured I could easily marathon through a thirty part series. Take that Visakay!

I was also looking forward in the thirty part series about a South Pattaya airforce of P4P pilots and me and tranny mechanics and world wide adventures to doing something that I almost never do. I almost never block out, or plan, or outline, or research anything I write. I write everything in my head word for word (up to about 3000 words) and then at the right moment I have to find a keyboard so that the words in my head can transfer themselves to the page almost as if I am channeling. I am never writing when I am typing. The writing has already been done in my head. But I got diverted. So many other different kinds of stories to tell: so little time.

Anyway, I may have some advantages here when it comes to writing fiction because there is some evidence that I am not normal. Handicapped since birth by misery, privation, social isolation, circumstance, bad luck, broken dreams and an unending litany of childhood and adult failures I've got a lot of baggage I'm carrying around. Too cowardly to follow through on dreams of vengeance, and violence, and graphic anti-social posturing; I end up skittering around with other energies in my head. Sometimes when my belt magnets, and my shoulder balloons, and my aluminum foil antennae are adjusted just right; and I am standing on a roof top in Khlong San with my feet in tubs of chocolate pudding I get special ideas.

The beginning of my sort of calculated fiction writing career on Stickmanbangkok.com was noting for the readers that I was not like them. I was on the way to godhead status. By then I already had about fourteen submissions under individual titles and another bunch under the franchise name Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes so it was time to grab the reins. This notion that I was on the way to God status was repeated loud and often. Hey, people need to know. I'm not like them. I'm not like their boring little friends. I am going to become a God. It's all in play and just a matter of fiction time. And this is not going to happen because of some lame idea about lives of ever better deeds and thoughts and karma. It is going to happen because that is the way it is. I am not like you. I am on the way to God status. You are on the way to the 7-11 to buy snacks that look like dehydrated dog turds for your girlfriend.

Dream big. It's fiction. If the first thing you do is make yourself an almost-God there really isn't much holding you back and that is a good way to think of some of the ideas I presented on the Stickman site. Sometimes I would get emails from fools telling me I was immodest, or over reaching, or should tone down the hyperbole. Oh get real. It's fiction knucklehead. It's for fun. Is that how you live in your mind where you can dream any dream? Are you modest and perfect and always toning things down in your head? Really?

Hey, I know there are people like this. People who measure every moment of personal happiness on some scale of political correctness. Always doing and even thinking the right things. Jesus how boring. My sister is one of these perfect people. Wears oven mitts to bed at night so that she will not accidentally touch herself. Haven't talked to her in twenty years. Boring. Anyway, if you are one of these people wasting your one time on earth by doing everything perfectly one hundred per cent of the time even if it is the middle of the night and even if it is something you are doing in your head then I feel sorry for you. Jeez—don't want to know you.

It's fiction. You can do and think anything you want to do and think. Hence the CHURCH OF DANA (143) and the DANA FAN CLUB (100) and statues of me in the Nana Hotel car park (29—SOLID GOLD IDEA—2nd story) and at the head of

Walking Street in South Pattaya (92—A GRATEFUL METROPOLIS)—"Meet me under my balls." Statues of me? Sure, why not; and I have to say that frankly I am a little disappointed in Stickmanbangkok.com contributors like Claymore and Simon Templar and Sick Water Buffalo and Ben Dover and Union Hill and Thai Ties and Casmeri and Casanundra and Chiang Mai Kelly and others. Where are your fiction statues to yourself? Come on, get with the program.

We need giant fifty foot tall to one hundred foot tall farang statues all over the Kingdom from Mae Sai to Betong to Hat Lek to Bung Kan. There should be huge farang statues in city and town squares, prominent building lobbies, and at regional highway intersections all over the Kingdom. Hey, I'm just sayin' what everyone is thinking. I'm not kidding. Who's with me on this? Who wants to go to government house with me and present a petition and some sketches? And while we are at government house how about also bringing up the subject of renaming. That's right. Renaming to draw attention to ourselves and our place in Siam society. For example: the Friendship Bridge could become the Casanundra Bridge. Chiang Mai could be renamed Chiang Mai Kelly Buri. Chanthaburi could become Casmeriburi. I think this will get a good response from the locals. And Bung Khan could be renamed Ben Dover Khan with a one hundred foot statue of him in shorts, T-shirt, and rubber tire sandals. Lit by purple spot lights at night this statue would serve as a testament to farang and expat values; and be an inspiration to Mehkong river travelers, and Laotians, and Thais young and old. Who's with me on this?

And speaking of statues let us not forget the huge and gleaming monument to the Viagra pill (18—YANG POWER). A temple of worship and repose and thankfulness and entertainment for the farang. Plenty to see and do and in the Spring festivals and shows and events that call attention to the saintliness of the drug companies and to the wonders of big reliable erections.

The Thai writing experience for me was like having a truck back up and dump a load of ideas on me. I had to write to just get out from under. If I had an office with three computers I could have been writing three stories at once. Makes me wonder sometimes how much I lost because I could not type fast enough. There were fiction imaginings about Thailand's future (31—NO WAY), and my future (44—I'VE STILL GOT IT), and the future of many expats (108—SIMIAN LOPE), and of course the future we never want to happen (51—FLIP FLOPS AND FLAK JACKETS).

I wrote a lot of fiction that had to do with Pattaya (too numerous to list) and partying in Pattaya (example: 123—AN ORGASM WILL BE CALLED A DANA). This Pattaya material for me practically wrote itself. Hey, the whole Pattaya experience is a fiction. You say that when you are in Pattaya young, fertile, feminine, beautiful, sexy women with Asian faces and smooth skin walk into your hotel room and just take off all of their clothes immediately? I've got news for you. That ain't real. That has not been the reasonable expectation, or experience, or even imagined dream of most men over the last 10,000 years. If you are living this way you are ahead of most men who have lived in the history of the earth. Think about it. You are living a fiction. I know your itchy anus from too much Viagra is real but the rest of your days and nights are fiction. So start writing.

When reviewing the last one hundred and fifty submissions under the category Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes I was surprised at how many times I mentioned trannies. I thought it had only been a once in a while thing. Can't account for that. Really, too many submissions to list but 96—KATOEY DICK SEEKER and 128—PATTAYA BOUND are examples.

Currently, to my knowledge there is a literary and market void in the Thai tranny category. To wit: If you go into bookstores in Thailand or anywhere else in the rest of the world for that matter there are no Thai tranny novels, or Thai tranny collections of short stories, or Thai tranny big fancy photography books (real mystery here because these darlings love to pose). I think for reasons of accuracy and authenticity no one should get involved in writing on these subjects unless they have had sex with at least one hundred trannies in six months. Minimum. This is not the kind of thing you can Google, or cut and paste. Just my opinion. Really, when you think about a literary effort like this it would be almost a gift to humanity. Recording for posterity a social phenomenon that may fade away. I'm all about service to humanity.

And then of course there were private moments (146—RING ... RING ... RING ... HELLO? and 95—BAD BAD BANGKOK GIRL—2nd story) and elephant love (36—HUMMINGBIRD'S WINGS). Once again I can't be the only one. Like I said to the Thai physician when my penis shed it's skin like a snake (78)—"Oh come on Doc! This can't be the first time you heard this story." Ever hung out in an Kiwi bar full of Kiwis and empty beer cans? You hear some wanky stories dude and some of those stories are prime fodder for fiction. At least I think you hear some interesting stories. Hard to know. I think I might have to place Kiwis and Thais in the same linguistic category. Can not understand one word. Honestly, sometimes when I am listening to a happy Kiwi (two cans already down) in an open air bar on soi 8 in Pattaya I feel like a bargirl listening to a farang. Can not understand one word. And that's nothing compared to the Aussies. Now you have just shot right out of the linguistic solar system. And if you happen to bump into an Aussie in the Centauri nebula, or the back side of the moon, or on the lip of a black hole; don't bother asking him for directions—you aren't going to understand him anyway.

I have a theory that Australians are allowed to hold and use passports, and travel all over the world, and enter and leave other countries because everyone else is just completely flummoxed by them. Sort of like having a pet baby duck in the house. Just let it do whatever it wants. Who the hell can figure out a pet baby duck?

These examples of Australian and New Zealand communication problems are only the tip of the iceberg. The bars of the Kingdom are stuffed with guys with different languages and impenetrable accents from all over the world who have interesting stories they can tell. But I can not understand them. Makes me wonder how many wonderful stories I have missed and how many golden nuggets of fiction I will never get to pan. Example: the story LET'S MEET IN PATTAYA (67) was a reworking of an old story I heard one day from two Londoners gathered around the ice cream guy in the maritime park. The story told their way was extremely truncated and punch line driven and broken up several times by them trying to figure out why the ice cream seller wanted to put rice in the bottom of the little paper ice cream cup. They were riveted by the notion of the oriental putting rice in the bottom of the paper cup and then putting ice cream on top of that. Staring into the ice box on his bike they had the faces and the postures of two kittens looking down a drain pipe. Anyway, this urban myth story/joke has been told for years in Pattaya and in other seaside resorts I am sure. It is probably a story that goes back six thousand years to the Egyptians because they had resorts and they had the sea and they had beautiful women. I heard it and then reworked it into a fiction piece. Makes me wonder how many other wonderful opportunities for fiction tellings or retellings I have missed because I can not understand the happy wanderer beside me.

Anyway, at first when I decided to write this ODE TO FICTION essay about the features and the benefits of fiction and fiction writing and to use some of my stories as examples; I thought I would talk one by one about every story I had written and review them from the point of view of inspiration, content, technique, personal literary habits, writing tricks, writing craft, etc—but then came the surprise. I was stunned at how much material there was. When skiing you do not pay attention to the tracks left behind you because you are always paying attention to the next hill in front of you. I had forgotten about a lot of my material. Hey, I wrote stuff I didn't even know I wrote. Or something.

In one hundred and fifty submissions under the Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes name plus the other stand alone titles I probably wrote almost three hundred stories or anecdotes or storyettes. Not all of it was fiction but a lot of it was fiction. I am not a long storyteller. I do not have a novel in me. But I like the lean fast aggressive story with attitude and surprise and unique voice. So then I thought that I would mention and highlight just the stories I had written that I was proudest of. Again, too many stories and I love all of my children equally. So, besides the stories I have noted individually in this text; below are some additional examples of Thai-farang experience fiction fun. Enjoy.

1. DANA, CENT, AND POTHOLE DO BANGKOK
(original title: URI OF UDON)—25/3/2005—
"She painted her toes and he raked the white gravel in the
Garden of Contemplation."

2. WAY AHEAD OF YOU BABY—(82)—an expat dream. “There was now a big black snake under the bed and it had Japanese eyes.”

3. BAGS OF BLOOD—(54)—all about obsession, and the reason why expats hang on to the cliff face of the Thai experience by their finger nails.

4. LOOFAH SPONGE AND NERF FOOTBALL—THAILAND MEMORIES—(59)—”I looked like a soi dog crawling up on a Volkswagen.”

5. CRANKING AND CATAPULTING—(136)—old farts rule.

6. STORY IDEAS—(46: story number one)—readers wanted to know where I got my ideas.

7. TRUMPET—(40: story number three). “… my white linen suit was all splatter dashed with my best friend’s brains.”

8. STORMTROOPERS OF LOVE—(34: story number three). “Our shoulder patches will be a heart crossed with lightning bolts.”

9. GOD I LOVE THIS TOWN—(80)—”We are doing 90 miles per hour flashing over the Taksin bridge.”

10. THIS FIELD IS FULL OF THEM—(83)—childhood fear brought up to date and a part of the Thai experience that travel agents do not mention.

Well, that’s about it. This is a very partial list but I’ve got a small bladder and nature is calling me. I wrote a lot of Thailand based fiction. Really a lot. I also wrote a lot of faction (combination of fiction and nonfiction) and I wrote a ton of non-fiction. Heck, I just wrote a lot. Hell, my prologues and introductions alone would be book length. All fun. Writing fiction for Stickmanbangkok.com was great. As long as it was farang—

Thailand experience centric, and well conceived, and well written, and entertaining Stick was willing to give it a chance.

Because of all the restrictions and parameters on what was acceptable on a Thai site I could never really stretch the envelope as much as I would have liked. I would liked to have written much more graphically and aggressively regarding sex and violence and chaos and the black hole of despair that is the mortar and pestle of many peoples' lives; but that was not really the type of material for Stickmanbangkok.com.

I wanted to weave fiction tapestries with threads of eyeball busting rage and grinding slashing self-pity lit by the hopeful pinpricks of life defined by vengeance and murder after murder after murder. But I couldn't—so I kept it light and played it for laughs. I would like to have written short stories that either made your sphincter open or made your sphincter close but always left you with a taste of metal in your mouth. Maybe another time and another place.

One of my enduring fiction writing fantasies over the years has been to be typing jacked on Burmese yaa baa, plunging needles choked with steroids and veterinarian drugs in my ass, and the table covered with dirty glasses of whisky and Turkish cigarettes. Menthol sticks stuck in each nostril, incense burning a line in the desk top, and zonked out filthy street whores laying around like broken toys. Moaning, and drooling, and rockin', and snapping facial tics back in place, and pumping my legs under the table; I have a heart attack and die at the exact moment that I hit the Print key on the greatest piece of fiction ever written. The best timing of my life. A literary orgasm. Maybe another time and another place.

Too bad the insane and the psychotic and the insanely violent don't write fiction we can read. Now those would be stories. My idea of a great vacation would be to spend a month in an asylum laying awake at night and listening to dark hearts and broken minds trapped in mammalian bodies that can no longer sort and prioritize incoming data; but who can still lurch and tear at the restraints while baying at the moon. Think this is extreme? Really? Have you ever actually listened to the childish drivel when your teeruk talks? Make a choice.

All the things I couldn't write was probably a good thing. It taught me to write within limits and still get the job done. Ultimately I think the restrictions and the weekly schedule benefited my writing. I learned to write lightning fast (800 words in forty minutes) and I learned to write with discipline (shut up and type). I now have almost no sympathy or interest in the 'writer's block' stories from amateurs or professionals. There is no such thing as writer's block. If you are not writing then you are not a writer. Get over it. Redefine yourself. Go get a job as a bricklayer. And shut up. Nobody wants to hear about your little personal internal dramas and your diary entries. You either are writing or you are not writing. Same same as bonking. You either are in the arms of a beautiful woman or you are not in the arms of a beautiful woman. All the rest is just talk.

Another part of the ego drama of the fiction writing lifestyle that I have lost patience with is low production. The worst or at least the most high profile offenders are famous writers who have actually said things like:

"I spent four hours writing today and got nine good sentences."

or

"I spent from noon to midnight in the studio and got five paragraphs. A good day."

In no other human endeavor is this kind of low production given any credence. Can you imagine telling the foreman that you had a good day laying bricks. In four hours you laid nine good bricks? This is nonsense but it is accepted in the writing world. Don't ask me why. I've got news for you. If it takes you four hours to write nine good sentences you are not a writer. Stop telling your friends and your self and your wife you are a writer. Go get a job.

I routinely get emails from people who tell me that they have written a submission and sent it in to Stickmanbangkok.com, or they have written a submission and sent it in to Stickmanbangkok.com and it got published; and it took them three weeks to write it. Three weeks. If it is a routine eight hundred word submission I am looking at two hours max. But that is OK because these people who email tell me that they are not writers and that writing is a difficult task for them. So good for them—they stayed with something that is difficult for them and they saw it through. But for the professional (gets paid or gets published with royalties attached) to say something that bespeaks this kind of low production is just ridiculous. And you hear it a lot. Almost as if they want to get points or recognition for how long it took them to do something. And of course the subterranean meaning that is supposed to be attached to a statement like:—"I spent four hours writing today and got nine good sentences."—is that each and every one of these sentences is a diamond. Art has been created. Please spare me. In a novel of three hundred pages each and every sentence can not be a diamond. If you want to know the truth, quite often the best writing takes place after the words have been laid down. It is called editing. That is why the first step in writing is not to make art but to just get the words down. When I am in the zone and typing I never ever stop to check for spelling, or make a decision about punctuation, or ask myself a plot point, or strategize, or ponder word choice, or anything. The first step is to just get the one thousand or five thousand or ten thousand words down. It's an adrenalin push borne of the certain knowledge that nothing is more important than first getting the words laid down. Laboring over each word and each comma and each sentence is not writing in the beginning. It is a substitute for writing. The reason it takes you four hours to write nine sentences is because nothing is in your head. You do not have anything to say. You are not a writer.

Because novelists and other professional literary big mouths are so successful at attracting attention to themselves; journalists and columnists often do not get the credit they deserve. Give journalists a word count, and a subject, and a deadline; and you will receive a fine piece of literature. That is writing and they are writers. High standards, and discipline, and high production. Do you believe that surgeons brag about how long an operation took? They may comment on how long an operation took, but they brag about how little time an operation took. Be interested, be competent, get in and get out.

Learn to write fast. Throw your high school term paper outline rules, and your notecards, and your research notes in the trash. Now sit down and tell your story. There either is a story in your head that will flash out through the ends of your fingers, or there is not a story in your head that will flash out through the ends of your fingers. And before you come up with some objection, or some rehearsed speech, or some complaint; consider this—it is ten time easier to write today than it was before the typewriter. Before technology when every thought had to be laboriously and slowly (how about a quill pen and an inkwell?) written out longhand it was simply impossible to go fast. Jesus what a brain freeze that must have been. But now with keyboards, and computers, and going to a class on how to type properly; you can write (type) almost as fast as you can think. Writing (and that means fiction) is much much easier today than it was in the past and a lot more fun. But I digress. The artery coming out of the top of my heart is clamping down and I can feel the pulse in my carotid artery. Time to chill and get back on track …

The thing with fiction is that you get an idea and then you have to create a little world that actually makes sense. It is a lot of fun and you get to stack the deck which you never get a chance to do in your real life. In real life (non-fiction writing) you have to take the cards that are dealt to you and deal with homilies like 'Make Lemonade Out of Lemons' and 'Life Is Full Of Compromise'. Boring. With the fiction cards the unhelpful and the irrelevant and the inconvenient you can just discard. You only keep and show the cards that you want to keep and show. It's your story and you can do whatever you want.

A good example of this was a fiction submission of mine entitled: ACCEPTANCE AND HAPPINESS AND LOVE (TT&A Part 77—(31/1/2005). It was a very ambitious project. A big title, big ideas, and personal thoughts made public. Very involving and challenging for me and a lot of fun. It was also, I thought; my sayonara piece—my retirement submission (first retirement—save the laughing) so there was a lot of pressure to leave at the top.

With non-fiction you are always being judged about whether you got the facts correct—the journalists are trained to get the Who, What, Where, When, Why, and How—and the story will take care of yourself. Just gather the facts, shuffle the cards, and type. Chain smoking and drinking whiskey were optional but in either case you got to call yourself a journalist. In fiction no one questions the facts—just the results. It is writing. Sometimes it is called art.

The emails were fun too. I got lots of emails in response to the things I wrote from soldiers in Iraq and Afghanistan, tourists, expats, some smart women, a number of professors of creative writing in colleges, readers of Stickmanbangkok.com all over the world, guys who had never been to the Kingdom and would probably never get there but used the submissions as a magic carpet to go to places and experiences outside of their lives, the bedridden, and some Thais. I reached a few conclusions:

1. There are some very smart Western women reading Stickmanbangkok.com. Savvy and clever and funny and fun. I wish they were a part of my life. They'd make great neighbors.

2. Not one of the Thais who emailed me understood what I had written. Communication is very difficult. The sad part was that these were the Thais whose confidence level was high regarding reading and communicating in English and yet they still scored zero in comprehension. In four years and tens of thousands of words and hundreds of stories I did not make successful contact with one Thai.

3. There are some wonderful male expats who just want to love and to be loved.

4. And the dumbest dumbasses all seem to live in Britain. Example: I once wrote a story entitled: EMERALD EYES: Siamese Vignette—1899 (TT&A Part 33—third story) in which I was a ship captain with a broken voyage because my cargo was on fire. I received an email from someone in England telling me (crack investigator this guy) that what I had written couldn't have happened (and I was a liar) because of ... etc. The title EMERALD EYES was subtitled: Siamese Vignette—1899. 1899. It was fiction.

5. And more on England (it's my turn now)—Over the years it seemed the most ignorant, and the most hostile emails all came from England where there are apparently a lot of men anxious for the world to know what manly men they are. If I ever have to go

through Heathrow Airport I expect to see a skinhead tattoo parlor immediately after exiting Immigration.

6. Emails from guys in Australia were universally friendly and open and generous. I'd love to go to Australia before I die. If God spoke to me tonight and told me I had to spend the rest of my life in Aussie land I'd think it was a good thing.

7. I got some emails from gentlemen who wanted to share with me some photos of sexual activities with girls in Thailand. I blocked them immediately. I am not a prude but I do not find this sort of email appealing. I think some of this attention I received might partly be a misunderstanding on the part of some of the Stickmanbangkok.com readers who read my submissions. I rarely wrote graphically about sex. There were a number of reasons for this:

a. The website administrator did not want it in excess.
b. It is a very difficult thing to do skillfully.
c. It is more demanding and interesting to communicate the idea without being graphic.
d. Personally, I find it a little embarrassing. I'm a private acts kind of person.

Anyway, guys who sent me close up pics of them doing something with a girl or a girl doing something with them got blocked.

8. Writing seriously about serious things like Thais planting flowers all over the Kingdom to beautify their Kingdom and to beautify their lives, or my experiences as a foster father to two Thai girls over a ten year period received no responses. So I learned my lesson. In story content I could stray from the standard 'beers and broads' formula but not too far.

And finally, the expats who emailed me were my heroes. It was flattering to receive nice emails from them because they were doing what I could only dream about.

The stupidest email I ever got was from some knuckle dragging brainless idiot who complained that my paragraphs were too long. Words failed me. Starring at this email you could have sent me back to the beginning of time on a particle beam. The life had been sucked out of me by a remark that redefined the concept of reverse evolution. Then one day I decided to cut my paragraphs up into smaller bits. Things looked better and read better. Go figure. If I ever meet this guy I won't thank him; I'll just stare at him—you never know what bit of protoplasm is going to influence you. Sort of like bargirls.

So if you have not written a submission and sent it into the Stickmanbangkok.com site I recommend you do so. And let your mind go free. Try fiction. One of the interesting things to me about fiction in the world of farang—Thai websites, not just Stickmanbangkok.com., is that there is so little of it. I do not know what the reason for this is. Maybe it is because the real things that happen in Thailand are crazy enough without having to make things up for entertainment. Or maybe it is a sign of the times and the educational systems that do not place a premium on creative risk taking. Or maybe it is just easier to turn on the air conditioner and the TV then to sit at a keyboard sweating out a story. Or maybe it has to do with the demographics of the average farang male Thailand experience enthusiast. Beats me. Even throwing my own numerous fiction submissions into the mix, the total number of fiction submissions were so few that they were statistically insignificant. I started to count them and figure out the percentage but then I stopped. It is just not an interesting number. No one is writing fiction. Obviously there are not a lot of guys walking around saying:

"Hey I just got a great idea and it would make a wonderful story. It involves a night time Cambodian flower seller with a harelip in Bangkok who has a day job as a shipper in a Go-Go boot factory. She purposely sends out all the boots one size too small because she hates beautiful women."

I was not the only submissions contributor to send in fiction. There were others. A few come to mind:

1. The FIRST YOU DIE series by Frank Visakay (8/10/2005): a 21 part 75,000 word series with lots of action. Man stuff and a fast fun rat-a-tat-tat style. Hard to sustain over so many chapters and words. Nice work.

2. INCOUNTRY #8 by Chiang Mai Kelly (8/2/2006): a fun writer with a well of personal anecdotes that none of us can match. This is the kind of guy who can top any story you tell. A man's man and a woman's man. Strong character—strong stories. This story could have been non-fiction or faction or fiction. I had to guess. Kelly's future is in writing faction, a combination of fiction and non-fiction. "She was a razor, not a teddy bear."

3. And finally—WITH NU ON THE ROAD TO POONA by Korski (29/12/2006): Could be non-fiction or faction or fiction. I pick fiction. Similar to Chiang Mai Kelly, Korski can mix personal anecdote and fiction in a potent way. He is a good solid story teller who takes no writing format risks but can take you to places you have not been to. This is an imperfect story but you forgive him because it is interesting and compelling and demanding. It promises more than it delivers but it leaves you with a hunger the same way a woman's scent stays with you. And a wonderful title. I can imagine this title on the cover of a novel or a movie marquee. His strange stories and strange scenes of mystery and unease get my vote. I think this kind of writing should be encouraged.

So, anyway, I encourage you dear Stickman reader to consider writing fiction. Being in the zone of creative writing at two o'clock in the morning sitting in front of the screen in your T-shirt with a towel over your legs is almost better than sex. Heck, sometimes it is better than sex. Your keyboard and screen will never go starfish on you. They are anxiously waiting your every touch and every mood and every idea. And you can finally crack the 500 baht wall on expenses. Anyway, by two a.m. the room is trashed, the floor and the table are covered with debris, and you are trashed. You are also smiling. You have created a world and all of the pieces are coming together. You are rockin', your fingers are flashin', and you can hear the Pulitzer Prize for Fiction telegram being typed out at Columbia University in New York City. Rocking in your chair like someone with half a brain, and grinning like a cat that has discovered how to open the canary cage door, and mumbling and groaning—you are happy. Fiction writing. Do it.

Here, I'll help you get started with ten ideas. All you have to do is finish them. Simple.

1. "It was a no star and no moon night as dark as my teeruks soul and the inside of the room at the Nana was obsidian black—but not so black that I could not see the gleam of the stainless steel Glock as she crept towards the bed. Just then three things happened: a gecko dropped from the ceiling, there was a thunderous boom from the Glock, and ..."

2. "My seatmate on the Thai airlines flight to Chiang Mai had a large aluminum briefcase that he kept at his feet. Over the sound of the plane's engines and our chatter I thought I could hear something inside the case. When the plane reached cruising altitude and the seat belt sign went off he got up to go to the bathroom. As soon as the door shut I grabbed the case and put it up on the empty seat beside me and popped the clasps. I'm an old

man now but what happened next has stayed with me for the last thirty five years. I should have kept my hand on the suitcase lid by I didn't. I don't know what I felt first; the tongue or the lips or the ..."

3. "The VD testing clinic wasn't bashful about advertising. Street level and big plate glass windows and prominently displayed signs advertising products and services. No shame. Everything but a midget door greeter and inside hostess with a blinding white smile and hands held in a respectful wei. Most of the customers were sick or diseased, some of them terminal. The most terminal Aids infected farangs all arrived and departed in the company of beautiful and/or loving and/or beautiful and loving Thai women. These walking skeleton men advertising through ghostly pallor and weight loss their communicable disease state had no trouble attracting young sexy women. The reason was ..."

4. "Some say that Dana's brain wave had been flat for years but this time it was for real. The machine beeped a long sustained beep summoning nursing staff and then doctors. With no brain wave, and no pupil response, and no pulse, and no shooshing of arterial blood, and no pulmonary function; he was pronounced dead and plugs were pulled. Everyone left the room. Except one nurse. Her name was Fa. She remembered him from another life when she had been a beachfront cruiser in Pattaya. She killed the lights and pulled back the sheet and leaned over and ..."

5. "The writer's convention was in town. In response girls had poured in from Kuala Lumpur and Hong Kong and Singapore and Laos and Cambodia and Burma and Vietnam and Whitetrashistan. Katoeys were thicker than flees on a soi dog's balls. All of the big name writers who had gotten published and who had their books being sold in the Kingdom's bookstores and on the net were there. But there were also many wannabe writers

who had not been published yet. You could cut the tension with a knife. The published versus the unpublished. Ego satisfied versus the dwindling reserves of hope. Some unkind remarks were made. Clever writer jokes with ice pick plunging intent. Then someone killed the lights. Screams followed by gunshots. Luckily only big publishing house editor vermin were killed. But the result was a surprise to everyone. The result was ..."

6. "The reason the bar was called the Cyclops Bar was that all of the Go-Go dancers only had one eye. And it was in the middle of their foreheads. I guess that's where you would expect it to be. But that wasn't what got Chiang Mai Kelly's attention. What got his attention was hanging by a hook behind the bar counter. It was ..."

7. "Below is the last statement and testament made by Dana before his death sentence was carried out in a Texas penitentiary in the United States. Following the 'Do You Have Any Last Words' quote that appears below is the story of how he ended up in a Texas penitentiary and why he was given the death sentence and what matter of mind would have made such a last statement. It is interesting to note that on the day of his death protesters outside the prison were equally divided shouting either DANA IS SATAN or DANA IS GOD.

Prisoner's Last Words: 'To state the obvious: You and I are not equal. You are ordinary. I am a neutrino God. Sometimes I have mass and sometimes I do not have mass; but I always have more weight than you. I am a God. You are the issue of loins that thought voting was important. I am stardust without blood or hope or time. We will meet in opposition. It can not be any other way. The physics of evolution and Darwinism and Danaism. I am from the darkside of the Torndule galaxy in the fourth spiral of the Gorndorf nebula arm. My stay on Earth will be short but your names are on the list. The moments of our meeting in an altered state of immolation for you and time-space hiccup for me will be your moment of glory. You can not prepare for this, only accept. No need to wash my feet. Just follow the others. Don't worry that your public embarrassments and bleatings of the past will be held against you. Nothing will be held against you. Nothing you did in your tiresome mammalian sojourn on earth counted. You are now a part of me. And I am stardust. Just follow.'

There are those that feel that the likes of Dana should be put down or at the very least kept from breeding. But to beat your enemy you have to know your enemy. The secret to Dana is ..."

8. "The antiques store on the second floor of the Riverside Mall on the shore of the Chao Phraya river catered to rich Australians and super rich Nigerians and other assorted fat rich farangs from the Shangri La Hotel and the Oriental Hotel. The retail Thai woman was tastefully dressed. A good Thai woman. Every time she leaned over or bent down to help me or to show me something her left hand would automatically rise and clutch at the top of her blouse. Modesty I thought. I was charmed. How different from the bar girls of the Nana Entertainment Plaza was this Thai female paragon of virtue. I could hear wedding bells. She was not going to allow me to see anything that I did not have the right to see. Closer inspection, however; revealed that she had two geckos clinging to her chest. Impulsively I thought that we would name our first child Exotic East. That was my first thought. My second thought was ..."

9. "At the top of the knoll on the brow of the hill in the botanical and rock garden was a little shack that sold fish pellet food that you could throw into the koy pond. Standing in the blistering blow torch hot sun with mirror reflections of photonic heat bouncing off the weirdly shaped and weirdly collected rocks I thought I could see a face just under the surface of the water. I

put the fish pellet food down and lowered myself to my knees. The fish scattered. The face was Noi, the woman I thought I was going to marry years ago until she did something horrible to me. I thought I had forgotten her but there she was smiling. Beckoning. I thought she had been stricken from my brain. An emotional trauma of the past that now just looked like poor judgement. But there she was smiling at me—and sinking. I said her name. I leaned over. I lost my balance. And then ...”

10. “Young beautiful big package petite katoeys were disappearing from Kanchanaburi. Lots of them. The nation’s principle resource of petite big package katoeys were just vaporizing. Here yesterday—not here today. It was like India losing a brain drain of computer scientists to the West. Losses that had the Kingdom on it’s knees in prayer and supplication. Tall giraffe katoeys are like flies on a slaughtered pig’s head. But feminine petite katoeys under five feet and with ten inches are a nation’s diamond mines of Rhodesia.

Then the circular cinder black burn marks with the scalloped edges were found near the river. Seven debris disks of green obsidian glass and carbon dust powder. Each disk was six hundred feet in diameter. Spaceships. Spaceships were stealing the best of the Thai trannies and lickable ladyboys. You couldn’t blame them really. Who knows—maybe trannies came from outer space in the first place. But it had to stop. The nation’s arterial blood of short big package amusement parks was gushing and more than direct pressure on the social wound was needed. What was needed was a farang expert on the way to godhead status.

So the call went out. Where was Dana? Only he could solve the riddle. You see Dana was not normal. He was ... well at the moment he was in the Phi Phi islands to the south working on a special project that consumed two thousand rai of land that he was leasing from the government. Squatters and lost backpackers had reported many circular black burn marks with scalloped edges on his property. The black circles were six hundred feet in diameter and there was green obsidian glass everywhere. Just the same as in Kanchanaburi.

Was this coincidence or was the …

So come on guys. Finish up these starter fuel ideas and send them into Stickman. Become part of the fiction brigade. We'll see you at the Writer's Get-Together party. Here at Dana Central I am collating and categorizing and filing and responding to many of the incoming questions regarding the Writer's Get-Together party. Naturally I can not go into detail in advance but all signs and symptoms are that it is going to be an event of taste and decorum and … oh crap on that—it is going to be excess and ribaldry and childish impulse and dredged up testosterone memories.

There are going to be bands and DJ's and girl singers and magicians and circus performers and videographers and face painters and tattoo booths and valet parking, and klieg lights in the sky, and balloon artists, and three open bars, and free tailoring services, and plunging neckline model photography classes; and that's just while you are waiting for your table.

Then at the table there will be hot air balloon trips, and ice sculpture demonstration contests, and flambé deserts, and sword swallowing, and knife throwing, and tantric chanting, and palm reading, and girls whose only job will be to stand around and giggle and drop grapes in your mouth. And the food of course will mimic a Roman gastronomic orgy of fish and fowl and game and meat and vegetable and bread platters All the waitresses will be ladyboys who have just gotten out of prison and are trying to make a new start. You knew that. Oh yes, there will also be table to table prison tattoo laser removal services.

Rumor is that money is going to go through Stick faster than prunes through an old lady and I think we'd all like to see that. Anyway, the party is going to be a good time for all Stickmanbangkok.com writers and there will be only one rule. All karaoke singers will be shot. Maybe I've said too much. So come on guys and guyettes—these fiction ideas are easy. They practically write themselves and all Stick is looking for is eight hundred words of brilliant original riveting Thai-farang fiction. If you have never written fiction before and your submission gets accepted you will have earned your Stickmanbangkok.com bachelor's degree in fiction writing. But you know what you have to do to earn your PhD. in fiction writing. That's right—you have already thought of it. Yup. You have to send in a fiction submission contribution to Stick that incorporates all ten of these ideas. Get busy.

Chok Dee and Happy Writing
Dana

167. What I Meant Was …

TT&A Part 152 28/10/2006

Opening Statement

OK, maybe I should explain (Christ on a cracker I'm at the age now where I have to explain myself). OK, Dana—deep breaths. Alright, I'm better now. Anyway— TT&A Part 150 was my retirement submission. And TT&A Part 151 was a post retirement Addenda essay on fiction so that didn't really count. Sort of an epilogue. So why am I sending in this TT&A Part 152? Because the retirement is over: that's why.

I didn't write anything for weeks and the almost numberless Pattaya sunups and Pattaya sundowns of doing nothing night and day, the intellectual ennui, the hundreds of thousands of supplicant emails wanting to know why I had abandoned mankind, the telegrams from world leaders, the hand painted cards from school children, the medication sent in from pharmaceutical sales reps, and the empty hours without purpose or direction nearly killed me. I'm only human. Well, actually I'm not; I'm on the way to God status but just go with this literary convention for now.

Anyway, the second time I was picked up by the police and taken to Pattaya Memorial Hospital off 2nd road because I was staggering down the street with what looked like a combination of Turette's Syndrome and Parkinson's disease I decided that I had to make some decisions. Hour after hour after hour after hour after hour after hour of starring at tranny websites is simply not enough. A man needs more (hey, surprised me too).

So I am back. I'm rested and I'm wired and I'm going to take names and kick ass. Don't mess with Stickmanbangkok.com writers when they come out of retirement. I've got a bumper sticker on my turbo charged tuk tuk that says: BACK FROM RETIREMENT and I'm flying two white-on-black field Stickman Writer flags from the front bumper that say BFR. My tuk tuk has been fitted with a nine-cylinder R-1690 Hornet class Pratt & Whitney airplane engine rated at 875 horsepower in the rear and I have a big Florida airboat prop on the shaft. Start this turbo charged tuk tuk honey up in front of a sidewalk noodle seller in Maha Sarakham and they have noodles in the sky over Borabu.

Primetime Bangkok TV News Report: Ka today ka white noodle ghosts ka were seen in the sky ka over Borabu. Ka ka. Khop Khun Ka. Ka … ka.

So if you are out in your front yard in beautiful Amnat Charoen (I love a laugh) jabbing a bent stick under the porch looking for snakes and you hear the distant whine of a turbo charged nine-cylinder R-1690 Hornet class Pratt & Whitney airplane engine; well, I guess that could be anyone. But if you see a guy reclining in a beach chair on the front wearing a silver flight suit, snorkeling mask, white Go-Go boots, women's sized Harley Davidson gauntlet gloves, and a mahout's hat— that's me. And the aluminum foil antennae on my head? That's how I receive messages from the spaceships. I get ideas.

Anyway, all I can say is get your dogs out of the road. I'm not retired anymore, I'm writing for Stickman again, I've heard there is a story in Loeng Nok Tha, and I'm coming through. Hear that sound at 120 decibels that sounds like a long wet fart from a German expat? That's my horn. You've been warned. And what is that thing on my lap? It's a laptop Mr. 'I Majored in Creative Writing'. I'm writing and driving at the same time. Ninety five miles per hour and typing at seventy five words per minute. Try it some time. Jacked baby—Kamalasai to Roi Et in sixteen minutes.

Try that Mr. Rural Expat with the words HEMI stenciled on the quarter panels of your red pickup truck.

Actually, there are now sixty of these turbo charged airboat propeller tuk tuks in the Kingdom as part of the Dana story program racing from bar to farang to bargirl to town to village to prison to hospital to proconsul to airport to beach to jungle to various governmental agencies and hotels tracking down stories for Stickmanbangkok.com. So if you are fishing in Khon Kaen, or flying a kite in Hat Yai, or swimming in the Mekong at Bung Kan and you hear the whine of a nine-cylinder R-1690 Hornet class Pratt & Whitney engine then you are near a breaking story and Dana or one of his crack investigating reporters is on the case. In fact, if you have a wallet in your pants and a tranny is sneaking up on you; you might be the breaking story. Suffice it to say that if you fart in Phra Nang or burp in Betong; we will know it, and we will report it, and you will be able to read it in black and white .com text.

These tuk tuks will be dispatched every morning from tuk tuk barns in Bangkok and Nakhon Si Thammarat and Ubon Ratchathani and Phitsanulok and Khon Kaen and Chiang Mai and chase down story leads that have been faxed and phoned and carrier pigeoned and mamasaned and emailed the night before into the central story lead distribution center in Pattaya. Story lead central and story lead distribution will be headquartered in the sixth floor ocean facing suite of the AA Hotel on the corner of Soi 13 and Beach road. Ever seen a Thai rustic throw a net over a school of minnows? That is what we are going to do in Thailand with stories.

So, now on to the main event—a story called: WHAT I MEANT WAS ... Enjoy.

Introduction

Boy oh boy can there be slippage between two lovers of different languages. Communication between fated lovers destined to share every future sunrise and sunset with each other is so so important. Nobody is more sensitive to this than me. Hell, I'm so damn sensitive about stuff some people think I'm gay. But that ain't it. I'm just a highly evolved human being totally tuned in to the heart and mind of my teeruk and super anxious to share my thoughts and feelings with her. Right now her English is not that good and my Thai is not that good either so sometimes a little translation between 'What I Said' and 'What I Meant' is necessary. My fondest wish and deepest desire is that someday my Thai lover and I will share a common language with such effortless linguistic facility that I can share my feelings with her and she will know exactly what I am thinking. Wow it'll be as if we two have become one (maybe I am gay). Anyway, communication is so important. Gosh I almost might cry this stuff is so special. So read below some of my true life instances of 'What I Said' and 'What I Meant'. I'm sharing here people (Christ—am I gay?). I think you'll find it instructive. I think if you use me as an example it will be all about karma (don't ask me—I don't know either). Maybe someday you can be as evolved as I am evolved. Probably not but everyone needs a dream. At any rate: below are thirteen examples of 'What I Said' and 'What I Meant'.

What I Meant Was …

"I'm just a soul whose intentions are good
Oh Lord please don't let me be misunderstood."
—The Animals (Animal Tracks, Sept, 1965)

1. Honey lover, I'm just a soul whose intentions are good. When I said I'd love to go to your village and meet your parents and

your sisters and your brother and your grandmother and your favorite monk and your pet chicken and your family's buffalo what I meant was—

"I wish I was dead. Please someone shove an icepick in my brain. But at least I'll get to see her naked again."

Please don't let me be misunderstood. Honey lover; please don't let me be misunderstood.

2. Honey Fa, my beautiful Fa: I'm just a soul whose intentions are good. When you asked me on our first date to the Royal Palace if you could bring your sister I said Yes—What I meant when I said Yes was—

"I can't believe it. It's only our first date and this almond eyed prostitute is already working me!"

Oh lord, please don't let me be misunderstood.

3. Honey baby, I'm just a soul whose intentions are good. When I met you in the bar and told you how attractive you were what I meant was—

"Let's go to my hotel so that I can pull down your pants. The Viagra has kicked in and I could drill holes with my dick."

Oh lord, please don't let me be misunderstood.

4. Baby Baby, I'm just a soul whose intentions are good. When you suggested I buy you out of the bar so that we could spend all of our time together and I said Yes; what I meant to say was—

"Somebody please take a chainsaw and cut off my nuts and dick. It would be less painful than spending all my time with you."

Please don't let me be misunderstood.

5. Daow, my dimple cheeked Isaan wonder Daow; I'm just a soul whose intentions are good. When you asked me to take you to the Big C and I said Yes; what I meant to say was—

"Sweet suffering Jesus now I'll have to buy shoes and jeans and a purse and some octopus snack food crap for this idiot when all I want to do is tie her up and pile into her rear."

Oh Lord, please don't let me be misunderstood. Daow, honey; I love only you.

6. Speaking of buying things. Na my heartbreak Na; I'm just a soul whose intentions are good. Remember when you bought me the gift (with my money) in Pattaya? Remember what it was? It was a tourist T-shirt size large. I am not and never have and never will be a size large human being. The T-shirt that you presented to me as a gift and as an example of caring was the wrong size. Really the wrong size. Not even remotely the right size. I could have worn this T-shirt like a dress. Remember what I said Na? I said "Thank-you (with big fake happy eyes)"— but what I meant to say was:

"This is a thoughtless gift from a thoughtless person who does not value me or us. This is crap and she is crap."

Oh, Lord please don't let me be misunderstood.

7. Min, my lovely Min; I'm just a soul whose intentions are good. Remember when we were walking back to the AA Hotel on Soi 13 in South Pattaya and you asked me if we could stop at the jewelry store and if I could buy you a pair of gold earrings— AND YOU WERE ALREADY WEARING GOLD EARRINGS? Well, I said Yes didn't I Min? What I meant to say was—

"No you stupid grasping ignorant greedy fool I won't buy you anymore junk. Now just come to the hotel and earn your money."

Please, Min, don't let me be misunderstood.

8. Nan, my one and only; I'm just a soul whose intentions are good and I love you more than the smile on my daughter's face. Do you remember when 2500 baht went missing from my wallet and you said you didn't know anything about it? Do you remember me smiling at you and saying 'mai pen rai'? Well, what I meant to say was—

"I'll get that money from you if I have to sell your blood."

Nan, my one and only; please Nan—don't let me be misunderstood.

9. Noi, I'm just a soul whose intentions are good. Remember the first night I took you out of the bar and you said you had something in your eye so we couldn't go boom-boom? Remember, the second night that I took you out of the bar and you said your stomach hurt so we couldn't go boom-boom? Remember me saying I was sorry about your eye and your stomach? Well, what I meant to say was—

"I hope you burn and twist in the fires of hell for eternity you manipulative thief of my time and my money and my emotions. You have absolutely no value to me now. You're nothing but toilet paper (if you can find any in this country) on the bottom of my shoe. I wouldn't piss on you if you were on fire. Tomorrow you get no money from me and no respect from me and I am going to get Derrick from the group of lounge lizards in the lobby of the Nana Hotel to help me talk to your mamasan."

Oh, Noi—don't let me be misunderstood. Bitch. Sudd-Na-Rock.

10. Wan, my heart attack lover Wan—I'm just a farang soul whose intentions are good. Remember when you asked me to give you 20,000 baht so that you could help your brother who needs an operation? You said the doctor in Pai Doc Rat Mae

Hong Bung said your brother needed to have his clitoris repaired. And do you remember me saying I would give you the money in two days? Well, what I meant to say was—

“Two days my ass. I’ll be at Don Muang airport tomorrow. Her brother needs to have his clitoris repaired? These dumbasses aren’t even intelligent enough to be stupid. It’ll take another 5000 years of evolution in this country before they can be classified as stupid. In the meantime I’ve got one more day to drill this woman”

Please Wan, my gentle feminine beast of love, don’t let me be misunderstood. I love you so much.

11. Honey teeruk, I’m just a soul whose intentions are good. When I said I was thrilled and flattered that you wanted to come to the airport to see me off what I meant was—

“Christ will this never end? When am I going to be rid of this mind numbingly boring sex object?”

Honey baby, Don’t let me be misunderstood.

12. Honey lover, I’m just a soul whose intentions are good. When I said I would send you money every week until I came back what I meant was—

“Not in a million years am I sending this lazy crap starfish trash anything. I’d dig out my eyes with a wooden spoon before I would send money to this slack stomached sexually boring mustachioed future bag of fat.”

Oh honey lover, please don’t let me be misunderstood.

13. Honey baby my beautiful lover Sunee; I’m just a soul whose intentions are good. When you called me in Boston on my cell phone and I said I was excited and happy to hear your voice what I meant to say was—

"Holy crapola, I've got to change this cell phone number, and change my name, and quit my job, and move so that this crazy Thai whackjob can never find me again."

Oh, Sunee my one and only love; please don't let me be misunderstood.

Conclusion

So to review: there is nothing more important than love and one of the wonders of sharing lives of love and commitment is communication. I think you can see by the above examples that even though I do not speak Thai fluently that my heart is in the right place. I am a giving sharing sensitive man. I can't brag. It's a gift. Plus I can lick my own balls. If you want to email me and share your thoughts on this important subject you'll have to wait until I have moved. That Sunee bitch who called me in Boston is on my trail and I've got to haul ass.

"I'm just a soul whose intentions are good
Oh Lord please don't let me be misunderstood."

168. The Great Convergence

TT&A Part 153 4/11/2006

Wearing my shoulder balloons and my magnet belt and my aluminum foil antennae I get messages. Sometimes I can see the future. I've got a message coming in now. It is a scene at the up-and-coming Stickmanbangkok.com Writer's Get-Together party.

To Wit: The tenth floor ballroom is filled with tables of eating and talking and laughing and gesticulating writers. Over four thousand writers have shown up for the festivities. Since this exceeds the actual number of submissions it is clear that some imposters have gotten in but no matter. It is party time. Most of the conversation has centered around the question:

"Where is Dana?"
"Where is Dana man?"

"Hey dude, where is Dana?"
"Where is Dana?"

"Hey Stick, where the fxxx is Dana?"

Disappointment and anger and perplexment flavor the chatter. Stickmanbangkok.com submission contributors have emptied bank accounts, and flown long distances, and left families and jobs; to see and meet and talk to Dana. And there is no Dana. During the durian sauce and crushed chilies main entree Stick received two death threats scrawled on paper napkins and someone put fish paste on his seat. There is some tension.

Stick stands up and taps on his glass to get everyone's attention. The room goes quiet and he starts to make some remarks. He has some important things to say, and some funny anecdotes, and some rugby scores to report that he knows will save the evening debacle of No Dana. He starts ...

Suddenly the big dining room double doors blow open and black pajama clad Thai ninjas carry in a red carpet. They lay the free end down at Stick's feet and unroll the carpet the length of the ballroom and right out the door. Then fifty katoeys in short blue plastic dresses and clear plastic high heels sashay into the room. They are carrying trumpets. They line up on each side of the carpet from the door to Stick, twenty five to a side, and start blowing on the trumpets. As they lift the trumpets to their collagen filled lips the fronts of their dresses lift up and their man meat thighs ripple. They are blowing harder than a girl who has to make a rent payment and the room is stunned. Writers stare in wonder and Stick sits down.

Then the first part of the king sized gold Egyptian bed can be seen. A huge gold gilt bed studded with gems and jewels and bits of colored glass is being carried through the great double doors of the tenth floor ballroom. Black ninja figures are carrying the bed. It is great and heavy and ponderous and covered with silk sheets and silk pillows and the flower petals of ten thousand Soi 4 tourist necklaces. There reclining on the bed in Stickmanbankok.com writer splendor is Dana. Naked from the waist up, his head bearing a crown of orchids, and two Pretty Lady bar dancers dropping grapes in his mouth; he waves serenely as he is carried into the ballroom and around the dining tables of the writers.

The fifty tranny trumpet players are now wailing and dancing and the formerly perplexed and angry and disappointed writers are bursting from their chairs with applause and cheers and tears. As the bed is carried around the room they reflexively reach into their wallets and throw money up on the bed. Some of them mouth the words 'I love you'. Dana continues to wave and to smile.

As the bed is carried around the dining tables Dana throws out photos of himself riding a horse in Hua Hin, and autographed copies of his submissions. Pandemonium. Pandemonium breaks out as the writers dive for the gifts and souvenirs like Patpong dancers chasing ping pong balls. All decorum and dignity is lost and Stick looks on as party dream turns into a party nightmare.

Now the temper of the room has changed. It is survival of the fittest as writers fight each other for gifts from Dana and talismans of a living God. Chiang Mai Kelly and Gary Williams are punching each other in the face for no apparent reason, and at their feet David Rhodes and Caveman are tearing at a photo like maddened dogs. Leaping for gifts some writers have forgotten that their legs were hooked over the rungs of the folding metal chairs and they have leapt and dragged these chairs across the ballroom floor like lurching three legged monsters. A table has been turned over. Some writers in walkers and carrying oxygen bottles are being escorted out of the room but the remainder are now fully involved in a fight for photo and autographed submission glory that would make Genghis Khan proud. There is a saying amongst seasoned street fighters that—'All fights eventually end up on the ground.'—and that is being witnessed today by the fifty horn blowing trannies, and Dana, and Stick, and the two girls on Dana's bed.

All the writers in attendance are now on the floor clawing and biting and scratching and punching like rabid beasts. The lucky ones who have managed to get their hands on a picture of Dana riding a horse in Hua Hin, or have managed to get their hands on one of his autographed submissions stuff them in their pants and make a break for the door. But other writers spot them and grab them by the ankles and pull them down. Reduced to blood speckled confetti by the clawing hands of maddened farangs, bits of photo and autographed submissions now float in the air like the detritus of a lost civilization. There is now a disturbance in the Farang Force that can be felt all over the Kingdom. The center can not hold and if no one comes to establish order the sun will rise on an apocalyptic scene of blood and food and drink and paper confetti all mixed in with the comatose bodies of four thousand worshipers of Dana.

The black clad ninja figures carrying the bed with Dana on it have been covered with spittle and froth and blood from the farang fans of the great writer but have never broken their stride. They know their master and they know their duty; but the ninjas outside the big double doors have lost their nerve and called the police. You can hear the voices and whistles in the hallway as hundreds of police burst out of the elevator doors and others pound up the stairs. Empire accented Volunteer Police (farang scum) are helping to coordinate with the Thai police and the Kingdom's military; and the space outside the doors is filling up with stretchers, and medical supplies, and heavy weapons, and lawyers, and literary agents, and editors (more farang scum).

Meanwhile down on the street waiting wives and girlfriends have started crying. Tanks are being moved into position and soi dogs are barking. Isaan soup makers, and chicken-on-a-stick vendors, and noodle sellers, and mamasans are moving in. Thus are the small parts of history made. Klieg lights are being set up to serve as beacons for the military helicopters, and Thai TV trucks are sending squirrel-like Burmese up electric poles to hook up cables and wires. No one on the street knows what it is all about and no one in the Kingdom could possibly imagine the skirmish of madness that Dana worship has kicked off in the tenth floor ballroom but all sense unease on the planet. There is a destructive disturbance in the Farang Force. Obi-Wan Kenobi's "May The Force Be With You" is now irony rather than philosophy.

No one inside knows this. And they wouldn't care. The descent into madness and primal urges is king and the trannies knowing a good thing when they see it have stripped naked and joined the seething mass on the floor grabbing for private parts and wallets. Claymore and Simon Templar and Sick Water Buffalo and Ben Dover and Thai Ties and Casanundra are making the unappealing phlegm throat sounds of sex crazed zoo monkeys and tearing at their clothes. Casmeri and Union Hill are standing on a table and screaming. Just screaming.

For most their shameful behaviors will be private. Not so some others. Lookpapa and Marc Holt working in concert have grasped both sides of a table and thrown it right through one of the floor to ceiling ballroom windows. Now standing side by side in the jagged glass opening they are wearing togas made from white tablecloths and lamp shades on their heads. Slapping their chests and hooting like brain addled lowland gorillas they attract parachute flairs from Thai military police. Interior private shames have now gone public. Thai paramilitary snipers take up positions on adjacent roof tops, and newspaper photographer stringers fire off hundreds of flashbulbs. Welcome to the Stickmanbangkok.com Writer's Get-Together Apocalypse. A social debacle that will lead to the shame of all, the deportation of many, and prison sentences for a few. Only Dana will get away.

A Thai TV news truck starts broadcasting but the transmission is garbled by police airwave traffic—

"Sa Wa Dii Ka—a disturbance in the Farang Force ka—Dana—a nation ka waits in confusion ka—crazy ka ka farang—Stickman mystery ka—military ka presence ka—not a coup ka ka ka—farangs not ka good ka ka for Thailand ka—Dana gold ka bed ka ka tank you! ka."

On the final straight-away around the tables the cacophonous din of screeching and yelling and bellowing and crying made it sound like monkeys and parrots and cats were being strangled in a tropical rain forest. And the violence and flying blood and froth and spittle was so great that Dana reached down under the pillows at the headboard and pressed a hidden button. Immediately klaxons sounded on the roof of the Marriott Hotel in South Pattaya and Noi was cell phone summoned. DANA WAS IN TROUBLE. The military freight helicopter would be in the air in minutes and homing in on the party debacle. Dana would get away but the beating hearts left behind would have to tally the cost of worship.

When the klaxon sounded and Noi's phone started beeping she and her teddy bear were dressed in their silver flight suits and serving drinks at the Jet Bar on the steps in front of the Royal Garden Plaza mall. All she had to do was grab teddy, vault the bar, and start running. Tranny security support posted on the perimeter of the Marriott Hotel grounds spotted her coming in the Beach road entrance and went into flying wedge defensive support. Tourists in the way were hip checked, and belted aside, and sucker punched as Noi's short little Isaan legs pumped like pistons. At the lobby elevator well dressed Aussies were jerked out of the elevator and thrown down the stairs like well dressed throw pillows.

The klaxon sound triggered well understood actions in the Dana ground support crew. As soon as Noi stepped out of the Marriott Hotel roof top elevator a giant tranny mechanic grabbed her and bolted for the landing pad. She had Noi under one arm and her teddy bear under the other arm. Noi was slammed into the cockpit and the pre-flight check list bypass toggle switch was palmed. No time. Klaxon to take off—twelve minutes. Klaxon triggered scrambles were routine to serve their God Dana and ground support moved with efficiency and speed and a desire to please that would make 1960's era SAC bomber base activity look like a kindergarten. Soon the people in the street at party central would see a pink military freight helicopter lowering itself over the roof of the building. Loyal ninjas would have taken Dana and the giant gold Egyptian bed up onto the roof of the building to await rescue.

Meanwhile there was a social phenomenon happening on Soi Cowboy that would later become known as the March of Pussy. Sensing a disturbance in the Farang Force and an opportunity to pluck foreigners cleaner than a junkyard chicken; girls had started to leave the bars and march towards Soi 33. They were not sure why they were marching and of course they had no idea what was happening inside the tenth floor ballroom at the Stickmanbangkok.com Writer's Get-Together party but they felt the attraction and they responded with the frightening robotic purpose of the well drilled military unit. Mamasans called out the marching cadence to hundreds of women in long long legs and high high boots. Top pussy earners carried the bar flags which were usually the bars sign or the bar's motto—Example:

Short Time or Long Time
We Aim to Please—
We'll Do It Standing,
Or On Our Knees.

The girls mustered and massed on the soi bathed by neon and lit by stars. It was a pretty sight with the fluttering flags, and the thousand watt smiles, and the bronzed bodies. Then the shrill whistles, and the mamasan bellows, and they were off marching and singing—

"We've got the pussies—
Yes we do.
We're gonna bonk you
Till you're blue.

Left right, left right, left right ...

We're from the Cowboy—
Yes we are.
Every one of us
A real whore star.

Left right, left right, left right ...

We've got the titties—
Yes we do.
We're gonna milk you
Till you moo.

We're from the Cowboy—
Yes we be.
You're gonna sit us
On your knee.

Left right, left right, left right, left right, left right ...

My name is Sin—
Her name is Sot.
We're gonna get—
What you got.

German man—
Irish man—
And Khun Jap too—

We're gonna milk you
Till you moo.

Camuschula—
Mad Max—
And our friend
Dean.
We're gonna pluck you
Till your clean.

Left right, left right, left right …

We're gonna love you—
Yes we are.
Every one of us
A real whore star.

March with us
And keep the pace.
Cowboy girls will
Sit on your face.

Left right, left right, … left right …

If I die in Sukhothai—
Bury me with rich white guy.

If I die in old Lampang—
Bury me with old farang.

If I die in little Mai Chaem—
Bury me with ATM.

Left right, left right, left right …

I don't know
But I've been told—
Eskimo man is
Mighty cold.

A shot of whiskey
And a cig—
Big black man
Is way too big.

Mai Ben Rai
And chok dee too—
Drunks and cheap charlies;
What a zoo.

Fee Fee—
Fi Fi—
Fo Fo—
Fum.
Smelly little Arabs
Want my bum.

What I want
Is Dana and me.
He gets my love—
And for free.

Dana, Dana, Dana …
One Two Three Four
We are women—
Hear us roar.

Dana, Dana, Dana …
One Two Three Four, One Two Three Four …
We are women—
Hear us roar.

What I want
Is Dana and me.
He gets my love—
And for free.

Left right, left right, left right … left right, left right, left right, left right …

You hansum man—
I suay maak too.
Kiss me now
Or I be blue.

Day-na, Day-na, Day-na.
One Two, One Two …
Day-na, Day-na—
One Two Three Four.
We'll do it with two—
Or four on the floor.

Left right, left right, left right …

Dana Dana—
He's my man.
If he can't do it—
No-body can.

Left right, left right, left right …

Short time—long time:
I don't care.
Pay me baht
And I'll get bare.

You hansum man—
Number one GI.
I luf you—
And that no lie.

Left right, left right, left right …

We've got the pussies—
Yes we do.
We're gonna bonk you
Till you're blue.

We're from the Cowboy—
Yes we are.
Every one of us
A real whore star.

As the March of Pussy went up the soi with swaying hips, and shuffling Go-Go boots, and fluttering flags, and barking mamasans; over one hundred trannies went ahead to clear traffic. Trannies have a deserved reputation in the Kingdom for turning out in times of national stress and making contributions of organizational skill; so when Thais see trannies in force they obey. They know something important is going on. By the time the girls had turned right onto Sukhumvit 23 and then turned left onto Sukhumvit Road the lane was cleared all the way to Soi 33. Cars and buses and motorcycles were pulled over and watching respectfully as some of the nation's finest women came marching by.

By the time the girls of Soi Cowboy made the left turn onto Soi 33 they had built up such a head of robotic marching steam it was only frantic whistle blowing by fat sweaty mamasans that got them to stop. Caterpillering around the 7 Eleven and then rolling past Christie's Club and Degas and Papa's and Bacchus they were a sight to behold. Some had taken off their Go-Go boots and hung them around their necks. Others had opened their sweaty shirts and their breasts hung free. Customers and owners and serving girls came out of the Oam Tong restaurant and Pan Pan and Wall Street to watch. What they did not know was that this was just the precursor of tens of thousands of marching girls to come. Cell phone calls had been made by marching girls from Soi

Cowboy and girls were being notified in Isaan and Pattaya and at the NEP.

The Great Convergence of 2006 had begun.

Girls in rice paddy fields felt the disturbance in the Farang Force and threw off their green rice paddy gum boots and started the long trek to Bangkok. Massing at regional bus stations and remote highway intersections they eventually poured into the city like locusts. There were so many of them that the march down Soi 33 was ten abreast. By then the trannies had cleared all the cars from the soi. The Nana Entertainment Plaza on Soi 4 and the Angels Disco in the Nana Hotel emptied out into the street and the girls started the march up Sukhumvit Road.

By then the trannies had shut down both lanes and the girls came marching up the highway twenty abreast on each side of the median strip. Lessons had been learned by the Soi Cowboy marchers and these girls came marching barefoot or in flip-flops, and naked from the waist up—nipples proud against the night air. There were no bar flags or whistling mamasans. There were no thousand watt smiles or laughter. These girls were a different breed. Loyal to no one, and loyal to no bar, and loyal to no man; they shuffled up the road like SS advancing into Russia. Their hooded eyes and their grim death's head set mouths said:

Smile if you want,
And think about play.
But the night will be ours—
And also the day.

We've done this before—
We'll do it again.
You're nothing but prey.
You're nothing but men.

We've got what you want.
We've got what you need.
We'll make you pay
Until you bleed.

So stick it in—
And tell us you care.
We'll smile and grin—
And strip down bare.

Short time or long time—
It's all the same.
You're going home broke—
This is our game.

Smile if you want—
And think about play.
The night will be ours—
And also the day.

We've done this before—
We'll do it again.
You're nothing but prey—
You're nothing but men.

Sloe eyed and absolutely none of the hip swagger. Predators on the move. And these girls weren't singing. Fxxx singing.—"Just bend the farang over the Aztec altar stone backwards so I can cut out his heart with an obsidian knife."—sexual killing machines bent on farang destruction. Frightening. Little girl flower sellers screamed and dogs hid. Instead of using the Skytrain they used the Sukhumvit Road marching occasion to plan strategy and separate into efficient fighting units.

Bell Travel canceled all Bangkok hotel pickups and dropoffs. Instead they sent their buses and minivans to the Dolphin roundabout in Pattaya where whores were gathering by the tens of thousands to be bused to Bangkok. There was a disturbance in the Farang Force and they had picked up the scent like baby elephants with trunks up smelling bananas. Walking Street was a ghost town and clueless expats looked around in befuddlement.

The steam-and-cream girls, and the Japanese entertainers, and the karaoke hostesses further out from Soi 33 plus the Rachadapisek Road crowd also hit the road. They dumped the white pasty Japanese lard buckets like dropping dumplings in the trash and came together like fire ants on the move. Just like the soi 4 girls from the Nana Entertainment Plaza and the Angels disco in the Nana Hotel they spurned public transportation and formed into long marching lines of sex and purpose. By the time they reached the disturbance in the Farang Force at the Writer's Get-Together they would be able to attack hip to hip and snap twigs in their pussies.

Thai TV helicopters beamed the night time marches to their prime time anchors but no one could make out what was going on. And of course no one had a clue about the descent into primordial madness that was going on inside the ballroom where tables had been overturned, food was now on the walls and ceiling, and four thousand writers were stabbing at each other with forks and knives and spoons.

Finally ... finally the bed covered with Dana and the silk sheets and silk pillows and the two Pretty Lady dancers and the grapes and the baht and the flower petals is carried back through the doors and out of the room. The fifty tranny buglers march out of the room carrying only their trumpets and their dicks, and the black clad ninja figures reappear to roll the red carpet back out the door. Then the lights go out and the police burst in. Megaphones bark and shots are fired ... the night becomes a long drawn out scream.

On the trip back to Pattaya—Noi and Dana exchanged smiles. It had been a good night. Dana influence would grow. And in two days there was another party in Frankfurt at the bookseller's and author's convention. Dana was the big draw and after a suitable time of unease and waiting he would make a surprise and dramatic entrance. Booksellers and published authors and writers and literary agents would see a gem and stone encrusted Egyptian bed that only Wagner could have imagined. Germans, beer, and Dana worship. Tomorrow morning at sunrise the tranny trumpet players, and the ninjas, and the bed, and the two honeys from the Pretty Lady bar, and the red carpet, and a trunk full of autographed submissions and autographed photos of Dana riding a horse in Hua Hin would be air freighted to Frankfurt. German writers, and German beer, and tranny whore buglers, and Dana worship.

Who would have guessed that author's parties, and writing conferences, and bookseller's conventions would pave the way to world domination? But that is another story.

169. Our Future

TT&A Part 154 9/12/2006

Prologue

As a primer to the main text in this submission I am going to deal with a question that I have been getting for years in shy and adoring inquisitive emails. Think of it as what you need to know as a Dana back-story when reading my submissions and cogitating on my world. Enjoy—and it is OK to take notes.

Preamble—Mystery Revealed

Hey, I know what you are thinking. How does this Dana kat know so much? Whereby come the insights and bone deep knowledge so seamlessly and effortlessly and unpretentiously displayed in all of his tutorial writing? Is he the holder of multiple degrees from multiple colleges and universities? Does he support his politically correct alpha wife and super kids by teaching at a big famous school? Is he just genetically superior as evidenced by his complete lack of doubt about any social or scientific issue? Has he been appointed by the fin4ger of God to lead us, or chastise us, or make an example of us, or make us feel small by comparing his conclusions with our behavior? Hey, is he just lots smarter than us? Are we nothing but frogs and bugs to him?

No no and a thousand times no dear gentle Stickman readers. My background has been different. Abandoned at birth by my parents because coming out of the chute I did not look like I was going to make them proud with academic excellence; I ended up being raised by dogs. The only good B student is a dead B student. A scrawny neck that could not support a regimental tie and a few fumbles at the Burmese midwife's nipple reinforced a disappointed parent's instincts. So I was raised by soi dogs from the Wat Dusitaram part of Bang Phlat to the bridges bookending Wat Suwannaram in Bangkok Noi and the Wat Prayun section of Thon Buri.

Hey, it's OK—being raised by dogs was a good thing. For one thing you don't waste time with nuance like 'white meat' vs. 'dark meat'. A chicken bone found in the street was like a candy bar to a diabetic. Grab, crush, chomp, and swallow. Later on: shit, piss, fart, and bark. Basics. And believe you me when I tell you that a dog is not man's best friend. You would not believe what some of us say about people. Would not believe it. A great day for a dog is biting fleas, finding garbage, licking balls, and dumping on people. Has worked for us for 10,000 years. People—particularly farangs—cheese on a cracker what a bunch of dorks.

Take human dating for example. A guy will ask a girl out and entertain her and spend money on her hoping to get a smile or a feel or a kiss. What's that all about? We just stick our noses in the sweet spot and get busy. Anyway, I didn't speak my first non-dog words until I was nineteen years old. Reading in a Bangkok newspaper about some rich Thai-Chinese that was making a philanthropic donation of his own money (his own money—did I mention that?) I am told that I exclaimed: "Well, I'll be fxxxed". The genie was out of the bottle then and I was no longer only a dog; so I hit the road to continue my non-big giant university education. I was going to hit the hobo train trail in the Kingdom to learn how to cook tom yum gung over a sterno can, play the Ranat Ek, and blow on a Kblui but come to find out that there is no such thing as a hobo tradition in Thailand. Unless you count 95% of the citizenry.

So I ended up living under bridges. Oh the stories I could tell. The intrigue and the romance and the social diversity encountered and the lessons learned living under bridges. But I am a modest man and do not need to pluck on my own Chakhe or beat on my own Bridge Bachelor's degree khong mon. Anyway, what followed was thirty five years of begging, and crawling in and out of dumpsters, and tipping over trash cans, and stealing coins from floating Loy Krathong festival krathongs. Hey, it's a living. And it's been a life. On the odd occasion when bone deep Farangism has reared it's ugly head I have sold my body to earn money to buy clothes and sample the farang nightlife. Hence my experiences with Thai women in the red light district areas of the Kingdom.

So as you can see my life has not been one of university teas, and arguments about the history of the Medieval footnote, and laughing uproariously over witty Latin greeting cards hand inked by my brilliant son. I don't know how to grade on a curve, or how to convince the Dean of the College to promote my latest journal article, or how to wear casual mismatched clothing that screams 'too Mensa to care'; but I do know crap when I hear it.

Really, I only have two accomplishments in my life. I can talk to dogs and I know crap when I hear it. And how do I know crap when I hear it? By growing up with dogs, that's how. Believe me when I tell you that dogs do not bark crap. No agendas, and no sales, and no name dropping in the dog world. I've met dogs with multiple Phd's and they never even mentioned it. Just immediate primal needs and simple declarative sentences. I admit the bulk of the utterances dance around themes like "I hate fleas." and "My balls are itching." and "I need something to fxxx." but still the remainder of the dog talk you hear under bridges and hear in the Kingdom would make Chaucer sit up and say Whoof. And there is none of that insane tonal stuff either. A bark is a bark and a whoof is a whoof. Simple. Dog talk.

Yup, the beauty part about being raised by dogs if you are a human being is that you get decrapified. The copper bracelets that will make cancer go away? You ain't buyin'. Hell, we haven't even got wrists. The swamp land that will make a great condo investment. Sorry, I'm a dog—no grass; I'm not a player. The presidential candidates here in the United States that have not even read the Constitution or the Bill of Rights. You can throw the stick brother but I ain't chasin'. The mail order pills that will make you thinner, younger, hairier, sexier—hey, you're talking to a dog here: we eat our own poop.

You will never hear a dog say:

"The dangling appendages on the rearward part of my anatomy are distressing me with irritating feelings."

Instead, what you'll get is:

"HEY, MY BALLS ARE ITCHING."

Simple. Dog talk. Straightforward. Honest. Without pretence or calculation. When you hear a dog bark you know one of three things: Either there is an intruder headed for the house, or his balls itch, or some other dog is nailing the poodle from the Emporium with the perfumed ass. So what I'm really saying here is that getting decrapified by dogs under the bridges of the Kingdom is now reflected in my writing. No nonsense. Just the straight poop (sorry, poor choice of words). Anyway, you get my meaning. Bark bark.

I have to tell you that hanging out in the doorways of bars and listening to the foolish verbal posturing of farangs was enough to make you just put your head down on your paws, and close your eyes, and sigh. Don't think dogs are of consequence? Let me tell you something—dogs are getting more sex than anyone and we ain't paying. Ever seen a dog carrying a wallet? I rest my case. Anyway, I learned a lot in the first nineteen years of my life living with dogs including how to lick my balls (Hint: you want to lick up and down, not back and forth—same as brushing your teeth).

Anyway, knowing how to talk to dogs has value; but knowing crap when you hear it is too precious to be priced. No part of the universe is attracted to entropy more compellingly than time. Time for humans can not be wasted. And people filling up your life with crap are wasting your time. They are stealing from you. The incomplete thinker with the loud voice, and the list of references, and the name dropping habit, and the salesman's smile is a thief. He is stealing your time. And he ain't going to throw you a bone. Dogs avoid these pretenders with the knowledge that dogs have. Knowledge that places emphasis on declarative sentences and primal needs and truthful utterances. If a dog says: "I just sucked a flee out of my foreskin."—you can bet on it.

Time and crap and dogs. Get a handle on these and you start to outdistance people. Then it is time to start writing. So I think that is why my writing reads like the stone tablets that Moses carried down the mountain. No agenda, no fancy ideas, no mixed messages, no goofy higher education references, and no personal desires. I get messages and I hand them on. Just Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes delivered from my heart to yours. Crap free. Woof. Oh, and one more thing. You know that dog thing we do where we violently shake our tails back and forth when we meet you? Hey, it ain't you. Our balls shake and clang and it makes us high.

So the next time you are in the Kingdom why not engage in a little self-improvement? Instead of checking into the Mothership on Soi 4 in Bangkok and then rushing over to the Angelwitch bar at the NEP; find a bridge and introduce yourself to the dogs. They'll take you in and lick you all over, and show you the best places to look for food and the best places to take a dump. You'll immediately feel the foolish western twaddle and nonsense of your modern heart and mind start to fall away as you become more elemental and basic and pure. No more lying and cheating and stealing. No more bragging and selling and checking your watch. No more bombast and pomposity and attitude. After a while you will feel the need to write. Congratulations. It's Dana Time. Tell me what bridge you are under and I'll bring over a laptop and a can of flea powder. Hey, and if you keep at it—some day you'll be able to lick your own balls. Whoof whoof bark … whoof.

Anyway, that is just a little about me. What follows is an essay entitled: OUR FUTURE. It is a statement of the present and a vision of the future and a warning. Be afraid … be very afraid.

Introduction

In Thailand there is a saying that if it is the sexiest woman you have ever seen then it is probably not a woman: it is a katoey. Proving once again that men can do everything better than women; even be women better than women. But wait—there is more: go to the window and look out. Any window. Any window in the world. Everything you see was built by men.

But the times they are a-changin'. Get ready to have your world turned upside down. And it is going to start in the Kingdom. There is a shift in the Universe afoot. Dark forces have been loosed. The paradigm shift of man vs. woman in Thailand is now no longer a matter of speculation but an observable fact. Read the following essay for the news and be afraid—be very afraid. Woof.

Our Future

It is now and has been an observable fact for some time that each succeeding generation of bargirls is more predatory and more knowledgeable and more conscious of their powers and more inclined to use their powers without regard to morals or ethics or human results than the previous generation of bargirls. These little six pound wonders are born in Isaan or Chiang Rai or Bangkok or Patong with bargirl powers already hardwired into their brains in excess of the bargirl powers that their mothers were born with. The increase in powers from one generation to another generation is not exponential but it is not evolutionary either; it is a matter of too much too fast for scientific explanation. We are in a land of dark forces and the breeze's caress on your cheek is the touch of evil. Information is being passed on generationally from one generation of living things to the next generation of living things in excess of the normal acquisition of knowledge through instruction or imitation.

The result is that each new generation of bargirls to come into contact with farangs is more able in a social-sexual war where indifference to humanity and the application of sexually administered influences are everything. First to go were the weis.

"I ain't weiing you German man—now give me taxi money."

The next generation did away with the girlfriend experience.

"Wash your own socks monkey's ass."

After that we lost the smiles and the giggling. The generation following that one did away with 'long-times' and with worries about personal appearance. Goodbye cute sexy petite girls and hello lumbering elephants. Girls being born to bargirl mothers even as I type this will be coming to Bangkok or Pattaya with all of this information already hardwired into their psyches and brains and pussies and cell phones. It is the transference of information from generation to generation in excess of the time required to learn it. There is no learning. They just know.

The result is that bargirls are on the ascendancy as a species. The notion that they are fellow homosapiens is all part of the past. Nobody believes that anymore. Are they mammals? Yes. Are they humans? Not sure. We know they are different and the evidence is that they are leapfrogging ahead of the farangs in power and knowledge. In fact the farangs seem to be losing ground faster than the enemy's successes can account for. Maybe it is all part of some grand plan. Maybe God has way way too much spare time or he's gone over to the other side and he and the Devil are playing butt darts behind a harp factory in heaven. Anyway, as usual; it is the results that count not the speculation. And the result is that with each succeeding generation the farangs pay more for less and engage the bargirls with diminished expectations. These are not the actions of winners.

So now it is time to be afraid, be very afraid … Whoof.

Emboldened by their powers and their successes each new generation of bargirls has the ability to be more influential and more greedy. I can see the future. It is a future of Thailand more and more being influenced by the sexual colossi that bestride the farang-bargirl world. As incoming bargirl revenue picks up size and speed like a snowball rolling down hill not all of it will be spent on whiskey and drugs and boyfriends. Money will be invested. Banding together in financial pussy cabals they will end up owning shopping centers and mobile phone companies and stuffed animal franchises and Mickey Mouse T-shirt factories and gold shops.

Increased money will lead to increased influence and soon bargirls will end up running villages and then cities. They will become university presidents and captainesses of industry. Nothing grows faster than interest but nothing sells faster than pussy so the Chinese bankers and the Indian real estate families will be replaced by women wearing black high heel stiletto boots and cell phones and purses. No pants and no tops. Bargirls Rule.

The final step into government will have bargirls in charge of Immigration and Visas and entertainment licenses and alcohol licenses and the police. The prime minister of Thailand will be a bargirl. She will make public appearances dressed in a neck to toes fishnet stocking and she will appoint a high line bargirl from Patong to be Thailand's ambassador to the United Nations. This happy result of generations of mysterious bargirl generational knowledge transference will display no outstanding virtues of any kind in United Nations sessions and will give free blow jobs to anyone.

I am currently 58. If I can live to be 100 I believe there are enough future bargirl generations so that I will someday see the country of Thailand renamed Bargirland. I hope so. It is the future. And I am ready for it. I just hope they'll be gentle.

Woof. Bark. Bark.

170. Last Stupid Night in Bangkok

TT&A Part 155 16/12/2006

End of vacation. Beat. Tired. Sick. Almost time to go back to Boston and go to the clinic and get the mysterious Dr. ‘M’ from Rio to irradiate my blood, and have 100 grams of intravenous vitamin C, and intravenous mineral replacement, and a double shot of intravenous hydrogen peroxide with a Myers nutritional cocktail that makes my toes nearly ignite from the internal heat while my head is making thrashing movements. Nurse Carmen operates the plunger and I calculate how much I can take …

“Stop stop stop—Jesus stop, it is too hot and painful.”
“No no don’t stop—it feels wonderful.”
“Oh God Carmen, stop the plunger; I can’t take it—it is too hot and painful.”
“OK, I think I can take some more. God that feels good.”
“Oh God nurse—stop the plunger it is too hot and painful; Jesus I’m dying …
“OK, yeah I’m cool now—give me the rest Carmen and don’t stop. Stand on the plunger and jam it in.”
“Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhh … Sweet Jesus that hurts.”

There’s no pleasure like magnesium delivered with a plunger through a clear plastic tube directly into the vein. I’ll also have the Chem 26 lab procedure to test for basics plus STD’s, and then three weeks of enzymes and vitamin C megadoses. No cholesterol or triglycerides screening or any of the rest. That’s medicine for people who are thinking of longevity issues. I only think six months at a time. I already know I’m going to die of Aids or suicide so why waste time and money on health? Just get me in shape Dr.’M’ from Rio and lovely nurse Carmen so that I can have sex without condoms with high risk women again in six months.

Anyway, it is my last day in the Kingdom and I am beat and sick and tired but tonight is a big event. Tonight, my last night in Bangkok, I have a date with Min of Washington Square. She is a 'good Thai girl'. I had met her two weeks before on a kind of blind date thing set up by an expat acquaintance of mine who lives in Washington Square. She works in a legitimate massage place off soi 22. Liked her a lot. So now it is serious adult time. I have never dated a good Thai girl so I am anxious to please. I want to give a good account of myself and I also give a good account for every well intentioned farang with jai dee. I feel like a teenager full of hope and nervousness.

Min gives me a foot massage at the place where she works (I think all massage is bunk and junk and a fraud but I play along) before dinner and she gets a 100 baht tip. My feet don't feel any different but my wallet feels lighter. Massage. What crap. A nation's shame. Anyway, we go to a restaurant of expensive Thai food (she doesn't ask what I might want) and I pay for everything. She eats like the Burmese are coming through the Three Pagoda Pass on war elephants and it is her last meal. Bewildering and seemingly unending entrees. She eats everything. A food vacuum cleaner. She is about four feet tall and she tears at the food like a shark cleaning out a pail of guppies. Where does she put it all?

"No, I mean really—where does she put it all? She is four feet tall for Christ's sake and there can not possibly be room in there for all the incoming. If you have ever been to the Kingdom you know what I mean. Are you a newbie to the Thai scene? Want to have some fun—sort of a scientific thing? Pick up a Thai woman no taller than four feet (use a ruler) and take her to a restaurant. Prepared to be staggered"

Anyway, no thanks to me. And no conversation. Not a word. I guess sharks aren't big talkers. I got all nervous about taking a good Thai girl out to dinner and paying to watch her gorge herself like a Chinese goose with a funnel jammed down it's beak. Wait, it gets better all you jai dee farangs who would like to get lucky enough to meet a good Thai girl. During dinner she asks to try on my silver bracelets. She puts on seven bracelets. I get back six. No thanks to me. I guess I just made a donation to Thai culture.

We go to the Mambo transvestite show. She has a great time but no thanks to me. The Mambo show is so close to the massage place where she has been working that you could practically hit it by throwing a rock. She did not know it was there. Another worldly Thai. Good thing I showed up with money and a compass. She asks me to set up an email account for her so that we can communicate with each other. At least that is what I think she said. The only part I am sure of is that she asked me to set up an email account for her. She can not do anything on the computer. So how are we going to communicate? I don't ask. What the hell; in for a penny, in for a pound. Another 50 baht. And we can add taxi and Skytrain fares that I incurred on this excursion into the mysterious and highly sought after world of the good Thai girl. On the way back to her job I go to put my arm around her as we are walking side by side down the sidewalk. No good. She throws my hand off. She isn't having it. I try again. Rebuffed again. I was good enough for the show and the dinner and the jewelry and the internet account and the massage tip and the attention but I am not good enough to put my arm around her. How do you say—"Honey, something isn't right." in Thai?

Up around 2000 baht on this date. Ten days of this good Thai girl would be 20,000 baht. And the way she eats by the time she judged me worthy enough to put my arm around her it would be like putting my arm around a bowling ball. So, what did I get for my money and my time and my hopes and my good intentions? I got to watch someone eat, and watch a show, and receive a free internet account, and pocket a tip, and steal my jewelry. Gosh Thailand—I hope someday I am good enough for your good women. But I guess right now that is just a dream.

Wait, I'm not through. I've spent years hearing about the good Thai girl so what's another paragraph? Ten dates with the good Thai woman at two thousand baht per date is going to cost me twenty thousand baht. If you thought dating in a Third World country was cheap guess again. It ain't Siam anymore; it is now Thailand and it is going to cost you. Oh well, I guess the twenty thousand baht is an investment in my future. After all, I have to prove I'm as good as she is because she is a Thai and I am only a dirty foreign devil. Three dates per week (we are courting) would be thirty six dates in three months. 72,000 BAHT. For seventy-two thousand baht I can pick up Fa on the boardwalk every sunny morning in Pattaya 144 times. 144 fun morning bonks with my beautiful Fa. Is a good Thai girl worth one hundred and forty-four happy times with a bad Thai girl? Interesting equation.

No more good Thai girls. Waste of time and money. But at least I learned something I won't forget —

"No More Good Thai Girls. Waste Of Time And Money."

Hey, and I can't be the lone ranger here. I can't be the only farang who has had this experience. Don't believe me? OK, try this. Have a temporary tattoo pattern made up that says—"No More Good Thai Girls. Waste Of Time And Money." Get yourself a table and set up a little temporary tattoo business on the sidewalk around Soi 13 in South Pattaya. If I'm in town I'll be your helper. I'll bet we run out of ink in three hours.

So anyway it is my last evening in Bangkok. I stagger back to the Nana for a nap and some regrouping. No more good Thai girls and I am too tired to be any good at anything else but still it is my last night in Bangkok so I gird my tired tourist loins and leave the Mothership. Head up to Soi 10 to check out a blow job bar I found on the internet. Two bars: one in BKK and one in Pattaya with a professional quality website. I'm too whipped for athletics but I guess I could just be serviced. Find the bar. Close enough to the Nana to go in the rolodex. Inside. Terrible. None of the girls really any fun. Place is empty and the cashier refuses to cash a 500 baht note. Apparently she does not want me to actually spend money in the bar. Oh well, who knows ... Thailand. One young skinny boney Chinesey looking girl with frightening teeth comes and stands next to me at the bar but then she doesn't know how to move the thing forward. And the notion of having those bad buck teeth near me is frightening. Makes you wonder what complete idiot is in charge of hiring. Pitiful. I leave.

As I am going back down the alley I can hear the staff tumbling out of the door where they line up and sing the GO AWAY FARANG song:

Go away farang—
We don't need you.
Go away farang—
We don't like you.
Go away farang—
We don't want you.

Hit the road
And don't come back.
Our contempt for you—
We don't lack.

We don't need you—
We'd sooner shit green.
Get out of the bar—
You we wish we'd never seen ...

Last Stupid Night in Bangkok

We don't like you.
You've got nothing for us.
Hit the road—
Find a bus.

We don't want you—
Forget getting change.
You're nothing but a dog
Covered with mange.

Hit the road—
And don't come back.
Our contempt for you
We don't lack.

Go away farang—
We don't need you.
Go away farang—
We don't like you.
Go away farang—
We don't want you.

Hit the road yet ped—
And don't come back.
Hit the road Hee mah—
And don't come back.
Hit the road kuhn heeat—
And don't come back.

You want cash register change?
Por Mung Tai—
You want service?
Mae-Mung-Tai—
You want a smile?
Chong mang.

Hit the road
Ai Na Dad—
And don't come back.
Hit the road
Sudd-Na-Rok—
Contempt we don't lack.

If we want your opinions
We'll squeeze your head.
Smiling at you?
We'd sooner be dead.

If we run out of toilet paper—
To the phone we'll race.
We'll call you down—
And use your face.

Hit the road farang keenohk—
Listen to our taunts.
We're glad you're leaving—
Something to mock.

Go away farang—
We don't need you.
Go away farang—
We don't like you.
Go away farang—
We don't need you.

This is a blowjob bar—
Sex for money.
If you ain't gonna buy—
We ain't your honey.

You want change
From the cash register?
Then get blown first—
Spew on her.

Otherwise yet mang—
You son of a Ga-ree.
Find the door—
Your back we want to see.

Go away farang—
We don't like you.
We don't need you.
We don't want you.

We'd sooner return
To good old Siamese—
Than smile and mean it:
The customer to please.

We wish you were dead.
We wish you were gone.
We are Thai—
This is our song.

Christ, if this is what passes for a sex venue in the 21st century then humans have not made much progress in 10,000 years. Pitiful. No wonder masturbation is so popular. Better service by qualified interested people and no risk of losing your money.

Now it is hot and dark and I am staggering up Sukhumvit. Overdressed. Not having any fun. Looking for another place I get lost. Then onto the Skytrain. Get off and get lost again. Walking for what seems like miles in the wrong direction. The Skytrain is well set up until you get off the thing and have to exit the correct side of the station to get to where you are going. Signs but no maps. I have never once even by sheer stupid dumb statistical luck managed to exit the Skytrain on the proper side for my destination. I spent ten years of my life reading about physics, and I have been interested in astronomy and celestial navigation for decades; but I can't divine how to exit the Skytrain on the correct side. I guess I am just not smart enough. Once I made a choice and then purposely went the other direction. Nope. Wrong side again. Another time I made a choice and then changed my mind and then quickly turned on my heel and changed direction again (trying to outsmart Fate here). Got down to the sidewalk and screwed again. Once a nice English speaking expat saw me looking lost and distressed and he helped me. Nope. Wrong side of the street again. I have exited the Skytrain on the wrong side at stations between Asoke and On Nut and at stations between Rajchathewi and Saphan Kwai so many times that if a biologist was tracking me by my radio signal coyote collar he would have to conclude that this animal has no idea what it is doing. At some of these stations you would think that because of secondary landmarks that it would be impossible to screw up. For example at On Nut you can see the Tedesco on one side, and at Phrom Phong you can see the Emporium complex, and at Nana you can see the unfinished skyscraper and empty lot, etc. You would be mistaken. However, with my big western brain I have come up with a sure fire way to deal with this navigational conundrum. I don't even try anymore. I just exit by the first set of downward steps and then go to plan B when I get to the street. Saves time starring at maps like a dog looking at a cat's full litterbox and trying to make a decision. No more querying the frightened locals, or consulting my Lonely Planet GPS, or irritating Skytrain station personnel, or measuring the angle of declination of the sun, or hanging over the edge three stories up and trying to plot according to far away landmarks.

"Let's see—if we travelled south, and the sun is in the west, and I can almost maybe see the river, and the color of the soil is red, and the last time I got lost by going down these stairs, and my map is oriented properly, and I keep the compass away from the metal railing so as to not excite local polarity differentials, and this same begging mother and child was in this exact spot six months ago, and if that fruit juice stand was in that same spot one year ago, and …

Holy shit, look at that woman—her hair must go down almost to her knees—and … oh Jesus—look at her friend; high cheekbones and big designer glasses and big rings and big jewelry and a neck-to-ankles clinging knit dress, and … I think I'll just follow these female Kingdomites down the Skytrain station stairs and see what happens."

Anyway, it is my last night in Bangkok and I look like every other stupid tourist farang loser. Hot and tired and overdressed and lost. I miss my Pattaya. Pattaya is easy. Bangkok is hard. Should just go home to the Nana and take a bath and go to bed. I'm 58 for God's sake—just cash in the chips and call it a day. Then I see a familiar road sort of. I must be in Soi Cowboy territory. Get lost again. Then find it. At Soi Cowboy I get hopeful. Bright lights and smiling girls. I visit every single bar on both sides of the street from one end to the other. The biologist plotting my movements with the coyote tracking collar would be drawing a zig zag as I go from the top of the street to the bottom. A complete zero. I don't know how the girls in this territory make a living but they sure did not find me appealing. I'm dressed up nice with a wallet full of money but they weren't interested. The only living thing that was pleased to see me was the baby elephant at the end of the soi. Bought 20 baht of bamboo treats and had my first rewarding relationship of the night. Wondered if my good Thai girl will have this elephant's figure in ten years.

Now I turn and scout out where I am and how I am going to get home. I have to cross the 8 lane highway at night. Scares the hell out of me. Barely have the energy. Losing the will to live. Make it across. No more taxis or Skytrain adventures. I know where I am now and I'm just going to spend the rest of my last night in Bangkok doing the hot tired spiritless slog back to the Nana hotel.

Then I stumble on to the Thermae. Had completely forgotten it. Down the steps. It is choked with pussy. Must be 100 girls all looking at me like puppies at a shelter wanting to be adopted. But it is too dark. I hate shopping in the dark and in the last five years have pretty much completely stopped shopping in the dark because you can't see what you are doing. Other guys and authors like to talk about the atmosphere of the dark cavernous night time adventure of the Thermae. But I don't see these guys buying bread at Foodland with the lights out, or shopping for cars in dark automobile showrooms, or talking to Indian tailors about being measured for a custom suit in a dark shop—more smarty-pants tough guy talk from the Thailand literature dweebs who have to make every little Siamese molehill into a men's magazine article mountain. Anyway, I don't like shopping for important merchandise in the dark. I do a little walk around but it just ain't in me.

Going back up the steps there is a woman in front of me having trouble negotiating the stairway. At first I think she must be old because she is mumbling to herself and having balance problems. She is kinda zig zagging left and right on the stairs, and going slow, and unsteady, and she's got those piano legs of the no longer young woman. Then I realize she is not old but drunk. And friendly. She is a friendly drunk. When people drink too much one of three things happens: they either become mean drunks, or they become happy drunks, or they become obnoxious drunks. This one is a happy drunk and she is a player.

Name is … can’t remember—anyway into the taxi and off to the Nana. At the Nana I am tired and she is drunk but she is happy and I am laughing. Off come the clothes and then I start pounding meat. Loaded with ‘last day in Bangkok’ Viagra I pound one side and then turn her over and pound the other side. Her head is rolling like a rag doll and she is laughing. God bless over-the-hill whores who love to bonk and love to laugh and love to drink. Memorable.

So that was my last stupid night in Bangkok. Two thousand baht for the good Thai girl who did not want to be seen with me on the street, and 500 baht for the Thermae tart. I wonder who I will remember the longest: the drunken whore or the good Thai girl?

171. Don’t Hope For More

TT&A Part 156 23/12/2006

Introduction

“Boulevard of Broken Dreams” by Green Day

I walk a lonely road—
The only one that I have ever known.
Don’t know where it goes—
But it’s home to me and I walk alone.

I walk this empty street
On the Boulevard of Broken Dreams;
Where the city sleeps—
and I’m the only one and I walk alone.

My shadow’s the only one that walks beside me.
My shallow heart’s the only thing that’s beating.
Sometimes I wish someone out there will find me—
‘Til then I walk alone.

Don’t Hope For More

I am so tired I feel as if I have been beaten with sticks, and dragged behind a car; and then drop kicked off a cliff. Too little REM sleep and too much Viagra and too many adventures. I am beat. It’s been a slow day and an off day in the Kingdom love wise but that is OK. Life is not a contest. So I decide to get dressed up and end the day by stopping into the Superbabies bar in Soi Diamond, and then going over to the Club Electric Blue and licking the pussies of the girls on the second floor. I’m a dead man but I can still lick a pussy.

Two bars is enough. Usually I would then stagger up South Pattaya road and check out my email in the internet place with the Japanese keyboards before catching the baht bus on 2nd road and going on down to Soi 13. Tonight however I decide that even though I am a dead man I will end the evening by walking back to Soi 13 on the beach boulevard. It is a beautiful night and there are more cruisers than fleas at a dog pound. Eventually I get to Soi 13. I should cross the street and go into the AA Hotel and fall into a coma. But I don't. For some reason I keep walking. OK, the reason is that I'm an idiot—but I keep walking.

And not one hundred feet later I spy Daow leaning against a palm tree. Her friend is leaning against one palm tree and Daow is leaning against the next palm tree. Sort of a pussy stakeout. This is like hitting the lottery. Daow and I have already done two 'short-times' together and she is just great. Fun and funny and likes to get naked with men and likes to be boom-boomed by men and all for 500 baht. Unlike most Thai females she has an exaggerated hour glass body and breasts that look like two funnels. One look at her breasts and you go from age 56 to about age 15 in a nanosecond. The second time we were together I had her put one of my T-shirts on in the shower and then I sprayed her with the nozzle and then jerked the shower curtain open so that we could see her in the mirror. A Wet T-Shirt contest. And her laughing and loving the attention. Ever wash a woman's breasts through her wet T-shirt with her pedaling in place saying you are tickling her? But I digress.

Anyway, I smile and she beams and I take her hand. But instead of taking her right across the street I start walking back down the boardwalk with her. No questions from her. She is just happy to have hit certain money. Where am I taking us? To Swenson's Ice Cream. I really like this woman and would like to have something between us besides just animal acts. So some ice cream parlor foreplay should be a good thing. We can spend some non sex charged time together and maybe get to know some things about each other and just luxuriate in the mystery and the wonder and the joy of two differently sexed adults starting a relationship. I’d like her to be my teeruk.

In Swenson’s it is slow and kind of disappointing and makes me think of all of the other times I have tried this with whores in Thailand to absolutely no effect. Honest to God, she doesn’t even seem to be up to speed on what reading a menu, and making selections, and chatting about options, and having simple ice cream eating fun is all about. I feel as if I have taken a defected adult out of an asylum for a day outing. And once again as in all of the previous times I have attempted to get beyond the farang-whore relationship I am doing all of the pulling at the oars.

There are pictures of the different ice cream treats in the big glossy fun menu. One item is some kind of big fancy dessert dish with a cherry, and hot fudge sauce, and ice cream, and a wafer cookie, and a banana. She points to the banana and says, “Like you.”

Well, OK. If I was twenty-five I might have found this engaging or racy or sexy or fun. But I was hoping for more from my hopefully future teeruk. Something a little more thoughtful. Something a little more personal. Something a little more intelligent. Maybe something that spoke to us and our future. Instead I get the observation that my dick is as big as a banana. Another farang hope for a relationship dashed on the rocks of Thai disappointment.

Don’t hope for more. They are just whores.

Crows In A Wheatfield

Are you like me? Do you wonder why a famous Dutch painter is supposed to have cut off his ear because of some involvement with a woman? Whether it is true or not it does make you think. Boy—she must have asked for a lot of taxi money. I can see it now. He picks her up at a street café run by Thais in late 19th century Arles and they end up in his room that smells of turpentine and oil paint. She ends up with so many colored smudges all over her that she looks like a Jackson Pollock painting. But he makes it up to her by giving her some money, and a loaf of bread, and a drawing of a drawbridge, and an unopened tube of Burnt Sienna. Then at the door she has the Thai nerve to ask for taxi money.

That did it. The poor guy snapped. Out comes the knife and off comes the ear and here come the guys in the uniforms with the straitjackets. What is it with women anyway? In the words of Freud—”What does woman want?”

I’ll tell you what women want. Are you ready? Here it comes:

They want two things—

1. They want babies.
2. They want to talk to their girlfriends on their cell phones.

OK, no big shock. Really? How close are you reading? Do you see any mention made of you in that list? Do you see your name? Do you see the word ‘men’? In fact, do you see anything in the list of what Thai women want that crosses with you in any way?

The answer is ‘NO’. You are not a part of the drinks at the bar, or the appetizers, or the entree, or the desert in her life. So don’t take it all so seriously. She doesn’t take you seriously. You don’t count. You will never count. Just go with it. Learn to operate with new rules and diminished expectations. I bring sexy lingerie items from the States and have them try them on and pose in front of the mirrors. I wash them in the shower and the bath. I tell them I love them. I tell them they are beautiful. I take respectful pictures of them. Etc. We have fun. We laugh. We make love. And then do you know what I do when it is all over? I give them money. They are prostitutes. They are selling and I am buying. But I do not expect it to be love. I do not expect to be more important to them than their girlfriends and their cellphone. I do not expect to replace their baby dream that they have had every bleeding month from the time they were thirteen years old. I’m a realist. I don’t count. But it’s OK. She laughed and I laughed and I got to hold her in my arms. Now she is gone.

I’m not going to cut my ear off over it.

172. Dana’s Lament

TT&A Part 157 1/1/2007

Introduction

Alright kats and kittens—it’s rockin’ time at Dana Central again. I’m jacked and pumped and locked and loaded. My stuff is hanging out of my underpants, I’ve got wiggly legs under the table, I’m jabbin’ at the keyboard like a pointy-shoed Puerto Rican trying to kill a roach in the corner of his one light bulb kitchen, my left eye facial tic is starting to make the staccato bursts of the demented, and a broken vein in my nose is leaving a trail of blood down to my upper lip. As the blood pools on top of my lip the coagulating action starts to pull and stretch at the lip. That plus the smell of my own blood is the final whistle. The Writing Zone train is leaving the station and I am on it. Speakers piled to the ceiling are delivering the sound of a woman moaning, plus the heart monitor beep in intensive care. Incense burning the evocative and aromatic smell of soi dog turds plus a pitcher full of gin-and-tonics with unwashed crystal glasses scattered about means I am ready to rock. It’s Thursday night and time to write.

It’s 8:37 p.m. Eastern Standard Time here in Boston on a dark winter night and I’ve got to get my submission into the great Stickmeister by 9. Submissions by 9 every Thursday night for years and years. Self-imposed limits and goals lead to excellence or self-mutilation—but SJOAC (Sweet Jesus On A Cracker); sometimes it’s a bitch getting the last minute trivial editing and rewrites done in time. “Do I want to say ‘peckerhead’ or ‘dickhead’? Hey, you tell my your troubles (yawn …) and I’ll tell you mine … anywho, it’s the Boston Bard aka the Bostonian Bangkokian here to tell you that I am presenting another Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes for your information and delectation.

This is a one act play in two parts, with Siamese beginning and ending soliloquies for bracketing. In other words, as with almost everything I write; what may appear to be stream-of-conscious channelling is actually highly structured. Sort of like my numerous suicide attempts. For maximum literary impact this submission might benefit from sucking down a few cigarettes and a few gin-and-tonics first; but hey, your personal life is your own. Anyway, here is another stab at literary firefly light. I hope you enjoy …

Email And Reply

(One Act Play in Two Parts)

Rooftop Lament Soliloquy Prologue—

(Rainy season night in Bangkok—standing in hotel window)

See that lone figure on the rooftop in the distance? See the lips moving? See him finally flip the flaming butt into the night sky, turn, and walk back to the rooftop door? Know who that was? It was me. Did you hear the music?

‘I’m Not Your Stepping Stone’ (Boyce and Hart)
by Paul Revere and the Raiders

“I I I I I’m not your stepping stone
I I I I I’m not your stepping stone

You’re trying to make your mark in society
Using all the tricks that you used on me
You’re reading all those high fashion magazines
The clothes you’re wearin’ girl
are causing public scenes

I said
I I I I I’m not your stepping stone
I I I I I’m not your stepping stone
Not your stepping stone
Not your stepping stone

When I first met you girl you didn’t have no shoes
Now you’re walking ‘round like you’re front page news
You’ve been awful careful ‘bout the friends you choose
But you won’t find my name in your book of Who’s Who

I said
I I I I I’m not your stepping stone
I I I I I’m not your stepping stone
Not your stepping stone
Not your stepping stone ...”

Soliloquy—

D is for the Door you opened to my heart.
A is for the Anguish I endured.
N is for the “No” I shouted when you said we had to part.
A is for the Anguish I endured ...

D A N A—that’s my name.
D A N A—that’s my pain.
D A N A—that’s my name.
D A N A—that’s my pain.

D is for the Door you opened to my heart.
A is for the Anguish I endured.
N is for the ‘No’ I shouted when you said we had to part.
A is for the Anguish I endured—

Part One: EMAIL AND REPLY
(two figures and two spots on dark stage)

EMAIL: Gday Mate Dana—

Fourteen hours ‘till wheels up for the Kingdom and my thanks to you for the inspiration. Taking some of your submissions in a three ring binder as a reference and looking forward to my first trip to BKK and Pattaya. Dana you’re the man and I’m hoping to do you proud. It’s my first trip out of Oz and my first trip from home. Could I be more excited? Stay tuned—I’ll let you know what transpires.

Ian Crutchley
Melbourne

REPLY: Sa Wa Dee Khrap Hansum Man Ian from Melbourne—

So your off to the Kingdom—
Your email told me so.
Your Aussie bags are packed—
And it’s time to Go Go Go.

Good luck and g'day billabong mate—
Just know that I was once like you.
All hope and hormones—
Now a more toxic brew.

Stand outside the Bus Stop—
And take in the scene.
Angel faces and angel tresses—
How could they be mean?

Now through my eyes …
The Bus Stop view:
Reptiles and snakes and lies.
You’ll learn to rue …

Everyone a heart breaker.
Everyone a Thai.
Reptiles and snakes and sighs …
And lies and lies and lies.

Dana’s Lament

For you a first time high—
Your first Thailand date.
You’ll soon learn about the lies—
Good luck and g’day mate.

I wish I was getting on the Aussie plane
In your place.
I wish I didn’t know about Same-Same
Or about Face.

Oh to go back—
To be innocent again.
Taking smilers back to the rack—
Believing I was It—no other Men.

God … to start over—
Full of hormones and hope.
Instead of a tired sex rover—
Another lameass farang dope.

Good luck Mr. Aussie Emailer:
I hope you score and score.
Bang them for me—
And don’t use the word whore.

As beat up as I am—
And cynical and tired;
I never fell out of love
With the thrills Thai women sired.

They’ve filled me with glee—
They’ve won.
Like a beaten dog I crawl to my teeruk master—
I love them every one.

Happy Days and Happy Nights
Aussie emailer.
Good luck to you.
Say hi to the Kingdom—
And the nightlights …
For me.

Chok dee
Dana

(spots fade and two figures leave stage to be replaced by lone speaker)

Part Two: DANA’S LAMENT
(music intro)

“Got my mojo working, but it just won’t work on you.
Got my mojo working, but it just won’t work on you.
I wanna love you so bad till I don’t know what to do.”
—Muddy Waters

‘Oh Noi—

I am so angry and so disappointed—so lost and so lonely.
Every thought I directed your way;
Every gift and every trip,
Every hope and every smile,
Was just a way for you to rip—
My heart out.

All I wanted was to be near you.
To love you.
To care for you.

All you wanted was …
I don’t know what you wanted.

In the end you did a horrible thing to me—
Unearned abuse.
You made counterfeit the currency of everything we did together.
What had felt like love—looked like a ruse.

Oh Noi—I am so angry and so disappointed—so lost and so lonely.
I hate you.
I love you. I hate you. I love you. I hate you.

I love you ...

Oh my Noi—I am so empty and so disoriented. So bereft and so confused.
I hate you.

I love you.’

(curtain closes and lone figure comes out and stands on stage front) —

Post Play Soliloquy:

(Rainy season night in Bangkok—standing in the hotel window)

“See that lone figure on the rooftop in the distance? See the lips moving? See him finally flip the flaming butt into the night sky, turn, and walk back to the rooftop door? Know who that was? It was me. Did you hear the music?” ‘I’m Not Your Stepping Stone’ by Paul Revere and the Raiders?’ Could you hear the heart rending?

Gotta stop smokin’ these cigarettes ...

But first I gotta stop cryin’.”

173. Photo Shock or Life Shock?

TT&A Part 158 8/1/2007

Introduction

Are you like me? Have you gotten carpal tunnel syndrome Googling the net and you just can't find anyone who sells monogrammed colostomy bags? I know, it is disappointing. I feel your pain. You have a reasonable desire and no one cares. But still, it is only a disappointment. Disappointments can be dealt with.

It is the shocks in life that can set you back. And they can not always be dealt with successfully. Sometimes they are the kind of shocks that are called after-shocks. It is already too late. So—no monogrammed colostomy bags? A disappointment. You can move on. But shocks in your life are something you need to be vigilant about. Below is an essay about shocks. It is entitled:

Photo Shock Or Life Shock?

Do you know anybody who can tell the future or have you personally ever had the experience of being able to see the future? No? I have been able to see the future and I believe you can too. All you need is a cheap camera and your teeruk in Thailand. You know the one I mean. The woman you are crazy about. The woman you are having serious long term mature responsible bonding dreams about. The one who if she brought up the word marriage—you wouldn't run, you'd ponder.

Well, consider this: Photo Shock. To wit—

I once picked up a woman at the Carousel bar at the Nana Entertainment Plaza in Bangkok and because she was cranked on ya ba and I was stoked on Viagra; I (and we) had the two most amazing nights of sex of my life. But it was more than animal coupling that went on from 11:00 p.m. to 3:00 a.m. because we were both full of drugs: she was cute and fun and smart, and cute and fun and smart, and cute and fun and smart, and cute and fun and smart … you get the idea. The second night I picked her up we walked down Sukhumvit to eat some of that Isaan food. On the way back I bought her a teddy bear. In the room at the Mothership I took her picture standing against the wall smiling and holding the teddy bear.

OK, here comes the 'reading the future' part. When I got the photos back I was stunned to see that she had a big wide squash nose. Where did that come from? How come I never noticed that before?

So what's the point? Am I that superficial? The point is that standing in the room staring at the picture of the woman with the big wide squash nose and looking at her face and her figure suddenly I could see her future. She was a rural Thai woman from a faraway place so different from me that our lives could only be measured in our differences. All of her big body parts were going to get bigger and her stomach was going to blow out and she was someday going to be shaped like a bowling ball with a big squash nose. She would still be the same wonderful person full of hopes and dreams and happy smile but she wasn't my person. She wasn't my future and I wasn't her future. Starring at the photo I could see a future that I had missed in person when distracted by the smile and the eyes and the figure and the sex. I didn't go back for her a third night.

It is really all about dimensionality. Three dimensions delivers different information than two dimensions and both sets of data count. In three dimensions I had not been able to see some things that a two dimensional photo would deliver. Thank God for photos. Think I am being superficial? OK, you marry her. I'll check up on you in ten years. She'll be chopping up mystery meat at a sidewalk table on Soi 4 and you'll be sitting beside her on a white plaster bucket selling lottery tickets. And you'll both have the same figure. Thank God for cheap tourist cameras and photos.

Another example: For two years I had been besotted with a woman named Noy who I had met at the NEP one night when she was working as a doorgirl. I was so green that I thought doorgirl was her job. I didn't even know she was a prostitute. Green as broccoli and dumb as paint. I'll spare you the details of those two years because it reads exactly the same as every other similar story. I think I am smarter and cleverer than everyone else but my story is exactly the same. Hey, how did that happen? Anyway, one day we went on an all day beach and boating trip to Ko Larn off Pattaya. I took pictures of her on the beach and in the water. Later when I got the pictures back and looked at them I went into photo shock.

My Noy and my future had a mustache. Hadn't noticed that in two years. Not a bad thing really. Asian women have jet black hair and a little darkening under the nose and over the lip is normal. No big deal. But what disturbed me was that in spending two years with this women on the most intimate basis I had not noticed it. What kind of knockout gas was I under? Hey, let's check the photo to see how many arms she has. Maybe I missed something important there too.

And she also had dead eyes. I always thought she had happy eyes. Happy eyes and happy to see me and happy about life. The eyes of the woman in these photos were dead and uninvolved and uninterested. And I was taking the picture. Again, nobody has to look like Miss Fantastically Happy all the time but how come I had never noticed these eyes before? What else had I not noticed? And her figure was that of a rural daddy's girl far away from Isaan. Curvey now but soon to run to fat and shapeless middle age as she lumbers into the body of her mother. Call me selfish but being mated to that future is not my dream and I could see the future on the laminated cheap photo in my hand.

Again, think I am being superficial? OK, you marry her. Get a truck in Isaan and go into the business of delivering and servicing propane tanks. You and Noy can have a fantastic life together driving the truck around to businesses and homes putting propane tanks on and off the truck. Sounds great doesn't it? A business in Isaan and a life with an exotic Thai woman. Except for one thing. Remember the photo? Dead eyes. Is that your dream? To live with a woman with the eyes and the cerebral bonding involvement of a lizard? Get a camera. Start taking pictures.

A woman's body is her joy and her curse; and time and hormones and pregnancy can visit upon them unwanted changes in their figures. Not their fault. But not my fault either. It is said that you better love the women you marry because the women you marry is going to change and only love will endure. I held the pictures in shock. Quiet shock. Did I love Noy enough? I could see the future in the pictures and it was not a future I wanted to be a part of. Without the photos I had not seen the future. Distracted by her voice, and her movements, and her three dimensionality I had not picked up other important harbingers of the future. A future that did not charm me. We are no longer together.

So what is my conclusion? My conclusion is that the artificial two dimensional world of the photo can sometimes allow you to see into the future. Your future with your Thai heartthrob. Take some pictures of your girlfriend before you say "Will you marry me?". Not naughty pictures but just some pictures of her face and figure. Your future is on the laminated photo. The two dimensional photo is almost like a window into the future. Study it carefully and alone without the distractions of the sound of her voice or the movements of her body or the nearness of her sexuality.

What will you see? Well, I don't know. She is not my girlfriend. But you may see that East is East and West is West and Never The Twain Shall Meet. Of course the right thinkers, and Zen centered, and socially sensitive will pop up like politically correct meerkats when they hear this but they are not standing in a hotel room staring at a picture of their future. And they have not got their life and their heart on the line. Away from the free spending, and the girlfriend support group at the bar, and the noise, and the music, and the sex; what have you got? Try an eleven hour bus trip out of town. You won't talk because you can't talk. She will be waiting to arrive at your destination so that she can communicate with her kind. After four days in her village you will be scanning the horizon for farangs. Hell, I'll even look good to you …

"Hey Dana how are you?"
"Fine—I thought you found my character lacking?"
"No man—luv you man—just keep speaking English."
"Okkkkkaaaaaaaay …"
"Say Dana—can you lend me Bangkok bus fare?"

Stare at the photo brother—
Stare hard and long.
You have children and she is the mother?
Was she from the Pong?

If her eyes are dead
Looking at you—
Why would you wed
And live a life of rue?

Consider the photo
A gift and a clue.
Pack and run—
Find another to woo.

Photo Shock is better than the alternative: Life Shock.

174. From the Mothership

TT&A Part 159 13/1/2007

Hello Stickmanites and Lesser Earthlings—

An important announcement here to tell you that in addition to Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes on a weekly basis a new feature called FROM THE MOTHERSHIP is going to be inaugurated. FROM THE MOTHERSHIP will spotlight Nana Hotel news and views to keep you up to date on Soi 4 happenings. As you all know, the Nana Hotel on Soi 4 in Bangkok is the greatest hotel in the world and the immediate area of the Nana Hotel is an oasis of dignity and refinement unparalleled in the world.

The Nana Hotel of Soi 4 in Bangkok, Thailand has received the prestigious BEST INTERNATIONAL MONGER SLAG PIT award for the last twenty-four years in a row and that's no accident. These wise and experienced and motivated hoteliers know that to capture and keep business year after year you need a well ordered establishment that has pussy in the hallways, and bimbos in the stairwells, and freelancers in the lobby, and smilers in the parking lot, and winkers in the bar, and hair flippers in the restaurant, and last call whores in the disco. And the Soi 4 surrounding geography of the Nana Hotel from the Rajah car park, to the gas station on the corner of Soi 4 and Sukhumvit, to the shoe repair guy on the corner of Soi 4 and Sukhumvit on the other side of Soi 4, to the Soi 4 NEP side of the street down to the Swan Inn has also consistently been one of the number one vacation spot choices for experienced and discriminating travelers.

Sure I know there are people with brochures of Machu Picchu at home, and I know there are tourists considering being ferried ashore in Antarctica to have their picture taken with penguins, and I know there are travel dreamers considering a trekking vacation to Everest Base Camp; but let me ask you this—how many big dicked, sex diseased, drug addled trannies do you think you are going to find in a penguin colony? I think I have made my point.

Anyway, these weekly FROM THE MOTHERSHIP news and views will be short snippets of information and infotainment specifically aimed at men of class and refinement and international sensitivity. And so without further ado I present FROM THE MOTHERSHIP bulletin Number One—

"I was checking into the Mothership the other night and in addition to my key, and my receipt, and my breakfast coupon, and my free drink voucher, I was given a four color high resolution poster advertising the first Foster Foskin Pro-Am Golf Invitational Tournament to be held in Pattaya in five days time. There on the placard was the arresting visage of one Foster Foskin (and his friend Bluey). Two greater examples of Aussie human roosters you could not imagine. Big heads and big hands and big noses and big stomachs and big feet and big smiles.

They were both wearing T-shirts, and hats with beer can tabs hanging down all around, and sockless shoe arrangements, and short shorts. Mr. Foster Foskin (tournament director) had on a T-shirt that said, STREWTH RULES; and he was pictured with his head bent back and balancing a Big Noy driver on his nose. I guess once an athlete always an athlete. In the background his friend Bluey (ball washer and sheila buffer) had a nine can stack of beers on his head and the expression of the happily demented. Additionally, this Bluey guy standing behind Mr. Foster Foskin (tournament director) had some kind of big huge stiff sticking out Australian dingo in his pants. We Americans would call it an erection.

Anyway, this poster announced that in five days time there was going to be some kind of sheila infested, beer primed, athletic event in Pattaya called the Foster Foskin Pro-Am Golf Invitational and that anyone holding this poster and showing up with a sheila could play. And the poster was simply covered with sheilas (Aussie for girls). Pasted with sheilas. There was so many pole huggers, and smokers, and towel wrappers, and pouters that you could hardly see the grass or the fairways or the greens. And forget about the bunkers. If you landed a ball in a bunker it was never going to kiss sand. You were going to have to chip out off an ass or a nipple or a flat tight brown stomach or something. I hate when that happens.

Anyway, in the foreground they were hanging all over these Foster and Bluey dudes, and laying about their feet, and peering into their golf bags, and staring up their shorts, and blowing on their beer tabs that were hanging down from their hats, and holding golf clubs in various disgusting ways. In the middle ground they were driving golf carts, and lugging golf bags, and on all fours with their rear ends to the camera lens looking for errant golf balls, and staring off into space as if they were receiving messages. And the background to the horizon looked like a lemming festival. Sheilas running and gamboling and prancing about hip to hip right on into the trees.

So obviously the Pro-Am part of this up-and-coming athletic event in Pattaya referred to the fact that the sheilas in attendance had to be either professional women or amateur women if you get my drift. I don't want to make too fine a point of this; and I should not have to write it in the sky, but what we are talking about is a golf tournament where the women are drawn from certain parts of certain cities in Thailand. Happy girls.

You know, this kind of salesman crap really fries my ass. I didn't just drop off the methadone truck and I know a pie-in-the-sky advertisement when I read one. Pro-Am means Professional-Amateur and where the singing Christ on a cracker am I going to be able to find an amateur whore in this town in only five days? There is always a catch with these sales promotion athletic contest gimmicks. I mean finding professional sheilas for this golf thing is a lead pipe cinch. It's like turning over a soi dog and looking for a flea. Think you'll find one? Easy. But where am I going to find an amateur whore in only five days time? I wouldn't give two shits but the prizes look great. First prize is … OK, no time for that. Let me tell you the rest.

So I go over to the G-Spot bar at the Nana Entertainment Center right across from the Nana Hotel and find a likely candidate and bring her back over to the Mothership. Why is she a likely candidate? Well, because she is tall enough, and she has good hand strength, and she can take direction. Is she going to audition for me as a Foster Foskin Pro-Am Golf Invitational partner? Hell no. I just need someone to help me dial the lobby phone. Haven't been able to successfully make a telephone call in the Kingdom in twelve years. The poster with the invitational text and the pictures of these two Aussie human experiments has a number to call for information. A voice answers.

Gibberish ensues. I would like to say hilarity ensued, or accurate information ensued, or a business like customer service oriented conversation ensued; but honestly, for the first couple of minutes I just had no idea what the gentleman on the other end of the line was saying. Apparently, no one at the Foster Foskin Pro-Am Golf Invitational central office speaks anything that could remotely be called English. Reminded me of so many times in the past when I have tried to get money back from a mamasan. No idea what they are saying but it does not sound encouraging. Still I soldiered on. Gradually, however, I figured out that I was talking to Foster Foskin himself. Dana, the Bostonian

Bangkokian, the measure by which all modern men are measured; was communicating directly with a human experiment from Aussie land. I tell you it was transporting. I put my arm around the G-Spot dialer and had a tear come to my eye. I felt like the first Earthling to successfully make contact with a far away and very strange world populated by possibly fearsome but guaranteed interesting mutants.

In short, barbe my roo on an abo; you do not get much more lucky than that. And he explained that I was a little confused about what Pro-Am meant in golf. It turns out that it had nothing to do with the happy smiling women of certain happy smiling nightlife areas in certain happy smiling cities of Thailand. In fact it had nothing to do with women at all. The Pro part referred to a golfer guy who was a professional and the Am for Amateur part referred to a guy like me who; well, who couldn't play for shit. Nothing to do with girls. Come to think of it the whole girl thing is a mystery. What in the world are so many girls doing in the foreground and the middleground and the background of the golf tournament poster? Maybe I can get an explanation from Mr. F. or Mr. B. when I get to Pattaya. So anyway, I learned something and I made contact with a strange being from a place that is upside down. Kewl.

So that is about it for now in this weeks FROM THE MOTHERSHIP news bulletin Number One. The Foster Foskin Pro-Am Golf Invitational is being held in Pattaya in five days time and I will be there to report it in FROM THE MOTHERSHP news bulletin Number Two. I am kinda short so I am going to take a small toothed crosscut Japanese cabinet makers saw so that I can make the golf clubs about a foot shorter. That way the golf clubs will fit my body better and I'll have a better chance of getting a really high score hitting the golf ball. I'm serious about winning this thing because the first prize is ...

well, the first prize is not really important. It's all about sportsmanship or what in Australia they call crikeymebillabong (I think).

Plus I just gotta meet this Bluey guy. Sweet Jesus on a cracker what an Aussie creature this guy is. I also want to find out where he gets his Viagra because he could direct traffic with the dingo (we Americans call them erections) in his pants. I mean I'm no erection expert but if this Bluey guy stood in an intersection in Australia (if Australia has intersections) he could direct traffic by just turning 90 degrees every minute or so.

Reminds me of the time I stumbled into the Obsessions bar years ago and there was a newbie from Scotland up on stage with his pants down and the place was dead quiet. Church quiet and all the customers and trannies staring with respect and wonder. Turns out it was his first trip to the Kingdom and his first night in the Kingdom and he had taken 200 mg. of Viagra in 24 hours and suddenly he was popular. Some girls and I dragged him across the street to the Mothership and on the way by the maids station on the fourth floor we grabbed a galvanized bucket and about fifty of those Nana Hotel glass ashtrays.

Well sir, you know what we did in the room. We laid a towel over his dick so that the bucket handle wouldn't cut and then started betting on how many of those solid glass ash trays he could hold up. The trannies found this guy fascinating because after about ten years of hormone shots most of them could not hold up a paper cup full of cotton balls on their little doggie dicks. I don't want to say this guy was big; but if you asked this Scottish dairy farmer to count to four he would paw the rug four times with his hoof. Anyway, one thing led to another and ... OK, got a little sidetracked there ... anyway, if you want to know about the first Foster Foskin Pro-Am Golf Invitational being held in Pattaya next week tune in to FROM THE MOTHERSHIP bulletin Number Two.

There will be interviews, and photos, and courtroom sketches probably, and advice on how to disentangle golf carts, and golf scores, and eye candy border pics of select sheilas, and probably the beginning of ongoing lawsuit news. Then I will have to bust my sacrificing reporter ass to get back up to the Mothership to start putting together FROM THE MOTHERSHIP bulletin Number Three. Just as the strong take care of the weak, so the visionary take care of the blind. I do this because I can. So add this weekly informational and infotaintional news to your life. You'll be glad you did.

Dana

175. Canary in the Mineshaft

TT&A Part 160 20/1/2007

An expat acquaintance of mine who lives in Jomtien, and an expat friend of his who lives in an adjacent condo tower, and the owner of the restaurant, and myself are sitting on the porch of the restaurant having dinner. The restaurant is on Soi Pattayaland 2 in South Pattaya and the owner owns other businesses on Soi Pattayaland 2. He is an American who has been in the Kingdom for sixteen years and has been successful. He is a fount of information and colorful stories. He is everything you imagine you would like to be if you ever emigrated to the Kingdom. Successful and tough and smart and balanced and having fun and respected and financially independent. A farang expat alpha male businessman. It does not matter what story you tell he can top it but you love him for it. He is the real deal. When you get to a certain age you just give credit where credit is due and forget the stupid man-to-man competition.

He is low key and quiet and intelligent and educated but when you reflect on his years in the Kingdom as a businessman and on the fact that he is not only a survivor but also a financial success you know that underneath the patina of quiet civility there has to be a subterranean river of toughness and focus many of us do not have. You wonder about the behind-the-curtain stuff you will never know and maybe even the stuff you don't want to know. Has this guy got blood on his hands? Has he got unsavory allies? Will I outlive him because I have made no enemies? What price the giant cash drops he makes every day? When I am elderly and still having dinner at this wonderful restaurant will it be under a different owner because this quiet reflective tough farang has been vaporized by Thai culture—another victim of third world adventurism? If all is entropy and chaos and downward spiral why would anyone with half a brain stir retail cash business in a red light district into the pot? Do the rewards really outweigh the risks?

Behind him in the street is a tall Thai male in his late twenties or early thirties with ramrod straight posture and the swiveling head and alert eyes of an owl. I notice him quietly taking up space in the background and speculate on the fact that it is odd that he has not moved in an hour. Sitting facing the owner of the restaurant I can always see this tall Thai over the restaurant owner's shoulder. The owner of the restaurant does not move and either does the Thai. I am a good observer but I do not necessarily have good street sense skills. Someone else has to help me. My Jomtien expat friend points out to me that the Thai male is the restaurant owner's full time bodyguard.

Jesus, count me out—I do not want to live this way. Anyway, it is a wonderful evening with wonderful company, and wonderful food, and the most delightful beautiful waitresses God ever put on this earth. Fathers' daughters who aren't on the game, and are still full of hope and innocence and ignorance of all that life can deliver. They are dreaming of only the good things from good people. Angels of Thailand.

The quiet American restaurant owner remarks that the motorbike concession run from the street right next door is run by a Muslim woman. We all turn our heads and look. I never would have noticed her before but now that he has pointed her out I see her and take note of her—the difference between the surface water of the tourist and the deep dark water of the expat businessman in retail on a street in a red light district in South Pattaya, Thailand. With blue headdress and iron discipline she is taking in lots of cash. We talk about this. All middle-aged farang like to talk about business. Without being pointed about it, or profiling in a juvenile way, or being mean spirited—speculation is made about where the cash came from in the first place to start the business. More speculation is made about where the excess cash is going. With her demeanor, and her way of dressing; she is clearly an island in a social sea that ignores her and that flows around her and that is indifferent to her. But is she indifferent to her surroundings and the social sea around her?

It is hard to ignore the fact that Thailand is currently fighting a war of insurgency against Muslims in the southern part of the country and so far there is little sign that Thailand will win the war. It is established government against religiously fueled terrorism. In most historical cases an even match and hard to know where to put your betting money. It is also hard to ignore the fact that Malaysia is Muslim dense and they are believers. Not compromisers or negotiators; but believers. Malaysia is a country with population density and economic challenges and the southern border of Thailand is porous. A porous border and people willing to die for a cause. Makes you think. We all think we can win any battle. But there are no draws in history. Somebody always loses. The reason wars are so popular is because everyone thinks they are going to win. Someone always loses.

It used to be that wars were fought with heart and violence. But now a third component has been added to the cocktail drink of death. Money. Wars are now fought with heart and violence and money. And money always comes first. Looking at the Muslim motorbike rental woman with her inscrutable face, and her defining headdress, and her prideful refusal to fit in, and her cash pouch hidden beneath yards of clothing; I offer the opinion to my dinner companions that she is the metaphorical canary-in-the-mineshaft here on Soi Pattayaland 2.

In the old days and right on up to the modern new days until quite recently, canaries were used in mines to foretell impending disaster. If the canary died then you knew the air quality had turned against you and it was time to do the carbon monoxide marathon and get out of the mine. You never ignored the canary. Drop your tools, piss in your pants, choke down your heart, and run like hell. The moment you heard his little budgie body crash onto the bottom of the wooden or metal (better-bigger noise) cage you started stumbling and shuffling and leaping and crawling and yelling and running. No secondary thoughts about this or that; just start moving. In other words, if some day this successful American expat business owner came to work on Soi Pattayaland 2 and not only was the Muslim lady gone but every single one of her motorbikes was gone; then the canary just died. Time to just keep driving before you get incinerated by the blast. Don't stop to warn your employees, or to pick up last night's cash: just keep on driving.

The rest of the evening and the meal was superb. I fell in love with all four of the waitresses and I got to reflect on the beautiful weather. It is not always hot and humid in Thailand. Some evenings the weather is so perfect it almost anesthetizes you. Tropical perfume in a far away land that distracts you with postcard perfection. Distracts you from larger issues that you may not be paying attention to but that someone else might be paying attention to. Repeat: Distracts you from larger issues that you might not be paying attention to but that someone else might be paying attention to. Life is not only about us. We are not islands. Other people count too because they are going to impinge on us. What kind of people are they? What are their ideas? What is in their hearts? What were they taught by their parents and their teachers when they were very young and impressionable?

Thailand is changing. We wondered what she is doing with her money. What are the motorbike profits financing? Except for bribes and monthly payments she has no expenses and it is a cash business. I wondered later what the American expat business owner with huge cash drops to be made seven days per week was doing with his money. He can't be keeping the whole load in Thai banks. What is he financing? There is a saying that 'Time tells all'. Fine for philosophers but all you really need to know is 'Follow the money'. The money tells the whole story. Sitting on the front porch of the restaurant there was the usual expat chatter but most of it eluded me after a while. I was wondering about the invisible streams of money flowing around me.

A wonderful dinner and a few middle aged men thinking and talking. A subterranean world that the farang tourist knows nothing about. Every body of water has the surface and the depths. The surface is bright and glinty and fun, and the depths are dark and scary and dangerous. Being a tourist is surface water work, being an expat is deep water work. Sitting there on the little porch in front of the wonderful restaurant with interesting companions and mankiller charming waitresses I reflect that I am glad I am only a tourist.

Anyway, only in Thailand. But it didn't used to be this way. You can know too much. And once the data has been punched into your brain it is hard to ignore. I now know that every single time I am walking down Soi Pattayaland 2—I will look to see if the Muslim woman in the blue headdress is still renting motorbikes. I hope she is. Because if I don't see her maybe the canary in the cage in the Thailand social mineshaft just died. I've got bad legs. If she isn't in place I'm in trouble—I can't outrun an explosion.

176. Pink Tranny Smoke Bombs

TT&A Part 161 27/1/2007

"With aplomb and style,"

For those of you debating the merits of an additional lung full of air I have good news. Put down the Googled information on Suicide For Dummies; your salvation is nigh. I am currently working on a book. So far it is blocked out with about 70 stories, forty photos, twenty five sketches, front and back cover painting/graphics, as well as items like preface and introduction and glossary and index and chapter headings and my physical measurements and collar size (holiday gift giving). In addition there will be photos of me in a bathing suit riding a horse on the beaches of Hua Hin, and application forms that you can fill out and mail in for the Dana Fan Club and the Church of Dana. So get your foot off the balcony railing; it is too soon to jump. Ordering information for this book will follow on a need-to-know basis. What I can tell you now is that this will be a limited edition heirloom publishing project with each book numbered, accompanied by a Certificate of Authenticity, autographed by me, and accompanied by an 8x10 glossy photograph of me. The books will be 'pretty damned expensive' or 'fxxxing pricey', or 'holy shitwad that's a lot of money' depending on which category you purchase. Don't think of this as spending money but as making an investment. So if you are poor or have to work just shove off loser. And of course there will be no Money Back Guarantee or Returns Policy or Warranty or Customer Service of any kind. You send the money—I send the book. Hey, it's just like shopping in the friendly exotic wonderful Kingdom full of exotic wonderful friendly people. Gosh this is great: I almost feel like a Thai.

Anyway, as I said: there will be three book categories—the Standard (pretty damned expensive), the Heirloom (fxxxing pricey), and the Friend of Dana (holy shitwad that's a lot of money).

1. The Standard (pretty damned expensive) will be published and printed and bound using the highest quality materials and design and construction. The cost per book will be $172.00 each. Shipping to western countries will be approximately $17.46: shipping everywhere else will be approximately $92.40. And don't even think about ordering from western Greenland in the winter, Laplanders during migration, Terra del Fuegians during the rainy season, Matto Grasso people while the Amazon is in flood, the razor back ridges of the highlands of Papua New Guinea, and Aku Aku unless you use the special Noi delivery system. Special same day shipping and delivery by Noi using one of her South Pattaya Go-Go girl jets is available. Shipping cost using the Noy delivery system will be $8750.00. However, if we take Noy's make-up kit and comic books out of the bomb bay there is a 1500 book payload possible. So if you order 1500 books the cost of the shipping per book averages out nicely. Like I said, if you are one of those nickel and dime guys; just shove off loser. And keep your hands off Noi—she's mine.

2. The Heirloom category editions (fxxxing pricey) will be leather bound with embossed letters in Thai elephant ivory and bargirl gold. They will be printed on goatskin parchment with vellum separators between the pages. These literary additions to your investment portfolio will be delivered by a parachuting tranny in an electric blue vinyl dress trailing pink smoke bombs. She will be guaranteed to be brainless, and have bee sting lips that can suck the chrome off a trailer hitch. On the order form for the Heirloom you will be able to choose pre-op or post-op as part of the whore delivery system; and of course part of the book

price will be sex with the tranny. The book will retail for $6548.00. Pre-ops over nine inches (noted on the book order form as ‘logs’) will run the delivery cost up another $500 but you knew that. No discounts available for multiple orders, and only one parachuting tranny per order. And if you damage the electric blue vinyl dress you are paying for it. Come on guys—strip’em first. Don’t act like animals.

3. The FOD (Friend of Dana) edition (holy shitwad that’s a lot of money) of the book will be identical to the Heirloom edition except in place of a parachuting tranny—I will be delivering the book. I will knock on your door, I will introduce myself, I will hand you the book, I will make eye contact, I will shake your hand, I will autograph the book, I will pose for pictures with your pathetic family, and I will smile. You will become an FOD (Friend of Dana). Cost per book: $84,890. No I will not have sex with you. Wait a minute ...! OK, no I will not have sex with you. And no I will not be wearing an electric blue short vinyl dress. Wait a minute ... OK, not sure about that. Anyway, come on guys; let’s be serious. This is all about writing. You wouldn’t ask Shakespeare to have sex with you or poor blind Milton of Paradise Lost to wear a short plastic miniskirt would you? What’s the difference?

Special FOD book cost breakdowns:

One book—$84,890
Two books—$169,780
Three books—$254,670

Orders over three books: only $84,850 each.

I think you can see that over three books per order there is a built in discount. That’s right nimrod—forty dollars off per book if you decide to make a commitment to great literature. So if you bought ten books that would be a savings of four hundred dollars or thirty-two bonks with Pattaya boardwalk cruisers. Who loves you baby? Hey, I'm not really in this for the money. It's all about spreading the love. For instance: if I sell fifty thousand books the first year in the over three books per order category with the built in discount of forty dollars per book I will have sponsored savings to the book buying public equal to one hundred and sixty thousand (160,000) bonks with Pattaya boardwalk cruisers (stay away from Fa). Yeah, that's it jackwad—I be spreadin' the luv baby.

Pre-production run individual copies have already been published to satiate the clamoring celebrity book review market and world leaders and church leaders and those pests at the New York Times Book Review. My agents are already setting up chat show, and internet, and radio interviews; and of course this also allows us at Dana Central to test the various book delivery systems. Some book delivery systems have been tried and rejected including the 'throw it from a speeding car' system, and the 'drop it from a helicopter' system, and the 'strap it to a flaming arrow' system. Rigorous double blind testing and ruthless slavery to the scientific method have reduced from the ridiculous to the sublime and there are now four book delivery systems: the US Mail, the Noy Mail, the She Mail, and the Me Mail. Details to follow.

Below is an example of an FOD (Friend of Dana) book delivery:

"Ahead and slightly below my line of vision I can see the helmeted head of Noy lolling to one side and jumping to the minute vibrations of the airship. We are above the curve of the earth now streaking towards our destination in the zero gravity wonder of space travel. Waypoint markers beep with the regularity of flat line heart monitors in an intensive care ward. Soon the navigation longitude and latitude notables will increase in frequency and sound until they go to round sound screeching and the klaxon barks. Then it will be time to reorient and wake Noy and start the re-entry. But there are minutes to go until then. Time enough to slit the plastic wrapper on the brass bound teakwood box and take out the book SNAKESKULLS AND ICE CREAM CONES by Dana. It is an FOD (Friend of Dana) category book delivery and I need to autograph it before I deliver it to the buyer:

Dear Book Buyer—
Your check cleared the bank. Here is the book.
Sincerely yours,
Dana

Autographing is a challenge in the zero gravity cockpit but rewrapping the box with the plastic wrapper is even harder. Too many minutes. Suddenly the klaxon bark. Time to start gearing up to drop on down. The nose cone and undercarriage of airship NN1 (Noy's Nookie One) are made of melted G-Spot bar tin tip trays, melted rice farmer daughter flip flops, and plutonium ingots. The computer management and heat shield are non issues. Soon we are dropping like a stone and then gliding like a crippled pelican towards Hawaii. There I make the airship to airship transfer from Noy's needle nosed swept wing rocket to a pink Harrier Jump Jet that left the roof of the South Pattaya Marriott Hotel roof days ago. How did I make the airship to airship transfer at five thousand feet holding onto the teakwood gift box containing the book SNAKESKULLS AND ICE CREAM CONES? With aplomb and style, that's how.

Transfer done the rest of the book delivery is chump change thrown to a beggar. We zero in on the tracking device that was mailed to the customer with the return receipt of his order. He has a name but prefers to go by the Nana Hotel lounge lizard moniker '500 Baht Walt'. Some big Japanese guy who hangs out in the big Nana lounge chairs and couches like a post retirement philosopher who specializes in a personal cult called somnambulism. Ask this guy what he is going to do today and you get a big pause. One assumes that brain neurons are on red alert and standby in case a thought occurs, or that perhaps the pause is the preamble to some well formed thoughts that are about to tumble out. Or it could just be that … anyway—ask him what he did yesterday and you get a another big thoughtful pause. Once again many fine things could be going on inside Walt in response to your questions but sometimes the delay between question and answer is so long I actually forget what I asked. Dare to ask him to speculate about tomorrow's activities and you get the porcelain glaze of the cruise control retiree. They should call this guy '500 Baht Big Pause' instead of '500 Baht Walt'. But I digress …

Anyway, to say that '500 Baht Walt' is on retiree cruise control is an understatement. Except for expats, Walt has probably logged more hours in the Kingdom than many but they have not exactly been 'Stanley-and-Livingstone-in-Africa' explorer hours. I once asked him if he wanted to go next door to the Rajah Center and play pool at Ball-In-Hand. You would have thought I had asked him to get fitted out with butterfly net, shotgun, puttees, pith helmet, and safari suit for a major expedition. We never made it. He started hyperventilating like a fish out of water at the prospect and I just left. Another time he mentioned to me that he had been 'all the way up to the 2nd floor' of the NEP. I almost mentioned that there was a third floor but thought better of it. Once I carelessly mentioned something about us going to Chatuchak market which you get to by taking the Skytrain to Mo Chit station. Or, we could get off one stop earlier at Saphan Khwai and walk north negotiating the sidewalk vendors along the way and participating in Thai culture. I had to jackknife out of my chair and tap him on the back of the head to keep his eyeballs from rolling back. Chatuchak market? You might as well try to get a retired astronomer to take an interest in things out beyond Pluto. Too far man.

A couple of years ago he confided in me that he had been as far as the Ploenchit department store on Sukhumvit just past the Bangkok Marriott Hotel near Soi 2. He told me this in the public space of the Nana Hotel lobby but with the bent over close talking conspiratorial manner of someone who is telling you something almost too amazing to credit. Equal mixtures of incredulousness and pride quavered in his voice as he let me in on the Enigma encryption communication code of Hitler's German U-boat fleet. Let's see—Soi 4 to Soi 2 by foot. Get the gun and the native bearers—Walt is going on a shopping safari. Send the Thai bearers out front to beat on drums and clear the way of tuk tuks, and sidewalk blockers, and slow walkers, and wandering tourists. Probably filed a flight plan with the US Embassy prior to departure from the Mothership. Smart.

I was impressed and imagined him leaving the lobby, navigating through the carpark, making his way down Soi 4, rounding the corner by cutting through the gas station, finding his way down Sukhumvit in the heat and humidity to Soi 2 and beyond, and then climbing the stairs at the entrance to the department store. This personal travail of risk and adventure to buy a pair of AA batteries brought to my mind the labor and focus and perseverance of the first white explorer as he climbed the last African knoll and witnessed Lake Tanganyika. 500 baht Walt on sighting the steps leading up to the doors of the air conditioned store must have been filled with the same inexpressible chest bursting feelings of euphoria and personal pride. Set a goal and go for it. If a biologist were to fit '500 Baht Walt' with a radio tracking collar the resulting map would show meandering zig-zags from his room to the breakfast buffet to the lobby chairs to the Mini-Mart across the street and then back to the lobby chairs. An inexperienced big University biologist would assume that Walt was leading a limited life of social deprivation. But that bone head biologist would have no knowledge of the Nana Hotel parking lot before, during, and after the Angels Disco gets out. Hey, they don't call this guy '500 baht Walt' for nothing.

Usually I have no idea who I am delivering my books to but in this case I know Walt because we have crossed paths in the Nana Hotel lobby many times. I love this guy. There have not been enough Walt's in my life. Great guys who make great neighbors and make you laugh. Men who have been successful husbands and fathers and businessmen and citizens. Men with interesting stories to tell. Men who love to brag on their children. Winners. And, not to put too fine a point on it, his check for $84,890 cleared the bank.

Oops, there he is now up on his roof wearing a silly grin and a speedo (Christ on a cracker there are not enough decency laws). Go-Go pilot Fon and beach cruiser navigator Pim start to ease the jet down as the fans go from horizontal to vertical.

There is hope—my book is on the horizon. You can buy one or more than one, and you have multiple categories to choose from, and you can have it delivered by US Mail, Noy Mail, She Male, or Me Mail. If you have questions or suggestions or want to get involved or make a contribution or help or volunteer with this project in any way—well, you must be on drugs. Just save it. I could care less. Anyway, the book is coming so hang in there. Soon your lives will be bathed in a golden light—either that, or you'll go blind from pink tranny smoke bombs.

177. How Happy Can You Be?

TT&A Part 162 3/2/2007

‘Different Strokes for Different Folks’ and ‘Whatever Floats Your Boat’ and ‘One Man’s Meat is Another Man’s Poison’ and … are all idiomatic ways of saying: people are different. We all have different needs and different dreams. Lucky is the man whose dream has come true. His step is lighter, his need for medication drops, he is more fun to be with, he looks at his watch less, and he worries less. In my case I have lost weight and my diet has improved. Why have I lost weight and why has my diet improved and why is my step lighter?

My dream has come true. My twenty year (please lottery ticket win for me this time) dream has come true— thank-you Jesus: I believe in you now. I emigrated to the Kingdom two months ago (so long United States—it wasn’t that great) and I am now long term leased in the 6th floor ocean facing suite of the AA Hotel on the corner of Beach Road and Soi 13/0 in South Pattaya. This is a wonderful little cult hotel, and the best location in Pattaya, and the best view of all the hotel views in Pattaya. I had a friend go out and buy and install all the computer equipment, and I moved the bed from the window that faces the ocean to the little room just inside the door. Normally, for a short term tourist the location of the bed right by the window with the view of the ocean and the boardwalk is a wonderful thing. Whether you are bonking, or dreaming about bonking, or just regrouping; the bed view of the ocean and the sky and the boardwalk right next to the window is an experience rich people would pay for. But I have set up my writing studio in front of the window instead.

Shelves, and reference works, and maps, and computers, and writing table, and printer, and speakers, and stacks of writing and printer paper, and record player and VCR and DVD stuff, and chair, and phone, and TV are all in front of the window and allow me to write looking at the boardwalk and the palms and the girls and the ocean. To be facing the ocean in the morning or the setting sun in the evening and typing a story or an essay while I peruse the boardwalk for lovers is a combination of pleasures that was made for me. I simply can not imagine anything more wonderful for me. It is possible to spot someone on the boardwalk from my 6th floor aerie, dash from the room, bring them back for lovemaking; and then pick up where I was mid-sentence as if it is actually a normal way of life. Believe me when I tell you: this life ain't normal. I am living the life of a king. I have a friend in the States who is going to ship me his tripod mounted WWI spotting scope so that I can view the boardwalk traffic a little more up close and personal if you get my meaning.

I am also going to try something I have not been able to do before as a tourist. Tell me what you think. I am going to have made up some signs that are about four feet tall and about three feet wide that have in big huge letters 100 baht and 200 baht and 300 baht on them respectively. When I spot a nice lady on the boardwalk and get her attention then I will hold up the signs in the window—naturally starting with the sign that says 100 baht. I thought about making up a sign that said 50 baht but I did not want to get a reputation as a Cheap Charley. I'm not Thai anyway so it would probably never work. Anyway, I think this long distance super convenient bargaining idea is a winner. If it works (of course it will work) I may have some window blinds made up that I can just pull down. The blinds will have the baht amounts on them. I'm a thinker. Anyway, tell me what you think.

Before moving in I gave my girlfriend Noy and my friend Gary and his girlfriend Num (my sweet lord what a sexy wonderful woman) a box full of money (I hate shopping) and they went out with a list. Ten days later there was four inch deep purple shag carpet on the floor and on the ceiling, the walls were painted red, and the two opposing walls were alternatively; covered with mirrors (one wall), and covered with fish tanks (the other wall). The reflections of the fish in the mirrors is awesome. Gary has a friend who knows a guy who knows a Norwegian who knows a golfer who knows ... anyway I had a special electric line tapped into the light pole on the street and brought up the side of the building to handle all of my power needs. Other needs are met by a woman from Soi Pattayaland 2 who comes by every ten days to do my nails, and I have flowers delivered once a week by the Walking Street night cripple who sells necklaces. While I am typing this I am listening to one of my 78 records of surf music. The album is Surfin Senorita by the 3 Balls of Fire and the cut is Lonely Bull. I have a stack of these surf music 78's that I play when I am writing. Sitting in front of the window with jasmine in my hair, and patouli oil on my feet, and incense sticks burning grooves in the plastic computer frame; life is good. Life is good here in Pattaya for Dana.

Holy cowski—I just thought of something (no jokes). Back to the 'sign in the window' idea for negotiating with honeys on the boardwalk. Sometimes negotiating successfully requires some back and forth chatter. How's that going to happen? I mean it's not like I can have 500 of these signs to hold up in the window to cover every little option and variable and currency exchange issue and negotiating point contingency. And what about the woman on the boardwalk? She's got nothin'. Some sort of communication system is needed. God forbid I get myself all excited because I think some woman wearing high heels and a Mickey Mouse T-shirt has waved to me and on getting down to the boardwalk I find out she is a feminazi Baptist minister who was just waving a fly away from her face. Hey, it isn't easy being me.

Anyway, I think you can see the wisdom and the necessity of some sort of mutually understood whore-to-monger communication system and I think semaphore signals is just the thing. You can do that stuff with your arms. Kewl. Problem solved. All I have to do is teach the boardwalk cruisers of Pattaya how to communicate with me by using their arms to send semaphore messages. For instance:

Two arms up—”Yes”
Two arms straight out—”No”
Both arms pointed at their crotch—”More money”
One arm up and one arm down—”Smoke but no anal”
Both arms straight ahead—”Only Boom-Boom”
Two arms pointed down the boardwalk—”I have girlfriend”
Two arms waving wildly—”No condom OK”

Anyway, you can see the wisdom of this semaphore system for long distance communicating and signaling and negotiating. All I have to do is teach the girls how to send semaphore signals with their arms. That’s right—I will have boardwalk classes in semaphore signaling. So if you are a newbie and it is your first trip down Beach Road and you see a short expat in black pegleg pants and a pink silk shirt out in front of a line of fifty girls and everybody is throwing their arms around as if they are being attacked by bees; that is me. Or if you are walking up the boardwalk one morning (or afternoon or evening) and you happen to see a man in a hotel window six floors up waving his arms as if he is insane and possible dangerous—once again that is me. Like I said—I’m a thinker.

Anyway, my people are currently negotiating with the Stickmanbangkok.com people to extend my contract for Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes to Part #1000 and at three times the pay. They aren’t making it easy because they are Banger people and we are easy going Fun City people but I am sure it will all work out. My people are also negotiating with the Pattaya Mail newspaper for me to do a nightlife column in the manner of Trink in the old Bangkok Post days. I would make regular night cruises of the Pattaya nightlife from Soi 2 to Soi 16 and from Third Road to Beach Road with Gary's girlfriend Num in tow to act as translator and photographer. I have told my girlfriend Noy repeatedly that I am not personally attracted to Num at least ten times so I think that issue has been put to bed. Of course I am lying. Num would give dead men erections if she walked through a cemetery and I dream about her tying my arms and legs to the four corners of the bed and … but I digress; hey, I'm in Pattaya; what do you expect? In addition, I am going to rent the room next to mine and knock out the adjoining wall and install a glamour photography studio for bargirls. There won't be any charge to the girls for this. Just my way of paying back the community that has given me so much happiness.

I expect to type and to bonk until I drop. All of my dreams have come true.

Be happy for me.

Dana

178. Reincarnation Moon

TT&A Part 163 10/2/2007

Special Announcement

Keep your eye on the web site Stickmanbangkok.com for the up-and-coming golf tournament to be held in Pattaya soon at the lovely Phoenix Golf & Country Club. Foster Foskin and his pal Bluey, myself and my Fa, and Professor Earnshawe will all be there. Professor Earnshawe may or may not show up with his Nana Hotel heartthrob—it has been a bumpy road to the love shack recently for the Professor. But we wish them Godspeed and hope to see them both. Word is that it has been so long since the Professor cleaned his tubes that the consummation of his love for his Nana Hotel heartthrob may require medical attention for both of them. Imagine a two thousand pound shell plus wadding coming out of a Battleship's gun to kick off the latest MacArthur landing in the Pacific. I think you get the picture. And people say women aren't brave! Anyway, ambulances and curtained massage tables will be on the twelfth green hunkered down in sand traps like German tanks hiding in French hedgerows. Other Stickmanbangkok.com writers have also been invited and of course the eighteen hole course will be littered with another additional one hundred and eighty holes (sixty sheilas).

Word is already out on the street and on the web and in the media regarding this golf event because of the personalities involved, and because of the athleticism of Dana, and because of the rumored prizes. The Pattaya Municipal government has set up bleachers from the first tee to the final green, two thousand trannies have been hired to wear high-heeled German storm trooper outfits and engage in crowd control, giant fifty foot plasma screens will catch every spine tingling moment as these crack plaid pant gladiators crash together, and extra blimps and helicopters have been leased, bought, and chartered from other SEA countries to capture the action from above.

So gather up your major wives, and minor wives, and kids, and weekend girlfriends, and three-legged one-eyed soi dogs named Lucky, and fish paste snacks, and zoom lenses, and come out next week for a sun filled, fun filled golf tournament. Betting booths will be on every green, mobile boom-boom vans will be available, two free whiskey drinks will be given to everyone with a hand stamp showing admission, portable photo booths and latrines (don't get them confused) will surround the sixth and twelfth greens, and there will be a roadkill lottery drawing after the golf prizes are awarded so it behooves you to stay until the end. How would you feel if all you came home with was great memories, and your neighbor had all of that plus a king cobra with a tire tread in the middle? Exactly.

So be there or be square Kingdomites and STAY AWAY FROM MY FA.

Contact details:

1. Ask for Booger Farndick—Course Captain; or
2. Ask for Crikey Oi—tranny Caddie Captain; or
3. Ask for Marc Holt—Tournament Director: aka "I'm at the age now that when I take a piss—no matter how I jump and dance—the last few drops go down my pants."

Dana

P.S. Ever been 'half in the bag?' I have. The other day I was leaning into the golf bag to retrieve a pair of Fa's underpants to wipe off my Big Bertha (no jokes) when I fell in. Not funny. And people say golf is not a contact sport.

Reincarnation Moon

The moon was up and the temperature was down in the thin light Utah morning, and our balls were up and tight and hiding. Frozen fur corn snow braid hung from our stomachs as we rollercoastered through the soft and crusty snow and left bloody paw prints behind.

Twenty-seven degrees below zero and dropping off Green River ridge the roof of my mouth feels like zinc and my tongue feels like sawdust from the cold and the exertion. Dehydrated and hungry and desperate we fall down the ridge up to our knees in snow following the blood scent that means our death or our salvation. On my right is Samuels, and on my left is Plummer, and behind me is big lazy Robert using me to break trail. We are all of a piece and all of the same past and all dreaming of the same future.

We are wobbly kneed and bags of heaving bones in the Utah cold and snow but we know a last chance when we smell one; and the hunter's deer on a sled behind him is our last chance. He's got a gun and he'll get some of us—but the rest will get him and then the blood and the bone and the meat. Nostrils flared, ears back, and eyes tearing we run from the past towards the future in the four mammal loping diamond with a ten thousand year history and an immediate need.

Samuels and Plummer and Robert and I were all farangs in Thailand many years ago who went native and went Buddhist and threw off our watches, and our western ways, and our desires, and became monks. Unfortunately, we did not throw off all of our desires and there were some incidents. With Thai women. One incident would have been enough to seal our fate but there were many incidents. Incidents beyond redemption or second chance. Reincarnation found us starting over and starting lower.

Samuels and Plummer and Robert and I were all in the same truck riding up the wrong lane outside Three Pagoda Pass when we met our reincarnation future with an oncoming truck. We are still mammals who can cry in the night, and dream about sex, and value companionship, and remember the past; but we are now wolves. Wolves in the lonely cold mountains and valleys and gorges and river bottoms and canyons of Utah.

But wolves with memories of Thailand. And we are all going back. Somehow we are all going back to Thailand. It is all we howl about in the diamond studded nights, and all we dream about in the pale blue days. That is why it is so important to stay the course and not stumble and fall dropping down the ridge and get to the hunter's throat before he can reload. Those of us who can get to the deer carcass get to keep the dream alive. The dream of going back to Thailand.

So be nice to the animals you meet. They might not be so different than you. They might be dreaming the same dream. The dream of going back to Thailand. The reincarnation spiral can carry you up or down and there are no guarantees. All you ever know is where you are, and where you want to be, and what you have to do. To become farangs again in Thailand the wolves have to move up, and to become a Pattaya bar drinker in Thailand the hunter as to spiral down. The wolves have been good and natural wolves only killing to eat. The hunter has been a flawed human killing needlessly for sport. The reincarnation reckoning is coming. They may all meet again in Thailand.

The hunter heard nothing as the wolves came up behind him on the frozen meadow above the river. His fur hat and sheepskin balaclava and beaver cape shut out all noise. The four half dead wolves now pressing flank to flank were panting and gasping and wheezing, but so also was the hunter panting and gasping and wheezing as he pulled the deer laden sled through the soft and crusty snow. The first thing he felt was the thump and grunt of an emaciated wolf body heaving itself on his back. Not a heavy weight but a surprising force and he nearly pitched forward and lost the advantage of his height. Then the battle started on that bitter cold morning above the frozen river and below the morning moon. As the hunter fought for his life all he could think of was:

"I can't let them get me down—have to keep my feet—have to survive—I want to go back to Thailand."

Mammals all—the wolves and the man—all sharing the same dream. 'I want to go back to Thailand.' The silver cosmic thread of dream and consciousness that connects every man and mammal that has ever been to the Kingdom regardless of their hierarchy in the reincarnation sweepstakes.

"I want to go back to Thailand"

So be nice to every animal you meet because you may meet them reincarnated again—in Thailand.

"Hi mate—ever been to Thailand before?"

"Yes, many times."

"Say—you look familiar to me."

"I should—I'm the last wolf you shot before we fell dead in each other's arms."

179. All Dana All The Time

TT&A Part 164 17/2/2007

Special Announcement

Well, things are winding down here at Dana Central. If you listen carefully in the quiet part of the night when you can hear the transformers clicking on the telephone poles; you can also hear the sound of the air escaping from this balloon. Not even a gargantuan binary radio star entertains with cosmic rotational displays forever and this puppy is starting to stagger (honk if you love metaphor madness). Another ten weeks of submissions to the fabulously handsome webmaster at Stickmanbangkok.com and then I am going to take a few weeks off (read: catch up on web porno and eat peanut butter out of jars with my fingers). Following that will be a big adrenaline push of seven day weeks for three or four weeks to put together an Index of my work for Stickmanbangkok.com. Probably take a month. It's like a lot of sex I end up having with women. I don't look on this labor with unbridled joy but I am being forced to do this by external influences larger and more powerful than myself. I am just a leaf on the wind of social imperatives. Or something.

Anyway, part of me is anxious to get started and part of me is anxious to just get the damned thing done. I feel like Churchill looking ahead to penning another volume of The History of the English-Speaking Peoples. The readers are clamoring for it, but flaming Christ on a cracker (or—hot Crikey on a biscuit) what a lot of work. Then it will be time to return to the Kingdom in June. Returning to the Kingdom during the rainy season is idiotic but hey, it's me we are talking about. Besides I will have been away since December by then. Anyway, people in the know, and FOD's (Friends of Dana), and the favored ones, and insiders, and members of the Church of Dana, and members of the Dana

Fan Club who are privy to advanced Dana information are of course asking "What Next?". Life without mainlining Dana is like a nicotine addict after the cigarette factory has burned down. Now what? Or something.

Anyway, this historical net missive is just a quick Bostonian Bangkokian note to notify everyone in the hipster monger community that I am going to be starting my own website.

Holy Asswipe. Does the United Nations, and the Council of Churches, and the European Union, and the Australian Sheep Dippers Association know this? Well, actually: no. This is the first announcement. So jam those heels into the stirrups boys, and sit up straight in the saddle because the moseying is over. One lightening strike or untimely cow fart and the herd will be runnin'. I've been tryin' to hold this mother back but finally it has just developed a life of it's own. You don't tell a black hole not to suck and you don't … OK, gettin' a little distracted here; anyway—I am starting a web site.

It will be called ALL DANA ALL THE TIME (ADATT) and will break new ground in the category of farang-Thailand websites. Will there be a gallery of pretty Thai girls? Nope. Will there be a section of submissions from site readers? No there will not. Will there be timely and important advice and information regarding visas and stuff like that? No there will not. Other sites already do a good job handling that boring stuff. Will there be a temperature and time window, and currency exchange rate section, and current events update column? Christ no—BORING. Will there be a bunch of pictures I have taken of Thailand? No—hell: I couldn't take a picture of my feet if I hung the camera off my dick. So are there going to be any interviews with famous mongers, or video tours of Walking Street, or reviews of Thai books, or opinions offered on Thailand's future or nightlife updates or … no, no, no, no, and no. None of that stuff. Already been done and done to death on other sites. You simply can not beat that puppy with a stick anymore. What's needed to breath some life into the comatose body of farang-Thai websites is something radical—something groundbreaking—something beyond the imaginings of most humans—something that will satisfy all needs—something that will offer succor and hope. That's right—feel that tremor under your feet—feel those little hairs standing up on the back of your neck—feel your big boy balls tightening up? Of course you do and you know why. Don't look now but the future is coming and it is coming for you.

Let me give you a true life scientific example of what I am talking about. You know that giant asteroid that crashed into the Earth near the Yucatan and completely wiped out all of the dinosaurs? These big animal kats and kittens had been dominant on Earth for seven hundred million years and then something came into their lives that changed everything. Well think about it. They weren't always humping and tearing at each others' throats. Some of them must have been layin' in a hammock or swimmin' on their backs when that flaming rock burst into the atmosphere—and they saw it coming—and they said,

"Ualhdoiuf sweet Jesus uyeppj grunt oeh shitwad ope ass goodbye."

In other words, they saw the future and the future was change. Well, that's my website coming.

The ADATT (ALL DANA ALL THE TIME) website will be that radical something new. Something new in the wind. Something in the world of Thai web sites that has never been done before. ADATT will be all about me all the time. That's right—it will be a Thai-farang website with only one point-of-view, and only one subject, and only one reason for being, and only one critic, and only one writer. Me. My name is Dana and ADATT will be all about me. You've thought of it, your friends have dreamed it, emails have discussed it; well now you are going to get to eat it.

So get ready for ADATT: a dip into the pool known as Dana. I'm steppin' out and taking charge of my life. No more Mr. Modest and no more Mr. Shy Guy and no more Mr. Up To You and no more Mr. You Must Be Right and no more Mr. Nice Guy and no more Mr. Get Along and no more Mr. I Agree With Everybody and no more Mr. I'm Sure You're Right and no more … I'm leaving that poor guy with no ego and no opinions behind. I'm tired of being modest and retiring and shy and passive and without the ability to call attention to myself or make my ideas known. I'm steppin' out Stickmanbangkok kats and kittens and starting my own website. And if you are excited about this new future that you are going to get to vicariously participate in and you would like to make some suggestions, or volunteer your time, or work with me or … wait a minute; are you on crack? This isn't about you. It's about me. Dana.

ALL DANA ALL THE TIME is coming soon. Kind of like me every time I am with Fa. OK, silly joke. Oh, and is it going to be a free website or a subscription site?

Again: "What, are you on crack baby?"

It is going to be a subscription site. The last legal bastion of forward thinking social discrimination is something called 'market forces'. In other words, the website ALL DANA ALL THE TIME will not discriminate in any way against humans who want to join. But if you can not afford the subscription to the site that ain't no pimples sliced off my back if you get my meaning. Annual subscriptions will be $10,000 paid in one installment with no fancy-shmancy gay talk about pro-rating regarding getting any of your money back. In other words, if you send in $10,000 and the day after it clears my bank in Suckburi I find you have been messing with Fa and I kill you: your estate is not getting anything. Sending money to me is like semen entering a woman. The money checks in, but it doesn't check out. And do not email me or contact me asking for a discount because you are a member in good standing with the DANA FAN CLUB or the Church Of Dana. This is a separate entity and a new deal. Find the money nimrod.

And while we are on the subject of money: all the subscription money has to come in United States $100 bills. I can't be bothered jerking around with West Greenland blubber notes, or Aleutian Islands clamshell necklace beads, or old East German coins made out of potatoes, or petrified turd money from the Kalahari desert in Africa, or feminist coins made from burnt bra cinders, or captured WWII Japanese war bonds, or Israeli kibbutz copies of Torah pages. Everyone knows that the only real money in the world is United States $100 bills; crisp and in different series. So don't waste my time acting as if this is some kind of jackass suburban currency club for wankers still living in their parent's basement. Don't send me any colored money, or coins with holes in them, or giant folding money (fxxx the French), or holographic shit, or ... look, it you send any of this nonsense I am just going to keep it and your membership in the ADATT (ALL DANA ALL THE TIME) website will double to $20,000 because you have irritated me. So, in the inimitable words of Frank Zappa:

> *"Brown shoes don't make it ... Quit school, why fake it."*

No idea what that means but I think it sets the tone. Find the money and mail it in. You'll be glad you did.

ALL DANA ALL THE TIME. Coming soon

180. Mukluk Freelancers—Note From the Future

TT&A Part 165 24/2/2007

Dateline: Year 2027

With the debates over major climate change worldwide, and political and scientific fights over the legitimacy of Global Warming a thing of the past it is possible to just observe and note in one generation changes in parts of the Earth and its climates. Global Warming as an all inclusive result moniker was a misnomer because not everything got warmer. As major and minor wind systems and ocean temperatures and currents changed, and as continental masses warmed; so did major and minor climates and climate influence landscapes. Overall temperatures got warmer but not everywhere. Some places got colder. Much colder. In the miasma of the earth's systems and influences there were whirlpools and vortexes and islands of climatic oddity. Some places got bitch cold.

For example: Pattaya became a place of ice and snow. Ten baht Beach Road songtaos were replaced by polar-bear-proof ice buggies, boardwalk freelancers wore mukluks and fur mittens, and motorbikes with girls sitting side saddle were replaced with snowmobiles and girls in snowmobile outfits with heated helmet visors and heated boots and heated crotches. 2nd Road became a snowmobile alley of Thais and farangs doing fifty miles per hour light to light and driving the windchill factor index underway down to 70 degrees below zero. Sometimes when mongers got a girl back to their hotel room she had to point a hair dryer at their dicks to get the thing to warm up. Or show up. In the new freezer cold Pattaya dicks and balls had a tendency to just withdraw and the dark skinned Isaanite entertainment providers had to learn new skills.

Bar drinks were changed to hot coffee, and hot cocoa, and hot tea, and hot bouillon, and hot broths, and hot soups, and hot gin. All the bars on Walking Street advertised the stove they used to heat their premises and criminal enterprises took over the trafficking in coal and wood and peat. Barfining two girls at once became more about heat than sex. Barfining more than two girls at once was not considered kinky or adventuresome—just the mark of a man who could afford heat.

Inside bars like the Peppermint and Superbabies and the Polo Lounge the shows and ambience remained unchanged. But outside adjustments had to be made. The steep entry stairs of the Polo and the Peppermint had chair lifts installed and sidewalk honeys handed out blankets to mongers going up. At the top of the stairs more balaclava faced fur booted father's daughters helped the mongers out of the chair lifts and escorted them inside. The temperature often went from 30-50 degrees below zero outside to 85-95 degrees inside. Once inside the men were overdressed and the world's most beautiful women were underdressed and everyone had beards. Shaved pubes were a thing of the past. When making her late night or frosty moon lit early morning trip back to her rented room in Chonburi or Jomtien or the Frozen Ass Guesthouse a bargirl needed all the extra warmth she could get. So hairy crotches became the norm and you had to poke at the bush with chopsticks to find the love canal. Lesbianism also rose steeply as tens of thousands of women slept together for warmth. Try and find that fact in your scientific journals on Global Warming.

Polar bears and wolves and wolverines wandering around town were a constant problem and boardwalk freelancers were equipped with stun guns, and AK-47s, and pepper spray handguns, and beanbag shotguns. Every industry develops its own tools. My own Fa had her guns taken to an auto body paint booth where they sprayed different guns different colors to match her outfits. There is always time for fashion. You would think these well equipped honeys would effect business in a negative way but nothing changed. Mongers and sex tourists and newbies and guys in heated seat wheelchairs and me were still there patrolling the boardwalk for love on a daily basis. Personally I found hairy pubed shotgun wielding raven haired beauties with Mickey Mouse quilted long underwear a turn on. If you have never piled into a woman with a hot body and a cold nose who is still wearing snowshoes you have not done everything yet.

The interior landscapes of the bars didn't change much but of course all of the outside open air bars disappeared. There were other outside changes also. Basically, everything was covered with ice, and ice ream due to the ocean, and snow, and snow pack, and snow drifts. Icicles hung from every bar front roofline, and ice sheeted every window, and bar doors were often at the ends of snow tunnels. The Beach Road palms were encased in ice, hotel pools became giant ice cubes, aggressive giant Emperor penguins were a traffic menace, and ice pack killer whales patrolled off the beach. But the party rolled on. There was not even a 1% drop in the number of visiting foreigners. The genetic evolutionary anomaly known as the Thai woman remained the self same draw that it always had and men flew into LOS (Land of Snow) and FFA (Frozen Farang Ass) just as before. Snowcats replaced taxis at the airport, 747's and Airbus 380's landed at Don Muang and Bumi and Beach Road on skis, and battery operated mitten warmers replaced cool towels in the bars; but basically everything remained the same. Other happy recipients of the Global Warming like Paraguay and Baffin Land that were hot hot hot tried to take the sex tourist business away from Thailand. But it was an idea doomed to failure. Paraguay women? Baffin Land women? Come on; get serious.

So no matter where you are in this world and no matter how hot it may be due to Global Warming don't forget about Thailand. It's plenty hot here too. Hot where it counts: hot in the heart and hot in the pants. The beach is gone because of the rise in the sea level but no matter; it's all icebergs at the seawall so we are protected. So come to Thailand and get a look at how Global Warming can effect former tropical countries. Climate and climate change is a little like a bargirl's heart; hard to predict, and hard to influence, and hard to forget. At the North Pole and the South Pole tourists are now wandering around in flip-flops and thongs. The Greenland ice dome is gone, wandering ice floes are few and far between, and winters for most humans are now the subjects of nature and history documentaries. But there are pockets of climate change that act as worldwide compensating climatic influences and sacrificial node responders and are nut freezing, dick shrinking cold. Pattaya, Thailand—south of the Amari Orchid Resort & Tower on Soi Srina Kom and north of the Chinese Temple and Naval Broadcasting Station overlooking the new pier—is one of them.

So come to Thailand. The Viagra still works, and the women are still beautiful, and the bars are still fun. And it is so fxxxing cold all the French left. And the snakes. Hey, there is always a warm lining to a cold cloud. Anyway, ask for me on the boardwalk when you get here. I'll be hanging around Soi 13 waiting for Fa and handing out insulated cups of hot chocolate to the trannies. God I love this town. God I love Thailand.

Oops ... I see Fa ... gotta ski in her direction. I bought her a heart shaped pink snow shovel as a gift. I hope she likes it.

181. Ghost Mongers & Flip-Floppers in the Sky
TT&A Part 166 3/3/2007

An old farang went riding out one dark and windy night—
Unprepared for future, unprepared for fright.
When all at once a mighty herd of red-eyed whores he saw—
Flip-flopping through the ragged skies and up a cloudy draw.

Yippee-ai-ay, yippee-ai-o—
Ghost whores in the sky …
Yippee-yi-ay, Yippee-ay-o—
Ghost whores in the sky.

Their crotches wuz still on fire and their tits were made of steel—
Their tattoos wuz black and shiny and their hot breaths you could feel …
A bolt of fear went through him as they flip-flopped through the sky—
For he saw the whores comin' hard and he heard their mournful cry.

"Hey hansum man …
Where you go tonight?
Barfine me now …
I treat you plenty right."

Yippee-yi-ay, Yippee-yi-o—
Ghost whores in the sky.
Yippee-yi-ay, Yippee-yi-o—
Flip-floppers that make you cry.

Then he saw the others …
Following fast and straight—
Legions of big-eyed farangs …
Chasing the bargirl bait.

Faces gaunt, and shirts all soaked with sweat—
They're ridin' hard to catch those whores but they ain't caught them yet.
They got to ride forever in that Kingdom in the sky—
On tuk-tuks snortin' fire; as they ride on, hear their cry …

Yippee-yi-ay, yippee-yi-o …
Ghost mongers in the sky—
Yippee-yi-ay, Yippee-yi-o …
Ghost mongers in the sky.

"Wait for me flip-floppers of the sky.
You say you love me—
You no lie.
Wait for me my Num, and Noi, and Bet, and Bee"

As the mongers rode on by him, he heard one call his name—
"If you want to save your soul from hell a ridin' on our range …
Then change your ways today or with us you will ride—
Tryin' to catch the Kingdom's whores across these endless skies."

Farangs and Flip-Floppers—
Nightly on display …
Hard ridin' men and red eyed whores—
Dark sky drama that follows the day.

Yip yip yippee-yi-ay, yip yip yippee-ay-o …
Ghost players in the sky.
Yip-yi-o, Yippee-yi-ay …
Hopes and dreams that will never die.

Every farang a big blond God—
Every teeruk's stomach soft as wheat …
Imagine what Wagner could have written—
If he had visited Walking Street.

As the ghostly apparitions—
Faded in the night.
Hansum man lost his fear—
And soon forgot his plight.

Gone were the ghost farangs ridin' in the sky—
Gone the ghost whores and their future he should fear ...
Gone and forgotten—part of the bye-and-bye.
"Honey, I'll have another beer."

With apologies to the cowboy song
Ghost Riders in the Sky by Stan Jones (1949)—
Vaughn Monroe version.

Novel Idea

I'm working on a novel now called ESKIMO ROLLS AND SILVER SUITED TEDDY BEARS that will initiate a new style of writing and complete contempt for most readers that has never been witnessed before. The novel will be three hundred cut diamond pages of literary brilliance that chronicles the adventures of myself and my girlfriend Noy as we fly about in space age planes and have Pattaya age sexual experiences. Once the novel has been written I will cut it in half like a casino dealer cuts a deck of cards in half with one hundred and fifty pages in each deck. Then I will shuffle the two decks of one hundred and fifty pages each together into one new three hundred page book. Of course the narrative, and the plot, and the introduction and connivance and interplay of characters, and the clever foreshadowing, and the scene setting, and the internal character and plot dependent jokes will then make no sense at all. For example: page 2 might be followed by page 156 and page 97 might be followed by page 251.

I predict that it will make no difference. I will receive the same number of adoring emails and the same number of hateful emails. My rejection letters from famous publishing agents (read: women with smeared lipstick and kneepads) will read identically, and my present girlfriend will make the same remarks about my present writing as my last girlfriend made about the writing I was doing then.

Of course the real novel and the real cut diamonds of literary brilliance will still be between the book covers but only available to those that really want to read: those readers with the desire for literary excellence and the patience to invest themselves in the process and hunt out each sequential succeeding page. (Question: How much sand would you sift to find a diamond that would change your life?)

Sound onerous? Sound obtuse? Sound like a plethora of work and a dearth of pleasure? Well, you are correct. Correct-a-mundo Mr. One Page Book Report. For you it is onerous. It will be onerous and obtuse and bewildering and you will be spending your money and cracking the binding on something you barely understand. But you are not my reader.

You see Danaism is a private club and ESKIMO ROLLS AND SILVER SUITED TEDDY BEARS will be a private pleasure. The galley proofs have been completed and individual page copper plates are being etched and acid treated now. Once the three hundred plates have been completed all the workers will be killed. ESKIMO ROLLS AND SILVER SUITED TEDDY BEARS will be a work of art and we can't have working class trash talking about it on their lunch hour.

Willy-the-Shake sold his little plays to the common people in the pit; but he needed the cash and many of his ideas had been stolen from Italian stories anyway so the horse was already out of the barn. ESKIMO ROLLS AND SILVER SUITED TEDDY BEARS is in a whole 'nother category. Eye surgeons will have to stand by readers in case their eyes burst from their head, and incidents of stroke and heart attack and apoplexy and facial tics will go way up as normal human beings look into my world and are treated to the gin-and-tonic and the vodka-tonic pleasures of wordsmithing so gossamer fine, and so bludgeon strong, and so English gay spy clever that no comparisons will be possible. A new definition of literature is coming. The book is entitled: ESKIMO ROLLS AND SILVER SUITED TEDDY BEARS. Stay tuned.

Oh, and book signings at the Nana Entertainment Plaza or the Texas Lone Star bar in Washington Square? Get serious. This is about art. The NEP is an Indian landlord's cesspit and the Texas Lone Star bar in Washington Square is so yesterday's news that even the roaches and rats have left. But more to the point: shaking your little hand and asking you what you want me to write in the author's inscription (To Pookie—Happy reading: Dana) is not a part of the program. So just keep an eye out for announcements regarding publication and distribution dates and have your money saved up. This tome will make writing and publication history and you can be a part of that visionary groundswell of future contempt and egocentric obtuseness in writing and printing. By purchasing this book you will be proclaiming the sanctity of ego, and the sanctity of me, and cutting a fart in the faces of most human beings. Excited? You should be.

ESKIMO ROLLS AND SILVER SUITED TEDDY BEARS by Dana. Coming soon.

182. Oh Those Wacky Farangs

TT&A Part 167 10/3/2007

OK, I admit it; sometimes you have to agree that the way farangs behave is just past understanding for Thais and it is not the Thais' fault. Sometimes in our egocentricity we forget how we must look to others. Consider this:

One night I picked up a father's-daughter-and-a-mother's-pride in the Nana Hotel parking lot and took her upstairs. Mistake. She was dumber than a bucket of paint and had the eyes of a beagle. Forget Boom-Boom. I didn't want to do anything with her. Think I am exaggerating? OK, then try this idea on for size. She was too dumb to even go starfish on you. I think you can see now that this was not a film of stupidity, or a puddle of stupidity, but a deep deep well of stupidity. I tried some regrouping action like getting her to get naked and pose and please me, or try on my clothes and strut around the room or; well, just anything to earn her money and my time. But it was hopeless. How hopeless? OK, I won't go back to the deep well analogy but consider this: I did not even play shower games with her. I had an attractive, young, willing Asian whore in my room and I did not even strip her and put her in the shower. I think now you can see what I was up against. So I give her 500 baht (money for nothing) and we go back down to the lobby. As the elevator doors open I can see in the eyes of the security guard that he is calculating the time and the expenditure. About fifteen minutes. 500 baht for fifteen minutes.

I pick up another slut in the carpark immediately and go back to the security guard. He takes her card and puts it in the shoe box and into the elevator we go. In the room she is horrible. This one is smarter than a bucket of paint but dumber than a bucket of dirt and completely inept in the arts of sex and beyond hope. I tell her to get dressed and down we go. Another 500 baht pissed out the window. More money for nothing for the woman I think is dumb; but who is thinking I'm a dumbass because she just got a rural week's pay for nothing. Dumbass Farangs. I stand next to her as the security guard fishes around in the shoe box for her ID card. As I am standing at the little table in front of the elevators I can actually see through the security guards skull into his brain and this is what I see him saying to himself:

"This farang has just spent 1000 baht in 30 minutes. Do they shit money?"

You guessed it—now I am wired and determined to bonk something. I took some Viagra (not for myself—I am running an experiment for someone else) and I do not how long it is going to last. So time is now a factor. I make a circuit of the carpark and pick up a cute tranny with nice heaving cleavage. This should be a guarantee. Of course I don't know any of this from personal experience-having fun and making myself happy is wrong—I have learned that; this is just something about trannies I have heard. A tranny is a sexual guarantee.

They are apparently demented, perverted, sickening slut animals who will suck the chrome off a trailer hitch, and bark like dogs while wearing lampshades on their heads and packing the chocolate hole with lube. Again, I don't know any of this personally; I have just heard this from other guys, who have heard it from other other guys, who have heard it from friends of other guys, who have heard it from other guys who once read it somewhere and figure it must be like that ...! and heard it from someone in Pakistan, and got an email from a dude in Tasmania, and once saw a net porn picture of one, and knew a woman who had an ex-husband who got caught by a cop who was wearing panties and ...! thousands of working trannies in the Kingdom but no farang has ever rubbed against one.

Of course I totally disapprove of this tranny stuff. I'm no sicko and I know what is wrong because someone tells me about every hour. Once again—trafficking in trannies is wrong and I do not know any of this from personal experience but it is regroup time. Desperate times call for desperate measures and I am two down in what is supposed to be one of the world's premier red light districts. I need a guarantee. So it is tranny hunting time and I pick up this cute little number with heaving cleavage. I am going to blow my Viagra tubes like wadding leaving a cruiser's 12 inch guns and I am not going to be holding Bibles in each while I am doing it. Forgive me mother but I had a penis coming out of you, and I still have a penis today, and I intend to do something with it. Anyway, back to the security guard. My tranny love hasn't got an ID card (big surprise) but she tells him something (???) and up we go.

Only one thing: From the pickup point near the metal sign on wheels at the beginning of the carpark to the hotel room door she had been kinda lagging behind. Not really keeping up. Not really walking beside me. A bad sign. A very bad sign. She should have been beaming, and smiling, and tipping her head, and pushing up her fake tits, and clinging to me like a … well, she should have been glad to be with me and selling it like crazy. That is how the money is earned and the file of suckers is put together. I'll spare you the details. I had made another mistake. Bad to worse in about 15 seconds. So horrible that I just put her I'm-Pretending-I'm-A-Woman purse in her hand and led her to the door. The two of us go down. I give her nothing. Back to the security guard where she tells him something (???) and then we go through the lobby. But the security guard doesn't know I didn't pay this one. He is probably thinking three women in 50 minutes equals 1500 baht.

"Do the farangs shit and piss money? Do they fxxxing SHIT money?"

Now I am standing at the entrance to the Nana Hotel where the exit kinda slopes down. I'm done. Pooped. Then I notice the waving. Every girl in the carpark has seen this madness and heard about me from the first two ball grabbers. Now they are lined up opposite the entrance to the hotel waving and smiling at me. White flashing teeth, and glinty happy eyes, and little hands doing the western beauty contest wave. One has her hand on her hip and is pelvic thrusting: always a winner when attracting the Dana Love Machine (DLM).

"The crazy farang will give you 500 baht for nothing. You don't have to drop your pants and you don't have to open your mouth. And don't forget to look in the toilet. They shit money."

I start to laugh. It's funny. The tension and the disappointment wash out of me. Time to walk down Soi 4 and see if I can find the woman who sells chicken-on-a-stick. Time to stand in front of the Bus Stop restaurant and smile at the door girls. Time to go to Ball-in-Hand and play an hour of pool. Time to see if I can get into the new hotel pool on the fourth floor and just lie back and look at the stars. Time to buy some expensive glossy Thai magazines and soak in the tub.

So all the girls thought I was crazy and the security guard thought I was crazy; and they will all tell their separate stories to others. The crazy farang. The crazy farangs. "Money for nothing. They must shit money."

Can't blame them.

183. The Great Dana Conveyance

TT&A Part 168 17/3/2007

Historical Introduction

There had been some tension in the Stickmanbangkok.com world recently so measures had been taken. It's a long road and the smart man keeps one eye on the road ahead and one eye on those seeking to overtake him. It's the weary man who is the survivor but it is the smart man who knows that living well is the best revenge. Like I said, measures had been taken in the Stick world.

Coming down the highway there were eight coal black crotch rockets with Karen silver swords in scabbards in the front and four follow up Harleys with handlebar racked four barrel revolving Belgian shotguns in the rear. All cycle riders were Bang Kwang prison parolees anxious to make a new start. A covering fire and communications helicopter flew overhead. Centered in this moving arsenal of success and commitment to leader were three gold flake tinted window stretch limos with armored undercarriages and dragster fuel injection systems. All three cars were carrying passengers who looked like Stick. Two were impostors committed to decoy and protect. Only one vehicle had the leader and that was the one pumping out Ludicrous at maximum volume while back seat smilers tipped their heads at Stick's every word and contemporary history anthropology students recorded all for posterity. The Stickman was riding high again.

There was only one shadow on the glorious personal peak of Mount Everest for the fabulous Stickmeister. He was on his way to the Stickmanbangkok.com Writers' Get-Together rehearsal and he was not sure that Dana's invitation to the Stickmanbangkok.com Writers' Get-Together rehearsal event had been mailed in time. He had given the job of mailing the letter plus a five satang coin tip to the guy who drags himself along the sidewalk in front of the Landmark Hotel on Sukhumvit Road.

What had at the time looked like economy and charity is now looking like impulse and bad planning. The rehearsal party without Dana would be like a pimple without someone to squeeze it. OK, that makes no sense. Wait a minute … no, that makes no sense at all. Anyway, creases furrowed the brow of the high riding Stick as the convey made the turn off Phayathai Road and started belting down Ploenchit Road on the way to Sukhumvit Road. Once the convey passed Ploen Chit Center it went to military lights out mode. The only lights on the vehicles were the urban flashes in the mirror finish triple chrome plated spinning wheel covers.

All interior lighting and headlights and turn signals and braking lights were snuffed, combustion systems were switched to battery backup for quiet running, and automatic license plate concealers rolled into place. Stickmanbangkok.com volunteers had blocked sois, and taken over intersections, and cleared the highway. The crotch rockets and Harleys were all in front now riding twelve abreast from curb to curb. The heavy armor plated limos were moving like freight trains and the brown men with the gauntlet gloves at the steering wheels had their hands in the ten o'clock and the two o'clock positions.

No orders had to be issued. Everyone knew that from here to the secret location of the Stickmanbankok.com Writers' Get-Together party rehearsal it was all momentum and commitment. Stickman's stomach felt tight and flat and there was just the right amount of citrus juice and finely granulated sugar on the lip of his heavy thin lipped crystal glass. Never had a margarita tasted so good and never had he felt better. Life was good. Dana's retirement from making submissions seemed to be the repeating delusion of a madman. Who knows, maybe the nutter would go to one thousand submissions. Ah, life was good. The heavy thin lipped crystal glass made him smile. Sweet Jesus on a cracker what a great margarita. The little business and personal bumps in the road of the past were over and it was all clear skies ahead.

But the creased brow remained. Still he worried. Would Dana get the gold trimmed rice paper invitation in time?

Meanwhile, half a world away in Boston …

But wait a minute: there is more. Various malcontents and party crashers and bad people had thrown a ten mile diameter surveillance ring around BKK and the roof top binocular spies, and the intersection cell phone stoolies, and the taxi touts had soon spotted the girls from Pattaya cannoning people out of the sky near Soi 33. The military style limo convoy had also been spotted early flying down Phayathai Road. By the time the twelve abreast cycles with swords and shotguns were passing the Landmark hotel the entourage was trailing minnows that had gotten under the net. Like a virgin white comet trailing a tail of dirty space debris; the three limos and the chopper and the cycles were now pulling behind them tuk tuks and cars of Stickmanbangkok.com Writers' Get-Together party rehearsal gate crashers.

Operation critical mass had been reached and it was time for Part II of Plan A. Stick pressed a switch and chopper pilot Wan lowered the skids on top of the limo. Co-pilot Pim reached around behind her and opened the floor hatch.

Stick climbed up through the moon roof of the stretch gold flaked Mercedes and into the chopper. Co-pilot Pim handed him a drink and the chopper fell off on a magnetic heading of 310 degrees. Was this Plan B to Plan A? No, there had never been a

Plan B. Just a well orchestrated Plan A that had two parts and now had malcontents and party crashers and bad people tailgating three darked out limos and twelve cycles on the way to nowhere.

The real location of the Writers' Get-Together rehearsal was at a private walled estate surrounded by patrolling ex-mamasans and shepherd dogs, watch towers, concertina wire, motion detectors, moats, and trained attack cobras. It was west of the Sangkhla Buri reservoir near the Burma border. Days were insect buzzing quiet but nights were punctuated with planes coming and going, landing lights flashing on and off, and the grinding of locals teeth who knew it was best to see nothing and know nothing and say nothing. The entire four acre compound had been covered with artillery camo nets. Only the pool area was open. Rehearsal attendees had been brought in on elephants, the nearby town of Sangkhla Buri had been evacuated, and Burmese refugees living on the Thai side of the border were being used as mahouts and laborers and traditional dress singing and dancing evening entertainment. Their most important employee quality was that they knew how to keep their mouths shut. Children were trained by their parents to keep their eyes down and everyone over the age of forty pretended to be senile. They did not even question the Olympic sized infinity edged lap pool being filled with lemon scented Evian water for the elephants. Farangs. Ba Ba Bo Bo.

Meanwhile ... back in Boston—

The Great Dana Conveyance Of 2006

There had been some kind of a glitch, or a foul-up, or a misdemeanor, or an example of social engineering of the criminal kind, or a Siamese postal muck up; but that was all part of the past now. At last Dana's purple rice paper invitation to the

Stickmanbangkok.com Writers' Get-Together party rehearsal had arrived. The outside of the collectors quality envelope was marred by the black fingerprint smudges of the legless man but no matter; it is the thought that counts. Admittedly it arrived at the last minute but that was only a challenge to the various military organizations and governments and talented aviation people who participated in The Great Dana Conveyance of 2006.

As hyper party security particulars had become more stringent rehearsal dates and locations had changed several times. Stickmanbangkok.com Writers' Get-Together party rehearsal managers and team captains and other personnel had to learn to relearn passwords and different locations on a moment's notice. Forward sweep Stickman commandos had to learn to evacuate people, and set up cameras and weapons and concertina wire and listening posts and electric gates and communication centers and emergency medical centers and pupil ID cameras and observation towers, and camo nets within hours. Stickman doubles were constantly be retrained and redeployed and Churchillian same-same during WWII was being studied for nuance and daring and commitment.

The happy smiles world of Siam had become the knife fight grimaces of modern Thailand so keeping all party particulars quiet was only practical. There was always somebody who wanted to piss in the gairng leang. In addition, the party to come had become a symbol of all that was right with Stickmanbangkok.com and all that was right with the world. Like a balloon's surface that expands everywhere equally when blown up; the party had taken on value of increasing importance in every category. The world was watching. So a rehearsal was important to make sure the party was a boffo success that the world would talk about and look on with envy until next year's party which was already rumored to include stick readers additionally. A party with 30,000 attendees anyone? But one thing at a time and the main event now was to get to the rehearsal.

Normal civilian routing from Boston to Bangkok would have gone from Boston to Minneapolis to Narita to Bangkok. But there was nothing normal about The Great Dana Conveyance of 2006. Time was of the essence—college talk for "We've got to haul ass."

The conveyance vehicle chosen was a baked black swept wing titanium rocket sled that seated two and frightened all. It was nicknamed Neutrino. Hey, sometimes you see it, sometimes you don't. Oh, those wacky physicists. Anyway, its parts carried no ID numbers, it recognized no international borders, and it filed no flight plans. No plans existed and all engineers and designers and riveters had been permanently 'retired'. Its code name issued from the cockpit cleared runways and airspace immediately all over the world. Notice that Neutrino was coming brought mixed messages—flattery and fear.

Belly cargoed up to 45,000 feet it was then cut loose and the fires were lit. The four huge engines went from cold to explosion hot in a second. Molecules tumbled over each other trying to change shape ahead of metal malleability overload. The stiletto went from zero to thirty five G's in eight seconds. Every flight destroyed some brain cells and some vision acuity but no pilot ever quit on their own. Addiction trumps all. Testicles retracted into the lower pelvic cavity and eyeballs egged from peeled back lids. Cardiac, circulatory, nervous system signal carriers, and lungs temporarily shut down. You've got to pay to play.

Computer coded pumps responding to nose cone pressure and wing camber changes automatically injected adrenalines and steroids and atomized chillies into clear plastic tubing intravenously attached to both arms and run up the rectum. Recovery was instantaneous. Great helmeted heads snapped up, smiles barred teeth, and arms rose in exultation. It's a man's world baby and we're pumped and primed and coming through. Dana to the world—

"I've heard you calling—
A mammalian wail:
You can depend on me—
I will not fail.

Listen for the booming—
That's my sound.
You won't be lonely—
I'll be around.

I'm on the way—
Dodging stellar debris.
Soon it'll be—
Just you and me.

It's DanaTime guys—
I'm on the way.
It's DanaTime guys—
Oh, happy day."

Routing from Boston to Bangkok was one string stretched over the globe. No stops. Suborbital rocket flight screeching through the silk thin upper atmosphere at 67,000 miles per hour. Over the curve of the Earth and down to _____ ? Hey, I could tell you but then I would have to kill you. Stick was already tapping his glass and starting to speak at the rehearsal orientation event for vendors, and entertainers, and featured speakers, and security, and Stickmanbangkok.com gaffers and runners and accountants, and valet elephant parking people, and hatcheck girls, and emergency medical technicians, as well as rooftop medic evac support. It would be close.

The two-headed four-armed animatronic gun metal grey pilot up front was monitoring systems computers, topical shield heat spreadsheets, gyroscopic anomalies, Satnav Van Allen Belt magnetic differentials, catheter evacuation pumps, incoming meteor debris, and sunburst activity. He was flying without passport or flight plan or portfolio. Failure to deliver Dana would be his death sentence. He had volunteered. It was an honor to serve. Dana in the back was reviewing notes from his rehearsal speech and clipping nose hairs. Out ahead United States and Canadian and Russian and Chinese and Thai military were clearing airspace. The United Nations now run by a consortium of bargirl run countries was dropping leaflets and mailing out broken window glass payments. The airborne crotch rocket Dana was riding gave a whole new meaning to the words Boom Boom.

Meanwhile Noi and the fly girl jockeys from South Pattaya responding to worldwide Dana tracking needs had made a concomitant convoy flight up to Bangkok in twenty pink military helicopters. Without the need for high speed aerodynamic design the air vehicles festooned stem to stern with navigational and rapid fire apparatuses made them look like giant zygoptera killing machines.

Leaving the maritime park of South Pattaya at dusk in two flying wedges of nine copters with Noi and her teddy bear in the front in her gold trimmed copter and an air support communications platform copter in the back; they caused even the giant German whales of beach chair and beer to look up and shield their eyes. Unlike the incoming baked black stiletto no attempt was made at stealth or incognito. Tranny waist gunners and helicopter blades that were emblazoned with the phosphorescent holographic words DON'T OVERPAY gave away the game. No need for flight suits either on this low level flight up the coast and then across the water to BKK. There hadn't been much advance warning and so girls were flying in Go-Go boots, and wrap-around bar bathrobes, and Frankenstein boots. In a scene from the movie Apocalypse Now; Wagner's Ride of the Valkyries was booming through the airframes and trannies were feeding belts and loading tracers bare breasted. A few were hooking themselves into the open doors naked except for heels and attitude. "We're coming Dana".

Ever had a naked six foot tall big dicked tranny breasted hormone freak bearing down on you with a hot barreled 50 caliber pintle mounted door gun? Run yet maes, run.

By the time the swept wing sled carrying Dana and the two headed pilot had entered Thai airspace over Nong Khai the skies over the drop zone and the skies surrounding the assumed party rehearsal zone had already been cleared. Equipped with cannons, and rockets, and 300 decibel speakers barking orders in Laotian and Khmer and Isaan—Noi and Ning and Nong and Na and Nung and No and Nope and Nukki and Nory and Num and Nep and Nod and Noon and Now and Newy and Nuf and Nad and Neb and Nooly and Bang made airspace interlopers and human ground squirrels disappear.

"Out of the way Kun Heeat—Kuhn Dana is coming."

Slow airspace responders were cannoned to the ground and then barbecue assed with flamethrower bloom just so they would not think it was an accident: "Eat dirt yet ped." Children and the elderly were encouraged to move with a Gatling gun firing wet soi dog turds. The combined zygopteras pink fuselaged firepower of 20mm cannons, and rocket launchers, and grenade launchers, and flame throwers, and anti-tank missiles, and 50 caliber door guns was impressive but nothing struck fear into the ground dwellers more than the giant bow mounted rotating cluster self feeding reciprocating Gatling gun that could fire 900 huge wet soi dog turds per minute. Flame throwers? Scary. Anti-tank missiles? Not going to be a good day. Being harassed with 50 caliber bullets and tracers? A downer. But nothing was worse than being chased and surrounded and then targeted and brought down by wet soi dog turds. Forget face after that. You just had to move out of the neighborhood. Ever seen a soi dog smile? Dogs hiding and watching thought humans getting the Gatling gun sloppy soi dog turd treatment was the funniest thing they had ever seen. Another reason you had to move.

Anyway, coming in over Thai airspace the gun metal grey two-headed, four-armed pilot looked like an octopus on yaa baa has he started to shut down systems and regroup for the thick soup of low level flight. The Dana conveyance mobile started to drop like a tourist busting coconut. When the satnav klaxoned that Soi 63 was within 7.1907 seconds the airship lit up like a gulf stream cruise liner and put light on the ground like an incoming space ship. Geckos froze, snakes flicked their tongues, and party crashers trailing the darked out decoy limos on Sukhumvit Road gunned their engines in anticipation of finally tracking down the Writers' Party rehearsal location. In the meantime, Dana was notified that Part II of Plan A was coming up and he was soon going to go cockpit ballistic. When flashing instrument lights indicated that the Soi 63 waypoint had been reached the plane fell off to starboard on compass course 310 degrees. Sangkhla Buri—here we come.

Crossing the eastern side of the reservoir Dana's brain implant flared and he went to systems obedience mode and palmed the ejection toggle with a bloated glove. Going vertical through where the canopy used to be; he was soon separated from his seat and plummeting over the marble black star lit reservoir. After chute deployment it was just training, homing beacon, altimeter, and compass bearing.

His landing inside the netted walled compound of the Stickmanbangkok.com Writers' Get-Together rehearsal just missed the lemon scented Evian water pool. With his first step he dropped the scalloped wing behind him, his second step left his helmet on a teakwood chaise lounge, his third step was under an elephants midsection, and his last step had him ducking under the camo net and entering the meeting room.

Stick had just run out of soccer stories and rugby reminiscences. Perfect timing.

Let the Stickmanbangkok.com Writers' Get-Together rehearsal start.

184. A Good Son

TT&A Part 169 24/3/2007

It's starless and moonless and colder than a mamasan's tit in a brass bra as the great silver bird stuffed with four hundred beating hearts starts dropping like a stone over Krung Thep. Everyone is asleep; drugged by too much to eat, and too much to drink, and too many boring movies, and too many air miles—the narcotics of the rich; flying coach and business class and first class and complaining, while people down below are tipping over rocks looking for grubs to eat. I'm not sleepy though. I'm calculating!

This 747 has 6 million parts and 171 miles of wiring but the only thing I care about is Rosco the Saint Bernard who is riding shotgun in the baggage compartment. About now he should be feeling poorly. His stomach is full of condoms stuffed with powder so pure it's like jet fuel. Mainlining this stuff is going to make swallowing fistfuls of yaa baa look like eating balls of sticky rice! All condoms double socked but one—one I made him swallow that had a hole in it. And full of rat poison. By pet baggage pick-up time, he will either be dead or will have heaved up all the condoms full of product in his traveling case. It's a question of timing and luck. Some big dogs are heavers—some just moan, kick, and die. If he has heaved when I get to his cage, I won't claim him. I'll just disappear like a katoey with a farang's wallet. If he is dead though, I'll claim him and take him with me.

In Boston, before I took him to baggage for pets; I first took him into the airport men's room and gave him his food dish with a special menu. One third dog food, one third water, and one third cement mix. I buried little broken bits of his favorite doggie treats in the mix to get his mind off the taste of the cement. In his gut the water will blend with the dry mix and form a cap of cement at the top of his stomach. If he is a heaver, this cement cap should keep the condoms down. This was my mom's idea. Always listen to your mother. Men's room conversation:

—Me: I love you Rosco but you ain't paying the bills and baby needs new shoes. Just look at this as your contribution to the greater good. Me! Or, I should say; Mom and I.
—Rosco: Woof.

After I land in Bangkok, I go to pet pickup and am informed that Rosco is hard as a carp. Dead as a doornail. And he hasn't coughed up the game. Excellent. Just papers to fill out and I put his carcass on the top of a luggage cart and head for the curb. A live Saint Bernard on a leash is a big dog. Hell, they look like small ponies. But a dead Saint Bernard filling up with gases and his legs sticking straight out from rigor mortis on top of a luggage cart is really big. 'Holy crapola what is that thing?' big. No one in the taxi line says a thing and the taxi driver into the city does not say a thing.

You would think that checking into a high class hotel like the Nana Hotel (aka Mothership) on Soi 4 in Bangkok's finest geography with dog feet and dog legs sticking out of the top of your backpack would excite some comment. You would be mistaken. Not a peep at the front desk. 'Honk if you love roadkill'—they must have been thinking. Ditto the porter who helped me with my bag and my backpack and took me up to my room: although his eyes locked onto the feet and legs of Rosco and the bulge in the backpack like a bargirl locks onto a German tourist's wallet and he had a big smile for me. I think for the first time in the Kingdom I got respect. Honk if you love roadkill.

Anyway; check in and up to the tenth floor which is Nan, the trusted maid's, floor. Many times used and never a problem. Good runners are hard to find. Once inside my room I open up

Rosco and take out the product. Next I clean the stuffed condoms in the toilet bowl and check for bubbles. Nan is a day maid who will make the pickup tomorrow around noon. Rosco will go back out tonight and get dumped over the construction site wall opposite the Marriot.

In the past I used to empty out a bottle of Spring water from the minibar and get a quart of petrol at the corner gas station—wrap the dogs in petrol soaked sheets—set fire to them and then heave them over the fence. But I'm short and the fence is kinda high and one night I had a flaming dog carcass fall back on top of me. What a postcard that would have made! This whole dodge was mom's idea in the first place so she is to blame for my new 'no eyebrows' look. Bargirl conversation:

—Bargirl: Did you pluck your eyebrows?
—Me: No honey, I had a flaming dog fall on me!

Some things are not translatable. We used to torch the dogs; Mom and I, to destroy any prints. My mother was a nutcase about fingerprints. Early on, when I was green and coming up in the family business and we were disposing of a basset hound (small dog—large stomach); I remember this conversation—

—Me: But Mom, how can you leave prints on a basset hound?
—Mom: Shut up and light the match.

So if you were walking down Soi 4 at night many years ago; and you got hit in the face by a flying flaming basset hound—don't blame me. Blame Mom. She was a small woman but she could grenade toss dogs out of 10th floor hotel windows like a 20 year old paratrooper. God, those were the days.

Anyway, it is just me now. Mom is retired and hates the constant travel. I've made a few changes. Bigger dogs and no more torching—but basically it is the same deal. It used to be that getting stoned on ganja, or jazzed on yaa baa, or liquored up with mom; and then heaving a flaming beagle out of a top floor Nana hotel room was part of the fun. A comedic highlight that became part of family lore and storytelling. Back then when we were using beagles, terriers, and dachshunds as canine mules we were bringing in three at a time. One trip per month—three dogs per trip—36 dogs per year. The airlines thought we were dog lovers. Yeah, love'em, stuff'em, and heav'em. But at least you got some practice. I once saw mom clear the old pool at the Nana with a flaming Chihuahua.

But you had to plan for it. You had to have a running path in the hotel room. You couldn't just stand at the window and wing them—you needed momentum. Think Olympic discus throw for small mammals. So it was up against the wall with the king size bed and clear the furniture. Picture this: Me and mom hammered, jazzed, and disoriented on ganja, yaa baa, and whiskey. Half-naked, sweating like pigs, and laughing like hyenas. One of us really, really short and the other much shorter; bent over double trying to lift the king size bed up against the wall. Usually this went well.

Sometimes this went very badly and became a near-death experience. In case the picture of a king sized bed falling on a mother and a son amuses you, let me tell you there was nothing funny about it. It would turn your average yaa baa, whiskey, flaming dog party into a yaa baa, whiskey, flaming dog panic party! First would come the awful realization; then the rush of air, the crashing sound, the crushing weight, and then the terrible darkness. Over the years mom and I learned to scramble like squirrels in front of the headlights of a car. If I live to be a 100 years old I'll never forget the words:

"Run, son. Run!"

Once the floor was cleared the thrower would stand at the hotel room hall door with the 'evidence' in his/her hand, the other would light the match. Then it was run across the room and grenade toss out the window. Mom was always better at this than me. Misjudgements on the run up meant unfortunate smashups with the aluminum window frame. Flaming dog 'bounce-back' was always a problem.

Sometimes as the canine 'evidence' would leave the window mom would lean out and shout INCOMING in case there were any 'Nam storytellers walking down soi 4. This used to make her laugh so hard she would have bladder control problems. Ah, mom. What a kidder. But those days are gone now. Now with the move to bigger stomach capacity that has all changed. I don't care how big and strong you are, you aren't grenade tossing a 100 pound Great Dane or a 150 pound Saint Bernard. They just drop like bombs onto the car park below and usually take out a couple of freelancers. I know. I tried.

So now it is just hard work and no partying. You mature. Carry the dog out through the lobby like a giant hairy teeruk toy, around the corner onto Soi 4, through the Rajah hotel parking lot, over to the construction site fence, and then—well, you know. Work. Work. Work. I wasn't smart enough to get into medical school, and I didn't have the organizational skills to be a pimp. You do what you know. It's a small business. We aren't taking pack trains of product out of Burma, or sponsoring streams of Spanish woman with dubious suitcases landing in Miami; but it has always been a steady little earner.

Coals to Newcastle? Not a bit of it. It was just a sideline business Mom and I ran called Deals Gone Bad Inc. A few bullets here and there and deals went 'bad'. Time to disappear for a while and luckily (timing is everything in business) free product was available to finance the trip. Honk if you love capitalism and serendipity. My mom: boy-oh-boy don't get me started—hard nosed and practical in business, feminine and pretty in her personal life. Look up the word 'perfect woman' in the dictionary and there would be a picture of her. And three day old panties? Sweet Jesus on a cracker what a perfume. Come home from work all beat up and tired: kick back with a gin-and-tonic in one hand and a pair of my mom's panties in the other hand—I'm a lucky son.

Yessiree, honk if you love muzzle flash and powder burns and the final solution. You've got an MBA from Milquetoast University do you? Did case studies on substituting soybean oil for canola oil in the Guatemalan candy bar market? Get serious. You don't know anything about business until you know how to eliminate the competition and turn a 'business meeting' into an opportunity for free inventory. That's why it wasn't Coals to Newcastle on these dog flights to Siam, but serendipity and additional profits. God bless mom. A business reddy teddy who didn't flinch at reduced profits.

"Son, never be a business snob and don't be greedy. If it's additional flour in the flour barrel it counts."

I never ever dreamed about taking over the family business. It was strictly Batman and Robin and I knew and loved my place because I knew and loved my mom. I had crocheted throw pillows at home on my bed that said: "Happiness is a warm gun" and "Happiness is a warm mom". Slept like a baby.

Anyway, I have always been a saver and man of moderate appetites—so another 40 Great Danes or Saint Bernards or Newfoundlands or Wolfhounds or Mastiffs should clear me for retirement. I never successfully mated so there are no little Danas or Danaesses to continue the family business. Too bad, you meet a lot of nice people in dog pounds. Mom wants us to retire together in Ko Samui but I am partial to Bali —post terrorist bombing real estate values look attractive. You've got to adapt. We'll see.

Nan, the tenth floor trusted maid, makes the pickup on time and makes the connection with Omar the Indian who owns the five floor cult hotel around the corner on Sukhumvit. Two days later the crisp, multiple series US $100 bills are in the cut-out foam seat of my hotel room chair. I have been cheated on the total but only a little. It is enough. I'm clean; Rosco's a dead witness, and there are no live witnesses. Nobody saw anybody do anything! I loupe the bills and they are genuine. It looks like Omar wants to do more business. The missing money I just call slippage or the 'Thai factor'. You've got to be practical. I'm my mother's son. As soon as I proofread the bills; I pack and scram. I'm out of the hotel in 15 minutes—cash all the way—and no prints behind. Honk if you love the Third World.

A quick trip to JP Travel around the corner to pick up my airline tickets, and then I am off to Ko Samui for a three week holiday. Mom is flying in and I'll have plenty of money to be able to show her a good time.

I try to be a good son.

185. Bargirls and Shakespeare

TT&A Part 170 31/3/2007

> *"Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player, that struts and frets his hour upon the stage, and then is heard no more; it is a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing."*—Shakespeare

Shakespeare In Thailand

I don't want to say my Thai girlfriend is theatrical but last time she started rippin' and clawin' at me, and throwing and smashing things; she ended up by throwing the back of her hand to her forehead and launching into Shakespeare—

"Reputation, reputation, reputation! Oh, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial."

She ended with the wild eyes of the mentally unbalanced and sent the name of the play (Othello), and the act number (2), and the scene number (3); at me like a cobra spitting a stream of venom. The game was on.

Me: You have lost your reputation? Well, OK honey—maybe: but if we are going to bring Shakespeare into this midsummer's madness all I can think of is "What is past is prologue" and "What's done can't be undone" and "Mind your speech a little lest you should mar your fortunes". But I did not say any of those things. What I said was:

"Stop throwing my stuff you stupid woman; and stop screaming, and stop frightening the cat."

Her response—my Elizabethan dark skin banshee? "Be though familiar but by no means vulgar". You don't love me and you don't understand me. "Women speak two languages—one of which is verbal". You don't understand the other language I am speaking because you don't love me: "If you prick us do we not bleed? If you tickle us do we not laugh? If you poison us do we not die? And if you wrong us shall we not revenge?"

Me: Revenge?

With that she launched a meat cleaver missile that missed me but made a direct hit on the fish tank. No Shakespearean fish tank quotes came to mind as neons, and angelfish, and miniature sharks, and guppies, and catfish splurged out onto the rug; but it did occur to me that "An overflow of good converts to bad", and "The lady doth protest too much—methinks", and "The course of true love never did run smooth", and "The empty vessel makes the loudest sound", and "Confusion now hath made his masterpiece".

But thoughts that occur to men and the things they say to women are often two different things. When she raised her hand and arm to throw the meat cleaver at me her breasts rose and spread, and her stomach went flat and tight, and muscles burst to the surface in her thighs. A thin line of sweat was on her upper lip, and the insides of her legs were wet and running. I got distracted.

What I wanted to say was: "Beauty is all very well at first sight; but whoever looks at it when it has been in the house three days?" Yeah, that would have stopped in her tracks. Nothing like a snappy quote from the bard with the lace ruffled collar to stop these Siamese schizos in their tracks. But like I say, I got distracted and started to have flashbacks to the night before when we had bonked like bunnies on speed and she had gotten her skull bang bang bang bang bang bang bang bang bang bangity bang bang banged on the headboard. Maybe she was mental from bonking or something. I almost started to pity her when she said:

"I HAVE BEEN LIVING HERE FOR TWO WEEKS AND YOU HAVE NOT MARRIED ME YET."

and I repeat:

"I HAVE BEEN LIVING HERE FOR TWO WEEKS AND YOU HAVE NOT MARRIED ME YET."

Sweet Jesus on a cracker … and I paraphrase:

'Sweet Sufferin' Jesus on a saltine cracker' that caused my head to snap back to reality. The witches in Macbeth weren't that crazy. Forget the headboard bonking—this woman is just nuts. Nutso. Flippo. Looney. Mental. Scrambled. Ah hell, she's Thai. And it made me think like Shakespeare:

"Maids want nothing but husbands, and when they have them, they want everything."

Makes you wonder how much time Shakespeare spent in Pattaya between plays. Don't tell me Willy-the-Shake never did any Pattaya bonking because there is an Isaan recipe right there in the play Macbeth:

"Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing."

If that's not Isaan cooking I'll push a used condom down Beach road with my nose. I rest my case. The bard wasn't just hanging out in playwright cafes in merrye olde Englande. He was also banging like a hammer with a stutter in goode olde Pattayae. Anyway, to return to my personal and dangerous domestic drama with Miss Nutso—I didn't say:

“Maids want nothing but husbands, and when they have them, they want everything.”

because by now she had gone into crazy screeching overdrive and had torn off her halter top, and kicked off her G-string, and was trying to pick up my computer to throw it. I got distracted again. You had to be there.

It may be true that “It is not in the stars to hold our own destiny but in ourselves” but like I said you had to be there. It wasn’t my destiny I was holding but my dick, and I could sense a fork in the road coming up.

It may have been true that “Hell is empty and all the devils are here” but this She Devil was working her mojo on me and I could no longer deny that “Temptation is the fire that brings up the scum of the heart”. I was now no better than her. She had done her job well.

It is all very well to say “Tis one thing to be tempted, another thing to fall” but like I said, you had to be there. Scum in my heart like gorge in a throat was rising, my dick was a piece of steel, and her sweat soaked body was bent over the computer.

The rest was only Shakespeare after five whiskeys—plays and quotes that never saw the Elizabethan light. I stepped forward and said “It is one thing to be tempted, another thing to fall” and I am falling now. “Let me embrace thee, sour adversity, for wise men say it is our wisest course”. We bonked like rabbits.

Lesson: If you are going to play house with Thai teeruks you better learn your Shakespeare. It is all very well to travel to the Kingdom thinking:

"What a piece of work is a man,
how noble in reason,
how infinite in faculties,
in form and moving how express and admirable,
in action how like an angel,
in apprehension how like a God"

but once they start throwing meat cleavers and quotes at you while the insides of their thighs turn to rivers of musk and sweat—you are going to need to be prepared. "Rest, rest, perturbed spirit!" and "Now is the winter of our discontent" are not going to be enough. You are going to need heavy duty quotes and lots of them. You are in the smack-down contest of your life, and you are going to need at least fifty 'punch her to the midsection' quotes. The real experienced or long term players, or elderly freelancers, or top money Go-Go bar takeouts can spit relevant Shakespeare stunners and body slams at you like a machine gun spits bullets. You're in the Kingdom now brother and you better get tough. Remember, these girls spend all day learning about ATM machines, and Connect Four, and Shakespeare.

We bonked like rabbits.

186. I’m Listening Thailand

TT&A Part 171 7/4/2007

> *“Look deep into Nature and then you will understand everything better.”* —Albert Einstein

But you gotta look. Luckily, in the last twenty years a new kind of nature observer and biologist has come to the fore in the part of the tropics that has big canopy jungle and big canopy forest. In the beginning these new nature observers were climbing ropes to get to the tops of the trees and the canopy. There they could discover, and explore, and gather data but the imprint was small and the conclusions suspect. Finally inflatable canopy floors that can span a tree or several trees were developed and used and featured in nature magazines. Then followed canopy cranes, and canopy walkways, and ‘canopy tour systems’ (salesman alert). Data collection became more interesting and reliable. Why all the technology and the effort to get into the tops of big canopy tall tropical trees? Because it was discovered that there was unknown rich and diverse life going on high up off the jungle and forest floor. Heart beating and chlorophyll processing living things and the lives of living things that we had been missing out on. A world unto itself of value and interest that we knew nothing about.

For a couple of decades prior to this discovery hipster westerners who knew how to spell environmental, and who had backpacks with airline stickers from the Third World, and who used the word ecosystem when engaged in foreplay with hairy legged French researchers thought they knew everything. We were at one with the world. We had seen the earth from outer space, and learned to eat macrobiotic kelp, and chained ourselves to giant soon-to-be-harvested trees in the American northwest. Then the surprise—the rich and diverse and unknown things and ‘things-doing-things' world of the forest and jungle canopy. It was like opening a Pandora's Box for the smarti-pants crowd and soon words like biodiversity, and biosphere, and interstices (of air and foliage), and microclimate were all the rage. But they were just the precursor to the standard madness that follows discovery and the subsequent knife fight for money, and attention, and grants.

No longer were National Geographic articles just using phrases like canopy ecology, and rooftop ecosystems, and new discoveries in the sky: now we were treated to verbal splurges like—

—interdisciplinary research groups are now coalescing to approach canopy questions from different spatial scales ...

—forest canopy ecologists and computer scientists received a mathematical modalities planning grant ...

—manage, analyze, and disseminate shared data pertaining to complex ecological questions regarding multiple disciplines and a wide range of spatial scales ...

Hey, is it me or do these tree top nerds talk a lot? I think basically they are just up there looking around but if I said that I would probably be beaten to death with their survey clipboards. Bless these guys and gals: we got treated to new words and new word combinations. Things like:

—above ground adventitious roots (I knew that)
—accidental epiphyte (I think I got a girl pregnant once 'cause of this)
—crotch ecosystem (I know a Pattaya mamasan who has a powder for this)
—'often have adaptations for desiccation resistance such as gelatinous slime'—(me too)
—and the ever popular—allochthonous nutrient sources (Bangkok Soi 5 Foodland at 10:00 p.m.)

Can you play the extrapolation game? OK, take the following paraphrase quote and cover the globe with it—

'The national bibliography on tropical biology database includes more than 17,000 references to theses, dissertations, monographs, journals, congresses, etc just about Costa Rica.' Poor Costa Rica. When does research become a tawdry kind of asexual voyeurism?

I don't know about you but as soon as I hear words like computer scientist, and spatial, and modality, and research grant I know I have been left behind. Too much smart talk. I know my limits. I'm not smart but I am curious; and I just want to know if green leaved and beating heart living things way up there in the blistering hot Thai treetops are happy. Happy living lives that do not include humans. Sometimes I wish I could do that. Live a happy life in a treetop that did not include humans. No more mamasans, and no more tortured pantomimes with boardwalk cruisers, and no more racing to make an appointment with a Thai woman who has to be reminded what my name is. Just the sun on my face, and my legs wrapped around a branch, and my heart slowly pumping without urgency or false hope or disappointment or fear.

Years ago I was sick in Thailand with my typical visitor's illness and I was laid low at the Right Spot Hotel in South Pattaya off Walking Street down past Soi 16. I wasn't good for much except sitting in a chair under the big huge tree in the cul-de-sac car park in front of the bungalows. I would drag one big heavy chair out into the car park next to the tree for sitting, and drag another big heavy chair out for the pile of magazines, and hotel lobby brochures, and Beach road condominium sales seminar handouts, and the wonderful Pattaya Mail newspaper, and an old Bangkok Post, and a bunch of those Thai novels from the Royal Garden Palms bookstore that take the edge off illness. Mornings sitting for hours under the tree. Nothing is worse than being sick on vacation. The sense of lost time, and lost money, and lost opportunity, and self-pity grinds you like a tourist seed in a porcelain mortar and pestle: but sipping a morning mimosa and reading my latest Royal Palm Gardens Thai-farang novel acquisition— Killing Plato by Jake Needham—was fun. But if you are not so sick that you need to be bedridden, eventually you get restless and down goes the book. Down goes the book and back goes my head.

I close my sun warmed eyes and listen to the birds in the tree. A huge tall dense tree. Later on in the day the self same morning sun companion would give me the shade I needed to come down at the end of the day in my sick state. I grew fond of the tree and used to think about its life and the lives of the birds and others things that called the tree home. I thought it might be fun to do a survey of the tree and its parasitic and connected life forms. All of the world of Thailand that we know nothing about.

I have been coming to Thailand for many years but like most tourists, or maybe even expats, I know nothing about the flora and the fauna of Thailand. If you look at a map of the world and find Thailand it is immediately obvious that it is a tropical country. But surrounded by streets and music and cars and all of the other bric-a-brac of civilization it is easy to forget that Thailand is a tropical country full of life. Life that was here before we came on the scene and will most probably be here in Thailand long after we have left the scene. Birds for example are now considered modern manifestations of the dinosaur era and have a background that goes back hundreds of millions of years. No wonder they take no notice of farangs and teeruks and techno music and baht busses and all of the other irrelevant silliness of modern life and modern people. Same same for the geckos, and the snakes, and insects, and the creepy crawlies that scare the heck out of you in the rural outhouse. And the undramatic creepers, and vines, and roadside weeds, and unimpressive little flowers, and thorny barky shrubs, and plants, and trees are also members of the 'hundreds of millions of years' family. I kinda wish I knew about this stuff. I feel as if a whole important part of Thailand is slipping through my fingers.

When I first came to Thailand a long time ago I expected to see tropical wonder, and tropical diversity, and tropical fun. I expected to see great flocks of beautiful birds, and see screeching leaping monkeys, and clouds of insects, and all of the other natural wonders of the tropical forest and tropical environment. I saw nothing. The animals have all been killed for food and it seems as if everything else has just scrammed or is hiding in the day from small village boys with slingshots. The tropical woodlands, and pasturelands, and jungles that I saw were weirdly quiet, and boring, and seemingly bereft of life. In the subsequent years I was to find disappointingly that I had not been wrong. A tremendous amount of the natural order of things in Thailand has been wiped out.

Now if you want to be knowledgeable about the flora (plants) and the fauna (animals) of Thailand you have to master modern concepts like what the words endangered and extinct mean. Gone are the tigers, and the bears, and the crocodiles, and many monkeys, and many fish, and many birds, and the rhinoceros. Gone are pelt animals, and parrots, and ornamental fish, and orchids, and cacti, and corals. Gone, or endangered, or just about impossible to find or to see are squirrel monkeys, and marmosets, and hornbills, and pigeons. When is the last time you or anyone else saw the peacock-like features of the forest pheasant crested Fireback? Try and find the straw-headed bulbul and the cranes. When is the last time you or any one else saw a vulnerable green peafowl, or catfish in numbers, or branching breaking numbers of perching birds? Where are the flowers? Where are the pollinators? Where are the buffalo in herds, and the tapir, and the dugongs, and the wild cattle, and the antelope, and the deer, and the wild hogs and boars, and the leopards? That's right leopards. How about the binturongs and the smaller civets, and many different kinds of tortoises, and turtles, and shell animals. Dugongs and rhinoceri? Hey, it's all a part of the equation. The equation of life as it used to be in Thailand.

You have to wonder what an elephant is thinking begging on the streets of Bangkok when his memory includes things like gibbons, and monitor lizards, and otters, and other reptiles and mammals and primates he has not seen or heard from in years, or decades, or generations. As a tourist feeding him 20 baht of bananas you are probably just enjoying the moment. But for the elephant his moments and memories may be laced with descriptions of his life and his environment that make it sound like a hopeless cancer ward. Words like dead, and dying, and missing, and extinct, and endangered, and polluted fill his head and his heart with the despair of the survivor. Elephants often look sad to me. Maybe I am not wrong. Maybe they are sad. They miss their jungle and forest and natural friends. They miss Siam, and they miss before Siam, and they miss the before the before.

But still it is a tropical country and there is abundant life still. I wish I was more knowledgeable about it and by being more knowledgeable about it more a part of it. I feel as if there is a whole important part of Thailand there to be appreciated that I am simply not making a connection with. There are currently 916 species of birds in Thailand and I can not name one. How about you? Personally, I am a little tired of the fact that I can repeat details regarding girls and bars; but I can not name one bird of the Kingdom, or two trees of the Kingdom, or three flowers of the Kingdom.

Thailand has 96 national parks, and 100 wildlife sanctuaries, and 65 forest parks. I have never been to one of them and it is popular on Thai-farang websites for expats and tourists to say that they will never visit these natural oases that make up 13 percent of the country as long as the Kingdom practices double pricing. This ethical stand pales a little next to the fact that we are losing an opportunity to get to know Thailand, or to look into a kaleidoscope time machine and witness a little of what Siam was all about. Just an opinion.

The largest national park, Kaeng Krachan, has 250 bird species including the grey peacock and the great hornbill. I could not identify these birds if they strolled into my living room and took the TV remote out of my hands. Doi Inthanon has 364 bird species. Etc. Knowledgeable Thai-centric nature enthusiasts could point out similar things about fish and corals and reptiles and insects and mammals. Many expats and tourists are quick to play the 'culturally sensitive' card in their criticisms of others. But if you can not name one bird, or two trees, or three flowers maybe you should just be quiet. Thailand has 15,000 plant species and the Thai pharmaceutical handbook of the School of Traditional Medicine Association mentions 92 kinds of flowers which are medicinal. Can you name one flower other than an orchid? I can't.

No wonder foreigners are treated in a trivial way by Thais. We treat the country in a trivial way. I am now in my second decade visiting the Kingdom on a regular basis and I know nothing about the natural part of the world that the Thais live in. I don't know anything about rubber tree cultivating. I can't look at a rice field and tell how long until harvest. I am clueless about tapioca growing. It is embarrassing. How about you? Can you tell the difference between poisonous and non-poisonous snakes? How about cobras and kraits—do you know which is which? Is the old lady handing you betel nut to chew, or some other part of the natural world to eat? Can you look in your shoe in the morning and make an accurate judgement about how dangerous the animal is that is looking back at you?

I sometimes wonder if all of the birds, and the insects, and the plants, and flowers, and vines, and other life forms that inhabited that big tall huge tree in the car park at the Right Spot hotel in Pattaya knew more about me than I knew about them. After all, I am not so complicated. Just a lonely sick farang chaffing, and coughing, and wondering when I will be well enough and strong enough to go back to the boardwalk and put my arms around Fa. But the life forms in the tree that are singing, and chirping, and crawling, and breeding and warming up in the sun have tropical lives and ancestor backgrounds that are interesting and of much longer ancestry than mine. Maybe they were looking down at me and summing up my simple life with accuracy and compassion. Who knows?

Years ago I went to Doi Inthanon to visit, amongst other things; Thailand's Highest Elevation (dumb tourist trap). Redeeming the day and the experience was a little roadside museum of Thailand's (specific to the area) nature notables. It was kind of wearying and bleak. The kind of experience where you have to remind yourself that even though you are on vacation not every moment is going to be a party. A lot of the exhibits were pictures and descriptions of mammals and birds and bits of nature that are now extinct. Thailand is dying. It is not my intention here and now to get into the whys and wherefores of this situation but just to note that Thailand is dying. The flora and fauna are dying, the water is dying, the fields are being poisoned with modern fertilizers—and then there is the industrial and auto and other forms of pollution combined with an uncaring populace that thinks nothing of despoilment and littering. Western foods of refined sugar and triglyceride fats are polluting the Thais, and hypertension is now one of the biggest medical problems. Thailand is dying and it is slipping through my fingers faster than I can play catch up. I am simply too late to know Siam. It has been replaced by Thailand; and that new geographical/cultural idea is one of entropy and chaos and diminishment. Sad.

But I do have dreams of spending more time under the big huge tall tree in the car park in front of the bungalows at the Right Spot hotel down past Soi 16 at the end of Walking Street in South Pattaya. I know I will get sick in Thailand again. Thailand makes me ill and the whole vacation experience is laced with sickness and the terror of sickness. The next time I am sick in Thailand I am once again going to check into the Right Spot hotel and recover by sitting in a chair in the sun under the tree. Only this time I am going to take binoculars and hopefully round up some knowledgeable expat to come on down in the mornings and help me identify things. Who knows—maybe getting sick in Thailand is Thailand’s way of saying ‘pay attention to me’.

THAILAND: “Pay attention to my plants and pay attention to my animals and stop just thinking of the country as a playground for boys and girls.”

Works for me. I’m listening Thailand. Maybe that is why I get sick every time I come to Thailand. Maybe it will make me a better listener. Maybe a higher power has chosen me to become a listener. I don’t know ...

ME: “Now, what is this brochure in the sick person’s pile of stuff to read? Mom Tri’s Boathouse in Phuket. A boutique hotel and fancy restaurant on Kata beach. A place for rich people. Wow, this place looks great. Beautiful beach and clean water, classy restaurant, white table cloths, sophisticated ambiance, and a background of lovely trees. Probably lots of beating hearts and chlorophyll lives for me to learn about and pay attention to in the landscaped grounds and beyond. Thailand from the hotel and restaurant to the beach, and maybe some left over Siam from the trees in back of the resort to the interior.

Hey, maybe instead of camping out in the car park here at The Right Spot Hotel in Pattaya next time I fall ill; I will stumble on down to Phuket and check into Mom Tri's Boathouse. Find some local expat to help me identify the flora and fauna—chirpers and fliers and growers that individually and communally have memories that go back millions of years. Birds and flowers and insects and all the rest that have connections to this place that are so timeless, and so natural, and so without pretence and bravado that they make a mockery of our human lives. The real Thailand. I wonder if this Jake Needham dude who wrote this novel Killing Plato knows anything about the real Thailand. Maybe I'll email him to meet me on the terrace of the restaurant by the sea and we can share some morning mimosas of champagne and orange juice."

Oh well, the sun is up and it is now 'center-of-the-sun' hot. All of the morning chirpers and screechers and grunters and tweeters have gone quiet. Later on in the late afternoon they will start up again—and I'll be sitting in the chair with my head back and my ears pointed skyward.

I'm listening Thailand.

187. Alpha Male

TT&A Part 172 14/4/2007

Dateline: Now baby now …

Greetings Stickmanites And Lesser Mortals:

Here at Dana Central on Beacon Hill in Boston where even the beagles and poodles have Masters degrees and their own yoga instructors and butlers; we get a lot of inquiries from 'Soon-To-Visit-The-Kingdom' ites; and they want to learn what they need to know before deplaning at Bhumi. We get about 240 of these letters and emails per month. OK, that's not quite right. We get about 24 letters and emails per month. Alright, last month we got two or three emails. But that's not really the point. The point is that they've asked around, and they have trawled the net, and they have bought lots of books. Then they come to Papa. I get questions like:

Sa Wa Dii Khrap Hansum Man Kuhn Dana—

If there is a humidity level of 82% with partial cumulous cloud cover, and the Pattaya boardwalk freelancer has a boil on her eyelid, and she says she knows you, and I see the police coming, and there is a roach on her knee and she does not even knock it off—how much for short time?

Your Fan
Soon To Be A Victim In The Kingdom

and …

Hello Head Crankster and Head Far Out Dudester—

I'm a rockin' cat,
And I wants to know—
Where can I score
Some super pure blow?

I'm asking you
'Cause no one believes—
Your just pluggin' holes,
And readin' tea leaves.

Meet me at Bhumi—
It's my very first trip.
I need your guidance—
I don't want to slip.

So email me back ...
I'm lookin' for powder fine blow.
Hook me up—
Tell me what I need to know.

Your Headbanger—
'Chasing-the-Dragon' Kelly

Well, let's just take a shortcut here Fans: there are only two things you need to know on your first trip to the Kingdom. Wait a minute ... I need to re-medicate. I know this may seem a little off topic but if you take your medications and mash them up with saltine crackers and then jam the pulp up in the roof of your mouth you get a nice steady drip all day. But I digress ... below are the only two things you need to know on your first trip to the Kingdom.

1. The Official Name of Bangkok in Thai is: Krungthep Mahanaknon Amon Rattanakosin Mahintharayuttaya Mahadilokphop Noppharat Ratchathani Burirom Udom Ratchaniwet Mahasathan Amon Phiman Awatan Sathit Sakkathatiya Witsanukam Prasit.

The meaning of the Official Name of Bangkok is—City of Angels, Great City of Immortals, Magnificent City of the Nine Gems, Seat of the King, City of Royal Palaces, Home of the Gods Incarnate, Erected by Visvakarman at Indra's Behest.

2. The Official Name of the Official Farang in Thai is: Ulhdlh Olhal Pandddl Yalhdoh Taldhfuopfnllflfjf-ladoj Khaoihd-ahd Eosldhd Mlhsdlfhljdfdjfkdsjfljf Ijd Aaldjoljfpdfjpdjfdjff Bodujf Wajodjfd Vhaffh Cdaodffj Nold Phudhjghad Waod Jouofufjasj Sfoadfhdfh Dana Qaofhof Godhead Aahdhf Pafhaoffu Foduff dfdfj Jjopu Jaopuds dfjawlfjlfj Dana Roeeueppe.

The meaning of the Official Name Of The Official Farang is—Farang of Angels, Great Farang of Immortals, Magnificent Farang of the Nine Short-Times, Seat of the AA Hotel, Farang of Superbabies and Polo Lounge, Farang of the Pattaya Boardwalk Incarnate, Erections by Viagra at Dana's Request.

There it is newbies: that is all you need to know—Bangkok and Dana. Now get on the plane.

Alpha Male?

(2006 Som Nam Na Pattaya Expat Writers Award winner)

I have an expat friend in Pattaya who by any measure that you would care to apply is an alpha male. So 'alpha male' is this guy that at first introduction it is a little diminishing. He is tall and strong and smart and handsome and urbane and educated and talented and social and has been successful in business and in his personal life. The Midas touch gifted to him at birth while the rest of us are still trying to find our feet with a flashlight and wondering about whether saving belly button lint is a good idea. In addition he has that London accent that makes him seem even more superior and clever and sexy. And of course he is a world traveler and can drop round-the-world exotica words like Moorea and Rota Ruoa and Panang and Hat Yai and Tahiti and Bali and Jakarta and Singapore into any conversation. It's almost over the top but not quite. Even here he wins. He is so likable you want to be with him and be his friend. An alpha male.

But recently I have had to do so some re-examining about this whole alpha male thing. You see his love interest and live-in teeruk took it upon herself to leave his home and go back to the bar scene. He was devastated. But time tells all and time heals all and so he eventually moved on with his life. Result? He met another wonderful woman and she moved in. Tranquility again? Not bloody likely mate—there is more. About this time the first teeruk 'wife' who had found him wanting and her prior bar girl life compelling decided that she had acted rashly and made a personal error and missed 'home' and wanted to return. Which she did.

Now this smarty-pants guy with stories about London and Perth and Norwegian oil rigs has two women living in his house each having been told that they are special, and each having been given to understand that they are part of a commitment relationship, and each having reached the conclusion that they are the 'wife'. This guy's house and his life is now a Ticking Thai Teeruk Timebomb (TTTT). Accents and safari suits aren't going to be enough.

So, considering the situation that he has gotten himself into, and considering the fact that he has had to bring over all of his scissors and knives and deposit them with me, and considering the fact that no man in his right mind or with the brain power of a beagle would ever get himself in a situation like this; is this big tall guy with the exotic anecdotes, and the meaningful pauses, and the sardonic superior smile, and the Empire patina an alpha male?

No, he's just another farang in Thailand and not that superior to me. Hell, I could have screwed up that much. There, I feel better now.

188. Dana is in Town

TT&A Part 173 21/4/2007

Below is an extremely partial list of quotes (there are probably millions of them) from Thai citizens, and expats, and tourists, and Thai business people upon hearing that Dana just landed at Bhumi, or just arrived at the AA Hotel in Pattaya, or is in Chiang Mai intent on doing tourist things, or is in fact in any part of the Kingdom. Read and take notes: a life well lived is a life rewarded by respect and appreciation and love. For me Thailand is a bottomless well of happy vibes coming my way.

"Pretend you are counting flies on the ceiling girls. Cheap Charlie just landed."—lower Sukhumvit souvenir sellers.

"Fxxxing cheap asshole."—flower selling cripple on Walking Street.

"It must be the Year-of-the-Stupid-Farang. I keep overcharging him for fake Viagra and he keeps coming back. Thank you Confucius; and most honorable daughter and most honorable son keep an out for this fool."—Chinese pharmacy owner on Walking Street.

"They should call him Back Door Charley instead of Cheap Charlie. His idea of being culturally sensitive is to show you disgusting playing cards with disgusting pictures and …! Disgusting. I told him I needed at least 5000 baht. He is so cheap he is disgusting."—Nana Hotel car park smiler.

"Time to put a deposit on a new washing machine. Fool leaves snacks and change out for us to steal thinking we do not search the rest of his room and find his stash. Thinks cutting out seat cushions is clever. Hello new washing machine."—Hotel maids, Soi 4, Bangkok.

“Stay alert for membership applications from this guy: no way do we want him slipping under the wire.”—Pattaya Freemasons and Pattaya Sports Club membership committees.

“Thinks a cola is a cover charge. Orders a coke. Pretends to drink it and looks at the girls like a Google eyed pervert. Fxxxing cheap farang.”—all NEP mamasans.

“Hello pocket money. Idiot can not make phone calls. I charge him 50 baht for cell phone calls. I stand in the middle of Soi 13/0 and yell to make it look difficult. Idiot.”—Anna: AA Hotel Activities Director.

“If this jerkwad kicks me in the backs of the ears one more time I am going to stomp him.”—Chiang Mai tourist elephant.

“All flash, no cash. Probably has a dick smaller than ours.”—Obsession bar trannies union.

“Thanks for the warning. We are immediately going to Bhutan, and Vietnam, and Cambodia, and Laos, and Bali, and Nepal, and Burma, and Australia, and Kuala Lumpur until he leaves the Kingdom again. This Dana cat doesn’t believe anything we say, and doesn’t loan money, and he totally disrespects us, and he is dangerously down on drugs and probably workin’ for the police, and no matter how we pitch it—he ain’t buyin’ what we’re selling.”—all politically correct backpackers with a Cummings guide book in one hand and a cute western Daddy’s girl in the other hand.

“Fxxxing farang dogshit.”—all scammers in front of the Royal Palace.

“Complainer asshole.”—all waitresses in all restaurants in the Kingdom.

“I wish I could piss in his mother’s milk—goddamned Cheap Charley never ever uses tuk-tuks. What are we— criminals?

(Well, OK: that's not really the point.) Hate the bastard farang."—all BKK tuk tuk criminals (oops, I mean drivers).

"Powder your pussies girls. Mr. Easy just hit the AA Hotel."—PBFA: (Pattaya Boardwalk Freelancers Association).

"Practice spitting girls. It's feminist payback time."—all white western women over forty in the Kingdom.

"Dana is in town? Great, because this year we are going to catch him. He must have a computer spreadsheet of all the Pattaya Go-Go bars and all the days that certain bars put out a spread. It could be nothing but a pile of ten day old catfish heads and rancid butter, but he is on it like a dog on a bone. He eats, he leaves. Fxxxing balls the size of a moose. Freeloader. Hell, we don't think he pays for food when he is here on vacation. This guy is so cheap he probably puts a pleated skirt on a soi dog to get a free ballslap, grunt, and squeal. Check out his hands. Probably covered in dog hair. Anyway, we are going to catch this freeloader this time."—Pattaya Bar owners Association (PBA).

"I can't believe this jackass likes me."—Fa: Soi 13/0 Pattaya boardwalk prostitute.

"Jerk just landed."—50% of all expats.

"It's the man!"—other 50% of expats.

"Dana is in town? Pattaya? Thanks for the warning shot. If he comes in to rent, or to dine, or to use the restroom, or to sit by the pool; we will just speak to him in French to make him go away (Fxxx the Americans).—Ma Maison hotel and restaurant—Soi 13/0—Pattaya.

"This guy is back in the Kingdom? We'll email all personnel at the Pattaya location. He is the personification of Anti-Hip and we can't have him bringing the whole place down. Son-of-a-bitch strolls through our lobby and then out by the pool to use the guest exit onto Beach Road. Mr. Fxxxing Shortcut. He pulled this off so many times last year the poor manager had a coronary and had to be shipped back to the States. As soon as he is spotted at the AA Hotel we are going to stock the pool with undercover tourist police wearing bikinis."—Hard Rock Hotel: 2nd road, Pattaya.

"Sweet Shiva on a cracker here comes certain money. This American idiot thinks he knows about fashion, and thinks he knows how to bargain, and thinks he can speak Thai."—ITAOT (Indian Tailors Association Of Thailand).

"If this farang makes the 'fxxx' motion with his fingers and asks me if I sell porno magazines one more time I am going to call the police—pervert."—Woman in front of the NEP who sells magazines and newspapers and apparently has not the foggiest notion what is going on around her.

"The farang douchebag timewaster and spacewaster is in town. Never ever barfines or tips. Just a goddamn looker with his stinking coke."—Pim of Pattaya Angelwitch bar.

"Start shaving girls, he likes'em bald."—Soi Diamond Superbabies mamasan.

"Loves shower games. Just bite your lip to keep from screaming from the boredom and soon it will be over."—PBFA (Pattaya Boardwalk Freelancers Association).

"Don't bother taking his picture. Cheap Charlie ain't gonna buy nothin'. He'd eat sand rather than throw us a few satang."—official picture taker on the Ko Lon AA Hotel beach and boating trip.

"Tell me when he arrives in the Soi 4 area—I live in Washington Square and even that is too close. Fool wears red pants and a Hawaiian shirt. I don't want to be seen near him. I have spent years building up street cred with the Thais."—Expat Peter from Washington Square.

"We are on the alert. When we spot him trying to get free pics in the parking lot after one of our shows we are going to surround him and kick his nuts into jelly. No wait; he'd probably like that. We are just going to stab him."—showgirls from the Tiffany's and Alcazar cabaret tranny shows.

"Well, it is nice to know that Mr. Big Shot is in town. Every day he strolls through our lobby in his black silk pants and his pink silk shirt and his crocodile briefcase and his crocodile shoes and sits himself down in one of our teakwood chairs by the pool and reads the Pattaya Mail newspaper as if he owned the place. He doesn't own shit—he is not even a guest. And we think he is stealing towels and tennis balls and magazines and soap and light bulbs and homemade lunches from the maid stations. We also suspect he is stealing copper from inside the toilet tanks in the men's rooms, and brass toilet stall door hinges—probably for resale. Our last General Manager had to have dental work done because of this fool. He had been grinding his teeth thinking this guy was financing his vacation by stealing from the hotel. We are going to catch this son-of-a-bitch this year."—Management: Marriott Hotel, 2nd Road, Pattaya.

"Let me know the day he gets off the bus in Pattaya. I'll disappear upcountry for ten days. I hate the way he looks at me when I make change. One time he was wearing those stupid fake Jerry Lewis buck teeth. He thought he was being clever and funny, and that I would probably leap at him and beg for a date. It made me … it made me feel all sick inside."—cashier at 24/7 Internet place with Japanese keyboards on South Pattaya Road in Pattaya.

"Thanks for the warning. We'll start mainlining Prozac now so that we can handle the stress. Makes us crazy with all his stupid questions. Thinks he's some kind of international business man player in the high finance world of ordering two shirts every six months."—tailors at Mr. Ambassador Tailor on Soi 11—Bangkok.

"Dana is in Pattaya? Fabulous. I have been dreaming about this for six months. It is the reason I am now an alcoholic. Last time he was here he tried to get in by showing my cashier girl fake coupons he had made up. Then he teed off too close to one of my windmills and smashed the little Dutch girl to pieces. After that he sliced a ball across Beach road and hit a big Russian woman in the eye.

Instead of—

'Drive for show
And putt for dough'

It was more like—

'Hit a Thai child in the nuts on the backswing—
Follow through, lose your grip, and the club fling.'

On one of his more notable unathletic golf swings Mr. Doofus from Boston managed to lose his grip and one of my little steel shanked putters of death sailed halfway across Beach Road and crashed through the windshield of a Baht Bus. The ensuing fracas cost me a night's business. Think this is funny? How would you like to have this jackass show up five minutes before closing time with ten trannies in heels and dig up all of your new green plastic grass? Not so funny now is it? Finally I caught him trying to leave with a putter in his pants. I actually heard a freelancer say—"Hey big boy—is that a putter in your pants or are you just glad to see me?" He's a dead man walking if he shows here again."—Pattaya Beach Road Miniature Golf.

“Look out—the Internet blocker is in town. This jerk has blocked more guys on the web than a soi dog has fleas.”—DaveTheRave.

“Dana is coming? Time to disappear so that I don’t kill him. Last year I sold him an umbrella to protect himself from the sun when he visited the Royal Palace. After he came out he tried to sell it back to me!”—Mulberry bark umbrella seller across the street from the Royal Palace.

“If this jerkwad kicks me in the backs of the ears one more time I am going to stomp him.”—Chiang Mai tourist elephant.

“He’s in the Kingdom? Please tell us as soon as he hits the AA Hotel so we can go back to Isaan for two weeks. Too weird for us. He likes to put jelly on the bottoms of our feet and put peanut butter in his groin. You guessed the rest. Into the shower where he rubs our feet all over his private parts and calls it a peanut butter-and-jelly sandwich. None of us want to go to America now.”—the Good Girls of Soi 6.

“Call the nutter police.”—Stickman

Well, there you have it. Incontrovertible evidence that a life well lived is a life rewarded. I can’t brag. It’s a gift. I’m a people person. Copy me and you also will live a life of respect and appreciation and love. For me Thailand is a bottomless well of happy vibes coming my way. Oh, and one more thing: if you want to score some cheap copper and some cheap brass meet me by the hotel pool any morning at the 2nd Road Marriott in Pattaya. Bring a screwdriver.

189. How Much Can You Be In Love?

TT&A Part 174 28/4/2007

How much can you be in love? Well, you are not really in love until you are doing stupid things—often publicly. You are sending your teeruk money she doesn't deserve. You are sending too much money and you know better and you are doing it anyway. You are in love. You are constantly showing her picture to office mates and family and friends. They are not really interested or even very nice about it. You keep showing them her picture anyway. You know they are laughing at you and saying uncharitable things about her but you don't care. You are in love. You buy her and her family gifts that are unappreciated. You know they are unappreciated. You don't care. Tomorrow you are going to buy her another gift.

Am I in love? Consider what I have been doing with a South Pattaya boardwalk whore named Fa for years. Fa hangs out near Soi 13/0 on the boardwalk. My hotel is the AA Hotel on Soi 13/0. It is a walk across the street. But I never take Fa to the AA Hotel. Instead I take her every morning to a second hotel room I rent at the Right Spot Hotel way down past Soi 16 at the end of Walking Street. Why do I do this?

Well, consider this. To get to the Right Spot Hotel every morning we have to:

1. Cross Beach Road together to get a baht bus. This entails standing on the curb waiting for a break in the traffic. Me and her. Together. Then we cross. A little adventure. Together.

2. Then we have to stand together and flag down a baht bus. Together. I get to look at her. We get in the bus together and sit next to one another. As the bus goes down the Beach Road in the early morning sun I can see the ocean and I can see Fa next to me

and I can feel her hip. I am so excited to be with this woman I am about to burst. She always looks fabulous. Just beautiful. I always tell her she looks beautiful and she always thanks me.

3. Then at the end of Beach Road where it meets Walking Street we have to get off the bus and walk to the moto taxis at the head of Walking Street. She gets on first and then I get on behind her. I jam up tight behind her and put my arms around her, or I put my hands on her hips, or I lean in close and put my hands on the tops of her thighs. I can smell her hair, and I can look down and see her legs and her hips and her feet and her shoes. It is a miracle that tears of happiness do not just burst from my eyes. The moto taxi has a long trip down to the Right Spot hotel. I wish it would go on forever. There sitting behind her I am as happy as it is possible to be.

4. Then there is some yelling and hand gesturing as I direct the driver into the alley and then down to the parking lot in front of the bungalows. Fa and I get off together. I pay the driver and then Fa and I go into the room.

So … have you figured it out? Have you figured out why I do all of this instead of just walking across the street to the AA Hotel on Soi 13/0? Sure you have. It’s because I get to be with her longer. I want to be with her. Longer. I want our time together to go on forever. Me and my Fa. Sometimes I fantasize buying a condo in Jomtien or on the promontory near the end of the maritime park in South Pattaya just because it would take us longer to get there. Am I in love? I don’t care what you think.

I love Fa.

I Like To Eat

I’m on the flight from Narita to Bangkok. There are no thru flights after Bangkok so everyone on this plane is deplaning in

Bangkok. That means the guy sitting next to me is going to Bangkok. He's a guy, I'm a guy; maybe we'll talk. It's a long flight. Since we are both guys and we are both going to Bangkok we might have something in common. So I start the proceedings. But it's slow going. This guy is not exactly Mr. Conversation. I'm not sitting next to one of Einstein's grandchildren. But I push ahead. There must be some story here.

It turns out there is a story. He is on the way to Bangkok for the very first time to meet and marry a woman he met on the Internet. Holy mackerel fish lovers—it is so big a story that it is almost a conversation stopper. Especially taking into account the fact that this guy is a slob. He's a young stupid big sloppy fat guy who looks like he got dressed for this trip to his betrothed by putting on whatever he found on the floor of his truck. Lots of truck talk. He ploughs snow in the winter and he does 'odd jobs' in the rest of the year and he "does all right". Has a house. I'll bet he does. I can picture the single naked bulb hanging in the kitchen over the thirty year old linoleum floor now. A woman's dream.

"How well do you know her?" I ask.

"Well, we have done a lot of emailing, and letter writing, and web-camming."

No other details are forthcoming. He does not have a picture of her. And if I don't prime this fat sloppy stupid pump no verbal water is going to come out. He is dumb. When I ask what his special interests are he says, "I like to eat." His fondness for the activity of eating gets repeated more than once during our conversation. Out of all of the world's possibilities he defines himself to strangers by saying, "I like to eat".

"This is quite a serious thing to be doing in life and quite a big adventure" I say tremulously.

“Yes, well sometimes you just have to take risks and do things” he says with the same tone of voice I might imagine him using when deciding to buy new lug nuts for his truck out of a catalogue of auto parts.

So he is on his way to meet a woman that he talked about marriage with; and he has no passion, and no pictures, and no gifts, and no new clothes, and no stories of her wonderfulness, and no dreams of the future that include the both of them, and apparently no comb. I fall asleep and forget him

I completely forget him but then later as I am standing in the taxi line at Don Muang I am startled to see him again. A sedan has pulled up and a woman has gotten out and she is hugging him. Another family member is grabbing at his bags. The woman who is hugging him has the big smile and the hopeful eyes of someone who has looked at his face and his figure on the webcam and apparently said something positive to herself. She looks wonderful. Really wonderful. I silently and respectfully wish for her nothing but a happy future. He looks like a tired, stupid, disoriented slob.

I wish them both luck. And I hope he gets something to eat.

190. There Was an Auto Accident

TT&A Part 175 5/5/2007

Year: 2029
Place: Blackdog Bakery, Vineyard Haven, Massachusetts—USA
Season: Winter—Dec. 16
Time: 8:30 a.m.

Ken: Hi John, How are you doing?
John: Good.
Ken: Hey, seen my new boat?
John: Yeah, she looks nice—going yachting?
Ken: No, I'm gonna chase scallops. Bay scallop landings are up over last year—over 9000 bushels landed in the first two months of the season. My wife gave me some wool socks from Nepal, and I got a complete engine overhaul—I'm goin' scallopin'.
John: Nepal?
Ken: Yeah, Nepal man—these socks are about half an inch thick and so warm I have to put them on in the truck. If I put them on in the house my feet burst into flames. They are made from the testicle hairs on yaks.
John: What?
Ken: Yaks man. Hey, it stands to reason. If you were a yak wandering around on Mount Everest with your private parts hanging down wouldn't you want the warmest hairs on your nuts? These Nepalese socks are made from yak testicle hairs. I mean when you have it explained to you it makes perfect sense.
John: Who told you this?
Ken: That guy Dana.
John: Well, you might want to consider the source on that. Dana's pilot light is on low and he couldn't find his feet with a flashlight. Last July at the Tisbury Agricultural Fair he tried to auction off mason jars full of his belly button lint to buy a prosthetic leg for his pet goose named Pogo.

Ken: Listen, John—could I ask you a question?
John: Sure.

Ken: Well, yesterday I was fishing with my son down at Menemsha early in the morning and Dana showed up.
John: So?
Ken: Well, nothing; it's just kind of pitiful is all. The old guy is all stooped, and bent up, and twisted, and half blind; and he has to creep and crawl around because of his age and infirmities.
John: Yeah, I know. I know him. We all know him.

Ken: OK, well anyway: getting out of the car he kinda fell down, and we had to help him up. It was sad. He didn't say much. I think he expects to fall down. Then, stumbling across the beach to his boat he fell again. You talk about him not being able to find his feet with a flashlight. We put him in the boat and it took him two minutes to find the oarlocks with the oars. What gives with that guy? He shouldn't be anywhere near the water or messing around with boats.

John: What gives with him is that we all love that guy and we all look after him. Just keep on doing what you are doing. Keep an eye on him. He lead a life of love, and good deeds, and good thoughts, and sacrifice and now it is our turn to protect him.
Ken: What's his story?

John: Well, Dana and his wife and kids lived in Thailand. He and his wife had a two year old daughter, and a three year old daughter, and a four year old daughter. Looked like carbon copies of the wife. Cutest kids you could imagine. Big little girl heads, and Asian faces, and of course mom had their black hair sticking out and tied up with ribbons. Mom was pretty cute too. Dana was crazy about those girls. Said he had notified the United Nations that there was no longer any need for additional daughters to be born because the three cutest daughters in the history of the universe had been born to him and his wife. Family was a picture of happiness and love. Bonded. Mated in a primal familial way that defies description.

One day the wife and the daughters were driving home during the Songkran festival and there was an auto accident and all four of them were killed.

Ken: What's the Songkran Festival?

John: Well, what is used to be, and what it is supposed to be are no longer important. What is important now is what it has become. What it is now is a National Leaving of the Senses that has people throwing water and powder at each other.

Ken: How could throwing water cause auto accidents?

John: Imagine you are going by on a motorbike and somebody throws a bucket of water in your face. Do you suppose there might be the chance of losing control of your bike?

Ken: Oh yeah.

John: And if you are losing control of your vehicle do you suppose that might cause other drivers in other vehicles in close proximity to you to lose control of their vehicles?

Ken: Sure.

John: OK, that is what happened to Dana's wife and his three daughters. Somebody else had lost control of their vehicle and they crossed over into his wife's lane. The only good news is that Dana's wife named Poom and his daughters named Nut and Bom and Pawp died instantly.

Ken: Why does Thailand allow this?

John: Well, a better question would be when will it stop?

Ken: OK, when?

John: Well, probably not for a long while because now during the Songkran holidays people leave the country, or leave the big cites and go to more civil rural areas, or hide out in upscale hotels, or just hide out in their homes. So the upper class, and the middle class, and the expats practice defensive living and either leave the country or hide out. Royal family members, government heads, police chiefs, celebrities, and politicians are not going to be found at the morgue.

Ken: That just leaves the poor people and the tourists.

John: Bingo—and as long as it is the poor and the powerless that are getting killed on the Kingdom's highways nobody really cares.

Ken: So nothing will change with this national cultural Buddhist holiday until someone really important dies and that will probably not happen.

John: Exactly.

Ken: So what happened to Dana?

John: Well, after he went to the morgue to identify the bodies, and after he went through the funeral ceremonies with the monks, and after he scattered the ashes of his wife and his daughters; he kind of lost his bearings. He went to a faraway place in his mind. Eventually ended up back here.

Ken: Oh—sad.

John: Yes, it is sad but it also gives us an opportunity to show love. Keep an eye out for the guy.

Ken: So it is really a story about the Songkran festival?

John: No, it is a story about love.

191. Dana Alert

TT&A Part 176 14/5/2007

Warning: The following essay/article is full of a lot of scientific words and ideas and stuff. So probably most of you should just steer clear. You can't teach a cat to play the piano, and some guys just can't ... well, you know if it is you. A literary road sign would say 'Smart People Stuff Up Ahead'. If you are the kind of guy who thinks a paradox is two piers in a harbor then the following is not for you.

Dana Alert

Who loves you baby? This is a Dana Central Dana Alert (DCDA) here for those of you that want to save money on Viagra but not lose any opportunities—if you catch my drift. Rotten bananas. That's right Sticksters and Danaites: rotten (or way overripe) bananas produce and issue nitric oxide and nitric oxide is the trigger that leads to erections. How do I know this? I'm not even going to respond to that. It's Dana man. Who loves you baby? Anyway, eating rotten bananas (or overripe bananas) leads to erections and pretty damned fast. You'll wonder what the hell happened and then remember that you just had a black squishy banana. No need to thank me. Erection research in third world countries is my life. Dr. Schweitzer had that whole Lambarene hospital thing in Africa goin' on, Einstein was gettin' ideas about gravity while takin' a dump, and I'm trying to figure out how to get from six inches to nine inches. God chooses each of us for a special mission. And don't make like it's nothing. How many black squishy bananas have you choked down for Science? Exactly.

So this is what I do. I have rotten bananas every other day. This cuts my Viagra usage in half. Saves money, saves time going to the

Pharmacy on 2nd road where the buck toothed girl works, and saves side effects to my delicate Swiss watch system. When you've got a body like mine you do not want to overload it with outside influences. I'm a natural Adonis so I just want to live a natural life. Anyway, one banana is enough if you are under one hundred and fifty pounds. Two bananas if you are one hundred and fifty pounds up to two hundred pounds. No data available for freakish monsters over two hundred pounds. Just like with Viagra you do not want to over medicate. Too many bananas can lead to being stopped up. And I mean stopped up like you can not believe. Want to talk Science? Take a handful of pharmaceutical grade calcium powder, and a handful of bacon bits, and a handful of Isaan dirt, and a half a loaf of stale French bread and eat them all at once. The whole load in one go. It will take blasting caps and a quart of oil to get you moving again. But that is kid stuff compared to what you can get with too many bananas.

So where do you get rotten bananas in Pattaya without having to pay for them? Simple. Every day there is a bunch of fruit vendors in the parking lot at the back entrance to Mikes Department store. Unsold fruit that is deemed (science word I think) past it's prime is often just left on the ground. So if you are strolling down 2nd road one night with your teeruk and you see a well dressed handsome farang bent over double and sorting through the black or pulpy (or black and pulpy) bananas that is me. Don't worry about the soi dogs—we're friends. I mean what soi dog doesn't want to save money on Viagra. Exactly. Anyway, if you spot me don't come over and speak to me. These bananas are mine if I am there. Shove off. Banana harvesting like this can save up to forty baht per week. Real money. Who feels foolish now?

And why am I dressed up you may ask? Simple. I was actually on the way to the Alcazar show palace and I like to dress to impress. Four pleat peg leg black silk pants, pink silk shirt with matching black collar and black French cuffs, Gucci watch, high thread count pink silk socks, black suspenders, black and pink bow tie, black dyed crocodile loafers with laminated soles and heels, and the appropriate amount of gold jewelry (not overdressing is my watchword and my mantra). Was I on my way to the Alcazar show palace to see the transvestite show? Not bloody likely mate (Australian). Crikey me billabong (more Australian)—I'm smarter than that. Funny story: I asked a Pattaya boardwalk freelancer if she would 'crikey me billabong' and she said she wanted more than 300 baht. But I digress—I wasn't really going to see the show at the Alcazar, just the girls.

Seeing the show would cost money. I don't want to sound like some kind of Professor-of-Pattaya (PoP) here but if you are living in Pattaya and you are spending money unnecessarily then you have lost the plot. Clever seasoned expats can get through a whole day and not spend anything. These are gods to me. That is the baseline gentleman. Get through the whole day that includes drinks and bonks and spend nothing. You keep your own scorecard. Anyway, after the show the girls go out into the parking lot where the paying customers who just saw the show can have their pictures taken with the girls. You usually start off kinda bashful and shy, and then really get into it. Grabbing everything in sight until it feels like there is a squirrel in your pants. Maybe I have said too much.

OK, back to serious science and stuff. There are two shows per day and the alert vacationing westerner or the interested expat can be at both of these parking lot parties every night of the week. That is when I show up. A parking lot full of jacked up trannies and me. And since I discovered this banana thing I always try to show up with two rotten bananas. I open the bag and the girl looks inside. One of the black squishy bananas is for me. And she knows who the other one is for. God I love this town. Alright, it's not Dr. Albert Schweitzer Mr. Big Deal Nobel Peace Prize Winner treating lepers in Africa but let's be fair. He was probably surrounded by thousands of tons of rotten bananas and you never see his name and erections in the same sentence. Exactly.

So that is it. Another service from Dana Central. I could have been a famous supermodel, I could have been an idolized professional athlete, I could have been a condom demonstrator in department store windows, but I decided to think about things that would benefit humanity (meaning men). Rotten bananas every other day can cut Viagra bills, and Viagra pill side effects, and stupid useless womanlike time spent shopping. Trust me when I tell you I have done the research. I don't have no videos, or photos, or webcams (?), or nuttin'—but believe me when I tell you that if my limp dick sees a black banana come in the house it knows what is going to happen next. Hey, and I know what you are thinkin'. You are thinking: "How does this rockin' cat know this stuff?" Well, let's put it this way. I'm not like other guys.

The research scientists (Isaan women in lab coats and high heels) at Dana Central World Headquarters (DCWH) are now working on figuring out how to place impermeable (science word again) plastic bags over the tops of banana plantations. Imagine condoms fifty to five hundred acres in size. Well, you think about it. The word condom just gives me brain freeze. Big brain freeze because these plastic bags would have to be huge. Probably need giant cranes, and military helicopters, and rockets that fire ropes, and a computer program with words like telemetry and erection, and highly trained trannies in jump suits and stuff. Honk if you love really complicated science. Anyway, it turns out that banana plantations give off a gas called nitric oxide. And we all know what nitric oxide does in Penisland. Heck, even the South

Pattaya 2nd road soi dogs know. The plan would be to capture for sale this nitric oxide gas foolishly expunging (science word) itself into the universe. We would call the product BHB—'Bananas Helping Bananas' —if you get my drift. Anyway, I think that capturing nitric oxide rising off banana plantations is the future. Who is with me on this? Send your ideas and your tax deductible donations into the webmaster of Stickmanbangkok.com. He is on this idea like a dog on a bone. And don't forget to ask about franchise opportunities.

Who Loves You Baby?

192. Mamasans (Die Bitch Die)

TT&A Part 177 19/5/2007

Attn: This is a Dana Submission … and remember this is an exhibition not a competition; so please, no wagering.

Introduction

Are you like me? Have you discovered that if you take those colored marking pens and color your genital warts with different colors that the whole area looks more attractive and inviting to Pattaya boulevard freelancers? Of course you are. Of course you are like me. Everybody is. But that is not really what I want to talk about today. What I want to talk about today are monsters. Thai Godzillas that blunder and crash about scaring and scarring everyone and stepping on souls like Japanese movie monsters stepping on cars. They are of course mamasans; and my essay/story/lament is called:

Mamasans (Die Bitch Die)

> *"… snarling, bickering, obscene, husky, full-fronted and heavy chested, with a malign eye, a cat-like grip on life, and a genius for trickery and evil. There was neither faith nor trust in her. Her treachery alone could be relied upon."* —Jack London

Leave it to Jack London, that chronicler of all that is primal to perfectly describe the typical mamasan as evidenced daily in the farang focused bars of the red-light districts of Thailand.

Oh, I know there are travel romancers and Thai apologists who will tell you the mamasan is your helpmate and your friendmate and your ally in the farang bar war zone environment but these are stupid men. The kind of men who subscribe to some kind of jackass idea that we are all brothers under the skin. The kind of muttonheads that keep their wallet in their front pocket. The kind of men who are still going to bed at night wearing oven mitts so they won't touch themselves.

They are the little hippy dippy fuzzed faced backpack turds you end up sitting next to on a 127 hour bus trip from Vientiane to BKK and they take time out of their busy day to tell you that in the interests of cross-cultural peace and understanding they have finally mastered the tonal difference between dog and horse, and darling and monkey's ass. Oooooh, they are so International. That's when you know you can stop holding in the farts. Or they are not young fuzz faced backpacking fools but broken down western men with bad teeth and shabby clothes who have failed at every endeavor in an unsympathetic third world country and are now holding on to a ridiculous rosy lensed view of life that places them in the land of the delusory.

Real men know in the primal sticky marrow of their bones that the mamasan is an implacable foe spawned from devil dreams and your earthly focused nemesis as long as the blood flows in your veins. Example:

On a trip to Pattaya I met a woman named Tum in an open air bar just at the start of Walking Street in South Pattaya. I fell in love with her at first and second sight and she returned the feeling. I loved her so much I would have licked the ground in her shadow to be closer to her. Ignoring my mantra to be careful of great emotions because of my myocardial infarction; I threw myself down the well of pleasure that only love can bring. When walking I could not feel my legs moving. When talking to her I could not hear my words. When we were finished lovemaking I could not remember how we started.

At the time I was renting a small freestanding little house on the property of a guesthouse. It had been built to appeal to the 'Honeymooner' market. Honeymooning couples could have a little place of their own. A clever marketing idea that really didn't take off so I had a long term discount lease on my own little place. So when Tum moved in with me we really got to play house. I have wonderful memories of her in shorts and painter's hat and Mickey Mouse T-shirt and bare feet painting the ceiling with an extension handle roller. Sexy. Cute. Stick a fork in me—I was done. I made flower boxes for the front windows and she planted orchids. We went to some place in western Bangkok near the Chao Phraya river on a mainstreet that specialized in religious items and bought a spirit house. She helped me dig the hole and pour the cement. Once it was set up she had some monks come by and there was a ceremony. Etc. I was in love. At night while I was writing she would be in the bathroom wrapped in her big white terry cloth towel washing my clothes in the sink and singing. And of course after I had to go back to the States there was six months of emailing and writing letters. Nothing special except to us. Love.

Six months later I ran back to her bar with a picture of her and I that had been taken on Walking Street our first night together and inquired of her whereabouts from the mamasan.

Mamasan: She will be here at 6 p.m. Would you like a drink?

I go back at 6 p.m. No Tum.
Mamasan: She will be here at 8 p.m. Would you like a drink?

I go back at 8 p.m. No Tum.
Mamasan: Here tomorrow at 3 p.m. Would you like a drink?

Next day I rush over at 3 p.m. No Tum.
Mamasan: She will be here at 8 p.m. Would you like a drink?

I go to the bar at 8 p.m. and at 9 p.m. and at 10 p.m. No Tum.
Mamasan: Here tomorrow at 4 p.m. Would you like a drink?

This goes on for 6 days. Multiple promises from the always smiling mamasan about the eventual appearance of my love. I showed up at the bar with the picture of Tum and I so many times that all of the girls got to know me and became friendly towards me. A couple of times the mamasan pointed at the other girls and encouraged me to pick one. No. My heart belonged to Tum. "When would she be returning to the bar?"

Finally on the morning of the seventh day I decided to face the Thai facts and not return to the bar and inquire about Tum. There was no Tum and the mamasan had been lying all along just to sell 60 baht cokes once or twice per day. On that same day I was walking down Beach Road and I happened to bump into one of the girls who worked at the bar. Her name was Dom and she was sweet and kind and spoke English pretty well. She informed me that Tum had quit the bar months ago, and was not coming back, and that no one had any idea where she was or how to locate her. There was no Tum. There was never going to be a returning Tum. And there was never going to be a Tum and I. The mamasan had been lying to me from the first day. And she had instructed all of her girls under pain of being fired not to tell me. I can't exactly say they were all in on it - but I certainly did not feel as if I belonged to the same race of humans. All this to sell me drinks. A general and her army conspiring to sell me one to two drinks per day.

Ten cokes at 60 baht per coke over six days gives a total of 600 baht. That was the value of my love for Tum to the mamasan. Another innocent man from a faraway place with a heart full of love receiving abuse in the Land of Smiles. Another knife in the heart from the people who pray to Buddha every day.

MAMASANS (DIE BITCH DIE)

193. Two Beers And a Plan

TT&A Part 178 26/5/2007

> *"The limits of my language means the limits of my world."* — Ludwig Wittgenstein

Or something. Anyway, what I think Luddy was trying to say if he was starring at a Thailand brochure is that if you do not speak the native language; then you just have no idea what is going on, or you have some idea of what is going on but you don't know everything. You are limited. Yeah, that's probably it. Only he had to say it in one of those brief mysterious pithy intellectual ways. Anyway, what it means in Thailand for me is that because I don't speak the Thai language; I just have to guess at stuff. It is mostly impossible to ask the questions let alone understand the answers. I have an American last name in my passport based on the last name of my parents, but when I go through Arrivals Immigration at Suvarnabhumi International airport my last name becomes Guesser. Dana the Guesser. Mr. Dana Guesser. The Guessman. Dana Guessarino. The Guessmeister. Commander Guesser. Hansum Farang Guesser. Mr. Guesser.

Wait a minute ... before I go on; how come Wittgenstein has one of these sayings attached to his name anyway? I mean how did he do that? Did he have some public relations guy back then campaigning for his client Wittgenstein to be remembered for this? Hey, and I don't want to sound critical; but this quote—

> *"The limits of my language means the limits of my world."*

—isn't exactly Moses with the Ten Commandments. I mean I guess it says something meaningful, but frankly; Churchill laying in his tub like a stranded whale with a cigar in one hand and a crystal glassed bourbon balanced on his knees could have dictated off ten of these sayings in as many minutes. Oh, let's drop the pretence. He could have burped and farted out fifty better sayings in as many minutes and lit another cigar and sloshed another bourbon while doing it. So how come Wittgenstein gets to have a saying? Hey, and that's not really the main point. The main point (I'll have a Chang beer sweety) is how come I don't have a saying? How come there is not some Dana saying? Yeah ... how come ... (thanks sweety). Beats me. I sure know a lot of stuff and I'm mouthy. Let's see, what would I like to be known for historically. What would a good Dana saying be? How about:

"My hotel is right across the street." (Dana)
or
"Full strip, plus anal, plus shower games—500 baht." (Dana)
or
"You are the most beautiful woman in Thailand." (Dana)
or
"No need to wear a condom because I love you." (Dana)

or ...

Well, you get the idea. I'll work on that. I should have a saying just like this Wittgenstein guy. If you have any ideas send them in and remember it is for history. Anyway, what Luddy was saying and I have found to be true is that if you do not speak the local language, or if you do not speak the local language without limits of comprehension; you are sometimes like a headless chicken trying to find the feed trough. Long odds. Mistakes are made. You end up floundering around in a linguistic forest and constantly getting twigs in the eye.

In Thailand it means that I just don't know about a lot of stuff—or I think I know but I can't verify—or I can come up with the question but almost never the answer. Because of the language gap I live in a world of smoke and mirrors and mystery. I end up wondering about a lot of stuff. As an example: years ago after a night of adult bedroom athletics I took my lover to the restaurant in the Nana Hotel for the breakfast buffet. She talked to the waiter. He talked back. I listened. I asked questions. More listening. I attempted to talk to the inscrutable waiter. Finally I gave up. I could not ascertain whether she was, or whether she was not going to have breakfast. Boy that is ignorant. Light switch ignorant. If someone is flipping the light switch and you can not figure out whether the lights are on or are off you are limited. I can still remember that moment of epiphany sitting at the breakfast table in the Mothership with my lover and my Thai waiter. Thailand began to lose me. I started to drift away like an astronaut with a broken tether.

Let me give you another example of something I wonder about but am too language limited to figure out with certainty: to wit—Why would experienced knowledgeable smart whores do business without condoms?

There's a question for you. And because I don't speak Thai I can't ask them. So I am reduced to guessing. And in guessing I have come up with several possible reasons. The most attention getting reason is that they might not be using condoms because they already have HIV or Aids. They have nothing to lose. Condoms have gone from necessity to inconvenience. From smart health choice to better business choice. So there is a chance that you are having sex with death warrant mentalities past caring about hygiene, or life, or the future because they have contracted a possibly terminal disease.

Example: I have been happily having no condom sex with a Pattaya woman for years. She has been in the business possibly for decades—wrong side of forty years old. Last time we were going down in the elevator at the AA Hotel she pointed at my crotch with her eyes and told me I should be careful. It was kind of a caring moment. "Thanks for caring honey." But wait a minute. Shouldn't she be careful if she thinks it is a good idea for me to be careful? Well, logic wins that one. Unless … she is already infected. Kinda makes you think. Well, OK—you do the thinking: I can't wait to meet her again.

However, there is a bright light peeping around the edges of this dark cloud. Someday I might have HIV or Aids and having sex with these women exclusively will be the responsible thing to do and I will still get to have a sex life as my immunity system shuts down. Even on my last skeletal day of wheezing in a supine position I'll be able to say,

"Honey, take off your clothes."

I won't have to worry about being deprived of a sex life because I am now part of the leper community of the death sentenced or health deprived. So what I should be doing is making a list of these 'admits-to-it' or 'most probably' or 'possibly diseased' or 'has a medical document showing it' sick prostitutes.

Yeah, that's it. I'll start making a list. I love it when a plan comes together. If anyone out there wants to share in this list just get in touch with me. I'm not going to keep a great thing like a list of diseased AIDS infected whores to myself. I haven't got many names now but if you contact me in five years I should have enough names to keep you busy and happy until the end of your Aids days. I'm a giver. Hey, I just had an asteroid idea (honey, I'll have another beer) crash into my skull. Maybe that should be my historical Dana saying—

"I'm a giver." (Dana)

194. Transference of Property

TT&A Part 179 2/6/2007

Two stories today for your delectation and education. The first story owes partial provenance to a Norwegian Pattaya expat known as Four Bathrooms JJ. The second story is just straight Dana gifting. Enjoy.

Transference Of Property

> *"All is entropy and hope beguiles with empty promise. In the end only Satan smiles."*—I.D.H.

When you decide to buy a piece of property caution requires that you go down to the local Courthouse and research the documents regarding the property's past and present. Has a 'right-of-way' been declared across a part of the property? Have squatters beaten the past owner in court and are now a part of the landscape you will pay taxes on? Has the basement got flood level marks? What do the neighbors say about the property? Is the house in arrears on real estate taxes? Has an unpaid contractor placed a mechanic's lien on the property? Are there bats in the attic and snakes behind the walls? All reasonable questions as a part of the process that precedes signing on the dotted line. But can you really know everything about a property's past?

Roger was sixty-six and now had end stage kidney disease. His wife Benz was twenty-nine and had end stage greed disease. Roger was not as frisky as when they had first met, and Benz was not as patient as when they had first met. One day while they were at the movies there was a break-in. Things were over turned, and upset, and things were stolen. The house was put back in order and the stolen items were replaced. Roger was angry and Benz cried.

Two months later Benz was visiting her mother (boyfriend) and Roger was home alone on the dialysis machine. Four lean brown Thai men broke in. They smashed the machine with hammers, and broke Roger's nose, and then restole what had been stolen before and been replaced. Benz came home and cried. Roger developed the palsy shake of the elderly, and the sick, and the scarred. A new kidney dialysis machine was purchased and Benz had the whole house repainted with new furniture, and drapes, and wall coverings, and floor coverings, and washing machine / dryer, and plasma TV, and attached new carport with two new crotch rockets. Roger said nothing.

A week after the last piece of furniture was delivered Benz was visiting a girlfriend (boyfriend) and Roger was at home. It was two in the morning and it looked like he was in bed. But he was not in the bed. He was in the hallway where he could see the open window of the bedroom. Pillows under the covers looked like Roger was in bed. Roger had a gun. When the last of the four lean brown Thai men dropped through the window Roger opened fire. He fired at the ceiling. All the 'robbers' got away. The police were called. Stories were told. Benz came home and cried. She was shocked. Shocked.

Benz had the whole bullet riddled hallway ceiling ripped out and replaced with imitation Travertine marble and frosted mirrors. Roger paid. And his shakes got worse. Much worse.

Three days later Benz was shopping in the afternoon (boyfriend) and four lean brown Thai men walked in the front door. Roger was hooked up to the kidney dialysis machine. His nose was broken again, and his machine was smashed again, and his knees were beaten to pieces with hammers. The men brought in a two wheeler and removed the washer and the dryer. Benz later replaced them with the top of the line models that came in pink. One night Roger told his twenty-nine year old Thai wife Benz that he thought for health purposes he should go back to Austria where kidney dialysis machines were less likely to get smashed with hammers. She cried and cried and cried and cried and cried. The next morning she packed his bag, and handed him his passport and his crutches, and drove him to Bhumi airport. Goodbye Roger.

When she got back to the house four lean brown Thai men were delivering whiskey, and beer, and ice, and prawns, and rice, and fish, and vegetables, and lawn furniture, and a big music sound system, and putting up a lawn tent with a little stage, and hanging bug zappers and … and smashing the kidney dialysis machine with hammers. It was party time. Benz handed out bags of cash all around and then announced that the Transference of Property Party had officially begun.

You Know You've Graduated When You Hear Yourself Say …

I'm walkin' down the Pattaya beach boulevard one night with absolutely nothing on my mind. The day is done and I am tired. The only reason I am walking down the boulevard rather than the other side of the street is because it is a lot easier. No slow tourists to dodge around and no cracked sidewalk to negotiate and no vendors to ignore. Just clear easy sailing on the wide fun happy boulevard at the end of the day. But I am in no mood or inclination or shape to consider falling in love. The day is done and I am going home to the AA Hotel to fall asleep on the bed like a shot dog.

Then I see her:

Leaning against a palm tree and trying to look interesting. Beautiful dark skin and gorgeous black hair and about four feet tall. Shaped like an hourglass. The kind of improbable body you would see in a Japanese comic book. The type of fantasy woman you drew in study hall in Junior High School when you were fourteen years old.

I just leap at her. I forget all of my clever charming stratagems and just leap at her. I forget to tell her I can not speak Thai in three different ways (the girls love this). I forget the Thai words and phrases notecards in my pocket (always a charmer). I forget to pull out a condom and cover it with my hand and shake my head from side to side to make her understand that we will be making love, not profits for condom makers. I forget about the anal sex playing card in my wallet that I show to indicate what we will be doing. I forget it all. I just leap. And at the same time I see my brain fly right out of my head. Out of my head and dodging through the palms and then headed north towards the condos on the point.

"Wait—wait brain: don't fly away. Stay with me. Don't leave me ..."

I have forgotten everything and lost my brain and leapt at a freelancer. We go to the hotel room.

It is like falling into a vat of chocolate pudding. She and I are simply fabulous and made for each other and in love. And she is nuts about me. How can I tell? Well by the way she treats me of course. How else? And if she is just pretending I don't care. Because if I can not tell the difference then the difference does not matter.

She poses in front of the big mirror in the room. She wears my beach pants and smiles and dances and poses. I take pictures. Her smile would blind the sun. Bedtime athletics are from the heart and I have to pinch myself. "Am I dreaming this?" She gets tickled. We laugh. We make love. She is frisky and lovely and a player. It is as if we have known each other for ten years. Then there is the shower where she is attentive and sexy. We play Wet

T-shirt contest with her putting on my shirts and then me spraying water on her. She poses in front of the bathroom mirror by standing on the side of the tub while I hold her hips. I have to remind myself to breathe. I towel her off. It's a dream. I've won the lottery. I'm beyond reason that God has placed this creature in my arms. She is unimprovable. Woman incarnate.

As she is getting dressed she says, "Would you like to have me stay the night? Longtime?"

"No thanks."—I say.

You Know You've Graduated When You Hear Yourself Say—

"No Thanks."

195. I’m a Thinker

TT&A Part 180 9/6/2007

Predendia (or Pudenda—I’m Not Really Sure)

“Sexual intercourse is kicking death in the ass while singing.”—Charles Bukowski

“There is nothing safe about sex. There never will be.” —Norman Mailer

“If sex doesn’t scare the cat, you’re not doing it right.” —Anonymous

Prologue

“One of the first (foreign cults) to find favor with the Romans was the cult of Cybele, the Asian nature goddess. Ceremonies centered on the annual death and rebirth of her consort, Attis, and worship was characterized by orgiastic dancing, sometimes ending in self-castration by her all-male priests.”—Time-Life

And you thought you had a wild time in that bar on Soi 4 last night? Holy suffering Jesus, I guess there is always someone who can tell a bigger story. I think it would take more than orgiastic dancing to get these priests to cut off their balls though. I’m no international jet setting party expert but I gotta feeling drugs and alcohol might have been involved. This instinct of mine regarding drugs and alcohol being involved is an example of thinking outside the box; something I am very good at. Another good example of this is the following essay entitled: I’M A THINKER. Anyway … this next story further illustrates the dangers of letting your emotions and your genitalia inhabit the same social arena.

I'm A Thinker

I'm a thinker! I can't take credit for it. It's a gift. Sometimes I just get ideas. The other day I was reading about a French dude named Peter Abelard who in the year 1117 met a beautiful sixteen year old girl named Heloise. Her uncle, Fulbert, asked Peter if he would tutor her. Well one thing led to another and Heloise got pregnant and gave birth to a son name Astrolabe (I thought this is what Columbus used to find Miami). Anyway, Fulbert (where do they get these names?) took exception to true love and had Peter's genitals cut off.

You know, maybe it's just me; but I've got some real problems with this story. Namely, how do we know this Heloise bitch didn't seduce Peter? The guy was a priest (oh yeah, I forgot to mention that) for God's sake (well, naturally)! If this righteous innocent priestly dude Peter was seduced by this snake in a short pleated skirt with suspenders (you know the kind I am talking about—way off to the side because these big jutting breasts are sticking out), white shirt, black loafers, and little white socks; I think the whole genital removal thing was a little outside the envelope.

I can see her now. Holding her schoolbooks on herbs and witchcraft to her bosom, and wearing a little Medieval backpack with the front straps hugging her high firm French breasts. Yeah—we know the type. Look out: the little harlot priest seducer is in town. Probably vacationed in Phuket.

Personally I have had my penis in many places in Thailand and I have no idea how it happened. Honestly, not the foggiest bonking notion. One moment I'll be walking down the boardwalk in South Pattaya with absolutely nothing going on in my head and twenty minutes later I'll be pounding meat in my room at the AA hotel on soi 13. No idea how it happened. I WAS SEDUCED.

Women can't be seduced because they are instruments of evil sponsored by Satan and given unlimited powers that they use to manipulate and humiliate and deflower and bankrupt men. But men can be seduced because we are nothing but innocent love filled cherubs without an ounce of self-interest. I think this whole seduction thing is why I have ended up with my penis in so many places and so many women. Really, when you think about it I am hardly even involved. Greater evil manipulative forces just take over my being. I can't be held responsible.

I think this is what happened to Peter in the year 1117. Heloise had on the little pleated schoolgirl short skirt and she bent over to pick up a piece of lint from his priestly vestments and bing bang boom—he was pounding Medieval meat and didn't even know how it happened.

For this reason I think the government of Thailand should meet all incoming farang males at the airport and have them sign a document that absolves them of all personal responsibility in the whole 'banging women' department. This would eliminate a lot of social tension and show the world that Thailand is a world leader in the social sciences and in complete accord with the well known fact that 99% of the time when heavy duty bonking is involved the man was seduced by forces of sex unleashed by Satan that no man can resist.

I personally have tried to resist meaningless sex with brown eyed Isaan wonders many times but once they blow in my ear, or get up on the bed on all fours naked and wave their rear at me I am a dead man. I think this government sanctioned document absolving incoming male farangs of all responsibility for where their penises are, and what their penises are doing while in the Kingdom is the future. Whose with me on this? Who wants to sign a petition and present it to Government House? I won't take all the credit for this. That's the kind of guy I am. But next time you are butt slamming a screamer with skin like silk and a bald pudenda—and you know that you have the government’s understanding and protection; try to send a mental ‘thank-you’ out to me …!

Like I said: I’m a thinker.

196. Another Great Day

TT&A Part 181 16/6/2007

Dedicated to the Nana Hotel (aka the Mothership): voted the finest hotel in the world by the IMS (International Mongers Society)—

Jesus Mary and Joseph it's hot. Sweet Jesus on a cracker it's hot. Christ … Christ on a cracker it is hot. Pizza oven hot. Center of the sun hot. Inside my teeruk's vagina hot. Boiling hot. Burning forearms hot. Ronn Tdubb Tdaek (whatever). And of course the ever popular: "Fxxx me! it's hot." Let's go back three. BURNING FOREARMS HOT.

As I leave the air-conditioned lobby of the Nana Hotel my forearms start to burn as if they are on fire. Even before I have crossed the car park my arms are alive with pain. It's so hot the stupid taxi drivers leave me alone—something that almost defies a law of Mothership taxi car park physics. I'm OK with the heat and the humidity but this is attention getting. Heat and extreme heat don't bother me that much. I have a rare medical condition called RSG (Recessed Sweat Glands) so sweating and perspiration is never an issue (59 years old and never once used deodorant). But this is Burning Forearms Hot (BFH).

However, the beauty part of this weather is that it forces me to slow down, and retrench, and re-establish priorities, and just generally chill (no pun intended) out. So the walk over to the bookstore on Sukhumvit will be a slow one. 2:30 p.m. in the afternoon in Bangkok during the hot season and the sun just seems like a torch. So we'll do some slow walking. Amble by the Mini Mart and remind myself to pick up some yogurts, and drinks, and nuts on the way back. As I pass the Greenhouse on Sukhumvit just before the Landmark hotel I temporarily consider going in to have one of the work-of-art desserts in the air conditioned eatery. But I keep going. Then up ahead is the guy who sells the 20 baht orange juice containers.

I buy one and stop to drink. Holy Jesus On The Cross it's hot. Christ it's hot. Suffering hot. Satan's underpants on the stove hot. End of the world hot. Hell's Waiting Room hot. 'Stick-a-poker-in-my-ass-and-not-even-feel-it' hot. Burning napalm on a baby's ass hot. Happen to notice that in the median strip of Sukhumvit there are now papier mache or clay animals of some kind: rabbits and roosters and pigs, etc. What the … ? What are the wacky Thais up to now? God damn it's hot. I figure it must be about 176 degrees Fahrenheit (80 degrees Celsius). Probably about 204 degrees Fahrenheit (95 degrees Celsius) in Isaan. So living in Isaan is like living at the exit end of a car's tail pipe; and living in Bangkok is like living in a drunk farang's underpants. Everything is relative. No wonder the girls leave the Northeast plain of dust and drought and come to Bangkok. It hasn't got anything to do with poverty. That's all a load of buffalo dung. They are simply trying to escape the heat. Going from 204 degrees Fahrenheit to 176 degrees Fahrenheit must be a blessed relief. Anyway, drink over it is the western tourist's hunt for a trash receptacle. None in sight. Don't ask me what I did with the orange juice container and straw.

OK, back to the plan. The reason for the early afternoon Bangkok deathmarch is to go to the Bookazine bookstore to pick up some fancy magazines, and one of those incredibly expensive local western author novels about Thailand. You know the ones I mean. Sexy covers, and intriguing plot line teasers on the laminated dust jacket, and you read them in the bathtub, and five seconds after finishing them you can't remember anything you read. Intellectual Chinese food sold as sexy naughty international pablum to tourists. Just killing time. The aimless wandering of the tourist. No schedules. No watch. No agenda except to please myself. No quotas to fill. No one to impress. No one to fear. Just living an unreflective animal life. Eating, and peeing, and unloading on the crapper, and napping, and bonking, and sticking my head out the car window. Low standards and no dreams. Now I'm living. A little late but at least I figured it out before the final curtain.

When I lived in the Caribbean I used to have contempt for the locals who answered any question about what they were doing by saying, "Just Liming!"

Translation: "I ain't doing anything with my life, and I think it be kool to not be doin' anything with my life, and I think it be extra kewl to say 'In reply to: ain't doing anything with my life' as if it is some kind of philosophy."

I used to continental (white boy) choke on this every time I heard it. I used to think:

"Just limin'? Why don't you get up off your sorry black behind and do something?"

Now here in Bangkok during the hot season with my forearms on fire, and the sun a torch on my neck like a magnifying glass I am reconsidering the natives of St. John, and St. Thomas, and Tortola, and St. Croix, and Peter Island, and Little Dix Bay, and Cane Garden Bay, and East End, and Water Island, and Frenchtown, and all the rest of the burnt out boring Caribbean. Maybe the next time some farang asks me what I am doing I'll say,

"Jus limin' mon. I'm a burnt out farang mon; but I got me some of that there filosofee."

Down the sidewalk I can see the Skytrain crossover to the other side of Sukhumvit. I have to go up the three story high staircase and cross over and then down again to get to the far side of

Sukhumvit and the bookstore. Could have crossed over at the corner of Sukhumvit and Soi Nana but that crossing always scares the heck out of me. Way way too dangerous. So I go the long way and make a fun thing out of it. Anyway I am almost there. Up ahead I can see the Skytrain stairs and they are packed. It is 2:30 in the afternoon on a week day and they are packed with descending Thais. Is it an early day at work because of some Thai holiday? No idea but the stairs are packed. At the bottom of the stairs I look up and see something that has to be delivered to you in life in the form of an experience. A dream is not enough. No dream could match the reality.

Descending the stairs are young fertile dressed up Thai females by the hundreds. Office girls, and department store girls, and middle class women, and university girls, and early shift bargirls, and high school girls. Singles, and doubles, and groups, and packs of sexy, feminine, sultry, dressed-to-kill, dick hardening, heart breaking, soul effecting women. It is like standing at the bottom of a three story waterfall of every man and boy dream you had since age 17. Most of the women take no notice of the solitary down-market farang standing at the bottom of the stairs in worshipful stunment. If I stood in the middle of the bottom step they would just go around me like a herd of stampeding buffalo around a single pronghorn antelope. But some of these beauties make eye contact and smile.

I am not a good or natural smiler but I smile today like a sugar addict in a candy store. Smiling completely without agenda. Just smiling as a reflection of my interior state ... so so happy. Just transported by the beauty of these women. Some of the early shift bargirls make eye contact and smile at me in a different way. God bless them. All of the early shift trannies make eye contact that would melt kryptonite. Hypnotic lethal laser beam locked-on smiles and eyes that just shut me down and pick me up at the same time. Sorry, trannies: I'm not man enough and I know it. But thanks for the eye contact and the smiles. I love you all.

I look up and to the left and I can see that the crossover is packed with these women. They just keep coming. I forget why I was out walking in the first place. I forget about the bookstore. I just stand and make contact and smile. Then it is over. They are gone and I am standing on the sidewalk at the bottom of the stairs alone. I am supposed to climb the stairs and cross over and go to the bookstore. That was the plan on this murderously hot day in Bangkok. But I have completely forgotten the plan. My mind has just gone blank. Like a brand new stricken amnesia victim I can't remember what I was doing, or divine why I am standing at the stairs to the Skytrain. The descending waterfall of Thai femininity has just neutered my brain.

So I turn around and start for home. Back to the Mothership. On the way I stop at the Greenhouse and have one of their fabulous desert creations. Then around the corner on Soi Nana I pick up some magazines and newspapers, some chicken and mystery meat, some flowers; and then into the Mini Mart for drinks, and yogurts, and nuts, and candy. Exiting the air-conditioned Mini Mart with my bags of loot and flowers I am nearly knocked down by the heat. Sweet sufferin' Jesus on a burning forearm it is hot. Satan's dick on fire it's hot. And for the experienced Sukhumvit monger: 'Bus-Stop restaurant greeter girls look dead' hot.

Reminds me of the first time to Thailand. The plane landed at Don Muang airport at 11:55 p.m. Midnight. Exiting the air conditioned plane was like getting hit in the face with a plank when the heat and humidity of Thailand slammed into me. Stunning. Mindblowing. And if this was the situation at midnight what was it going to be like in this country during the day? Never forgot my first landing in Bangkok. Midnight during the hot season. Blastfurnace. The acres of black tarmac and concrete giving up heat that had been stored during the day. Welcome to Thailand. But on this day it is OK. I am high as a kite on Thai female beauty, I've got bags of loot and tourist flowers; and I am headed for the Nana hotel.

Tomorrow I'll remember the bookstore across on the other side of Sukhumvit. But for now it is out of mind. And it is OK. It has been another great day in Bangkok. Another great day in Thailand. God I love this place.

197. Never Say Never

TT&A Part 182 23/6/2007

It is Dana Time and time to clutch your chest in wonder and in joy as two missives from Dana Central are about to impact you. One is a living obituary (you can't start too early), and the other is a true story with a valuable lesson (Dana Central notepads can be ordered for taking notes). Enjoy.

Living Obituary of Dana: Pattaya Mail—May 14th, 2007

"Enjoying great success in writing, mongering, ogling, and the Nana Hotel carpark; Dana was less a world famous writer than an icon, the eternal essence of cool. A member of the legendary Nana Hotel Lounge Lizards Pack, he lived and died the high life of booze, broads, and bright lights; always projecting a sense of utter detachment and serenity; along with 500 baht Walt, and Pattaya Gary, and Four Bathrooms JJ, and the Holtmeister, and the other chosen few who breathed the same rarefied air, Dana: chicken-on-a-stick and cola always in hand—embodied the glorious excess of a world long gone, a world without rules or consequences. Throughout it all, he remained just outside the radar of understanding, the most distant star in the monger firmament; ..." *

* apologies to: Dean Martin Biography—AOL Music

Never Say Never

My first night in Bangkok I rush over to the NEP and run up to the third floor to the Hollywood Strip bar to see if Wan is still working there. Known her for years. Absolutely some of the best nights and the most memorable sex I ever had with a woman was with this woman. And she has every other blank filled in to get my attention. What men find appealing about women is personal. No explaining it. I am blotto about her. If I was an expat she could make a living off of me picking her up and banging her senseless three times a week. But I would probably have to wait in line. She is my nominee for probably the most popular girl in all of Bangkok with tourists and expats. Everyone knows her, and it seems everyone has banged her, and I am sure I am not the only guy reduced to blubbering idiocy when her hand is in mine and we are headed across the street to the hotel. And don't even get me started on what happens to me when I see her naked again. Anyway ...

She is not there. Or her sister. Or two other favorites from the past. It is all gone. So I start the bar by bar hunt. And at every single bar from the third floor, to the second floor, to the first floor I am striking out. Finally I walk into the last bar on the first floor—Lollipops. And I hit the Dana lottery. There are four girls hot as coals. One is called Song, and one I will call the Rubber, and one we will call Pi-Pi, and one is a midget waitress. Song is sitting on my right and I have decided to barfine her and made this known to all. This does not stop the Rubber. I call her that because in spite of the fact that I have chosen Song she is sitting on my left and grinding her ass into me and moaning like a cat in heat. Perfect body. Hard to ignore. I make a note to return for her. Anyway, I give the barfine to the mamasan and off goes Song to powder her pussy and get dressed. Instantly her best friend—"I am Song's pi-pi." sits next to me and starts campaigning for me to come back and bonk her. She is cute and sexy. I make a note to return for her. And all of this time the midget waitress in the schoolgirl pleated skirt and the white schoolgirl shirt has been up on the corner of the stage dancing and making eyes at me. She is a riot. She is standing in place on the corner of the stage and doing a kind of Michael Jackson moondance shuffle. Sexy and fun and funny. Very very appealing.

So off Song and I go to the Rajah Hotel. She is terrific and for 500 baht I get a fashion show with her trying on my clothes and posing in front of the mirror, and I get great sweaty sex, and I get a wet T-Shirt contest in the shower, and I get half a smile.

Two hours later I am dressed and headed back to the bar. Am I going back for the Rubber? No. Am I going back for Song's best friend who I have nicknamed Pi-Pi? No. I am going back to pick up that cute funny dancing fool midget waitress. Walked up to her and slammed 600 baht into her little hand and told her to hurry up. She grabbed her purse off a shelf and said, "It's boom-boom time."

So, how was she? She was great and fun and funny. Made me laugh. As we exited and walked hand in hand past Big Dog's people cheered and clapped. She smiled and I laughed. No smile beats the bonking smile or (even better); the on-the-way-to-bonking smile. Sweet Jesus on a cracker I love this town. Proud to be seen with her, and lucky to have met her, and no silly talk about a condom. And God damn was that little pleated skirt sexy. I found I could suck her whole foot into my mouth and lurch around the room with her skirt around my head and ... OK, that's not really the point. The point is—

NEVER SAY NEVER.

198. No Longer Middle Aged

TT&A Part 183 30/6/2007

If you have through calculation and sheer dumb luck managed to outlive youth and middle age—inevitably some jackass will cross your social interface path and make some idiot remark about how 'getting old' is a good thing, or about how there are good things about getting old. Most of the time this pinhead philosopher is someone who is not old. Sometimes it will, against all that is logical, actually be an older person. In all cases a world run properly would allow you to shoot these people.

Think there is something good about getting old do you? OK, you do it. Not me. No, wait a minute—that train already left the station—I am no longer young and no longer middle aged. The train station of exciting new beginnings and bright opportunities is behind me, and the station on the rail line up ahead is not even showing a light. No reason for a light because it is 'lights out' when you pull in. So I'm kinda down on this whole 'old-is-good' thing. And I have not adjusted to it either. Screw that. I am full of slashing bitter anger and I consider that the emotional state of the stable and the alert. This notion that angry people are clinically ill is the academic flaming shit pile of the brain challenged. You're old and you're not pissed? It's MRI time for you buddy because you have completely lost your bearings. Not me. I've got my bearing just fine thank-you very much, and I know what I have lost, and I am damned angry about it. Still ...

I'm leaving the Kingdom in a few days so I come up from Pattaya a couple of days early. I'm a punctuality freak with zero belief in good luck or the future so I always hedge my bets. I am not going to miss the plane back to the States. What to do? Oh, forget that ... we all know what I did. I went across from the Mothership to the NEP and pushed myself into the ground floor Rainbow bar.

On principle (too fxxxing expensive) I am not going to engage the services of any of these entertainment providers but for a cover charge coke I get to look. And Sweet Jesus On A Cracker (SJOAC) there is lots to look at. Beautiful women and lots of them. Of course I can remember the good old days when they would have been naked; but still the show of women is noteworthy. A nice way to spend some time and then I'll go back to the Nana and take a long hot bath … and then I spot her.

Bang. Bang was the best friend of a woman I almost asked to marry me two years ago. I buzzed like a lovesick bee around this Isaan flower for two years and Bang witnessed it all from the sidelines. Then she saved me. Stopped me in front of the Nana Hotel one hot humid afternoon and told me what my Noi was doing behind my back. Saved me from being another farang log thrown on the Isaan pussy pyre. I ask Bang what the barfine is and we leave.

Bang is beautiful and in the business of being an entertainment provider. I am not in the Rainbow bar in the Nana Entertainment Plaza in Bangkok, Thailand to take a survey on men's socks. Walking out of the plaza with Bang on my arm and headed for the hotel across the street Bang assumes we are going to have sex. It is not even on my mind. If I was young it would be the only thing I would be thinking of. If I was middle aged I would be thinking of nothing else. But I am not young or middle aged anymore. Up the carpark, and into the lovely air-conditioned lobby, and I hang a left into the restaurant. I want to have dinner with Bang.

She recovers from the shock of being treated with more dignity then she anticipated and smiles the smile of the relieved. Then she starts to talk about Noi. She assumes I have barfined her so that I can get caught up on the woman I almost asked to marry me. But that is not what I want. I just want to have dinner with

Bang. I know her and I trust her and she saved me from a heartless horrible past, and demeaning future of self pity and anger. I just want to touch the past with her. I want her to be a touchstone for me to my past.

So that is what we did. We had a leisurely unhurried dinner and talked of little or nothing or … I don't know what we talked about. After dinner I walked her over to the Ball-in-Hand and we spent an hour playing pool. I have zero pool playing skills but I like the ambiance of the Ball-in-Hand. Anyway, she probably still thought I wanted to have sex with her. I didn't. I just wanted to touch my past. I was happy to be doing it. It temporarily shut out other things I could have been doing on my last night in Bangkok but that was a good thing, and I was happy to be moving around the pool table with Bang. Outside I said goodbye and paid her off at the Raja car park gate. She thanked me and said she could now go home to her daughter. Both of us knew we would never see each other again.

So maybe there is some small pin prick of good about growing old. You can sometimes get pleasure from finding a touchstone to your past like Bang. You can participate in ego and reconnect with yourself. You can remember your value by reliving something that only has to do with you. Maybe there is something of value about getting old … naw, what am I—nuts? It's an hour to closing time downstairs at the Angels Disco—I think I'll drop on down and see if any new talent just got off the bus.

199. Maybe It’s Time

TT&A Part 184 7/7/2007

“Fate has written a tragedy; it’s name is ‘The Human Heart’.
The Theatre is the House of Life, Woman the mummer’s part;
The Devil enters the prompter’s box and the play is ready to start.”—Robert Service

I have a 10:30 p.m. appointment with Wan in front of Swenson’s Ice Cream on Beach road in South Pattaya. I haven’t seen her in six months and this has been all worked out in advance. I have been chasing her around now for a year and a half. And I am not sure why. She is a lousy prostitute. She has been fired from or quit all of her Go-Go hooker jobs for incompetence or indifference. She is lousy before bed, during bed, and after bed. She hates having sex with men. She sleeps with her elbows and knees pointed at me to keep me at a distance. She gives nothing, and compromises nothing, and earns nothing. She’s basically just a brainless overweight drifter who couldn’t make money giving it away in a blind men’s prison. And I keep coming back. I keep making appointments to see her. I keep taking abuse. I keep overpaying her. I must be crazy.

The only thing I can figure is that this is one of the parts of my life that is just in the mystery category. I certainly couldn’t explain it to anyone else. The other thing I know for certain is that I can not wait to see her. It must be physical. Because when I see her I light up and act foolish and happy and talk too much and try to please. Her non-Thai figure is more German or early mamasan than anything else and I can not take my eyes off her. I find her spellbinding. Now I am walking fast down the boardwalk. I don’t want to be late. I am kind of a punctuality freak. I consider an appointment to be a verbal contract and I honor my contracts. I can see Swenson's Ice Cream now. I'll make it.

As I am standing on the curb waiting for a break in the traffic so that I can cross over I see her on the 2nd terrace waiting for me. I feel like a ten year old who has spotted the ice cream truck. Suddenly I feel younger, happier, more hopeful, taller, slimmer, smarter, handsomer. Over I cross and then start up the stairs slowly savoring looking at her. Her body is made for breeding—she'd make a wonderful wife and mother. Then she sees me and her face lights up. Big smile and she runs towards me. Now she is in my arms. I have to pinch myself—I feel as if I am dreaming. How could God give me this much happiness? Her soft plentiful voluptuous body was made for me. Now I know why I keep coming back. I can't help myself.

We cross back over to the boulevard and start the walk down to the AA hotel. It is a beautiful night. A night for love. For hope. For rekindled dreams.

Me: Have you missed me?
Wan: No.
Me: Have you thought of me?
Wan: No.
Me: Are you going to kiss me on the lips tonight?
Wan: No.
Me: Are you going to allow me in the shower with you tonight?
Wan: No.
Me: Do you ever dream about me when I am in America?
Wan: No.
Me: Are we going to do smoke?
Wan: No.
Me: Is there anything you would like to talk about?
Wan: How much you pay me?

"How much you pay me?" I have dreamed of her for six months. I have dreamed of us for six months. She now lives in Chiang Mai and drove all the way on her little motorbike. She got to the appointment early and waited. You would think that there would be a human relationship seed here that could grow. You would be mistaken. I turn from her and look straight ahead. The stars are out and the heat of the day is done. The lights offshore on the floating restaurants are pretty. People around us are happy. It is noisy because of the traffic and the urban chaos of a seaside resort. The noise is good because that way no one can hear the hiss of my emotional balloon deflating. I know I have value as a human being but boy-oh-boy the world of sex commerce in this country is one tough gig. People like to talk about how many farangs come here to spend time with the women. I'd be curious to know how many come once and then never return.

Farangs do not have relationships with Thai women. Thai women have relationships with farangs. Everything that happens to the farang is a surprise to him. Having a relationship with a Thai woman is like running through the woods at night with your eyes open. It is only a matter of time before you get a twig in the eye. If you don't want to get a twig in the eye then don't run through the woods at night with your eyes open. But don't fool yourself into thinking you are having a relationship with the tree.

Tough gig. As we walk I can feel my hopes and enthusiasms being replaced with temperance and wisdom. My bones and brain just give up the fight and welcome in age. No wonder old people are sometimes so cranky and impatient. A lifetime of this nonsense could wear down a diamond ball bearing; and to think that I dream and save and fly long distances to be treated this way. Is it because I can not get attention in my own country? No, the women of my country are brainless and easy. I could just as easily be disrespected and abused in my own country. But like a moth to the flame I come to Thailand. And to Wan. Anyway …

Wan and I—
Me and Wan?
Maybe it’s time—
Time to move on.

200. How Paranoid Can You Be?

TT&A Part 185 14/7/2007

Prologue

Unnatural dreams
And unnatural fears—
Normal appearance
But tortured lonely years.

Surrounded by others
That look like me—
Seducing me to think
That my days are free.

Free from worry,
Free from stress;
Free from life—
Of unnatural duress.

But I'm not fooled.
I know the deal.
Everyone is out to get me—
Only that is real.

Everyone is out to get me—
Of that I can see.
Paranoid?
Not me ...

How Paranoid Can You Be?

How paranoid can you be in Thailand? Well, here is an example. I bet I am not the only one who does this.

When most people land at the airport in Bangkok they think they are in Thailand. They are not in Thailand. You are not in Thailand until you have gone through Immigration and you are on the other side of the booth and exhaling and smiling and skipping. All that time you wait in the Immigration line you are not in Thailand and at any point in the Immigration protocol interview you can be refused entry to Thailand. Few think of this. I actually see fools show up at Immigration dressed and acting and talking as if they had a sign hanging around their neck that said, "I'm going to have sex with your daughter, Mr. Immigration Man."

When I show up at the Immigration officer for the interview it is apparent what I am in Thailand for. I tell him my purpose for visiting the Kingdom is tourism and not business. Then I tell him I have reservations at the Nana Hotel in Bangkok. He asked me these questions. I am not going to lie. Then he asks how long I will be staying in his country. Eleven days I say. Then he asks if I will be visiting any friends. No I say. OK, the interview is over and he is able to reach his own conclusions about what kind of a visitor to his country I am. And the answer is that I am a sex tourist. And he is not wrong. Lying would not have worked, or been smart; and now he and I both know the same thing. I am in his country to have sex with his daughter. This is not a good thing. He can not be thrilled about this. So I hedge my bets the best I can.

What I do is I dress for the interview at Immigration. On the long flight from Boston (three flights of about 22 hours plus layovers) I wear loose fitting clothes of no particular aspect for the plane trauma. But once in the airport I change clothes for the Immigration interview. Before I get to the Immigration line I duck into the men's room and go into a stall and put on long dress pants, and a dress shirt, and dress shoes, and socks, and a tie. Then I brush my teeth, and wash my face, and comb my hair. I do all of this for an interview with Immigration of maybe only 20 seconds duration. I want to get IN to the country. He will know once he interviews me why I am in his country; but I do not want to challenge him, or give him any reason to pull me out of line, or deny my entrance. That's paranoid. That's how paranoid I am.

Now I know what you are all thinking. You are thinking: "Dana this is nuts because you are now way overdressed for the taxi line. You will swelter to death waiting for the taxi."

Way ahead of you, dude. Once I get to the main lobby of the airport I go into the men's room and change clothes again for the taxi line and the trip into the city. Ten minutes. Not a problem.

Seem like a lot? Really? Then you are not paranoid enough. Don't forget when the plane lands at the airport you are NOT in Thailand. And EVERY Immigration agent knows why you are in the country. You fool no one. So I hedge my bets. I dress for the interview.

That's how paranoid you can be!

Dana

P.S. You smarti-pants Village Elder Expats may notice that this essay applies to Don Muang Airport and that there is a change now at Suvarnabhumi Airport: to wit—there is no Men's Room between the entrance to the building and the Immigration line. Obviously this was written some time ago and has been laying around at Dana Central gathering post-editing patina like a Chinese cooking vessel acquiring the green hue of antiquity and art.

So what do I do now? Same-same. I just change into my 'interview' outfit of black pants, and black dress shoes, and black socks, and white shirt, and black tie on the plane before it lands.

I dress for the interview
And I ain’t kidding—
I want them to let me in:
I want them to do my bidding.

It is the Interview of a lifetime
And so much depends—
On Mr. Immigration Man,
And what he commends.

I’m here to make love,
And to commit smiling sin.
But first I have to please—
First I have to get in.

So when you examine it
And look at every fact:
Interacting with Immigration
Is my very first sex act.

Yes, I want to have sex with Mr. Immigration Man’s daughter—
That’s the real game:
Not sex with any—
First one special dame.

Holy sufferin’ Jesus what a body—
‘Fxxx-me-on-a-stick’ what a notion:
Sweet Jesus on a cracker I’m gettin’ a roddy—
I’ll be the boat and she can be the ocean.

Oh God she’s leaning over—
Oh God what a delicious shape:
Please let me in Mr. Immigration Man—
We’ll call it love and you’ll call it rape.

Let me in the Kingdom,
I dressed to please.
I'm beggin' for a chance at your daughter—
I'm on my cracked and aging knees.

Let me through the line—
I dressed for success.
I haven't even met her yet,
But I want her I confess.

That's why I am wearing the black dress pants—
Same-same the black schoolteacher tie.
I want to plough your daughter—
And that's no lie.

So if you are in line
In beach pants and beads—
And you happen to notice
A man trying to please:

That's me my friend
Doing my part—
To get into Thailand:
And love lips to part.

201. Muttonhead or Man?

TT&A Part 186 21/7/2007

Billions of frogs now have mysterious tumors, undersea tectonic plates are pulling apart and oozing primordial magma, the ozone layer is expanding and admitting cancer causing radiation, birds are losing migratory navigation instincts, sexual deviancy is seen as an alternative lifestyle choice, and condoms have moved from the pharmacy shelf to the political shelf …!

The center can not hold … all is entropy and the downward spiral of chaos and the denouement of simple systems and primitive creatures that have lost their way. The center can not hold … violence is increasing and happiness is decreasing and … the center can not hold … the earth is a closed system of increasing stress with no vent … the center can not hold. And what is the locus point, the trigger for this comprehensive breakdown of nature? Dana.

Dana has ideas … the very fabric of space and time has been ripped asunder and we are now living in the hell on earth of muttonheadedness. Muttonheads are in charge, and muttonheads are legislating, and muttonheads are taking away freedoms, and muttonheads are judging others. And whence comes their unending stamina and unerring instinct for fascistic fun? Dana. Dana has ideas.

What kinds of ideas? Well, he would like to have fun. And he would like to have sex. And he would like to live the life of a natural man. And he would like to live unencumbered by the insecurities and mean spiritedness of others. How dare he? How dare he want to live the life of a man? How dare he want to be self centered in his only life on earth? How dare he want to be able to make decisions about his life and how he lives it? Muttonheads hate these ideas. Muttonheads are challenged by natural living men, and men who can smile at women and get a smile in return. Muttonheads despise those of ego, and personal strength, and willingness to risk marching to a different tune. Muttonheads are in charge and have been in charge of every aspect of my life since I left home at age eighteen. The result worldwide is a crashing down and falling asunder of all that is good and fun and natural.

Two things rise to the top. Cream and scum. I have never seen a pond covered in cream. I could make a fortune selling scum. The scum army wants me to march carrying a flag with a condom on it. The flag of the muttonheads, the symbol of the impotent. The muttonhead mantra is that wearing this thing will be good for humanity. There is not a speck of evidence that humanity has any value. It is an intellectual abstract born of emotional baby talk. The Earth without the pestilence of humanity would be a happier place in the Universe and anyone personally contributing to the demise of humanity would be doing saint's-of-the-universe work.

Individual sharks, or individual roaches, or individual birds do not give a second's thought to others of their species. It is a natural life of self-interest and happiness earned in the face of risk and uncertainty. This is the way of things. Thinking of others in your species and behaving individually to benefit others is not natural and you should not get credit for it. You label yourself an aberration and in no way can you evidence meaningful anything. You had no lasting effect. You are not remembered. You are not appreciated. You are not loved. You wasted your time by flashing off the road when you should have been trying to pull down the pants of the woman in the back seat of the car. Leave it to muttonhead fascists to come up with a philosophy of behavior that flies in the face of all that is natural. Leave it to businessmen scum to substitute munitions sales in slow periods with the equally evil and spirit killing condom industry.

And it seems there is no way to avoid this evil. One day I was being toured by Chiang Mai Kelly in Pattaya who was kindly pointing out important pleasure sites:

“In this bar there is a super aggressive tranny who will have her hand in your pants before you have your beer.”

“In this bar girls swim around naked in a big tank while shower shows and jacuzzi activities are going on.”

“This is the name of the bar where Princess works and you can dip your wick in family business if you like.”

“This place is populated by sociopathic motorcycle accident scarred skanks who will beat you to the floor and suck the golf ball through the garden hose right in the bar. You save money on a short time room.”

After a while I had to go to the bathroom so we went in the back entrance to Mike’s Department Store on 2nd Road and I asked the information girl where the bathroom was. According to Chiang Mai Kelly I had my linguistic Thai tones wrong and what I really said was “Where is the precious water?”

Miss Muttonhead Information Booth Girl with the brains of a gecko pointed to a condom rack on the counter and asked me if I wanted a condom.

“No I don’t want a goddamned condom—I want to take a dump. I don’t expect there to be any toilet paper but I would be most grateful if you could tell me where the shit house is. How’s that for tones Mr. Chiang Mai Kelly?”

Apparently, “Would you like a condom?” is now the worldwide linguistic go-to for any form of miscommunication.

Astronauts: Cape Canaveral—do you have those computer coordinates for re-entry?
Nasa Space Center: No we don't but would you like a condom?

Heart Surgeon: Nurse, his aorta has torn—hand me a clamp.
Nurse: So solly no clamps—would you like a condom?

Frontline Sergeant: Boy am I glad to see you return Rufus—did you bring the ammo?
Rufus: Sorry Sergeant—no ammo but I brought a case of condoms.

The condom infestation can now be thought to be complete; and there is nothing ahead but chaos and oozing magma and the clash of wills. Every miscommunication, and every social construct, and every public intercourse will be met by—

"Do you want a condom?"

"Sure honey, I was actually asking for blueberries for my cereal; but hell yes, I'll just put condoms on my cereal instead. And while I'm at it I'll just cut off my cock and balls and spread them on toast. Ah breakfast, the best way to start the day."

With the muttonheads, and the fascists, and the bible thumpers in charge simple scenarios will be rewritten. Examples:

1. Thai stewardess informing passengers of imminent crash: Don't worry—under each seat is a giant condom that you can use as a water flotation device. If you are in First Class they are scented and purple and studded.

2. Me in a McDonalds restaurant ordering a cheeseburger: Sir, would you like condoms with that?

Sure, what the fxxx. I was kinda thinkin' I might like fries with my cheeseburger but I can see the politically incorrect error of my ways now. Just cover the plate in condoms and give me about fifty of the ketchup packets.

3. People saying something nice about me and my wife's baby boy: Gosh you must be so happy with your son. What's his name?

"His goddamned name is Broken Condom Dana Jr."

4. Schoolteacher to small children: OK, children take out your condoms and your books. I know we used to say 'Take out your pencils and your books' but learning to use condoms is more important than learning to write.

5. History rewritten: Blood, Sweat, and Tears speech by Sir Winston (Victory) Churchill: May 13-1940:

"You ask, what is our aim? I can answer in one word. It is condoms. Condoms at all costs -Condoms in spite of all terrors - Condoms, however long and hard the road may be, for without condoms there is no survival."

6. Martha Stewart Arts and Crafts TV Show: Today folks we are going to learn how to make Christmas Tree decorations with used condoms. Step Number One: get your young children to go around the house and get all the used condoms out of the waste baskets and up off the floor in mommy and daddy's room. And if there are not any used condoms then know that your children will report this to me, Martha Stewart; and I will notify the proper authorities. This may be an afternoon arts and crafts show for welfare mothers and the idiot daughters of the rich but we aren't fxxxing around.

BEFORE and AFTER conversations in the Muttonhead Future:

BEFORE: Children here comes your father so put on your backpacks. We are going to hike up the mountain and have cocoa and a cookout on the summit. Tomorrow you will all be able to tell your friends at school about the mountain you climbed.

AFTER: Children here comes your father so put on your condoms. We are going to hike up the mountain and have cocoa and a condom on the summit. Tomorrow you will all be able to tell your condoms at school about the mountain you climbed.

Count me out if this is the politically correct future where Muttonhead fascists have us believing that nut jobs walking around with giant strawberry scented ribbed condoms pulled down over their whole heads and bodies are normal. Count me out of this social craziness if the State requires baby doctors to suture condoms onto newborn penises at birth. Count me out if … hey, jackass—just count me out. I have absolutely no problem finding women for sexual pleasures who will go without condoms. I don't consider the other women. You take 'em. While the two of you are participating in some perversion of coupling—my lady and I will be bonking like demented rabbits and enjoying it.

Billions of frogs now have mysterious tumors, undersea tectonic plates are pulling apart and oozing primordial magma, the ozone layer is expanding and admitting cancer causing radiation, birds are losing migratory navigation instincts, sexual deviancy is seen as an alternative lifestyle choice, and condoms have moved from the pharmacy shelf to the political shelf …!

Don't blame me. I am not marching, and I am not singing, and I am not carrying someone else's knapsack, and I am not learning the secret handshake, and I am not coming to any meetings, and I am not laughing at the big boss's jokes, and I am not getting married, and I am not taking responsibility for women's issue from their loins, and I am not seeking approval or friendship, and I am not wearing a condom. Sure I attract attention to myself, and sure I'll be hunted down, and sure my history is already written in the deathknell books of the muttonhead fascists. But until that day I am living the life of a natural man. Self centered and happy. Confident and at ease.

I had my chance on earth and I rolled the dice for me. It was all about me. That is why I was granted life. I was not needed for any other reason. The Earth does not need any other humans. More pestilence is not a meaningful part of any evolutionary or philosophic program on this insignificant rock hurtling through an indifferent space towards an unrecorded future. If you think life has any purpose other than pleasure you are mistaken. Not even further procreation is a reason for life because more humans are not needed. We make no contribution to the health of the earth. All of our influences are negative. We are at the top of the food chain and at the bottom of the pond covered with scum. The only reason to be born, and the only reason to have life spilled in our direction, and the only reason to have erections is to run down and bring pleasure to ground.

I'm not wearing condoms. How about you? Are you a muttonhead or are you a man?

202. Devil’s Temptation

TT&A Part 187 28/7/2007

“My love she’s like a raven, at my window with a broken wing.”—Bob Dylan

Hot … So So Hot. And Humid.

Miles east of Third Road in a Siamese Eden where dengue fever and malaria will still rule after the flip-flop imprints are gone; there was an Amazonian mystery in the form of an anaconda-like black power cable that came down through the tops of the trees. Trees marking the confluence of rice paddy dikes that sheltered a laundromat. Whence the power grids origin for the machines was not nearly as interesting as the result. Eight double banked washing machines in a row, and four dryers heating and humming and spinning and moaning and jumping under a Third World shelter of frond and tarp and corrugated roof. An oasis surrounded by trucks and chickens and motorbikes and the litter of an uncaring people. Hot … so so hot. And humid.

Only me and her and her helper on this hot sultry day. Talking and smiling and laughing and pantomiming back and forth over the row of washing machines. Her name was Som and she made her chair go by puffing into a wand mouthpiece. She had no arms and she had no legs.

Malay dark skin, almond eyes, high cheek bones, flashing white teeth, lipstick her able bodied helper had applied, and black shiny hair down to her waist. An Eve with no arms and no legs in a rice paddy laundromat Eden. A Devil’s joke of temptation and me in a land without time—primal emotions without shame, and pure intentions unsullied by social measuring.

One thing led to another and … her helper drove us to Som’s house and showed me how to help with the wheelchair, and how to start the generator that charged the chair's battery. Between the two of us Som and I had one arm and one leg apiece—all that people need who also have hearts full of love.

The next morning ...

"Goodbye Som—I will never forget you."

"Goodbye also to you Khun Dana—someday I will be a good mother and a loyal wife; but I will never forget the most loving man I ever met."

"Before I go Som—I just have one question. What is the pussy called on a woman with no arms and no legs?"

"Dana—it is called a ... oops, I hear my cell phone ringing ... I've got to go."

"Goodbye Som."

Polaroid Shock

End of the day in Pattaya and I am dragging my tired feet down the boulevard towards the AA Hotel on Soi 13/0. I have already fallen in love twice with two of Siam's angels so there is no urgency to really do anything. I was up on the boulevard near Soi 6 looking for Som. No appointment but I knew she did business there. A sweet girl I have spent time with before but long odds on just running into her this late at night. She is doubtless in another man's hotel room retching and coughing up the seed of life. Hey, it's a business. Didn't see her.

Up ahead I see a woman sitting on the bench in front of the AA Hotel. I sit down next to her. Light conversation. Pretty face and curvy. She asks where I am staying. I point across the street. We may have a player. I take the prop condom out of my left pocket and show it to her. Then I put my hand over it and wave my head from side to side.

"No condom—no ploblem."—she says.

Then I take my wallet out of my pocket and take out the porno playing card (Queen of Spades) that shows a woman getting plugged in the rear.

"Back end—no ploblem."—she says.

We have a winner and love is in the air. I take her hand and we walk across the street. She is wearing a yellow T-shirt and white pants. Her name is Jaeb.

Stepping out of the shower my peripheral vision picks her up squatting (more footprints to clean off) on the toilet seat peeing and smoking a cigarette. I kinda wish her vagina was smoking the cigarette but that's a detail. Anyway, as my peripheral vision picks up this vision of Skankville I have a disquieting notion: 'Does this look familiar?'

Out she comes wrapped in a white towel and I put her up against the wall and start taking pictures. I always get a face shot and a full body shot. I enjoy it and the girls love it. Repeat girls run to the wall and wait for me to get my camera. Taking the pics I have a repeat thought—'Does this look familiar?'

I use a Polaroid camera for room shots. Everyone makes fun of me for using a Polaroid camera but it is just exactly the right camera for room shots. You can watch the pics develop together, give them some pics to take home, and put the winners up on the mirror. If a repeater comes back in the room days later and her pics are still on the mirror instead of another women's pics you have won the lottery. Hint: be very careful juggling women and pictures. Make a mistake here and you are going to wish you had two dicks because you may lose one dick. Anyway, I put the woman's name on the picture and then after her name in parenthesis I put either a plus sign or a minus sign. Hopefully these notations will keep me from making mistakes. Hey, I'm a white guy. We keep records. Hard to explain once to a female Customs agent when I was trying to re-enter the United States through Detroit.

"I don't know what the plus and minus signs are Ms. Female Customs Agent—I asked the girls to do that: maybe it is a Buddhist thing."

As Jaeb and I stand together and watch the Polaroid shot of her face develop I suddenly feel ill. The face that is coming up on the paper I have seen before. Six months ago. Six months ago I picked this same-same woman up at the same time of night from the same bench and she was wearing the exact same yellow T-shirt and white pants. It's a skank repeat. She was a dud and a nutjob so I threw her out six months ago.

As soon as the picture has finished developing I know what I have to do. I help her dress and throw her out again.

So ends another day in Pattaya.

203. Let the Lying Begin

TT&A Part 188 4/8/2007

My second night in Pattaya and I am on the way to Superbabies Bar in Soi Diamond off Walking Street. Superbabies Go-Go bar hires to attract Japanese customers. Mostly young punks who can make one beer and a pack of cigarettes last two hours. So the women are young, and the women are perfect. They are also way too expensive, and way too full of themselves, and they are not under any circumstances going to smile at me. And it sometimes looks like you could not get a smile out of them with blasting caps and a crowbar. No matter. Superbabies to me is a temple where I go to worship. Don't know of another bar like it in all of Pattaya. I am just about to give myself up to the door greeters when a woman waves at me from one of the open air bars in the center of the soi. I break stride, turn, and go over. I order a coke. We talk. She is kinda cute and kinda attractive but nothing special. She asks me where I am staying and I write the AA Hotel—Soi 13/0 and my name on a napkin. I have never done this foolish newbie thing before, and I have no idea why I did this for this woman on this night and at this bar. She ain't no Superbaby.

At 4:20 a.m. I get a call from the front desk of the AA Hotel that there are two women in the lobby to see me. I go down. One is the kinda cute kinda attractive woman from the bar (her name is Da), and the other is her friend. They announce that the friend ('we grew up in the village together') is there to interview me to see if I am good enough for Da. Okay. The fact that some rice paddy rube with feet shaped like canoe paddles is judging me to see if I meet her low standards is amusing and tedious; but when I left the hotel room and entered the elevator I agreed to play with children in a country that teaches racism as science, believes in ghosts, and counsels against foreign devils. You can not complain about being on stage if you did the walk-on yourself. It's called the vacation experience. So I smiled, and I grinned, and I idiot pantomimed, and I jerked around like a dancing bear, and I acted the happy foreign devil fool, and I passed the interview.

And what did I win? What was my prize in the early morning hours of the AA Hotel in a country of bogus smiles, and boring provincialism, and four color high resolution postcards? I won a woman who was over forty, and overweight, and had a big pimple between her eyebrows (apparently my Isaan princess has never seen a mirror). Anyway, Da could barely speak bargirl Thai, and there was some evidence that she did not have the brains of a bucket of paint. Gosh I was lucky.

Da and I adjourn to room 711 where the loving, and the licking, and the laughing, and the bonking begins. Sweet Jesus on a cracker you can not judge a book by its cover. Da may not be a Superbaby, and she may have left her youth behind her; but holy God what a wonderful sweet tender loving woman. Apparently brainless and feckless in the bar, demure and retiring in the lobby, and then full blown naked and interested in the hotel room.

Who pulled the switch? Hey, who's asking? Viagra don't fail me now, the bonking train has left the station. The big wheels are turning, the whistle is blowing, steam is venting, brown skinned men are throwing baggage off the top, and the sun hot rails are being crushed under the advancing sex machine. Dogs are barking, and birds are bursting from the trees as sun blackened rice paddy faces stare in envy and in awe. She heaves, and grunts, and slaps me in the face.

Smiling now. Sex and violence is the gourmand's dish.

It is a slap I saw coming as she extended her right arm and then slow arched up to me with an open faced palm at the end. The second grunt and heave with the counter punch slap from her left hand caught me by surprise. Oh yeah, baby—it's all in the timing and you and I are on the same train. No more eyes shut reverie for me. I double pump until my compression strut arms are squeezing her rib cage. Her eyes snap open, her pupils dart like minnows in front of a big fish, and she clears her throat and blows phlegm and saliva against my chest. The deal is signed and she is in for the finish. It's all flashing connecting rods now, and the crushing destiny of big wheels. This sex machine isn't stopping for anything.

She has stopped the head thrashing, and there isn't going to be any more heaving and slapping. Her head lolls like a log, and it is dig down deep time for both of us. Bringing the youthful past up to the present, and throwing off the modern garb of civility and opinion and fears. Animal time. I'm fifty nine going on nineteen, and she is over forty and over weight going on seventeen; and these two horses are going to run and run and run and run until their legs go brittle, and their lungs collapse, and they drive themselves into the sand and into each other. God bless dancing like a Russian bear in the lobby of a hotel in the early morning hours of the Kingdom. God bless this woman. And God bless me for being here. Sweet Jesus on a cracker what a wonderful woman.

The next night I go to pick her up and she comes out from behind the bar with suitcases, bags, a box, multiple purses, a straw basket, a stuffed burlap rice sack, an empty wooden lottery tickets box, a silly hat, a backpack, the head of a teddy bear peeking out of the top of her shirt (Oh Buddha, please reincarnate me as a stuffed animal in a room full of Thai bar girls), and a friend named Maow she is using as a pack animal.

Maow (bitchin' body) is carrying a bamboo bird cage (no bird), a mop, an oar (?), a backpack full of disgusting Thai food items, a framed picture of some temple monk who appears to be between

150 and 200 years old, another framed picture of the Spirithouse from mom's house in the village, a bunch of rolled up posters of Thai actresses and Thai rock stars, a twenty pound roll of newspaper full of cutlery, two Connect Four games, little white towels, and seventeen microwave popcorn packages. There's more? Yes, both little Thai honey bunnies had pockets so full of shot glasses and drink glasses that they looked like tumor ridden koy fish.

She is moving in, my shy and demure pimple-between-the-eyebrows Da; and the word husband issues from her lips. She was looking at me when she said this. In a crowd I might have assumed she was talking to someone behind me but this was not the case. Believe me when I tell you that the word husband did not issue from my lips but there it is now—hanging like a hummingbird between us. Husband: a word from a woman to a man that can make the birds fall from the sky, and soi dogs stop barking, and the spinning earth almost screech to a halt.

"Husband"—I can briefly feel the aorta coming out of the top of my heart clamping down, my sphincter muscles crashing shut, and my eyes going blind. The hairs inside my nose feel like wires, my mouth feels like metal, and my throat is suddenly full of sand. From her to me: "Husband"—the game has changed. Think I am being dramatic? Consider this: the word husband issuing from a woman's lips is an event coincident with a sharp reduction in sex, and the beginning of gaining weight. Ever looked at wives? Nuff said. "Husband"—the game has changed.

She rearranges the furniture in the hotel room, and washes my clothes in the sink (she is singing), and washes me (happy happy genitals), and polishes my shoes, and brushes my teeth (the ones in my mouth), and sprays the sheets with perfume, and has me praying to Buddha at night before the bonking starts, and oils the fan, and takes out the filter in the air conditioner and cleans it in the sink, and clips my nails, and shaves my groin (could've done without that), and puts a Welcome mat outside the hotel room door in the hallway, and hangs wash outside the window, and cleans the curtains, and prepares picnics on the bed, and poses for pictures, and takes the shelves out of the mini-fridge so that she can stuff more strange Thai food in there, and sets up a little Buddha praying place on the window sill complete with candles and incense and flowers and daily food and drink offerings, and has some sort of long intense mysterious conversation with the maids, and fills the bathroom up with so many woman items it looks like a cross between a chemistry lab and Frankenstein's surgery … and … and she lets me pound her like a demented carpenter hammering a nail.

Words almost fail me … it is the now extremely rare girlfriend experience in Thailand and I have fallen into pudding. The Thai female girlfriend experience for the monger tourist in the Kingdom has almost gone the sad way of the Dodo bird and the smiling gogo girl; but I have, against all odds, managed to blunder into a prime specimen. Since I am charming, and have the physique of an Adonis, and am very attentive and loving to her; she believes that she has chosen wisely and I am going to be 'husband'. Because this is her reality; to say that our nights are fun is an understatement. Reminds me of the old days. So everything from my point-of-view is extremely satisfactory, and I want it to go on. In fact I am going to be ethically challenged, and not favorably disposed to anything that would imperil the continuing of this nightly bonk and love fest from this fabulous woman. Let me repeat: I am going to be ethically … OK, you get the point. You never know when it is your last meal in life, and you never know when you are going to be served sex in abundance again. A practical man feasts on what is before him, and tells the waiters to keeping bringing more food.

On our fifth night she says, “How old are you?”

Well, I am fifty nine years old but that is not an age that husband seeking Thai women are going to be happy about. If those words leave my lips the licking, and the bonking, and the kissing, and the laughing, and the air conditioner filter cleaning will stop. I am one of the lucky ones regarding my aging and my appearance and I routinely get guesses of 38-45 years which is doubtless the category she is assuming. But I am not 38-45 years old, I am 59 years old. In one more year I will be sixty and the time for bluffing will be past. I have outlived my doctor. I outlived some of my friends. So what did I do?

You know what I did not do. Of course you do. You would have done (or not done) the same thing. I did not tell her I am fifty-nine years old. I did not tell her that I am not somewhere between thirty-eight and forty-five years old. I did not tell her that in one more year I will be sixty years old. I may not be the brightest light bulb in the hallway of Life but this simple equation I can figure out. So … another happy night of bonking like dogs, and grunting like pigs, and laughing like children. That’s right. I did what I had to do. You couldn’t have gotten the truth out of me with coal hot tongs, and a wire hooked up to a train set transformer. I believe at the right time and for the right reasons I stepped up for all men everywhere and displayed the results of ten thousand years of exposure to women and sex.

Let the lying begin.

204. You Are What You Build

TT&A Part 189 11/8/2007

Sometimes symbols help you coalesce your thoughts—they serve as useful shortcuts and meaningful ways to think of something. One of the symbols that comes to mind for me when I think of the Isaan culture is the ladders that are in front of the houses. You know the ladders that I mean. The houses are built on stilts to get away from floods and snakes and other natural wonders so to get up to the house there is a sloping ladder in the front. The two long pieces of the ladder invariably are not parallel to one another, or even the same length, or of the same material. That is really all they had to be and it does not require a tape measure to accomplish this. But that is not the real attention getting thing about these ladders. The visual part of these ladders that really grabs your attention is that none of the cross pieces are equidistant from one another, or parallel to one another, or the same length, or even of the same material. Junky materials and junky construction. Junky people?

So the ladder is a construction where not one single thing is correct. The kind of thing a 10 year old would do. But these ladders are not constructed by 10 year olds. They are constructed by adults. Now if I make some remark about the ladders' design and construction reflecting inferior mental abilities I will be hunted down and pummeled by the politically correct. So we won't go there. I will concede that these people are just as intelligent as any other people. This means the politically correct have me assuming that the people of Isaan are just as clever as the Egyptians who built the world's largest and longest lasting edifices. Additionally the politically correct have me assuming that these architects of Isaan house ladders are just as intellectually competent as the Mayans who assembled dry stone walls with blocks so closely measured and closely fitted that you can not insert a knife blade between the joints.

OK, once again I assume the politically correct know what they are talking about and these Isaan house ladder builders are just as smart as the Egyptian builders and the Mayan builders. That just leaves attitude. Sorry politically correct bleaters and fools; you did it to yourself. Intelligence without standards is a downward slope that is only for one reason. Attitude. The Isaan house ladder builders just don't care. They don't care about what their families think, or about what their neighbors think, or about what their guests might think. The house ladder is the first thing that a family member, or a neighbor, or a guest sees. It is the advertisement for the people who live within. It shouts "We just don't care!" People who don't care scare me. Think I am being too tough on these rural Isaan ladder builders?

Hey, I didn't even mention stairs!

What's The Point?

The farang who come to Thailand are what they are. If they are older than younger that is a fact, not a disease. If they are heavier now than when they were younger that is a fact, not a crime. If they are more farang than Thai in their points of view, that is only to be expected; not an example of cultural insensitivity. Honestly, would anyone reasonably expect anything else? Do we expect French tourists touring the temple of Sakkara to be 100% aware of and knowledgeable about and sympathetic to Old Kingdom Egyptian culture? No we do not. The notion is absurd. Do we expect tourists from Iceland visiting the Great Wall of China to be able to read a Chinese menu and give an extemporaneous lecture on Ming Dynasty pottery painting conventions? No we do not. The notion is silly. No one would even think about it. OK, then why do we expect so much of the visiting farang in Thailand? Why is the Thai experience supposed to be so different from tourist or expat experiences in the other 190 countries? The farang in Thailand does not know anything about Thai culture. He is not supposed to know anything about Thai culture. What else would you expect? To expect more than this and to judge him thusly is unfair.

Because he does not know anything about Thai culture he sometimes makes social errors, or appears foolish. Well of course he sometimes makes social errors, and sometimes appears foolish. What else would anyone reasonably expect? Remember, he is a tourist or an expat which is a fancy way of saying that he is a stranger. He is strange to the natives and the native culture, and the natives and the native culture are strange to him. That is what being a stranger is all about. But to assume that because he is ignorant of the culture he is also somehow of lesser quality as a human being is a logical jump based on emotional need and not on evidence. If you know the local native word for 'hiccup' because you are a native and I don't—those are facts. But they do not yield anything else. They don't speak to character, or class, or breeding, or humanness. There is no evidence that just because the farang is what he is in appearance, or behavior, or ignorance of local nuance; that he is somehow deficient in morals or worth. That is just silly.

So why do farang men pick on each other? Why the name calling?

What's the point?

Sophisticated She Is Not

I buy tickets to the tranny show at the Tiffany theatre in Pattaya. When I show up at Da's bar in Soi Diamond off Walking Street and show her the tickets as a surprise; she does not know what they are. She has never seen theatre tickets. My dog has never seen theatre tickets either. I am hoping there is a difference.

The ceiling in the theatre is way, way up there. It is a clear night. Not a cloud in sight. A drop of water from somewhere up near the ceiling falls on me and lands on my crotch. It is a clear night. It is not even raining. What are the odds? Da nearly loses control of her bladder laughing, and holds her Pepsi cup over my private parts. We are hemmed in by Japanese. We can not move. More drops fall. She has lost it. Laughing has turned to snorting and now gasping.

She has never seen Thai vaudeville style humor live and loves it. She is laughing, and holding the Pepsi cup over my pants, and also holding her crotch—she has to pee like a four year old. I have to take her by the hand to the bathroom.

Outside after the show you can have your picture taken with the trannies. It is a fun thing. They all troop out to the parking lot and pick up some cash in tips. You pick the trannies you like (so many trannies—so little time) and then you put your arms around them, and a staff photographer takes your picture. You tip the girls and the picture taker. A fun thing. I have to explain it to Da as if I am Robert Oppenheimer explaining the A bomb to U.S. Senators in the '50s. Finally she gets into it, and she is jerking 100 baht notes out of my billfold like crazy.

After the show we decide to walk back down Second Road, and then take a soi down to Beach Road and catch a baht bus back to the hotel. So simple. Within one hundred feet she manages to injure her foot somehow so now she is limping in her high heels. Miss pretend hi-so all fancied up for her farang boyfriend can not even get through one evening of dress up. Finally I get down on my hands and knees in my snakeskin pants and my silk shirt and take off her high heels. Now she is walking barefoot, my Isaan princess; and I am carrying her shoes. At the entrance to the parking lot is a long expanse of sharp pea gravel. I wonder about this. Heck, I'm not sure about it for me in my thin soled Italian calfskin slippers. I am without my sedan chair bearers, and I am without my bodyguards, and I am without my butler, and I am without my support staff. Totally on my own. Anyway, my barefoot Da walks across this sharp pea gravel as if it is a sea of velvet. My Isaan princess has the thick foot pads of an elephant. She is smiling again.

In the hotel room we are standing at the desk looking at something and I press against her. Me to her: "What's this? No underpants?"

"I leave them in the bathroom at show."

Okay. I love my Isaan princess but ... sophisticated she is not.

205. Opportunities Lost

TT&A Part 190 18/8/2007

I am a tourist to Thailand. I've made a lot of trips for a lot of years so the experience does start to become cumulative after a while. Expats love to tell me that I don't know anything, or that I can't know anything based on counting the total number of days. But that is some truth and a lot of meanness. I know a lot. You shouldn't have to eat one hundred shit sandwiches to know what one tastes like. One should be enough. Anyway, it adds up. In addition I find Thailand interesting so I write about it, and I read about it, and I discuss the subject with other Thai enthusiasts, and I enjoy researching the subject of Thailand both contemporary and Siamese. However, no matter how much I enthuse, or how much I learn, or how many trips I make; I am a tourist. I am not an expat. Expats are natives in terms of habit, and territory, and time, and opportunity. Tourists occupy none of these categories. I have some expat friends who live there. One difference becomes clear. How clear? Staring into alcohol clear water in the mountains and seeing the trout under your canoe clear. Gunshot going off next to your ear clear. I think I can feel … no, I do absolutely and definitely feel a lump in my testicle clear. Anyway, back to theme: I do not have enough time in my little tourist touch-and-go vacations to the Kingdom to chase down every love opportunity that presents itself.

Expats, however, can get the job done. They have the time, they have the territory, and they have tactical and strategic advantages the tourist can only dream about. This last trip in June / July I had an unusual amount of angels holding up palm trees on the boardwalk that I just did not get back to. A crying shame. The memory of these women of Eden that I did not get to become Biblical with distracts me during the day and the night here in the States. Oh God what a loss. Oh Jesus in heaven what a loss.

Oh God most loving savior what a knife in the heart gut ripping psyche shredding loss. I am now in my second decade of going to Thailand every six months so I am well acquainted with the Beach Road boulevard shopping district. But this last trip … my God where did they come from? And as always—so many women, so little time.

Example: I am bulleting down Beach Road on the way to pick up Da in Soi Diamond off Walking Street when I see an escapee from the Garden of Isaan holding up a palm tree. I lunge for the buzzer button, leap from the truck, slam ten baht into the wife's hand, and run over to this new female wonder. Of course I nearly get killed by a speeding motorcycle but no matter. I've got to be quick. Pattaya Gary has probably already spotted her from the second floor terrace of Starbucks. This goddamned guy is so good looking I know I can not beat him head-to-head in the boulevard sweepstakes so I have to run like a soi dog dodging traffic.

He and the other opportunity spotters that inhabit the Starbucks vantage point are your constant competition. Armed with WWI brass artillery spotting scopes on tripods, or expensive German binoculars, or cumbersome astronomy telescopes stabilized with sacks of coffee beans, or two toilet paper tubes duct taped together; they peruse and examine and photograph and note the boulevard offerings with the efficiency of third generation Swiss bench craftsmen looking for dust mites in $10,000 watches. Stoked on Starbucks caffeine they are able to identify boulevard love children with the precision of whale watchers who know each barnacle and crooked flipper. And with sidewalk motorbikes at their command they put the mong in monger and the eff in efficiency. I tell ya—to see so much energy and time and emotion in the service of love would bring a tear to my eye if I wasn't such a manly man. Anyway, she may be pretty and you may be on vacation, but the race is to the swift and it behooves you to know how to smash the overhead baht bus buzzer, hurl yourself out the back end of the truck, and slam the coin in the driver's hand in seconds. I once witnessed and stopwatched Mr. Union Hill perform this bit of monger athleticism from baht bus buzzer to coin slap in the driver's hand in nine seconds. That included the time it took for the bus to slow down; plus he was carrying a forty pound sack of onions, a three foot teddy bear, and he had his wife with him. Great men are great men for a reason.

The great baseball pitcher and philosopher Satchel Paige said:

> *"Don't look back, something might be gaining on you."*

That's why when I spot the future Mrs. Dana I have to hustle like a robin at a worm convention because who knows—Pattaya Gary or one of his dedicated monger cohorts might have spotted her first. They might have already crossed Beach Road and be on the way up the boardwalk. Or if she is a downstreamer they might have already jumped on their motor bikes and be heading for a rendezvous opposite the Royal Garden Plaza Mall. The love road should be a happy road but to look over your shoulder and see some expat lugging a WWI spotting scope and tripod gaining on you—is to know what fist clutching at your rising aorta fear is all about. Even worse is to spot two of them coming up your backside. You know the big guy with the shaking palsy, and the ropey veined legs, and the German binoculars is the blocker—and the other guy is going to get your girl. I love it when I go home and someone asks me at the office if I had a relaxing vacation. Relaxing? Everyday was a fight to the finish in a war zone of expats and pussy.

Anyway, the escapee from the Garden of Isaan holding up the palm tree is named Ting. If she is eighteen years old she just turned eighteen as I leaped across the new Pattaya City plantings on the curb side of the boardwalk. Chinese face, four and a half feet tall (thank-you Jesus), and so sweet I feel like a bucket of dirt talking to her. I felt pretty handsome and clever running up to her; but now that I am face to face with the devil's temptation I feel as if I am retarded and there are boogers hanging out of my nose. She looks like something you could put in an ice cream cone and lick till your tongue was paralyzed. But I've got to pick up my every night longtime honey Da at the open air bar across from Superbabies. Back to the highway and into another baht bus. Never saw Ting again.

Ting is probably now the toy of some billionaire Korean shipyard owner. You know the type I mean. You see them on Walking Street with their fifty year old compact bodies, and their thick black oiled hair, and their incredibly expensive jewelry. And they do not look like nice guys. Anyway, I missed Ting. She and I will not be spending the rest of our lives laughing about what the children are doing. I will not be surreptitiously dropping coins on the carpet so that she has to bend over to pick them up. An opportunity lost because I am a tourist stretched like taffy betwixt and between social engagements. She is now dreaming up new things to buy for her horizon sweeping condo in Seoul because she is bored. Total time practicing her new profession before she hit pay dirt? I guess about thirty minutes.

Example Number Two: I am bulleting down Beach Road on the way to pick up Da again (God damn this woman) and I see a woman holding up a palm tree. Same palm tree—different woman. What is this—a franchise? Anyway, this opportunity won't last more than ten minutes if I don't ... I lunge for the buzzer button over my head, leap from the truck ... OK, this one was called Poo. Never again as long as I live on this planet will I think of Poo as something that you do not want to step in. This

Poo I'd stuff in my pants, and smear on my face. Sweet Jesus on a cracker where do they come from? This one looks like innocence and sex have come together for the very first time in the history of the Universe. Two spiral armed wheeling galactic essences pinwheeling into each other and creating a woman beyond imagining. I feel like Adam staring at Eve. This Eve has a smile that would neuterize Kryptonite, and a chest that ... OK, but I have an appointment to meet Da at the bar. Hey, what am I married to this woman? This longtime every night Da thing is seriously cutting into my mojo. Anyway, a few words with Poo and then I am back to the highway ... have to pick up Da. But I'll be back for Poo. You guessed it. Never saw her again. Another opportunity lost that the expat would have been able to capitalize on. She is probably now in the mountain top chalet of some Swiss industrialist. Total time in her life as a prostitute: one hour max.

Another Example: There is a skinny skank who sits on the concrete wall near Soi 13/0. She is too lazy to even get up and stand in the way of the down stream spawning farangs coming from the Soi 6, Soi 7, and Soi 8 end of Beach Road. And in her complete indifference to putting the slightest bit of effort into her chosen profession she perfectly illustrates the power of women.

Woman is ...
Man must become.

A man must compete, and produce, and dance like a drunken bear in a Russian circus to earn bread and garner attention. A woman does not have to do anything to earn her bread, or to garner attention. And this down market gutter skank does not do anything. She has with the philosophic skills of the barely brain synapsed cut right to the core of womanhood and she ain't doin' shit. She just sits there. I have seen her for years and never talked to her. Always a skank at a distance. Mistake. Oh God, what a mistake. Oh sufferin' Jesus and burnin' witch on a cross what a horrible horrible mistake. Pride goes before the fall and I thought she did not come up to my extremely high monger standards for whores. Right there. Right there on the temple. Put the barrel there. Just shoot me.

This trip I sat next to her and her hand was in my pants in a flash. A very good sign. But it gets better—'no condom' no problem, and 'ass love' no problem. Sweet Jesus on a cracker how much pleasure have I forfeited over the years? But wait, it gets better; much better—up close her face is beautiful, and spooky Malaysian featured with those really high cheekbones I like. But it gets better. Hold on.

Her mouth and lips are huge. She has lips that could suck the chrome off a trailer hitch. She is blessed with lips that could suck a golf ball through a garden hose. She has … mesmerizing. Hypnotizing. Stunning. Mind numbing with their promise of pleasure. I sit and stare at the face and the lips with the bitterness of pleasure lost. Pleasure some wily expat has probably been mining for years. And we are talking strip mining folks. You couldn't keep clothes on her in a hotel room if you chained them to her. She'd do a Houdini and be naked in the time it takes you to put that sliding lock in the little slot on the door.

And it gets better. She is skank all the way. A PhD in Skankdom. Don't know what that is? I'll explain:

Pretty girls that lay on their back and point their feet at the ceiling, or pretty little gigglers that can put their feet behind their head make for interesting visuals, and riveting memories, and fun man stories later; but they are only the Bachelor's degree and Master's degree freelancer graduates. PhD. Skanks just wordlessly strip naked inside the door, lay face down on the bed, stuff the corner of a pillow in their mouth, and stretch their arms up overhead for balance and stability.

There used to be a Bangkok cruiser in the Nana Hotel carpark who would tell you her name was Boom—Boom. At first you would think she had misunderstood your question (what is your name?) but she hadn't misunderstood your question. She had made the final commitment and her name was Boom-Boom. She could have made a fortune off of me but she moved on. No cell phone, no watch, no urgency, no complaints. Just on her stomach while the doctor operated. Another woman named Mel in Pattaya would lay on her back in the shower after we were through bed bonking and refuse to leave the hotel room until I had given her a golden shower. Since it is hard to make the private parts work after you have been bonked to death it was often quite humorous. A naked woman squirming at my feet in the shower making appealing demands and I couldn't do it. Hysterical. You had to be there. Marry me honey! I love men who turn up their noses at skanks. More for me. Honk if you love skanks.

Anyway, I'll be back in February. God I hope my giant lipped, high cheek boned skank princess is there. And if I spot Poo or Ting my Soi Diamond princess Da will just have to wait. Priorities. Probably have to rent hotel rooms in two different hotels to keep various love affairs from running into each other. Oh how sweet it would be to occupy the opportunistic territory of the expat. Where I could be the doctor of love with ruthless efficiency. I'd get me an eye patch and a pirate's spyglass and assume my rightful position on the second floor terrace of Starbucks with Pattaya Gary and the other guys. No more Poos and Tings getting away. Poo and Ting ... God what horrible losses. And no more lazy ass curb sitting skanks left unappreciated and lonely. No more ... hey expats: how about chillin' a little bit. Leave some palm tree leaners for me. I'll be back in February.

206. 100% Guaranteed

TT&A Part 191 25/8/2007

The auction was held at the old East Asiatic Company building on the Chao Phraya river south of the Oriental Hotel. The auctioneer stood on the top step under the central arch, and the bidders stood on the three descending staircases. The steps were packed with hopeful Thai and farang greed mongers looking to pick up something to which they could apply the maxim:

Buy low ...
Sell high.

Of course the Thai variation on this is:

Cheat everyone ...
Cheat everyone.

Downstream, rice barge tows reminded people of Siam, and the mid-morning blowtorch sun hung suspended as if to make a mockery of man's inventions. I just went with my friend Felix to observe. It was an auction of seized merchandise. In a wonderful Thai perversion of standard hundreds years old, universally accepted, and well understood business methods all the bidding was blind. I do not mean that the bidders could participate anonymously. I mean that the contents was anonymous; that is, you had no idea what you were bidding for. All blind bidding—no way to examine anything ahead of time for content or value. Hell, that would take time and respect for the customer, we are in Asia now. So it was a little like picking up a fully clothed freelancer on Sukhumvit. Could be a bargain. Could be a trip to stretch mark hell.

Items might be marked thus:

Item # 5998—782 sealed drums of liquid.

Fun huh? Could be wine, could be urine.

Item #21—17 trucks, contents of snake farm.

OK, a little more information here; still, are the snakes dead or alive?

Item #776-B—40,219 thousand pounds contents miscellaneous.

OK, not much to go on but one wily bidder happened to notice origination paperwork from the Hat Yai Condom Co. What do condom companies want to unload? Faulty condoms?

Item 0098SL—Contents one railway car.

OK, no idea—who would be crazy enough to bid on this? Buying blind on a carton, or a box, or a sack, or a basket of something is a fun thing. You spend money you can afford to lose and you might get lucky. Who knows—it might be a bunch of toys that you could donate to a good cause. But a whole RAILWAY CAR of something. Now you are in lunatic territory. Remember, the winning bidder has to do two things: he has to pay and he has to take delivery. Do you really want to take delivery of forty tons of rotten cat food? How about dead horses stacked floor to ceiling and end to end that never made it to the glue factory? Where are you going to put 15,000 vacuum cleaners that were damaged in a fire? How about opening the railway car doors and finding barrels of fish paste that has fermented and gone off. The barrels have all burst and you own them. Think you have a use for a railway car full of fish paste? OK, how about sliding the doors back on both sides of the railway car and being confronted with hundreds of angry hot sweating screaming feminists. All right, I'm being silly now but you get my point. Bidding on a whole railway car of 'something' is not smart.

At any rate, I went for the experience and because Felix interests me and amuses me. He is one of the animals in the expat jungle to be found down through the ages no matter what country or what century. He never seems to work and he always has money. No money is being wired in, and except for charm and energy, he has no obvious skills. In addition his name: Felix— is so generically exotic with it's impossible to place accent that you can reach no conclusions about his background. Could be German, could be … could be Transylvanian, could be some kind of Mediterranean person, could be some kind of second generation immigrant from Paraguay or Argentina or the Azores. Don't bother asking. Felix belongs to that class of expats that can happily talk to you and offer up no information. Me—I'll let you read a newspaper though my foreskin just for asking. Not Felix. Always has the cards close to his vest. He is clever though. I am not clever. Typically after not seeing him for months he might announce:

"I just sold my business."

I didn't even know he had a business and no further details will be forthcoming. Was it a road kill processing plant and butchery? Was it a string of franchise cobbler shops that specialize in resoling Go-Go girl Frankenstein shoes? Was it a Hua Hin beach concessionaire with a government contract to pick up horse plop? No idea and I'll never find out but 'he sold his business'. Or he might say:

"I just made a killing on a cement deal in Soidogburi."

We are sitting next to the front window in the Old Dutch restaurant on Soi Cowboy and this shoots out of his mouth. A cement deal? In Thailand? What does that mean? How can farangs get involved with cement deals in the Kingdom when I can't keep the ice cream guy from shorting me on the scoops? A cement deal? In Thailand? I want so much to get some details on this but I know it is hopeless. Besides, he is paying for my drinks. Why be rude?

Anyway, my friend Felix was a clever businessman—a winner. The name Felix means 'happy, fortunate' and that was my Felix. I liked tagging along with him.

Well, Felix never disappoints. He put in a bid on #0098SL—an entire railroad car of something. No documents on the contents. He was the only bidder so he now owned a railroad car with contents mysterious. Could have been fifty tons of used underpants. Might be toys for tots covered with lead paint. The doors to the railway car might open to reveal the caskets and bones of a cemetery that was being moved. Who knew? Bidding in Thai style blind auctions is a little like a bargirl dancing on a stage with too many women. You have to shimmy and bounce and keep on smiling.

We found the railroad car on a siding in the rail yard on the Thonburi side of the river a couple of days later. Grass that screamed 'Snakes live here' grew higher than the wheels, and Burmese construction workers had set up camp on the roof. We went there with the auction ownership documents, some cold chisels, some sledge hammers, and some trannies. Some trannies? Who knows? Maybe Felix was working a tranny deal. Cement? Trannies? Hey, it's the Kingdom.

The railway car doors had been spot welded shut so the cold chisels and the sledges came in handy. Then the trannies boosted us in and we pulled them up behind us. Light poured in from both sides of the car and through the fiberglass panels in the roof.

There we stood: Felix and I and the two trannies. Transfixed. Stunned. And staring back at us from one end of the light-and-dark shadowed railway car to the other end of the light-and-dark shadowed railway car were 46,000 one-eyed teddy bears. You had to be there. Spooky does not begin to describe it. And everyone of the 46,000 one-eyed teddy bears was looking at us. Actually, I am convinced they were all looking at me. Confronted with one of life's original moments Felix looked thoughtful, my hands started to shake, and the trannies hugged each other. I was all for cutting and running but my clever alpha male farang business genius Felix had other ideas.

"Dana, this is great. Fantastic. Awesome. Unbelievable. Apparently, there was a miscommunication between the buyer and the supplier ..."

"That's an understatement Felix and I am personally attracted to the word unbelievable. On the other hand this is Thailand so no wacky conclusion can be discounted and ... sweet sufferin' Jesus Felix: look at that tranny bending over in the shaft of light."

"Steady on mate ... and for almost no money I now own 46,000 one-eyed teddy bears."

"Well, OK Felix—you've got to help me here. Before you have 'I now own 46,000 one-eyed teddy bears' made into a tattoo: why is this good news?"

"Simple Dana—all I've got to do is pluck the eyes out of half the teddy bears and attach them to the other bears. I'll end up with 23,000 fully sighted plush toy bears that tourists and kids and bar girls love; and I can unload them for a monster profit. Sweet Jesus on a cracker—we have won the lottery. Feel that stuff falling on your head? That's because we are standing under a money waterfall."

"I thought it was the Burmese construction workers dancing on the roof."

"No time for jokes Dana. We got to do two things. First we've got to get these bears to Jomtien."

"What's the second thing Felix?"

"Ever bang a tranny with 46,000 bears watching?"

It took us three days to truck the bears to Felix's four bedroom two floor home with terrace lap pool and multiple balconies in Jomtien. Forty six thousand teddy bears in a 3000 sq. ft. condo. That's fifteen bears per square foot. We stacked them high and tight. Think new silicone tranny tits. High and tight. Actually, it was not quite fifteen bears per square foot. We also had bears on the furniture around the pool and hip to hip on the balconies. Ever wake up in the morning with bear lint in your belly button? We did. There were floor to ceiling teddy bears everywhere. Staring. You know those wall paintings in horror movies where the eyes in the pictures follow you around the room? 46,000 bears. 46,000 eyes. Should have been 92,000 eyes. Spooky. Staring.

The two trannies rode in the back of the truck with the bears trip after trip and were very very quiet. Later inspection revealed they had so much mohair and alpaca and synthetic fuzz on their private parts that you couldn't see their little doggie dicks. It must have been some party in the back of the truck. Anyway, we left the railway doors open after the last trip and invited the Burmese to move off the roof. There is always time for philanthropy in business. This was my idea and I am proud of it. Felix is the money man, I'm more the philosopher sensitive type.

Then the plucking party began. It all seemed so simple and easy and logical. Just pluck the eye out of one bear and sew it into the empty eye socket of another bear. You'll end up with one blind bear and one highly profitable two-eyed bear. The trannies only lasted a day. I wanted to go with them.

The newly blinded bears with little brown threads hanging out of their recently plucked orbs seemed to be shedding little brown thread tears. The more we plucked and sewed the greater the numbers of surrounding silent and reproachful and crying plush toy blind teddy bears. It was horrible. Horrible. And the one-eyed bears seemed to silently scream as we plunged sewing needles into their empty eye sockets to attach a second glass eye. Have you ever heard a silent scream? I have. Thousands of them. And there were bears everywhere. I half expected to open the refrigerator and see a crying or screaming bear staring back at me. There must have been seven hundred bears in the bathroom. Ever try to take a dump with disfigured crying screaming reproachful bears staring at you and your private parts? I tell you it just takes over your mind. Trannies? Forget about it. Couldn't even think about them. Hanging brown thread tears, silent screaming, reproachful looks from fellow furry mammals, and the house filling up with blind bears—it was just too much.

The second day the drinking began. I'm not normally a partaker of fermented beverages but unusual times call for unusual actions. I was slamming down drinks faster than a crack whore making promises. By then I was starting to lose my mental bearings and was constantly spinning around to see if bears were following me with their eyes. The drinking had an effect on our sewing also. Felix and I were sewing eyes onto foreheads, and paws, and stomachs, and the ends of feet, and noses. Some bears ended up with more than two eyes. Depending on how drunk you were it was either tragedy or comedy. We laughed so hard we lost control of our bladders. Let me tell you this and write it down: a mohair bear soaked in urine has no resale value.

I left on the third day.

A week later the condo management office used their master key to gain entrance to Felix's house. There had been reports of a farang dancing with bears around his lap pool, and there had been reports of flying bears. Apparently some crazy farang was throwing teddy bears off his balcony.

They found Felix on the hallway floor in a fetal position clutching a one-eyed yellow bear in a ballerina tutu costume with a battery operated voice box that said:

"I love you"

and

"Please hold me"

and

"Up to you"

and

"You have taxi money?"

when you pulled on a string that came out of her furry back. An ambulance was called.

I got a call from Felix the other day. He's better now and the bears are gone. The lawsuit charges levied against him by an aged Songlaburi crone who was knocked down by a flying bear have been dropped. Apparently she had been knocked to her knees by a three foot tall mohair bear, and then laid out on her back by a follow up giant yellow alpaca covered tourist bear that was wearing a rice farmer costume. Anyway, cooler heads prevailed and she decided to trade pride for money.

My Felix tells me there is going to be a government auction of Police and Customs seized merchandise in Phnom Phen. He says it's a blind bid auction run by the Cambodian government so you know it will be run well, and you can buy stuff for pennies on the dollar. And he got a friend who knows somebody in Kep who works for somebody who owns a bar in Pailin where an expat expert sits with the police who know high up people in the government that frequent Martini's bar to investigate; and there are no one-eyed teddy bears in this auction. Like I said, Cambodia; reliable. I mean if you can't trust the Cambodians in business who can you trust?

The Kampuchean chance of a lifetime to score some heavy profits. 100% guaranteed. 100%. Can't miss. And the two trannies (Beef and Jerky) say they want to come back. Especially if it includes any truck trips with small furry animals.

"Dana—every seen a cow miss the ground when it pisses? That's how reliable this deal is. It's a business opportunity that just screams huge profits followed by two months on Serendipity beach in Sihanoukville. Every day we'll get too much sun and every night big lipped skanks will apply soothing lotion to our rich fat expat asses. Honk if you love Colonialism. We'll get cheated and frightened with regularity but it won't matter because we will be rolling in it. Honk if you love Third World auctions. After that we'll boogie back into Thailand and play butt darts with some Adam's apple ladies at the Obsessions bar in the Nana Entertainment Plaza on Soi 4 in Bangers. Do you want to come?"

I'm going.

207. I Have a Theory

TT&A Part 192 1/9/2007

Are you like me? Do you wonder why men waste their time with women in the Kingdom when there are so many available tranny amusement centers? I mean women have some of the rides; but let's face it folks, trannies have all of the rides. When is the last time you said to yourself:

"Let's see, I could go to this amusement park that has some of the rides, or I could go to this other amusement park that has all of the rides. I think I'll go to the amusement park that only has some of the rides."

Answer: Never. You have never said that to yourself but that is what men who spend time with women are doing. I just don't get it. I mean when your cute little Thai giggler (oh excuse me, I mean your University educated brainiac) drops her pants and you look down there don't you automatically think:

"Hey honey, did you forget something? Is that all there is? Did you leave something at the house? You expect me to pay 500 baht for that?" Of course you've wondered why men waste their time with women. We all have. It's universal.

OK, I have a theory on this. My theory is ...

Oops, that is not really what I want to talk about today. What I want to talk about today is a subject called:

Love Of Country?

We are endlessly exposed to the idea of Thai 'love of homeland' by the endlessly repeated anecdote that they never want to vacation anywhere but in Thailand. This is held up as an example of 'love of homeland'. The anecdote is usually or always used to illustrate something good about the citizens of Thailand. They love their country. And apparently, it is not so subtly conveyed to the rest of the citizens of the world, they love their country more than other citizens love the country of their birth and language and return ticket. This is supposed to mean something. Like they are better in some way. Thais love Thailand more than Bolivians love Bolivia. Thais love Thailand more than the Nepalese love Nepal. Thais love Thailand more than the Japanese love Japan (what?). Thais love their country more than the French love France (what?). There are one hundred and ninety countries other than Thailand. We will not list them all. We will just go with 'Etc' and ponder (as Westerners do) the absurd egocentric notion of children that their love is more special than someone else's love.

Thais love Thailand more than other people(s) love their country. I have a different take on this. Early in my bargirl relationship days I used to use maps of the world as foreplay conversation starters and relationship builders. I soon found out that almost no bargirls (read rural Thais) could locate Thailand on a world map, and when I located Thailand for them they would declare that the map was wrong because Thailand was not the biggest country. Welcome to the world of the child. The real reason Thais do not want to go to Switzerland or Chile or Kenya or Tahiti on their vacations is because they do not even know these places exist. You can not want what you do not know about. The only thing rural Thais know about is Thailand. So—is it love of country; or just ignorance?

So now when I hear this tiresome prattling about 'love of Thailand' from uneducated rustics who think Africa is a country rather than a continent—I smile. But I don't smile with too big a smile. I wouldn't want to be spotted—and be accused of being culturally insensitive.

Relax Your Back

My left elbow is not locked and not loose.
My left hand is strong but relaxed.
My back muscles are in tension and my right finger is in the corner of my mouth.
But if I don't relax my mind I will miss.
Just before the shot you have to make sure your mind is relaxed.
If not then you will pull, or creep, or snap the shot.
Off goes the arrow on a mission of its own. Not your mission.
Your idea was that it would go to the bulls-eye or the heart.
But the arrow was paying attention to a body that was not in harmony.

This is why every shot from the bow is a first shot.
Another chance for you to get it right.
It is the same with golf.
Every shot is a first shot. A chance to get it right.
The ball sitting on the tee or on the grass is not dumb.
It will respond in kind. If you are in harmony it will respond in harmony.
Once in a while it will give you a hole-in-one.

It is the same with Thai women. They are not dumb. They respond to incoming data. If they sense disharmony in the farang they respond in kind. You get smiles, and head bobs, and giggles; but they mask the intent. The intent is to go off on a mission of their own. And you aren't ever going to get a hole-in-one. You'll be pulling, and creeping, and snapping, and hooking, and slicing; and paying, and paying, and paying. Seems like fun. But at the end of the day you will notice that you are alone. If your mind is not relaxed when you are talking to women they know. They always know. All Thai females share the same wisdom. So just relax. Then they will relax. Soon there will be soft brown arms around your neck.

Men who spend their lives happily shooting bows and arrows, or hitting little white balls around are called sportsmen or enthusiasts. Farang in Thailand who spend an equal amount of time chatting up attractive Thai females are called mongers, and perverts, and losers, and misanthropes. This is silly. Apparently spending your time with inanimate objects has more value and is more politically correct than spending time with opposite gendered adults of your own species. Nonsense. All activities in the absence of hurting other people are equal. They are all superficial. We are all traveling the same road. We are all going to end up dead. So just relax. Relax your mind. Stop listening to others. Do what you want. Go ahead. Talk to her. Without intent. Just talk.

That's what she wants. Someone to talk to. Someone who will listen. Her smooth brown body, and incomprehensible border accented murmur in the middle of the night is the prize she gives for someone who will listen. She comes from a culture and a place so disparate from yours that the only way to describe the two of you is by differences. Every Thai man she has every seen had a hard body you could throw rocks at. Then there is you. But she can be yours if you relax.

Whether shooting bows and arrows, or shooting golf, or chatting up Nois and Tums and Fas you have to have a relaxed mind. And a smile.

Good Luck.

208. I'd Really Rather Hear

TT&A Part 193 8/9/2007

Do you ever wonder about the genesis of things? How so-called progress happens? We won't use the word evolution because that assigns too much importance to this trivial subject but … what was the trigger for the change? Who was responsible? What were the conditions that lead to the first pioneering effort? Anyway, I am curious to know the first time and the first bar and the first bar owner who decided to replace Thai music with western music. And western music means predominately American rock 'n roll. And when did it happen? Was it in the late 50's when people still thought of Thailand as Siam and not too inaccurately either? No, probably not. Too early. The only westerners in Thailand in the late 50's that a pioneering bar owner might have been pleasing would have been … actually, I have no idea what westerners were in Thailand in the late 50's and why they would have been in the Kingdom. I'm thinkin' too early.

OK, so the first bar to go western music for western customers was probably in the 60's. Probably a good bet. Hey, I don't mind being corrected on this. Just thinkin' here. Anyway it is probably possible that some elderly farang in the Kingdom actually has an opinion, or better yet a fact on the very first bar to replace Thai music with western music to appeal to a new customer base. Actually if I remember correctly the very excellent historical website called BangkokEyes has already done the research and the answer is in their archives somewhere. I feel like I have read the answer to this question on their web site but I can not remember where.

So why do I care? Well, partly it is just a fun thing because clearly that individual was a visionary and on the crest of a wave that has since inundated all farang based Thai entertainment venues.

Today you can't escape the ubiquitous, overly loud, and repetitively played western rock 'n roll based music in gogo bars, and open air bars, and the like. It's like hemorrhoids that are just not going to go away. It is now a part of the bar owner myth that you can not attract and keep western customers unless you play western music.

I think this is nonsense and I rue the day that first Thai or non-Thai bar owner most probably in the early sixties and most probably in Bangkok decided to replace the haunting, and fun, and traditional Thai music with western crap. I don't go half-way around the world to a Third World Asian country to have it be just like Boston. I travel at great expense, and some risk, and a lot of inconvenience to have it be like itself. I want Thailand to be Thailand. At least that is what I would love to settle for. I'd really rather Thailand to be Siam but that is long gone. And to me the two things that make the Thai experience an experience that I find transporting are the Thai women and the Thai music. They are both unique and when combined are simply other worldly. If I am in a bar and a Thai women is smiling at me, and I can hear Thai music; I am probably going to do whatever she wants. It's a double dose of personal Thai anesthesia for me. But if I am in a bar and a Thai woman is smiling at me, and I am being blasted by some 70's American rock 'n roll music; it is just too pushy and transparent. Plus I can't hear anything she is saying.

Now don't get me wrong: I love western rock music. It's great music and it is no accident that it is the predominant youth music of the world. But it is not Thai music. I am in Thailand.

Now I know what some of you are going to say:

"Oh Dana - don't be so reactionary, and unrealistic, and stupid. If guys are in gogo bars it is because they are shopping for a sex experience and nothing is better for pole dancing for the girls than good old American rock 'n roll."

Well, my response to this is that you are right, and you are also not right. It is true that rock 'n roll is sometimes great music for pole dancing, and I have seen some happy girls doing some uninhibited, inspired, sexually appealing pole dancing to rock music. But not much lately. If you are going to use this argument to make fun of me you better hang out in some bars. It ain't what it used to be. There are predominately three kinds of dancing now.

1. The Bangkok shuffle by bored girls.
2. The no-shuffle 'looking in the mirror' dancing.
3. And the 'just standing there gaining weight' dancing.

Before you get on the phone or start emailing your buddies to come to sexy Bangkok to see sexy uninhibited girls dancing and cranking and displaying to western rock music; I suggest you go to the bars again. I know that you can see great dancing to more diverse music in discos and clubs, and of course that includes Thai discos and clubs; but that is not what I am talking about. I am talking about the gogo bars, and the open air bars that newbies imagine are going to be some kind of sexual nirvana of Sodom and Gomorrah proportions for tourists. It just ain't like it used to be, and it is probably not going to get better. I have a theory about this.

My theory about this is that the girls are bored. Bored. So so bored they could just scream. So bored they are reduced to shuffling, or staring at themselves in the mirror, or just swaying on stage and gaining weight. They are bored out of their minds. Bored. Lobotomized. They would rather be dancing to their own music. Thai music. The way they do on their own time in clubs, and discos, and Thai bars, and karaoke joints, and at parties, and in their rooms. And I would rather see and hear that also. There are many styles of Thai music, and many rock theme Thai groups and singers if that is what you want to hear; and many traditional or regional kinds of Thai music that are all suitable for selling sex and having a good time. The notion that western rock music is the only, or the most appropriate, music for getting farangs to buy alcohol and barfine prostitutes is just silly.

Are you familiar with:

Paran
Baby VOX Re.V
Golf & Mike
Paradox
Fahrenheit
Zeal
Ebola
Num Kala
Dak Big Ass

?

Well, the girls know what all of these words mean. This is the music that makes them smile. And dance.

So I would like to find and meet the first bar owner who went to an all western rock format and started the tsunami of today's adult farang sex tourist bar environments. I would like to meet him for history's sake. And I would also like to meet him to slap him. Thanks to him the Kingdom is not as interesting, and the Kingdom is not as fun for me.

When I am between visits to Thailand and I play Thai music on my computer in Boston using either Monsoon or International radio or other available music sites it gives me the chills and brings tears to my eyes. Thailand. I wish I was there. And I wish next time I was in Pattaya and I walked into an open air bar at four o'clock in the afternoon to share a roast chicken with my girlfriends they were playing Thai music. I am in Thailand. And I wish many times when I was in gogo bars the happy girls would be line dancing or doing routines they had made up to their own music. Thai music. Music that means something to them and makes them happy.

Have you ever heard:

Mi Youn
Palmy
Clash
Girly Berry

?

How about:

Da Endorphin
Spin Head
Cinderella
The Richman
Toy
Squeez Animal
Jetset’er
Playground
?

Well, the girls have heard this music and this music makes them smile. I almost feel sorry for them when they are supposed to look sexy to one more boring rendition of Hotel California. Hell, I don’t want to hear it either. I’m not in California, I’m in Thailand. Does anyone remember Siam or why they got on the plane in the first place? Did you dream and save and finally get on the plane to see trancelike bored women shuffling to blasting crashing screeching rock music.

Does the music of:

Chuck Berry
Bee Gees
Queen
Lynyrd Sknyrd
Bryan Adams
Lenny Kravits
Bruce Springsteen
Deep Purple
E.L.O.
Bob Seger
Tina Turner
Roy Orbison
Santana
Smash Mouth
R.E.M.
Billy Ray

have anything to do with the Thai experience? How about:

Dire Straits
Metallica
Def Leppard
AC/DC
ZZ Top
Billy Idol
Led Zeppelin

Any Thailand or Siam or Southeast Asia in that music? How about the covers done so excellently by the bands from the Philippines? They are probably the most technically skilled cover musicians in the world but does it have anything to do with what you dreamed about, and saved your money for, and flew thousands of miles to experience? Did you ever once in Manchester, or Sydney, or Edmonton, or Miami, or Oslo, or Chicago, tell your friends or family or office mates that you were going to Thailand to sit in a bar and hear American rock music played by guys from the Philippines? And the best part about this vacation experience would be that bored girls would not be able to dance to the music or smile to the music?

You never said that. You never thought that. Come on - don't try to fool Uncle Dana. You never had that bonehead meteorite of an idea streak through your brain for a nanosecond. You should not have to settle for it. Oh, and one more thing I bet you never said to your friends, and family, and office mates when you were describing your up and coming exotic Asian sex vacation. You never mentioned that the music is so loud you can not talk to the girls. You can not get to know them. You can not charm them. You can not be charmed by them. You can not use the intimacy of language shared to make a judgement about whether they might make suitable companions. I can remember ... oh forget it; the music is just too loud. OK, I'm middle aged and I just can not resist so buckle your reader seat belts ... I can remember when you could sit in the bars and actually talk to the girls. You know, like they were human beings or something. Oh, forget it.

Gotta go ... some great Mor Lam Sing style music by the band Rock Kuk Kuk just came on. And after that I am going to listen to some more Mor Lam Sing by Jintara Poonlaab. Then maybe some traditional Lanna music, or some ceremonial and court music from central Thailand. Hell, I've even got a CD of elephants playing music—OK, the music is crap but I was a tourist and the money was a donation to help the elephants. Anyway, I think I'll make it an all afternoon thing. Some Thai covers of rock music with the charming Thai mispronunciations and slightly different tones and rhythms, and some electronic sounding Kantrum style by the band Rock Khong Khoi, followed by some Luk Thung cuts by Sao Sampaan and Banyen Rakgen. Modern Thailand has a rich and diverse and prolific music culture. In fact for a sometimes desperate, often ignorant, and many times resource deficient country; I have always been impressed by Thai TV production values and Thai music. This Third World does not do everything well, particularly in my opinion in the arenas of self government and social skills; but they are terrific at music when left alone. Really, considering the small size of the country the music scene is prolific and interesting and fun.

If you are an experienced musicologist, or ex-pat, or knowledgeable tourist, or bar lizard and you are noting all the good examples of Thai music I have not mentioned you are correct. I am like a stone skipping across the water here. Only touching down now and again for personal experiences. I do not know much. I wish I spoke Thai. I know I am missing 99% of everything. For instance I love Asian female pop; whether it be Vietnamese or Chinese or Thai. Sometimes I will go down to Chinatown in Boston and buy a handful of Hong Kong songstresses, and Vietnamese sirens, and Thai CDs if I can find them. I don't know what they are saying/singing but I love the sound. Four Mod anyone? Ever wonder who buys those Skytrain overpass CDs that are sold at fancy kiosk displays? I do. Salute the tourist. Years ago I bought a CD of Western Christian Christmas songs sung by Thais with Thai inflections and errors and accents. Songs of my culture and my youth. Utterly charming.

Anyway, to return to theme: to ignore this music and this culture and snuff it all out with imported mostly American rock ‘n roll in every farang bar is a shame. A real loss. And do not get me started on the sexual allure of all Thai girl bands. Electric guitars in front, waving saxophones in back; short pleated skirts and ribbons in their hair: sweet Jesus on a cracker I have to be carried into these places by the door staff because my knees have gone weak. And do not tell me you are not waiting with baited breath with the rest of the world for the success of the group Venus Fly Trap—Thailand’s first all tranny group. Beat me with a stick this is the kind of pop group we need. The mind boggles.

Hey, I just thought of some more Western crap I do not want to hear in bars in the Kingdom after I have waited six months and traveled for thirty hours. How about:

Red Hot Chili Peppers
Oasis
Limp Bizkit
Guns ‘n Roses
Aerosmith
Van Morrison
Counting Crows
Eagles
Tom Petty

OK, I’ll take a pill … ranting now.

You can walk and wander all over the NEP’s three floors and then walk up and down Soi 4 and not hear any Thai music. You can walk from the entrance to Walking Street in Pattaya to Soi 16 and not hear any Thai music. You can cruise Soi 6 and Soi 7 and Soi 8 (75 bars?) and not hear any Thai music. Same-same in Phuket and Chiang Mai, etc. Apparently the word is out in the Thai-farang red light and nightlife business community—’Thai music does not sell’. Who says so? I don’t believe it. I don’t believe it for a second. I think we are just in myth territory here.

You can cruise the open air bars on the right just before the Walking Street sign and not hear any Thai music. At least twenty bars in the high season with a minimum of ten girls per bar. Two hundred girls who would like to hear Thai music. Ever wonder why they look bored? I'd like to hear Thai music too. At four o'clock in the afternoon I do not want to be blasted by the latest European techno crap. I'd like to have a quiet drink, and play Connect 4 with a quiet girl, and hear some quiet Thai music. Thailand. I'd like the sound of the Thai music to make me feel so far away from my life in the States that it does not exist.

Think I am being too dramatic? Does anybody remember the wei—one of the things that made Siam/Thailand different and special and charming? When is the last time a Thai brought their hands together and gave you a wei (and meant it)? The weis are disappearing. Is Thai music going to be the next Thai thing to disappear? When will it all be gone—every part and particle of the Kingdom's social and cultural tapestry that made it worth a thirty hour trip in Coach class on an airplane to get there? Don't ask me—but the disappearance of Thai music makes me nervous. What will be the last gasp—Thais wearing English rugby shirts, and shaving their heads, and getting club tattoos? Count me out. I'm not a player if this is the future evolutionary team known as Thailand.

I would like Siam/Thailand to stay connected to itself. I would like to hear Thai music in Thailand.

Is this the future—that eventually all nations will be indistinguishable from one another because the tsunami juggernaut of western culture has wiped out and homogenized all that is different about different cultures and countries? Will our great great grandchildren not be able to distinguish between Fiji and Iceland, Laplanders or Tierra del Fuegians, Germans or Basques, Bolivians or Russians in St. Petersburg? I tell ya—if I get reincarnated two hundred years from now and I hear 'Hotel California' anywhere in Thailand; I am just going to start shooting.

Hey, this is going to be great. It is winter here in Boston with one foot of snow on the ground and I am going to spend this Sunday afternoon listening to Thai music. Regional music, and traditional music, and Thai rock music, and several kinds of country music, and lots of female pop. I love Thai female pop (OK, I said that already). I once pulled out a wad of baht on a bus and bought a fistful of the music the bus driver had been playing. He thought I was crazy and I thought I was smart. What a score! The only thing I am missing here in my Boston apartment is a Thai woman. Still I'll be scoring 50% and I'll be happy. I just wish when I went into some of the tourist bars in Thailand they were playing Thai music. Then I would have Thai women and Thai music and I would be 100% happy.

Maybe some day.

209. Kryptonite in White

TT&A Part 194 15/9/2007

> *"All hiss and arrogance and sex power. She made me wilt."* — Fanta

I'm heading for the big glass lobby door of the AA Hotel and before I get to it I see an apparition of femininity, and sexuality, and smoldering ego coming down the center of the soi from the 2nd Road end that just stops me in my tracks. She is about 5'10" in heels, serpentine curved, sexually vibrating like a tuning fork, and clothed in a bare shoulders-to-knee micron thin white dress that looks like it had to pulled on with pliers. White heels.

My hand does not even get to the door handle. I am just frozen, transfixed, hypnotized. And then it hits me. I saw this same woman going up Soi 8 a couple of nights ago. I was sitting at one of those kinda open air bars with a nice Thai lady when this woman in white appeared walking up the center of the soi. I could not help but stare and the woman I was with did not take offence. "Bootiful lady", she said. I agreed and the two of us watched her walk all the way up the soi like two old fishermen staring at a lights blazing luxury liner going by. Most of our lives are bluff and bluster but once in a while you just know that your tawdry life and your common thoughts have been trumped. Gods and goddesses walk amongst us and every now and then you get to see one.

And why in each case was she walking in the center of the soi; the other night on Soi 8 and on this night on Soi 13? Walking down the centers of sois is dangerous because of motorbike and car traffic. No sensible person would do it. Thais know better. She is walking down the centers of the sois in Pattaya in this gaspingly beautiful white dress and white heels because that is her job. Her job on earth is to display. To show the world our sex dreams in the flesh. Sure I know that when you were young you had hidden in your bedroom National Geographic magazines with pictures of bare breasted native women. And then after that in your teenage years you graduated to the fancy men's magazines or maybe in your small town you managed to score some porno playing cards. Then of course you were in the military and you still tell big stories about bad girls from that experience. Marriage followed, then divorce; and then some catch up time with girls. Yup, you're a real man. Done it all.

Well, not quite. It's tough sometimes to retrench mentally but this woman's job is to show you what you do not know, and what you have not done. You are not qualified to be toilet paper stuck to the bottom of her shoe. She knows it and you looking at her as she walks up the center of any soi in Pattaya would know it also. This is a different game, and a different woman, and a different level of sex. It is start over time for you Mr. Big Talk. This is sex you didn't dream of when you were looking at National Geographic pictures of dusky maidens with dirty feet and fleas. That is why she is using the sois as stages of display. The walk up the center of the soi is the maximum exposure, the biggest show; the performance she was put on earth to do. She is doing her job. She is fulfilling her destiny. She is sex.

Sweet Jesus on a cracker she is headed for this hotel. God give me the strength to breath, she is coming up the AA Hotel steps. I open the glass door and put my arm around her and start to walk her to the elevator. I know what I want, and I am not going to turn a gift from God down. But she twists out of my embrace and makes for the front desk. ID card time. Hookerville. That means she is here to meet someone.

Just then the elevator door opens and out comes Bill. Bill who I had chatted up in the Sportsman's Bar yesterday at breakfast. Bill who is from Australia and worked in Jeddah, Saudi Arabia for a

US construction company building plywood forms for pouring concrete at the new airport in the 70's. I had done the same work at the same time for the DeFelice construction company out of Connecticut in the United States. So Bill and I had something in common. We were not equal but it was fun to make a connection. Then my new Sportsman's Bar breakfast friend Bill got hired on at Aramco in Saudi Arabia. I had entertained the idea in the 70's but wasn't man enough to make it happen. Like I said, Bill and I were not equal. Then the oil industry and Bill hooked up for good. They spent money on him and he never let them down. He became a global player with a file in Human Resources that had a cover stamp that said—WILL GO ANYWHERE ANYTIME. Never went back to England. Bill is about my age now and has had a life of well adjusted gypsy work, and a well adjusted gypsy personal life all over the world. Not for most. Worked for Bill. He does what he wants, and he gives his employer good service, and the rest is nobody's damn business. Living the life of a man.

Bill can see my misty eyes, and he can see his lady love at the front desk. "Sorry mate", he says: "Already taken. But you can ride up in the elevator with us if you want to get one more hungry dog look." I don't have to be asked twice. Three of us in the elevator. Two old dogs and a woman of such surpassing beauty, and ego dense sexuality that everyone can hear their hearts beating. Bill playfully pushes her towards me. Confident. He knows she won't leave oil rig money. She likes being offered up as sex bait. Mature people playing adult games.

I am staring at her without pride and without shame. Everyone doing their job. Bill making the process go forward, she filling the elevator cab with the Devil's temptation, and me worshiping like a dog staring at a meat wagon. Out of the elevator on the fifth floor and the three of us snake around the skylight that connects all the floors. At the maid's station I stand and stare as the woman in white and Bill go down the hall. She looks over her shoulder at me and smiles a kryptonite smile that would neuter Superman.

God bless trannies.

210. First Lines

TT&A Part 195 22/9/2007

If you have ever had the misfortune to teach writing to non-writers, or if you have ever had the poor judgement to have signed a teacher's contract requiring writing as part of the yearly requirements in some liberal arts program; you will hear many whining complaints from your charges but one of the most common will be:

"I just don't know how to start."

You are to deduce from this that if your students could just get started that they then would leap to the literary stage and start spouting sonnets like Shakespeare, or they would suddenly be pushing a small boat offshore and writing another turgid novel like Hemingway's The Old Man and the Sea, or if they could just get started suddenly page turner medical-detective novels like Allergy Shots would flow from the pen as wine from a bottle. You are to further deduce from this ancient childish bleating of the empty vessel that it really is not their fault that their writing assignment is late (again), or that the eight page requirement is not fulfilled (hey man, I thought you said eight paragraphs), or that they used giant 2nd Coming of Christ fonts and giant margins (that's the way my computer is dude). If they could just get started ... yeah, if they could just think of that first sentence then the volcanic talent lying within would mimic physics as potential energy converts to kinetic energy.

"See it's like this dude: I've got ideas, and I'm like wicked smart, and I be totally in tune with life's forces man, and bitchin' down with what's goin' on, and ready to like rip literarily as a fart comes out of a fat man's ass but I just be needin' the first sentence—you dig? I mean dig this Chester I bizazz the sonnet time and get heavy with the ionic pentameters and my homies will tell you nobody does an O'Henry ending better than me 'specially if my trailer skank wife is playing my pipes under the bing bang tree. You dig man? I've got the Hood times in me marrow deep and I be sniffin' the cocaine breeze while my girls on her knees—so don't be so white man: just give me a first sentence to this whole honky paper thing and I'll write something that'll put the master back in piece. Just give me the first sentence man."

So as a public service to all of the great latent writers out there I am going to supply some first lines so that people can get started with their Thai-farang short stories and fiction and non-fiction and faction and one act plays and essays and prose poems and novels and storybooks and comics and novellas.

1. I met a girl and she's not like the others.
2. The tuk-tuk driver said he knew where the destination was.
3. She said there was no need for condoms because she loved me.
4. I can speak a little Thai so I get treated with respect.
5. I told the Immigration officer his country sucked.
6. Real men don't pay for it.
7. I'm in my thirties and pretty good looking so the Thai women treat me differently.
8. The selling bar owner showed me his books for the last month so I knew there would be no risk.
9. By the time I got her towel off I had no strength for anything else.
10. I only use Viagra because I got a good price.
11. I didn't know that her nipples were spiked.
12. I bargain hard so the Thai people respect me.
13. I don't think you really need to learn the tones to speak Thai.
14. You've got to train the girls to accept very little money.
15. Loaning money to expats is a good networking strategy.

There you go dudes and dudesses and future great writers. Fifteen starter lines that will initiate follow up lines and stories and essays and literary thoughts and adventures and novels and storybooks and novellas of the tsunami persuasion. You will be bowled over by your own talent and production as the words and ideas stream, and churn, and crest, and surge, from your great writer mind out onto the page. Sure, the 19th century's Thackeray was a writing machine, and Asimov was a production freak, and Stephen King thinks eight minutes without typing is writer's block; but they are all junky amateurs: all of them, compared to you. You …! you you you are going to set the literary atmosphere on fire and trigger literary firestorms that will envelope the Earth. The Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner by Coleridge? You fart poems longer than that. Beowolf? Your writing wazoo is stuffed with epics that just need a little prune juice from the teacher to get them moving. Satisfying historical novels like The White Rajah? You could write that on the shithouse wall while taking a dump. You've got talent. Yes you do. You just can't think of the first line. That's all. All you need is to have your writing genius pump primed with the first line and the middle part will follow as the night follows the day, or a crack whore lets you slide your finger in, or low slung hip hop pants show butt cracks. It's a guarantee man, a slam fxxxing dunk, money in the bank, and cum in the cooz. Just give me the first line.

Of course then you might find yourself saying, or your writing teacher might find him/herself hearing:

"I just don't know how to end it."

Cripes. Naturally. Sweet Jesus on a cracker what was I thinking? How thoughtless of me. I'm a terrible educator. I feel guilty for even teaching this inner city urban class in creative writing. The thing with all of those great writers is that they had great endings. God, talk about lucky or what? Great first lines and great last lines. Hey, when you think of it who really remembers the middles of poems. Anyway, if you just knew how to end your great writing … OK, so here are some last lines for your Thai-farang masterpieces.

1. OK the hard truth: I met a girl and she was JUST exactly like the others.
2. The tuk-tuk driver had no no no no no idea where I wanted to go.
3. I wish I had worn a condom (over my whole body).
4. Looking back, I never got treated with respect at all, ever, even one time.
5. In retrospect, telling a Thai Immigration officer that his country blows is a mistake.
6. I'm paying for it now—and loving it.
7. Like I said I'm in my thirties and pretty good looking: and the women disrespect me as much as anyone else.
8. Don't ever ever ever ever ever buy a bar in Thailand.
9. Yup, no strength for anything else: but it was still the most fun I ever had.
10. OK, the truth; I've got little blue pills stuffed in my ears, and my nose, and my rectum.
11. How was I to know that her nipples were spiked?
12. I bargain hard so why don't the Thai people respect me?
13. OK, I give up—you need to know the son-of-a-bitchin' tones.
14. OK, I just give them whatever they ask for—I'm a fool.
15. Loaning money to expats has broken my spirit and destroyed my life.

Start writing.

Oh, and one more thing future writers of the world. While your gettin' down, and coolin' out, and findin' your center, and hittin' the zone; try to take time out of your totally awesome life to please write clearly. Here is an instructional example of what I am talking about:

> *"Ye are the salt of the earth: but if the salt have lost its savor, wherewith shall it be salted?"*—Book of Matthew 5:13

OK, this may be from the Bible an all but I gotta tell ya; I have no idea what this goat herder is sayin'. Instead of Book of Matthew they should call it the Book of What the Fxxx? This is not an example of clear writing. Below is an example of clear writing:

Roses are red.
Violets are blue.
I'd like to shoot my girlfriend in the head.
Shooting my girlfriend in the head is what I'd like to do.

There you go. Four simple declarative sentences. The author's brainwaves have traveled out through the ends of his fingers with clarity and poetry. The poetry part is pretty advanced but you get the idea. Write clearly.

So there you have it. First lines and last lines and write clearly in the middle. Start writing.

211. Big Ball

TT&A Part 196 29/9/2007

"Although it smacks of seamanlike efficiency; to say that we got our anchor and sailed out is not strictly accurate. It leaves much unsaid." —H.W. Tilman

A week after I have gotten home from Thailand and there is testicle trouble. The right testicle is big and hurting. And believe me when I tell you—I am, in the manner of the sea poet H.W. Tilman, leaving much unsaid. Gee, I wonder why my right testicle is swollen? Hey, it's a miracle my tongue is not big and hurting after the time I spent between Da's legs. And no it did not taste like chicken.

From my office at the college I call Ida the nurse and tell her I think I should be tested for STDs. Next day I go to the clinic run by Dr. 'O' (we only accept cash and do not tell anyone what we do here) and she shows me the form she has filled out. Holy Christ, I didn't even know there were that many STD (whatever that means) things. And it is going to cost $147.00. So I have a relook and do some rethinking:

"Look Nurse Ida—I don't want to be tested for HIV, or most of these other things. I did some research and most likely it is Gonorrhea or this other thing I can't pronounce and no one can spell. $47.00. Better."

Ida and I have done a lot of intravenous work together pre-and-post Thailand trips so I am thinking that she is going to take a blood sample and send it to a lab where some gorgeous flat-chested, flat-assed Vietnamese woman will look at it. WRONG. She hands me a stick with a cotton ball on the end and explains that I have to stick it up my penis and twist it around for a while. No fun. Hey, there is never a tranny around when you need one.

A couple of days later Ida calls me at the office to tell me that the tests came back Negative and I do not have whatever we tested for. She speculates that I just have 'testicle beaten to death while humping prostitutes syndrome (TBTDWHPS).'

Great. By the time my right testicle is normal again it will be time to get back on the plane and wing my way to the Kingdom. I love my life.

Man Talk

> *"To crush your enemies, see them driven before you, and to hear the lamentation of the women."*—Conan the Barbarian

Some pleasures are predictable and pleasurable until the repetition starts to erode the pleasure. Man talk is like that. I love the company of men in the Kingdom in the bars. Particularly bars inhabited by men from a specific country. For example: if I wander (stumble) into a bar inhabited by men from England, or men from Ireland, or men from Australia; I just know it is going to be a great time. I'm an outsider, and everyone is happy; and the jokes will be on me, and I will laugh. If it is a bar stuffed with the Scots or New Zealanders I won't understand anything that is being said but it will still be fun. Talk of sport and politics and women. Great bar times and laughing and talk of sport (OK, soccer and cricket), and politics (OK, President Bush is a penis head), and women.

Talk of women. Man talk. Lots of it and endlessly repeated. Men with the puffed up chests of pigeons telling stories that poorly conceal the central theme: they are manly men and they gave her what she needed.

OK, let's do a little regrouping here. A little mental and dignity retrenching.

The lowest skill that a man can practice is having sex with women. Sex is a woman's currency to get what she wants. You have to use money to get what you want. She doesn't need the middle step. Here in the United States all you have to do to get sex with a woman is mention that you are in a band, ask her what her astrological sign is, and tell her that you love her. The legs open. She was looking for Mr. Right but you seem to have cracked the code. Cheap goods cheaply sold. So men bragging about sexual exploits are men bragging about winning at an easy game. When children do this you smile indulgently.

So the next time you are in a Scottish, or Irish, or German, or Israeli, or Aussie bar and you see a short white guy come in who answers to 'Dana'—just give me a break. No more stories please about how you are a great lover. Let's move on to something else. If you are under age seventy you can tell me how you shave your back. I still haven't puzzled that out. If you are over age seventy you can tell me how you keep your balls from hanging in the toilet water. Man talk.

Not to put too fine a point on it guys—my face and figure is not now and will never in the future grace the cover of a romance novel. I have never in the past, or presently, or in the future going to be in the rape dream of any woman. And yet I am going through women in the Kingdom like prunes through an old lady. So when you are going on about how you banged this woman, and made this other lady cry, and have a stack of love letters from an Isaan princess, and a list of cell phone numbers on beautiful 'sure things'—you are bragging about doing something I am doing. So just cool your jets. You are not so special. It's the Kingdom. A social-sexual house of mirrors where nothing makes sense and the wallet is king. Relax. Luxuriate in your good luck but take a chill pill. We are all banging pussy like demented carpenters. You are not special.

Let's try to move the Man Talk along to other subjects. For example: I've got a thing called a stud finder in my tool box.

Will that work in tranny bars?

Dana Getting Dressed To Hit Walking Street

4-stroke 50 degree V-Twin, 9.9:1 ratio, single overhead penis shaft with 2 testicles per cylinder, boars hair hydraulic adjusting cam tendons, Boss Hogg lifters, urethra semen ejection port, staggered slash cut black silk family jewel holders, 38 amp steroid and testosterone charging system, big dick drive with mamasan torque compensator, carbon fiber reinforced waist band ...

And that is just my underpants!

Union Hill Rewrites Wordsworth

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on
high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing
in the breeze ...

Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads
in sprightly dance ...

—William Wordsworth

Union Hill version:

I staggered lonely as a farang
That belches on
high o'er bars and beers,
When all at once I saw a gang
A host, of golden girls with sexy leers
Upon the stage, beneath the lights,
Flirting and dancing
Oh what a sight ...

Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads
In sexy dance ...

—Union Hill (Bangkok poet)

Lug Nuts To BB's

Heard during the last Stickman Writer's Party at the Old Dutch restaurant in Soi Cowboy:

First Time Stickman Party Guest: "So how tough is this guy Dana?"

Union Hill: "Tough you say? Stuff his mouth with lug nuts, kick him in the ass, and he'd spit out BB's. How tough you say? This guy gargles with razor blades, stores ferrets in his underpants, and has barbed wire in his armpits."

New Stickman Writer: "Yeah, but how tough is he really?"

Casmeri: "I once saw him enter a Thai contest that involved pounding a finish nail into your knee. Because he was a farang they gave him the longest nail. No ploblum. He used the biggest hammer. Then he pulled the nail out with his teeth. I've got pictures."

Group of muttonhead new Stickman writers: “Well, that sounds tough we guess.”

Gary from Pattaya: “How tough is he really? He used to put pieces of jagged glass under his eyelids in college to stay awake during final exams—his hobby was giving himself papercuts—and he used to pay people to drag their fingernails on the blackboard”

New Writer: “No—really?”

4BathroomsJJ: “He once took way too much Viagra and got the medical condition called priapism: so he tore off his arm at the elbow so that he would have something to beat on his dick with and make the thing go down. That’s tough.”

“Stickman Party Newby: “I guess that sounds tough.”

Peter of Washington Square: “I once saw him give the mamasan in the Obsessions bar at the NEP 10,000 baht and then have every tranny in the place kick him in the balls ‘till they couldn’t lift their legs anymore. When it was over he was smiling and I had a hard on.”

First Time New Stickman Writer: “No, but really—is this guy tough?”

500 Baht Walt: “I once saw him dig his eyes out with a wooden spoon so that he would not be able to see what his girlfriend’s body was going to look like in the future. Tougher than me I tell ya—and my hobby used to be firewalking on lava beds in Hawaii.”

Another First Time Stickman Writer Attendee: “OK, I guess he sounds tough … but still …”

Foster Foskin: “Tough? Really? I once saw him get stuck with Stickman’s bar bill after he’d made 175 submissions to Stickmanbangkok. He didn’t even wince. Now that’s tough.”

212. The Circle of Logic

TT&A Part 197 6/10/2007

When a man gets to a certain age, the age of wisdom and experience; it is possible (devoutly to be wished for) that he would be dating an Asian woman many years (decades please God) his junior. Examples:

59 year old man; 22 year old woman.
94 year old man, 24 year old twins (no problem, adds up to 48 year old woman).
62 year old man; 23 year old woman (with 17 year old sister maybe)
79 year old man; 14 year old woman with 27 year old mother.
67 year old man; 18 year old woman (no issues brother—everybody a grownup)
82 year old man: 19 year old woman (OK, she's not young—but no stretch marks)
73 year old man; 15 year old woman (OK, that's probably not a good idea).
66 year old man; 16 year old woman (but she looks 20)
78 year old man, 14 year old woman (you had to see her-try to be open minded).
86 year old man, any woman in Cambodia with pimples.
61 year old man, 20 year old woman (OK, she's young but she reads and everything)
59 year old man, any woman on the boardwalk while high school is in session.
71 year old man, any woman in Laos over four feet tall.
63 year old man, any woman in Vietnam over 65 pounds (age is just a number).

Since all women want to get married and make babies, and since babies represent a twenty year contract; this presents a moral issue that a man of taste, and style, and breeding, and education, and high minded philosophy, and unimpeachable ethics and morals like myself has no trouble handling.

To wit: it is not responsible for a man of advanced age to spend serious time with a woman of these tender years because she wants to marry and have babies, and no man of advanced years wants to do either of these things. Actually, no real man wants to push a carriage but that is a whole 'nother essay. Anyway, if you are like me; catnip to women (CTW), even smiling at a woman can cause her to become enamored and love deranged. Anything beyond the smiling stage; say touching or rubbing, can cause them to go into hormonal overload and start flippin' and floppin' like a catfish thrown up on the bank of the Mekong river. Of course later, when they find out that you are not going to honor contracts of marriage and babies, they get sad. Sometimes they get so sad that they want to cut off your penis and plunge a knife repeatedly into your body. I know having your penis amputated might sound unappealing, but it is their culture and you have to respect that. I can't tell you how many times my pecker has been depeckered. But I almost digress. Anyway, the man of high morals and adamantine ethics has to learn to use his powers for good rather than sad.

Making Thai women sad just to satisfy your own desires is wrong and every high minded man of taste, and style, and breeding, and sensitivity, and low hanging balls knows that fact. It is not responsible to take up a good woman's time with dating or social intercourse of any kind.

Therefore; it follows as the night follows the day, and as the Circle of Logic (CoL) closes in upon itself; that if you are a man of a certain age the only women you should be spending time with are skanks, and cruisers, and prostitutes, and whores. It is a mature and honorable man that accepts this situation and spends the rest of his life banging whores like a demented carpenter, and plowing prostitutes like a bunny on speed, and porkin' skanks like a diabetic attacking a candy counter, and slidin' his big finger down the pants of cruisers like a food inspector testing sausage casings. Mature high minded men of philosophy and morals know that their futures are in the red light districts of 3rd world countries. God bless airplanes.

So if you are a man who is no longer young, and if you are a man of high moral purpose come with me now as we mentally go to the land of Thailand where … oh God, look at that one. Fxxx me with a wire brush look at that one … and the other one … and; sweet Jesus on a cracker look up ahead, oh please God make her get on the same Skytrain car as me … and, OK forget that one: look at these two, oh God they are trannies who could melt steel with their eyes and … OK, tranny time is later … schoolgirls at two o'clock … and, oh God I hurt; not one over eighteen and givin' me that 'you want it' look. Smooth smooth legs and new knees and … OK, this is all wrong mostly. Just trouble, mostly good girls. So so close but the man of high moral purpose is not seduced by the temptations of the flesh when he knows that he can not follow through on the whole marriage and babies thing. But there is always Plan B.

B for Boardwalk in Battaya. Boardwalk time: land of skanks, and whores, and prostitutes, and cruisers. The differences? Prostitutes are pros and money is going to change hands always. Whores may do you for free. Hard to know. Worth a shot but there is no bragging here. She is going to look mentally unbalanced and may be so in the bedroom. Still, you've got to be on the field to fall on the ball and I have really scored at the bottom of the garbage pail. Skanks are lousy at everything including looks and always available. Usually a waste of time but if you want to invest in time, the skank who is picked up repeatedly can sometimes be trained to provide service and cheaply. Last are the cruisers. Walkers up and down the boardwalk with fake smiles, dead eyes, no particular fashion aspect; and absolutely no intention of building a cell phone address book of happy customers. Young girls of the sex worker criminal class who will steal at every opportunity. No good unless they are drugged up. Still, I once picked up a Burmese drug addled cruiser in Bangkok and …

"Boom Boom honey, if you are out there reading this please get in touch. Daddy needs you and he needs you bad. Oh God honey, Daddy needs you soooo bad …" But I almost digress.

Anyway, there are at least four classes of companions available to the man of high moral values and sterling behavior who has decided that because of women's desires (marriage and babies) and his advanced age that taking up their time would be improper. So he has philosophically dedicated himself to the civilized notion that for the rest of his life he should only be bonking whores and skanks and prostitutes and cruisers. Again, God bless Thailand and God bless airplanes. Oh … oh oh, I see Fa: gotta go. Hey, just one more thing before I feel Fa's arms around me. What do we call this philosophy and behavior? The Circle of Logic. That's right. You graduate. Now go skank hunting.

Dana (CTW)

213. There’s Nothing To Do

TT&A Part 198 20/10/2007

Dateline: 1959
Season: Summer
Place: back steps of 536 High Rock Street; Needham, Mass—USA
Ten year old’s whine to mother—”There’s nothing to do …”.

Dateline Update: 2007
Season: Tourist
Place: Beer bar anywhere in Pattaya.
Adult tourist’s or expat’s whine to anyone—”There’s nothing to do in Pattaya in the daytime”.

There is nothing to do in Pattaya in the daytime? Really? That’s not just the stupid beer talking? That’s an idea you think you have and that you believe others would benefit from hearing? Well, Mr. World Weary Jet Set Man my girlfriend and I were shooting guns in the basement of the Tiffany’s tranny show building this morning at 9:30. That’s 9:30 a.m. in case you need to be reminded of pre-noon time. At nine in the morning we clattered down the steps of the AA Hotel and walked up to 2nd road where we got a baht bus to Tiffany’s. Into the basement of the huge spookily quiet show palace where they have a shooting range. Oh … you didn’t know that Tiffany’s had a shooting range? Well they do. You choose the guns you want to shoot and the bullets are handed over in a straw basket. The young attractive Thai woman who hands out the guns and the bullets doesn’t know anything about anything. So don’t bother asking her any handgun, or ballistics, or performance, or bullet questions. She just points to the guns on the wall behind her and says “how many bullets?” You are still in Thailand. Anyway, a fun (and slightly weird) way to start the day. First you bonk a woman more beautiful than you deserve, then you go to a tranny showplace and shoot handguns. Honk if you love Thailand. Your girlfriend will close her eyes and scream every time she squeezes (jerks wildly) the trigger. And every time she turns her head to say something to you her gun hand will turn towards you too (yes, you can both stand in the same booth—Thailand). Be careful. Nothing like a near death experience with a beautiful Thai woman to start the day.

Sometimes I do this without the girlfriend. Just pay her off after the early morning bonk and shower at the foot of the steps to the hotel (you don't pay women to have sex with them, you pay them to leave) and go to the gun range myself. By 11:00 or thereabouts I am ambling down the soi next to Tiffany's on the way to the beach boulevard that runs along Beach Road. And I know with the certainty of gravity that the boulevard will be full of sunny smiley women anxious to see me, and anxious to spend time with me. Let's see: it is not even noon and I have already bonked and showered and smiled and laughed with a beautiful woman, shot 100 rounds out of a 45 caliber handgun, and now the sun is on my face and on my shoulders as I head for more beautiful women. Yup, you're right—there is nothing to do in Pattaya in the daytime. But of course it is hard for you to know this if you are face down on the mattress with a head that hurts. Poor baby.

Let's see. I wonder what else you do not know about that you can do in Pattaya in the daytime. Have you been to:

1. The other fun shooting range out of town. The one you see advertised in the tourist brochures they hand out on the airplanes? Too snobbish to shoot guns? Ever tried it? Think it is easy to shoot handguns? You won't even hit the target the first time. Your gun will jam. You will need help. You'll forget what they told you about how to load the bullets. You won't know

how to aim. The thing will scare you as if you are playing with a cobra. And the next morning you will be back.

2. The new aquarium (Underwater World). Third world aquariums are often overstocked and often have sub-standard filtration systems but they are still worth checking out. The time I went to Underwater World it was really fabulous. By the way, this is all great date stuff. Take your teeruk to one of these places or activities you think is beneath you. She will love you for it. I told a woman named Min years ago that we were going to go to one of these standard tourist things and she started screaming, and jumping around, and hugging me. She had never done any of these things.

3. Nong Nooch Gardens (with cultural and elephant show). A huge place of gardens, zoo, architecture, orchid house, aviary, bonsai, restaurants, shows, etc. First class in every way. The place is so huge and has so much to see that you can not possibly see it all the first time. I have been three times and still not seen it all. Last time I was there Thai women were using one of the lawns to practice traditional dance. You wouldn't want to see that. Beautiful Thai women in traditional dress practicing the arts of Siam on a beautiful day in a botanical garden. Naw, too boring. Pattaya is boring during the daytime.

4. Million Year's Stone Park (and crocodile farm). Gardens and zoo. Really great. Google it up and look at the pictures. Check out all the animals. When you are there check out the tiger cage with the open top and ask yourself why the tigers do not climb over the top. Scares me every time I see it. Fun tree furniture. This is another really first class place that you can not see all of the first time. Many people miss seeing a lot of the animals so keep alert. I love this place, and photographers love this place, and your girlfriend will love this place. But you have to shut your mouth, and put your beer down, and get off your ass. If you tell

yourself you are bored while touring this place then you are brain dead—just go home.

5. Beach north of Soi Srina Kom at low tide. A beach paradise at low tide for adults, or kids, or expats and families, or tourists and girlfriends. Virtually deserted, no Thai family activity, and clean. I go every time I am in Pattaya. Never seen you. A long clean shallow beach that seems to go on forever at low tide. Do all the kid things. Wade about, and pick up rocks and shells, and look at boats, and just lay in the water and let the waves and the sun remind you that it is good to be alive.

6. Bali Hai pier to walk around and look at boats. I had a fisherman family invite me to lunch. Lousy food—nice people. I knew three different ways to say "I don't speak Thai." They thought it was hysterical. Some of the food had so much spice you could have used it to take rust off of bolts. Nearly died. They thought it was hysterical. Had a hard time eating with my hands and no napkin. They thought it was hysterical. Tried to be the good tourist and learn and say the kids names. They laughed so hard I thought some of them were going to have heart attacks.

7. Maritime park and hillside steps up the hill where from the top you get a wonderful view of the condo development and the ocean. Stare down at nice condo development geography and architecture and pretend you live there. I do this almost every time I go to Pattaya. I guess standing on the top of the hill and looking down at the beautiful condo development, and landscaping, and ocean views is part of my 'I wish I lived in Pattaya' dream. It's good to dream. It's a vacation.

8. Revolving restaurant (Pattaya Park Tower-53rd floor) and water park on the Jomtien/Pattaya border. Never been to the water park? Never taken your girl to the fifty story high restaurant? Never taken the gondola or wire ride down to the

ground? OK, amaze me—what have you done? You took your girl to a bar and she works in a bar? You are brainless.

9. Bowling—oh, I see—you are too grown up to go bowling. Bullshit.

10. Touring the Royal Gardens department store on Beach Road—you're a tourist, stop pretending—take a tour. Oh, I know you have already been there but that is not what I am talking about. The next time you go in go into every store. You'll learn in the shoe store that Thai shoes are not sold in widths, and you'll learn in the tailor shop at lunchtime that you can sit with the family and have lunch too (yes I have), and ... but you got to get off that barstool jackass.

11. Visit to Jomtien in the 10 baht bus. Ask at the V.C. Hotel on 2nd Road the best place to pick up the bus (this is important). Long beautiful beach for a beach walk. Oh I forget, you are too hip for beach walks. If you like seeing topless white women they are on the beach. I consider this pollution but some guys like looking at fat whales.

12. Trip to Ko Larn island by using the Bali Hai pier 20 baht public ferry. That's right, you read that right—it only costs 20 baht to go to Ko Larn island where you (or you and your girlfriend) can spend the day zooming around the beautiful island on motorbikes and going to the beaches. There is nothing to see by walking north or south on the shore road when you get off the ferry—just do what everyone else does and rent a motorbike. The Thais and the Japanese know about this fun daytime bargain—not many daytime farangs though. Too busy hanging out like ten year olds complaining to Momma that there is nothing to do I guess. I go to Ko Larn every single time I am in Pattaya and never tire of it. I don't know if they still have it but there used to be a place inland where you could shoot automatic

weapons. Oh, you don't think shooting automatic weapons is really your style? Ever tried it?

13. Tailor shops. You are in a 3rd world country and you are not having beautiful clothes made at a bargain price? Jerk. I go into tailor shops (I fear nothing) just to see if they have any special materials or specialties. You get surprised. In fact you get surprised a lot. Some tailors are friendly and some tailors are not friendly. Mohammed who runs the tailor shop opposite the Nana Hotel in Bangkok had no interest in my business. Apparently, I did not come up to his low standards. And by the way, his sleeves on his custom made French cuff white shirt were too long. The tailor shop around the corner next to the Landmark hotel had no interest in my business. "We don't tailor synthetics." The word synthetic hadn't come out of my mouth. A very well known tailor shop on the corner of Soi 11 had no interest in my business—the owner refused to look up from his noon meal. The shop was empty and I had a sample in my bag and a wallet full of money but he was eating. I guess timing is everything when you are a tourist.

It is a sometimes weird world once you leave Thailand behind and enter India or Pakistan or Iran. However, I have a closet full of beautiful clothes. None were sold in bars. On my last trip I had an Iranian tailor in South Pattaya pull out a six foot roll of cloth that looked like spun gold and silk with elephants on it. I blurted out "Make me a shirt". I now have the most beautiful shirt in Boston.

A hint on tailor shops: you do not ever want to be measured. Take in a shirt or a pair of pants or whatever that has already been tailored and fits perfectly. Say the word COPY. Don't let anyone near you with a tape. Never a problem. Measuring? A crap shoot.

14. Try this for a daytime activity. Get on the back of your girlfriends motorbike (a crotch rocket is best—actually, that applies to the girlfriend too) and ask her to take you to anyplace that includes 2nd Road or 3rd Road and KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN AND LOOK STRAIGHT AHEAD OVER HER SHOULDER—you will get the shit scared out of you … there is something you can do in the daytime. You won’t do this twice.

15. Have you been to the water skiing park, or the Go Kart place (Bira International Circuit), or taken one of the microlight planes up for a daytime excursion? No, not you … there is nothing to do in the daytime in Pattaya except sit around in bars and say there is nothing to do in Pattaya. Bullshit.

Actually, my dad was a pilot and I grew up with piles of flying magazines on the floor in the bathroom. I know a lot about airplanes and flying and stuff. There is no way I would take one of these microflight excursions unless I had a parachute strapped on my back and a parachute strapped on my front. And I don’t want them to be people parachutes either. I want those parachutes they use to deliver tanks to the front. And I want the entire ‘microflight-whatever-it-is’ surrounded with strap-on mattresses. But hey, that’s just me. I recommend this activity for you.

16. Do you read the Pattaya Mail everyday and mark the things that are going on that you could attend? Events for kids, and philanthropic stuff, and sports, gallery (art stuff nimrod) events, and celebrities, and … all you have to do is what I do. I take the article in to my front desk staff at the hotel and they write down in Thai the location and the time for the mototaxi guys outside. Then I’m off. Boy that was hard.

17. Have you gone up Pattaya Hill Road at the southern end of town to Wat Pra Yai with its Big Buddha statue? No … not you;

there is nothing to do in Pattaya during the daytime. Pattaya only exists at night. Everyone knows that. Bullshit again you fool. The reason Pattaya does not exist during the daytime for you is not because Pattaya is not interesting during the daytime, but because you are not interesting during the daytime. All you can do is sit on your Mommy back steps like a ten year old and complain that you are bored. Wrong. You are boring. Pattaya is not boring during the daytime; you are boring during the daytime.

18. Have you visited the Royal Varuna Yacht Club? Just to visit something scenic that you do not know very much about? No, not you ... you are sure that is boring too. Sure ... club activities, and enthusiastic club members, and maritime sports in paradise, and probably free boat rides, and things you could volunteer for or participate in every day of your vacation ... you're right—boring.

19. Every relationship is an adventure and every woman is unique but I never see you on the boardwalk in the daytime (starting at 7:30 a.m.) talking to the girls. What is next? Are you going to tell me that is boring? You are full of shit. Pattaya is not boring during the daytime—you are boring during the daytime.

20. Do you read the Pattaya Mail newspaper when you are at home and actually take notes on up-and- coming city events and plan your vacations accordingly? Say coming on your vacation during the music festival? No you don't. Because that would take work, and planning, and an active mind, and that is what is missing. Pattaya is not boring during the daytime—you are boring during the daytime.

21. How about taking your girlfriend to one of the nice restaurants that has been in a restaurant review in the newspaper for lunch. No ... too much planning involved, besides Pattaya is boring during the daytime—everyone knows that. Everyone does

not know that. I do not know that. I hit the boardwalk at 7:30 every morning and never once have I been bored.

22. Have you walked on down to the Pattaya International Hospital on Soi 4, or gone to the Pattaya Memorial Hospital on 2nd Road and asked if you can be a part of a 'hold babies' program. Every hospital has abandoned babies that need human contact. Maybe you need some human contact too. Take my word for this. If you locate one of these programs and take your girlfriend the next day to hold babies she will think you are a farang God. The night of the day I did this with Da she said 'no condoms OK'. Want to hold babies now?

23. Have you done some Internet research before landing in Pattaya and visited as a guest the various Expat clubs at club breakfasts or lunches or dinners? All you have to do is contact them and you will get an invite. You may be an asshole but they will take a chance on you. How many people in your own country will take a chance on you? Interesting guys, and interesting stories, and valuable information, and ... no, too boring. Besides for an expat breakfast at Henry J. Beans you would have to get up early. "Fxxxing no way I'm doing that in this boring town—honey, I'll have another beer."

24. Have you gotten in touch with the Pattaya Sports Club (PSC) and asked what you can do to help them with their philanthropic activities? The living legend there that coordinates all of these good community deeds is charity chairman Bernie Tuppin. Ever met him? No not you.

"No ... that would take, well I'm not really the salesman type; I was never one to push myself on others."

Bullshit, you are just a complaining, low spark, uninteresting loser twelve thousand miles from home. No one in your home town knows you have left town, and no one in Pattaya knows you are in town. Pattaya is boring during the daytime? Look in the mirror. That is what is boring in Pattaya during the daytime. You.

25. Have you been to Mini Siam, or the crocodile village, or the Elephant Krall (Pattaya Elephant Village), or the Tiger Zoo? I'm not sure all of these are still open but I have already been to these daytime fun things once or twice. Have you even checked them out? Oh, excuse me ... that would mean putting your beer down.

When I went to the Sriracha Tiger Zoo it was really great. One hundred acres of tourist pleasure.

26. How about King Rama IX Park, or Wat Bunkanjanaram in Jomtien? Don't know what these places or activities are? Well, look them up jerkwad.

27. Did you know there was an outside swimming pool at Big Mikes Department Store on Beach Road with a view of Pattaya Bay? Expats hang out there. You might meet someone interesting.

More on pools. Did you know that you can often swim in hotel pools where you are not a guest just by tipping the guy who hands out the towels? There is a wonderful new pool and waterfall and hot tub with jets on the fourth floor of the Nana Hotel in Bangkok. If I am not staying at the hotel I still use the pool. All it takes is a tip. Honk if you love corruption. So do this in Pattaya. Go to the top of the tallest hotel in the middle of Beach Road—it is the Pattaya Centre Hotel on Soi 12. A dumb name but a great hotel and an exceptional location for people with more money than me. Now once you are out of the elevator on the top floor go to the end of the hall on the eastern end and look out the window down on all of the other hotels in town. Note the buildings and the pools. Have a map and take notes. Now go around and try to use all of those pools on your vacation. People make a fun vacation game of this in Las Vegas in the

States. They have hotel-pool vacations where they make a game of visiting all the hotel pools in the resort city. You can do the same thing in Pattaya. Bye-the-way, this hotel has a great pool with a fantastic view of the ocean and of Pattaya and it is never crowded.

Did you know that you can stroll (you want to be well dressed for this) straight through the Marriott Hotel lobby on 2nd Road and out back to the pool and garden area? This space is a botanical and water wonderland and one of the best examples of hotel outside architecture you will see. Of course no one knows about it because it is for the rich guests of the hotel only. Coolest place in Pattaya during the hot season. A life saver. If you see me don't wave. Keep this quiet. And no teeruks.

28. Did you know that you do not have to be a diver to go out on a dive boat? I've done it. It is amazing what you can do if you just show people money. Same for sport fishing trips. I don't dive and I don't fish but a day on one of these boats is great. Fun. You get to take a boat trip, and help the divers and fishermen, and steer the boat, and make new friends, and pick up some sun and some new experiences, and ... ah forget it; not special enough for you. Boring probably. You are just waiting six hours for a soccer game to come on. Saved your money all year and bragged to your friends all year and you are waiting for a soccer game to come on.

29. Ten miles south of Pattaya is Wat Yan Sangwararam. Have you been there? The Chinese museum is worth the trip. But you won't go because you know that if you continue to just sit and drink beer in the open air bar that the most beautiful woman in the world will walk up to you, and smile at you, and say hello to you, and your whole life will change.

No she won't. Of course you might meet that woman while touring the Chinese museum at Wat Yan Sangwararam but that would take planning, and gumption, and an alert mind, and follow through. Why even bother? There is nothing to do in this shit hole Pattaya in the daytime. Nothing that your high standards anyway. Bullshit. Your shoes squish when you walk.

30. OK, I'm getting winded and my point should be made so I am just going to buzz through some more ideas: the Thai Handicrafts Market on 2nd Road during certain days of the week, the bird guy on South Pattaya Road about fifty yards up from the start of Walking Street (great stories and frightening teeth), or volunteering at the local Catholic orphanage. I once volunteered at lunchtimes for a couple of days. It was a good experience. Wat Khao Phraya and Wat Chaimongkon ("All Wats are the same."—no, all Wats are different but you have to put down the beer), the Chinese Temple and Naval Broadcasting Station—best views of Pattaya and a wonderful day date with your girlfriend, bodybuilding Gyms, and the movies.

Back to the Chinese Temple and Naval Broadcasting station on top of the hill in South Pattaya. Outstanding views. A lot of fun. Really a must experience. Buy some overpriced (50 baht) 'good luck' birds from the woman on the steps; walk to the edge of the cliff, make a wish (don't ask your teeruk what her wish is), open the cages and smile as you release them. Your girlfriend will love it, you will love it, the birds will love it, and the bird woman will love it. When is the last time you made that many people happy?

Ah Jesus, another one I almost forgot—a real photo opportunity. Go to the entrance to Walking Street where the arch sign has been replaced with a fifty foot high statue of Dana with his legs bestride the street like a monger colossus. Stand under him and look up his shorts. "I'll meet you under Dana's balls."

31. Another fun daytime thing to do is to pick a geographic area and go into every single hotel and ask questions. The questions

are just an excuse to be in the hotel and tour the grounds. You learn a lot, and you see a lot of new things, and you have fun. I did this one day at every hotel between Beach Road and 2nd Road from Soi 1 to Soi 13/4. I learned a lot, and I saw a lot, and I ended up with hotel cards with notes on them in case I needed a plan B some day. I don’t make reservations at hotels in Pattaya in advance (because most of them do not honor reservations) so I have ended up staying in about ten different hotels. It helps to have some information. Later on in Detroit United States Immigration wanted to know why I had so many hotel cards. Try to have a good answer for this. It is amazing how stupid you can look trying to answer a simple question. Last time I was going through United States Immigration in Detroit I misspelled my own name. Do not do this. I repeat: do not misspell your own name. But I digress.

32. I have an expat friend (well I hope he is my friend) that is an expert balloon chaser. New bar openings, or bar events always include food and drinks and fun and often balloons outside to highlight and show and draw attention to the event. Many times the food or drink is reduced price (and sometimes free). He scours the net, and the local papers, and is ever on the alert for balloons outside an establishment. Hey, it’s not mooching—it is opportunity seeking. He is also an expert on the locations of clean bathrooms. Live and learn.

33. I know of an expat named Peter in Washington Square in Bangkok who has fine tuned meeting girls by going to the same massage place every day. It is all about building relationships. The cost is no more than a couple of beers and the investment can really pay off. I haven’t got the patience for it but it is a daytime activity that works for him. Another friend of mine in Pattaya does the same thing only it is manicures. Again, not for me; but works for him. I went to meet another expat named Gary once at

a manicure/massage place in Pattaya on Soi 13/3 in the daytime. He was surrounded by girls (hands and feet—get it?). Made me think I can tell you.

34. Here is something I have done and no one else does or thinks about. Get the 10 baht bus to Jomtien and walk down to the beach. Now instead of walking south, turn right and walk north. Few do this. Walk and walk and walk all the way around the peninsula to the Maritime Park lighthouse in South Pattaya. Lots of walking and sand and sea and sun. Lots of fun. Cost? 10 baht. Hint: don't take your dark-skinned girlfriend from the Northeast plateau—Isaan women aren't sun worshippers or walkers. And no that remark does not mean I hate Thailand ... ah, forget it.

35. I am not a golfer so I am not going to say anything about all of the golf courses in Pattaya because golfers are kinda tough on non-golfers if you say something wrong. But I will say that once a year I like to go to a driving range and hit balls. Hey, who doesn't love to whack their balls for a couple of hours? So I wrap my knees and my elbows and my wrists and my ankles with ace bandages and supports and braces and go to the Diana Golf Centre and Driving Range off Pattaya Sai 3rd Road. Or I used to. Don't know if it is still there. You're on vacation, and you are getting some sun, and you are whacking your balls—who says there is nothing to do in Pattaya during the daytime? Take your girlfriend. She'll love to whack your balls.

Oops—almost forget: there is a fun miniature golf course on Beach Road down near the Soi 5 (?) area. If you can not have fun playing miniature golf during the daytime with your girlfriend than she is not your girlfriend. When I was about eleven and my idiot sister was six we used to go to miniature golf courses on family vacations. My sister who did not have the brains of a beagle would get holes-in-one. I have never forgiven her for this. That may have been the beginning of my atheism. No God in heaven would allow this kind of nonsense. But I digress. Try some daytime miniature golf. I know of a guy who leaves his hotel up around Soi 13 and starts walking north on the boardwalk. He picks up a likely looking specimen and takes her to the miniature golf place. The girls are so relieved not to be paying the bills on their knees that their smiles make them look like peds dispensers. It's a fun thing—in the daytime.

36. Here is something to do in Pattaya during the daytime that intrigues me and that I have never seen one tourist or expat doing. Get an expensive pair of binoculars with a tiny tripod or a small telescope with a tiny tripod and go to Starbucks on Beach Road or to the Royal Palm on Beach Road. At Starbucks set up on the outside terrace and at the Royal Palm set up on the outside terrace on the top floor where the food court is. Now just look at stuff.

Bye-the-way: according to the Feminazi dictionary—if you are a non-Thai male with a telescope or a binoculars you are a tourist. If you are using them with a tripod you are a voyeur. And if you have a camera attached you are a pervert. You might want to consider camo clothes and wrapping the apparatus in burlap.

37. A few more:
(A)—There is a bottle museum; never been there.
(B)—Check out the daily fish market opposite the ferry building at the end of Walking Street.
(C)—I haven't mentioned photography because I am not a picture taker but if you are a picture taker ... well, you get the point.

Speaking of picture taking: I have a friend who takes pictures and then gets them developed and tapes or glues them onto postcards. He makes custom postcards to send his friends. Clever. I do the same thing only I do not have any friends to send custom made postcards to so I send them to myself with messages like:

"Having a great time. Wish you were here."

"Met a wonderful woman named Yoghurt. Wait 'till I tell you all about her."

"There is no Third World pricing for Viagra here. Send money."

When I get home the cards are waiting for me.

I know another guy who takes lots and lots of photos of his steady girlfriend and has them developed. Then he buys a little scrapbook or photo album and puts together a gift. The gift is always a surprise and always a hit.

If you can locate a laminating business: take photos of your girlfriend or of the two of you to the laminating business with some new T-shirts. Have her picture laminated onto a T-shirt and show up at the bar that night wearing the shirt. She will scream. You're a hit. I have done this. Trust me. You will be a hit.

38. And finally, what review of things to do in the daytime in Pattaya would be complete without mentioning that there are bathhouses you can go to where the girls are very friendly. More friendly than your ex-wife. More friendly than your present wife. More friendly than your ex-girlfriend. More friendly than your current girlfriend. So what are you waiting for? Put down the beer Mr. There's Nothing To Do In Pattaya In The Daytime and get a mototaxi. Oh oh, Sweet Jesus On A Cracker you put your beer down and you are sliding off the seat with that look in your eyes that Teddy Roosevelt had when charging up San Juan Hill. OK, as a prize I am going to give you one more idea that always works and always amuses me.

Around 4 p.m. make the rounds of several open air beer bars and leave your hotel card with your room number and 11 p.m.

written on it with likely looking prospects. That night make sure you are in your room around 11 p.m. so that you can take the calls from the front desk. You have no idea who is going to show. And the phone always rings.

There is nothing to do? There is nothing to do in Pattaya in the daytime? Wrong. Almost every vacation spot I have been to in the 3rd world that has a lot of night time 'entertainment zone' activity gets this jackass moniker pinned on it. Boring people reaching inaccurate conclusions that are a reflection of themselves, not a reflection on the place that they are visiting. Life is what you make it; but to make it fun and interesting you have to do some planning, and some list making, and maybe get some other people involved, and take some risks (maybe this new thing won't be fun), and be open minded, and be aggressively interested in getting the most out of your life that you can. And get over your self. People one town over do not know your name. You are not that special. You are probably not qualified to make a judgement about whether a place is interesting or not. Just go with it. Sign on for the ride. The ride of life. I have visited other peoples' relatives on my vacations—"Dana, while you are in Nassau could you look up my uncle Freddy?" Was it always a success? No. But then everything in life is not always supposed to be a success. Was the afternoon that you spent drinking one more beer a success?

Every place is interesting during the daytime but you have to be interesting. I like Pattaya. I was walking down Soi Tropicana one afternoon and I got to chatting with the hedge clipper guy who worked for the landscaping crew. It turned out his hobby was collecting and mounting butterflies. On to his motorbike and out to his house. Horrible house, and dispiriting surroundings; but beautiful butterflies mounted like works of art and giving the house (hovel) dignity and interest.

I like Pattaya during the night time. Who wouldn't? But I also like Pattaya during the daytime. I like being a part of the early morning sun, and the early morning activities, and the normal Pattayaites going about their normal lives. Smiles for me. There is plenty to do in Pattaya during the daytime because Pattaya is full of people, and where there are people there are always stories and activities that you can connect with.

What activity would I recommend for some one who wants to turn themselves around on this? Go to the AA Hotel on the corner of Beach Road and Soi 13/0 and have Anna the Activities Director sign you up for the beach and boating trip to Ko Larn island. This is different than going over on your own on the 20 baht public ferry at Bali Hai pier. This is a structured all day beach and boating tour for tourists. Four different boat trips, plus parasailing, plus lunch served on the beach, plus swimming, plus sunning in the deck chairs, plus other tourist activities, etc. 600 baht. Around 4:30 you will be dumped back on the beach near Soi Yodsak and start the wonderful walk down the boardwalk to your hotel. Sunburned, tired, well fed, happy, sand in your pants, and ... Sweet Jesus On A Cracker—it is about this time that the girls start infesting the boardwalk again ... there is one, and another, another ...

There is nothing to do in Pattaya during the daytime? Are you kidding?

Oh, and one more. I get up early every morning and go up to the Internet place near Soi 10. The walk down the sidewalk is wonderful and the waves from girls on the boardwalk across the street is fun. The receptionist is cute, the place is clean and well run, there is a bathroom, and you can get a drink. It is my daily ritual and a reliable oasis. Out after reading and emailing I stop into the Mini-Mart next door. There I buy a bag of juice cartons (guava juice—what's that?) and snacks and strange Thai treats. A big bag of food and drinks. Then I cross over to the boardwalk and start the early morning stroll back to the AA Hotel. And I hand out drinks and breakfast items to every early morning smiler I meet. Beautiful boardwalk that the city of Pattaya has spent money on with new palms and plantings, beautiful blue early morning sky, calm ocean to the horizon, early morning sun on my shoulders and arms and face, and sitting and chatting with women. Wonderful women.

Many of these women are poor earners, and many of these women are poor planners. And not all of their troubles are of their own making. Their hearts beat the same as anyone else’s and they dream the same dreams as everyone else. Some of them are hungry. There is nothing to do in the daytime in Pattaya? You never had this much fun. Many of the girls know me or spot me coming. Big smiles. They know I am not going to make this a sex commerce thing. No tension. No fear. No hopes dashed on the rocks of disappointment again. Just human contact and smiling and free food. Sitting with one or two or a group of wonderful women and having breakfast. Sun on my face and neck and shoulders. Hip to hip. Shoulder to shoulder. You never had this much fun.

So in conclusion: there are lots of fun and interesting things to do in Pattaya in the daytime for families and kids and couples and single people whether you are Thai or farang or tourist or expat. I hope you get to do everything on this list. You’ll lose some weight, and get some sun, and drink less alcohol, and stop a lifestyle of complaining, and maybe make some friends in wonderful Thailand. The only thing I did not mention is renting motorbikes or motorcycles. As the teeruks say—”Up to you.” I think about it a lot but so far I have not done it. For the short time tourist I believe it is too dangerous. Anyway, good luck and I’ll see you around—in the daytime.

Addenda: This essay and many others are available in my latest book available in Bookazine on Sukhumvit Road in Bangkok. Not on the shelves with other authors like Steven Leather, and Dean Barrett, and Chuckwoww, and Andrew Hicks, and Christopher Moore, and Jake Needham, and Col. Ken Oathe, and David Young, and Nicolas Meriwether but in the back. The back? Yes nimrod, my books are in the back of the store. Well, they are not actually in the back of the store, but more like in the back of the building on the other side of the door that says Employees Only.

Some of my books are used to wedge open the door on the alley so that a breeze can come in the back of the building, some of the books are used to level out the coffee pot because the table is kinda crooked, some of the books are used to soak up a leak in the bathroom, and some of the books are used as packing material when books by other authors are being mailed to collectors worldwide. Some books by authors are treasured and marked with underlinings, and margin notes, and yellow highlighter pens. Some books by authors are treasured as first editions, or presented at book signings for author inscriptions, or passed down in the family as treasured heirlooms and parts of the financial estate. My books are torn to pieces and used for packing material. It's my niche.

Example: If Bookazine gets a 50,000 book order from the Uzbekistan National Library and Plowshare Sharpening Association for the latest novel by Dean Barrett my books go with the order—as packing material. I and he. Or he and me. Or I and him. OK, I'm not some limp wristed slack assed grammarian guy. The point is I'm playing with the big boys now. The Deanster and the Danaster.

Sure a lot of attention is fawned on the authors who have books displayed at eye level in the main store on shiny stainless steel racks under nuclear flash lighting and with publishers discount coupons on display as well as stand-up cardboard cutouts of the author smoking his pipe or firing his AK-47: but why always do the easy thing? How many of these authors have books being used to soak up urine leaks around the toilet? The important thing is that my books are in a bookstore. So go over to the Bookazine and ask to use the bathroom.

214. Side Effects

TT&A Part 199 27/10/2007

Side effects. Ever think about side effects? Well, if you are a young man you probably don't think about side effects because you don't have to. A surfeit of testosterone surging through the plumbing and tissues of your body makes any time spent on reflection, and philosophy, and good habits unnecessary. You are full of jet fuel. Think about side effects? "I'm not afraid of no stinkin' side effects."

But the older man begins to think about side effects. Side effects listed on the medication sheet they give you when they hand you your drugs at the Pharmacy. Side effects of thoughts that can lead to impulsive choices like suicide or homicide. Side effects of actions that can lead to accident or death—like renting motorbikes in Thailand. Nothing is free and every thought, or action, or inaction can trigger another ripple in the pond of your life. Side effects are Life's way of saying: we are paying attention to the Ying and the Yang of your existence; and we are keeping score, and you are not going to get away with anything.

Think of your sojourn in life being measured and calculated by a giant all knowing cosmic Thai girlfriend who hears everything, and knows everything, and can predict everything, and is predisposed to exact retribution when you behave foolishly. Forget about silly ideas like Free Will and Self Determinism and all the rest of the jolly western world's foolish philosophies. Side effects are the universe's way of saying: "Our turn now— you had your fun and now it is time to pay the bill."

Example: Not long ago I was staggering across Cambridge Street in the middle of the night with my head about to explode. I was staggering because I was losing my faculties to greater powers, and I knew my condition was a side effect of high blood pressure and a precursor of cardiac events or brain embolism issues. Twice before I had been foolish in my life regarding lifestyle health issues, and I had made this trip in the back of an ambulance. Now I was staggering in the cold lonely February night. As soon as I was laying in the bed in the Emergency Room the Mass General nurse gave me the standard paperwork to sign that absolves them of any responsibility if they should screw up. One of the conditions that they could not be found liable for in a long list of conditions was a little thought of condition called 'decapitation'.

Decapitation? Hey, I've heard of side effects of incompetence, or extreme medical intervention but this is ridiculous. Isn't it? Hello, I'm asking a question here. Decapitation? Isn't that when your head has been removed from your body? Isn't that when someone cuts your head off? Is that a problem here at the hospital? Hey, has this happened so many times at Massachusetts General Hospital that the hospital attorneys have recommended that it be included in the negative side effects list?

Hospital attorneys to members of Dana's family:

"Yes, we agree that he asked to be admitted to the hospital because he had broken his toe. And yes we agree that the toe is nowhere near the head. And yes we agree that we removed his head from his body by accident. But no we do not agree that we should be held liable for medical malpractice. Dana signed a Medical Waiver sheet upon admittance that specifically mentioned decapitation as something that we could not be held liable for. And no, the inclusion of decapitation does not constitute unreasonable protection for ourselves. After all, the Medical Waiver that the incoming patient is required to read, and to understand, and to sign does not mention:

1. Setting the patient's body on fire.
2. Causing the patient's body to explode.
3. Cutting the patient's body in half.
4. Grafting another penis on to the end of the patient's nose.
5. Removing the patient's eyes and replacing with bottle caps.

Your honor, we request this hearing be annulled because the Massachusetts General Hospital Patient Waiver Form complies with contract law and the 'reasonable man act' which states that it only presents ideas that reasonable men would think of on their own."

And how would I sue the hospital if my head had been removed? Anyway, my head hurt from elevated blood pressure and I was scared of my immediate future if I did not get medical intervention. I signed the paper.

Now, as I am typing this, I am sick with something else so I am on 250 mg. of Cipro every 12 hours and the Google list of side effects includes 'tendon tearing'. Tendon tearing? OK, you've got my attention so I will not be going skating tomorrow; but still ... tendon tearing? Exactly how does that happen? Do the tendons just spontaneously tear? Is this a common enough problem that the Cipro lawyers insist on it being put in the list of side effects? Christ on a cracker what kind of a world do we live in? Decapitation and tendon tearing from the medical professionals who have sworn to heal and to succour? And now dear reader it is segue time.

What kind of a world do we live in? Well, the kind of a world where the man beyond youth engorged testosterone foolishness has to think about side effects. Ergo: what are the side effects of spending time in Thailand? Hey, let's do a list. Let's pretend that some cosmic pharmacist is handing over the counter a bottle full of Thailand to solve whatever ails you. Your physician wrote out

‘Thailand’ as a prescription for what ails you and the pharmacist is now handing over the little white bag. Inside the bag are the pills and the attached paperwork telling you about dosages and legal exotica and side effects. Your doctor did not mention any of the side effects in his office when he made the recommendation. He just asked you if you had ever taken ‘Thailand’ before and if so, did you have any negative experiences. You said no to both questions. OK, the list of side effects on the attached paperwork in the bag.

1. Food poisoning (you will beg to die).
2. Tranny nipple spiking (you will think you died).
3. Real estate swindles (you will wish you were dead).
4. Gem scams.
5. Getting beat up by hoodlums (another near death experience).
6. Heart broken by girlfriend (no reason to live).
7. Stuff stolen by skank, cruiser, whore, or prostitute.
8. Alcoholism (the living death).
9. Loss of dignity (why go on).
10. Loss of health (dying).
11. Nigerian banking schemes.
12. ATM thefts (makes alcoholism seem like a good idea).
13. Local bank habits sending blood pressure through the roof.
14. Local surgeon incompetency (solly sir, wrong leg).
15. Aids (death sentence).
16. Think you have Aids. Think someone else has Aids.
17. Other STD issues (OK, I’m blind but it was worth it).
18. Automobile or motorbike accident (but officer, he hit me).
19. Snake bite (now I know what ‘Snay ‘n House’ means).
20. Parasail accident (farang must pay anyway).

OK, there are some of the potential (or guaranteed) side effects of you being in Thailand. Many of them have the words death, or dying, or praying for death, or wish to die attached to them.

Paradise is great—isn't it? There are many more and of course many of the side effects are what are called multiples. That is, they can happen to you more than once.

Example: if you flip a coin one thousand times it may come up heads 500 times and it may come up tails 500 times. On the other hand it may come up tails 1000 times. Oh, the wacky world of math. In other words, it might be possible to be an expat in Thailand and drive in traffic without trouble, or problem, or accident 3650 times (once a day for ten years—twice a day for five years)—OR—it might also happen that you have 3650 accidents (once a day for ten years—or—twice a day for five years). Could happen. And it is all a side effect of being in Thailand. Neat huh? Ah, paradise.

Similarly it might be that you could happily and thoughtlessly bonk without a condom every day and stay healthy. Or you might catch every STD that it is possible to get and many of them more than once. Could happen. And what would this medical horror that your life had turned into be a side effect of … ? Why being in Thailand of course. Russian roulette is a fool's game where you put only one bullet in the gun, spin the chamber, and then pull the trigger. Your odds of a bad experience are one in six. I figure my odds of having a bad medical experience in Thailand are now about six in six. A reasonable man would stop. But then we are talking about me. But I digress …

Soooooo … it occurs to me that upon landing in Thailand, just like landing in the emergency ward of Massachusetts General Hospital, some nurse-like official at Bhumi airport should present you with a clipboard with a paper on it that lists all of the side effects to visiting the Kingdom that the Kingdom can not be held responsible for. The above twenty listed items would of course be on the list as well as many others. Decapitation would not be on the list but penis amputation would be on the list. That's right, penis amputation. I forgot to mention that side effect of being in Thailand when I was banging out the list of twenty common side effects at the start of this tutorial, but now it occurs to me in huge mental letters. Penis amputation you say? Never heard of it? Well, then you are now like me not long ago laying in the bed at Massachusetts General hospital and staring at the word decapitation and trying to puzzle it out.

That's right, penis amputation. When Thai girls get upset sometimes they cut off their lover's penis. Just another potential side effect to visiting the Land of Smiles. Hey, at least you didn't lose your big head. So anyway, in conclusion: visiting Thailand can have side effects. Are all the side effects negative? No, other side effects might be positive side effects. Thailand is a wonderful country full of wonderful people so wonderful things might happen to you while in the Kingdom. The thing is: positive side effects are interesting to people, but negative side effects are repeatable to people. For reasons not yet divined; humans are attracted like iron filings to a magnet to negative stories full of negative dramas and character assassination. Tell a negative story about someone else, or some place else, or some thing else and you have everyone's attention. Others will appear to bolster and endorse your story or opinion or experience. But tell a positive story about positive people, or places, or things and you are lucky to get a yawn.

Well, positive experiences count too and positive side effects can change your life in a good way. That is why it can benefit you when interacting with a different culture to mix it up a little.

1. You say you are not really interested in cooking? Take the cooking class anyway. Something good might happen.

2. You say your girlfriend wants you to come to the bar at 4 in the afternoon because it is her day to redo the Buddha shrine: new candles, and new incense, and new food, and new drink, and new flowers. You couldn't care less? Go anyway, you might have fun. People might respond to you differently if you stand there and keep your mouth shut and hand up to her incense sticks, and candles, and food, and drink, and flowers. Don't try to be hip, or show your knowledge of 'Buddhism', or run off at the mouth about how you 'respect' her beliefs. Westerners are sales people. They are always trying to sell something. Stop the selling. Just be there and keep your mouth shut.

3. Your wife wants you to go to Wat Po and take the massage school classes but you don't want to go to Wat Po and subject yourself to mumbo jumbo because you know that all massage in Thailand is bogus and the nation's shame? Go anyway. You might find that non-red-light zone tourists are interesting and ordinary Thais have something to offer.

4. You say you do not want to dress up on vacation? Try it anyway. Dress way up. You might find that ordinary Thais respond to you differently and treat you differently. You might have a positive experience as a side effect of looking adult and successful and civilized.

5. See that nut brown Thai man in the ragged shorts and torn flip-flops directing Indian tourists into the boat for the all day Ko Larn beach-and-boating tour? You can tell just by looking at him that you and he have nothing in common. Really? Try again—speak to him. You might find that he owns the business and that he has a bigger house than you in Chonburi. You might also find that he speaks five languages (Thai, German, Japanese, Indian, and English) and that his passport has more stamps than your passport does. But best of all—you might find that you have

something in common. A side effect of speaking to a Thai in Thailand.

So there are negative side effects and there are positive side effects. It all counts. Positive side effects of being in Thailand might include:

1. Regaining your health with better diet, and more sunshine, and more laughing.
2. Falling in love and being in love the rest of your life.
3. Being so happy, and having so much fun, that your need for medications is cut in half.
4. Becoming a more interesting person.
5. Catching up on lost time in the gender relations department.
6. Gaining wisdom through experience.
7. Learning more about yourself.
8. Meeting interesting people.
9. Learning to balance pride and prejudice.
10. Developing tremendous lower back strength from daily bonking.

Side effects guys. Nothing is free. Everything has to be earned, and every action initiates another action or reaction. Your whole life is an evidentiary stagger through chaos theory where the beat of a butterfly's wing is somehow later connected to a tsunami in Indonesia. That girl you spent condomless time with in Chiang Mai? Is there a connection between her soft brown arms and your loss of weight with brain addled fear now? Who knows? But you did not have this health issue before you came to the Kingdom. It's the old Ying and Yang of life making sure that you are in the mixmaster—and it isn't cookie dough that the swirling blades of life are mixing up—it is your life. Side effects on side effects and more side effects being tumbled in on other side effects by the spinning blades of life. Makes western blathering about Free Will look pretty silly doesn't it. Ever spent time between a girls legs with your tongue in Thailand? A girl of easy virtue and 500 baht needs? Think you are going to walk away from that? Think again. Throw the dice enough times and everything comes up. I am amazed at my good health.

Side effects. Side effects of leaving the hotel, or the apartment, or the condo, or the house every day in Thailand and being a player. Good things can happen if you are on the field. You might fall on the ball in a good way. But it is not the good things that clutch at your heart. It is the incoming mortar, or the zip of tracers, or the boom-boom-boom of distant big guns that gets your attention. Negative side effects. Loss of dignity. Loss of money. Loss of health. Loss of dreams. Loss of love. And the big one—loss of time. Enough to keep me away? No ... what are you—nuts? My plane takes off in January and I will be on the boardwalk in Pattaya smiling at smilers. Side effects?

“I’m not afraid of no stinkin’ side effects.”

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215. Madness of Love

TT&A Part 200 3/11/2007

Introduction

> *"Call me Ishmael. Some years ago—never mind how long precisely—having little or no money in my purse, and nothing particular to interest me on shore, I thought I would sail about a little and see the watery part of the world. It is a way I have of driving off the spleen, and regulating the circulation. Whenever I find myself growing grim about the mouth; whenever it is a damp, drizzly November in my soul; whenever I find myself involuntarily pausing before coffin warehouses, and bringing up the rear of every funeral I meet; and especially whenever my hypos get such an upper hand of me, that it requires a strong moral principle to prevent me from deliberately stepping into the street, and methodically knocking people's hats off - then, I account it high time to get to sea as soon as I can. This is my substitute for pistol and ball. With a philosophical flourish Cato throws himself upon his sword; I quietly take to the ship. There is nothing surprising in this. If they but knew it, almost all men in their degree, some time or other, cherish very nearly the same feelings towards the ocean with me."*—Herman Melville, "Moby Dick" (1851)

And so was writ large and everlasting the Western man's Thai monger anthem and delight that presaged today's Thailand and Thai matters for the farang by one hundred years and fifty six years. Thailand was known as Siam back then; and a smile was a smile, and a time increment was a while, and a sarong was a tailor's nemesis. The glory days of Siamese innocence, and tropical passion, and unexamined mating were the social fossils of the future. A future of change, and disappointment, and emotional denouement for everyone.

And so with me. I have enjoyed writing and thinking about the Land of Smiles, and the gigabytes of wiles, and the soaring and dipping of emotional albatross and petrel and gull. But it is coming to an end. Everything goes until it stops; and I now find that the channeled, fevered, productive, smile inducing writing of the past is more likely to be replaced by the delights of a gin-and-tonic as I focus uncertainly on the keyboard or an orchid I can see in the window box. The barometer is dropping, and the land breeze is being replaced by a sea breeze; and the wily keyboard mariner knows that change is coming. Best to look at the chafing bits at the bow, and calculate lee shore moves to be able to soldier on. I expect to keep visiting Thailand as the sea turtle keeps lumbering ashore at the same beach, and for the same reasons; but I do not expect to have much more to say. My egg laying days are done. Hopefully some of my wildly flaying progeny will make it from sand to shore to cold welcome water and live on in literary swimming.

You can only dig so much meat out of a conch shell before you hear the scraping sound of metal on bone and you know that the bottom of the well has been plumbed. This submission entitled: MADNESS OF LOVE is my last submission and I hope it brackets the less contemplative and more youthful submissions of many years ago. Good luck to you Stickmanites and remember: none of it is real, and none of it really counts in the Kingdom unless your heart is fully engaged.

So forget about the predatory, and the ego, and the story; just look her in the eyes, and listen to her when she sighs, and be alert to the glory. God, even the God you might not believe in; is smiling at you in the Kingdom. Just let the cosmic neutrinos of love rip through you and leave in their mysterious wake an open heart and an open mind. And then you'll be able to say: "She walked on golden sands—every word borne on gossamer wings—like a daffodil in an English breeze—she tipped her head—and said when I walked in ... 'man's home'

'Man's Home'—no more powerful potion. It trumps every visual clue. The blind man's equalizer and the start of every love day new. If you are in Thailand you are not normal. Like Ishmael who survived by clinging to a bursting-from-the-depths-coffin; you are surviving by clinging to a bursting-from-the-past Siam. Thailand may be Siam's indecent sister but a flawed diamond is still a diamond, and a God with a limp is still a God. So be happy with your caroming off the Kingdom status, and be happy with your farang plight. You are one of the lucky ones. You are one of the witnesses to paradise. You got to participate. You got to say: "I remember when".

And so me: I got to say "I remember when" by writing and writing and writing. And so this last submission entitled: MADNESS OF LOVE

Chapter One: Johannesburg, South Africa
Chapter Two: The Registration Center
Chapter Three: Bunny Boots and Briefcases
Chapter Four: United Nations Report
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Chapter Seven: Reverse Evolution
Chapter Eight: United Nation's Log
Chapter Nine: Testament and Promise

(... literary curtain opens ...)

One: Johannesburg, South Africa

Ever take a long bread knife after a meal and just press it down hard on the table and sweep the crumbs and meal debris onto the floor? That's what happened to the top of Table Mountain in

Johannesburg, South Africa at the beginning of the great war. Gigantic open pit mine bulldozers, and controlled burns, and helicopter gunships from fifteen nations working in concert with the host country and the United Nations removed all housing, and commercial buildings, and infrastructure, and animals, and plants, and people. The top of Table Mountain was swept clean. Resisters were shot. The land was salted and bleached. Tourist brochures in South Africa will tell you that 'The panorama (from Table Mountain) stretches from Table Bay to False Bay and around the mountain to the Hout Bay Valley and Kommetjie'. But none of the activity on top of Table Mountain at the beginning of the great war was about the view.

Landing strips were installed, air space was secured, and underground bunkers were built. Then came concertina wire, and dogs, and lights, and defensive ground-to-air missiles. South Africa the host country was then notified by Interpol and the United Nations that different air corridors would be in effect during the registration process. Security measures were tight but not draconian. This was not the meeting place, only the registration center. The meeting place would be far to the south under the cover of the Aurora Australis lit polar night.

Two: The Registration Center

A plague was afoot and world leaders and world organizations were putting together an army. Professional soldiers, and citizen soldiers, and noncombatants (snitches) were needed in every country by the millions. The Table Mountain registration center only wanted to know two things:

1. Who are you?
2. How many people do you control?

Example: My name is Pimwee and I am the federation leader of the tribes on the south side of the Rio Jurua river in western Brazil. I control 712 people.

Example: My name is Marco—underground union leader of Paraguay and I control 14,000 people.

Example: My name is Min Lek and I am a mamasan that controls 29 Thai-only brothels in northern Thailand! I control over 1900 Thais including girls and assorted employees and family members. They obey or they starve.

Example: My name is Big John Texas and I control over 17,000 employees and their families through my assorted oil and gas wells, and cracking plants, and distribution centers. I have never laid an employee off. They will walk through fire for me. Who are we fighting?

Example: My name is Neha Sherawat, the most popular opera star of India, and I can influence millions and millions and millions of people. I can promise all of India's five major religions will come together to fight this scourge.

Example: My name is Boris Tarasov of Pattaya. I control all of the mototaxis from Soi 10 to Walking Street and up to Third Road. I expect to recruit 423 riders and their allegiance to me, and to Interpol, and to South Africa the host country, and to the United Nations, and to the citizens of the world is complete. We welcome the opportunity to help purge the world of this pestilence. I also have wholesale stingray wallets for sale.

Defensive measures taken in South Africa were only what was necessary. The registration process was not the main event. It was just names and numbers. Who could be depended upon, and in what numbers, and in what parts of the world, and with what resources to fight the scourge? Registration facilitators and managers were careful to make sure that not too many people were landing, or taking off, or counseling at the same time. However, the gathering place was another thing entirely.

Three: Bunny Boots And Briefcases

The largest desert in the world also has the lowest (per anything) native population—zero. The interior high dry polar plateau desert fastness was the ideal place for the world's most important meeting. Research scientists from sixteen research stations were removed, and the whole continent went into total lock down mode. From remote and trivial Bellinghausen and Macquire, to coastal huggers like McMurdo and Mawson and the Dumont d'Urville; research stations were all evacuated. Russian and British stragglers were shot. Research is the plaything of stable societies. A scourge from Thailand was challenging the world. Difficulty of access meant secure airspace; and no place was more totally guarded and safe. A gathering place for the ages got to by transporting oneself to Punta Arenas, Chile; and then flying and praying to Palmer Station. God bless the charged particles of Aurora Australis. God bless Antarctica.

ICBM proof concrete lined Buckminster Fuller era domes lead to underground ice bunkers with every convenience for the world's leaders. And for the first time in the history of the Earth no political parameters were placed on who could come to a meeting. The only requirement was that you be a leader with dominion over some of the Earth's people. Nothing else mattered. Terrorists sat beside victims, Jews sat beside Christians, Buddhists sat beside pornographers, and Thai gem scam touts sat next to marks … it didn't matter what your record was as a human or what you espoused. The only thing that mattered was that you had influence over people: you were a leader who people would listen to and you loved your people. Or you didn't love your people. But the people would listen to you. And so they came and so they deplaned from all over the world in their big military style white rubber bunny boots carrying their big important briefcases full of speeches and paperwork and fear. Every one of them looking pregnant with manly and womanly importance and every one of them scared witless. Charged particles, hearts full of fear, and an uncertain future; the great triumvirate of a meeting inexorably tied to the future.

Four: United Nations Report

The reason for the meeting? A worldwide phenomenon was afoot that was, depending on your point-of-view; growing like a cancer or growing like a yeast. Cancer is a death sentence. Yeast is a food. There wouldn't be any meeting of the minds on this, or middle way of the Yogi, or negotiated peace settlement with photo opportunity pictures, or books later issued on the beauties of compromise, or non-confrontational Thai smiles to smooth the rough spots of social interaction. A battle was glimmering on the horizon line of history that would make the downward spiraling vortex of chaos in your toilet bowl look like a butterfly landing on a tulip.

Five: Interpol

What was this phenomenon that had world leaders of disparate ideologies banding together in the harmony of fear? Danaism. That's right: Danaism was, like the infestation of the future, afoot in the land and worming into the hearts and minds of humans. Originally born of the fourth spiral arm of the Torndule galaxy it was now on Earth. Danaism, the watchword and the soul ingot of the ego supreme, was now growing in power and influence in every bamboo and thatch village, and forest tribe, and suburban home, and Hi-So glass towered monument to mammon. Danaism was now the greatest single threat to the powers-that-be and the greatest unionizer of unlike minds in history.

Danaism: originally of stardust origin; most recently incubated in Thailand, was now not even pan-Asian. It was worldwide and growing. Using the plastic smile culture of modern Siam as a host, the parasite fed and waited until it was time to abandon the chrysalis and fly. Goodbye Thailand—hello world.

Finally, Interpol got involved. Telephone calls were made, and meetings were held, and office space was leased to coordinate the worldwide investigation. Experts in Stickmanbangkok.com issues, and Stickmanbangkok.com personalities, and experts in Haitian voodoo, and mental illness, and religious mental aberrations, and cults, and health counseling, and suicide prevention, and issues of hero and personality worship, and experts with wildly divergent opinions on Danaism were all brought to bear on the worldwide problem.

To wit: recently there had been a global increase in the number of individuals involved in self flagellation, interior downward spiraling of ego, idol worship, and bedroom alter construction. Normal fixation of celebrity or societal heroes was ordinary and attracted no attention; but these incidents now coming in from Canada, and Honduras, and Tasmania, and Germany, and the highlands of New Guinea, and Adelaide, and Bora Bora, and west Greenland, and Japan, and one hundred and eighty other countries now had the appearance of a disturbing groundswell of mental aberration and unhealthy individual fixation that best be looked into. Government leaders and the money men behind the governments were disturbed, and puzzled, and frightened. The participants in Danaism were not talking, or no longer capable of forming basic verbal social constructs. Their new world of love unrequited had taken over. They had become monsters. Lovers of Dana. Danaists. Empty ego shells filled to bursting with love for someone who would never love them back. The world had never seen the like before.

Example:
Year 2017
Country: Brazil
City: Recife

Finally too many calls had come in to the precinct police station to be ignored so a cruiser was sent to the suburban address. From the street no sound could be heard and no clue espied. But once inside the front door that fell open to the policeman's baton a spooky voodoo far away chanting, and murmuring, and grunting, and moaning, and breathy desperate screeching could be heard coming from the hall that led to the bedrooms.

There were three bedroom doors but one of them was warm to the touch, and had faint acrid tendrils of smoke escaping between the door and the door frame. Pushing open the bedroom door visited upon the police a vision of horror and assumed insanity of such magnitude that one of them fainted dead away. Went down like a tree. The figure inside the bedroom heard nothing. A continuous sound system loop of wave crashing sounds, and small animals crying, and soi dogs barking, and a human gasping for air blocked out all outside influences and made a cell of altered sanity and fevered worship of the bedroom.

The walls and the ceiling were covered with hundreds of pictures of Dana in all photo sizes. Dana exiting the Nana Hotel, and Dana with girls, and Dana getting off the plane at Don Muang, and Dana checking into the AA Hotel in Pattaya, and Dana cruising the boardwalk near Soi 13/0, and Dana entering the Internet 24/7 chat room near Soi 10, and Dana in Chiang Mai riding an elephant, and Dana going down the Ping river on a bamboo raft, and Dana in a bathing suit emerging from the pool at the Nana Hotel, and Dana eating lunch at Foodland on Soi 5 in Bangkok. Hundreds of close up and telephoto color and black-and-white images taken without authorization, and affixed to the interior alter of the Brazilian suburban tract house bedroom. A temple of fixation and obsession and love. In addition to the pictures of Dana there were hundreds of printed out copies of application forms for the Dana Fan Club all filled out and stuck to the walls and strewn about the floor and used as pillow and mattress stuffing.

Various dead and dying animals hung from hooks and were impaled on the walls, the air was thick with incense and smoke, and the floor was covered with dirt, and bits of sharp glass, and feathers, and bones, and wet glistening boogers, and clumps of hair. The figure kneeling before a candle alter was naked except for a Nana Hotel restaurant napkin loin cloth. Rings with Dana's face sculpted in silver adorned the toes, and the fingers, and the lips, and the nose, and the eyelids, and the earlobes, and the belly button, and the scrotum of the gaunt aged El Greco figure. Around his neck hung a sign that said in dried blood letters:

PLEASE LOVE ME

From the neckline to the wrists, and down to the tops of the feet; the body was adorned with crude self administered tattoos of Dana. There was a laminated silver framed picture of Dana in back of the candles on the bedroom alter. The picture was a cross with a modern figure stabbing Dana in the side with a bamboo pole. The figure with the pole was crying and Dana on the cross looked calm and exultant. The figures in the painting wave and flicker in the pungent light of one hundred candles but their essences remain. One is the supplicant—the other is the unresponsive well of love.

The sound of the kneeling figure's crying is spasmodic and without time or ego. A mammal who has lost the touchstone of it's species in the immolation of love for another. Love that will never be returned. The back of the figure is slashed and bleeding from chains and lengths of barbed wire self administered in joyful flagellation; and the bottoms of the feet are cut and bleeding from the white pea gravel and cut shards of glass on the bedroom floor. Arterial bleeding is a death sentence, all else is a gift of love. The smell of blood, and tears, and feathers, and bones, and urine soaked loin cloth, and incense, and candle wax, and dead and dying animals, and photos turning brown and curling with age is the smell of love unreturned. Altered sanity as the salve for the tortured soul.

As the Recifean police officers move to step into the room their vantage point changes and they can see the face of the man in the mirror.

It is the face of … well, the face is not really important. Some tragedies exceed the trivia of specific humanity. Sometimes sadness and pity trump all else. So thought the police in this home in this east coast city of South America's largest country. They just shut the door, walked back down the bedroom hallway, and exited the house. A departmental report was made but no news bulletin was issued. No city agencies, or volunteer groups, or churches, or mental health counselors were notified. The police officers had seen excess and they had identified it as beyond themselves. But they had misjudged. Where they saw individual madness—others worldwide saw emotional need incandescent and powerful. Today that self-same prisoner of unrequited love is probably still swaying and moaning before the alter of Dana in a room full of reminders of something that will never happen. Love from Dana. Don't pity him. He is one of the lucky ones. He will receive the final invitation.

Six: Notes From Antarctica Meeting

"So—what is so worrying about personal desires and personal choices in the privacy of one's own home? In theory, nothing;

but the world does not run on theory, the world runs on power. The power to influence, and the power to tax, and the power to intimidate, and the power to lead. The problem that concerns world leaders and the invisible men behind the world leaders is that these worshipers of Dana can not be influenced, or taxed, or intimidated, or led. They will join no armies, and they will sing no patriotic songs, and they will pay no taxes, and they will wave no flags, and they will march in no parades, and they will marry no women, and they will support no vote issues, and they will show up at no rallies, and they will laugh at no jokes. Don't even mention condoms. Their interior emotional and spiritual landscape is complete and self-sufficient. They have slipped the surly bonds of rationality, and needless peer pressure, and absurd materialism, and silly mainstream striving, and useless preoccupation with time, and nut house competitive urges; and left behind the tawdry concerns of silly humans. Give them a brass begging bowl and an orange robe and they could masquerade as Buddhists. But they are not Buddhists. They are Danaists. They lay at the spiritual interface of water and shore and let the liquid soothing waves of Danaism wash over them. They are no longer of this Earth. And having left the Earth they are ready for the final frontier of reverse evolution. Buddhism preaches Nirvana through forward and upward spiritual progress. Danaism offers salvation through reverse cosmic transmigration. Hence the shore gatherings of millions of advance worshipers and time travelers all over the world. One foot on the beach and one foot in the water they wait for the final sign. Beyond influence, beyond taxation, beyond fear."

This was part of the message sent to world leaders as a warning, and an explanation, and a call-to-arms as a result of the meeting many miles south and west of Palmer Station in Antarctica. It was the cornered rat's squeak masquerading as a call to war. Witless world leaders faced with the inner demon of their own inferiority. If they rounded a building and bumped into Dana it would be power-to-influence checkmate; and every single one of them knew that.

Inattentive fools were seduced by the 'gone-to-ground' and 'off-the-grid' reality sponsored by no recent Dana sightings; but governments, and Dana hunters, and Dana worshipers were not fooled. It was simply the Waiting Time. Astronomical speculators like to pontificate about the moment of the Big Bang. Big words and flashy cocktail chatter for the college crowd: but deeper thinkers and cosmic time travelers know that before the Big Bang was the Waiting Time—all of it preordained by dark matter dimensions and calculators beyond our ability to even speculate.

But great and powerful influencers most comfortable with philosophies and actions of impulse, and mammon, and self-interest, and violence can sometimes stumble across simple ideas; and this was the idea that the bunny boot snow crunching crowd from aurora australis nights had taken back to their respective governments, and tribes, and cultures, and string pullers, and financiers.

'Dana was amongst us and his destiny was not the destiny of humans.'

Like ancient mariners instinctively presaging a coming storm by paying attention to the rising hairs on the backs of their necks; the world leaders and world influencers were playing their own waiting game—waiting for Dana to appear. There are only two kinds of actors: pro-active and reactive. They needed Dana to step on stage for the drama to start.

Seven: Reverse Evolution

Just as the Universe will someday finally start the great gradual reversing that will bring it once again to it's Big Bang implosion starting point; Danaites responding to Danaism were waiting for the sign to wade back into the water and leave Homo Sapienism behind. Every system peaks before the final inexorable downward spiral of entropy and chaos begins, and Dana's visit on Earth had been the final pinprick peak of human evolution. There was no final mutation, or adjustment, or improvement possible. There was no Patong beach rainbow, or Doi Suthep sunrise, or Mekong river mist future that held a bigger dream or a bigger pleasure or a bigger future. Trivial night time mental meanderings on the third rock from the sun had no landscape or spiritual touchpoints to attract attention or give hope. The only thing left was reversal. The time had come. It was Dana Time.

Dana speaks:

"Reverse evolution? Is this reverse evolution or evolution? Was it evolution to go from stardust, and cosmic gases, and dark matter thoughts, and time killing pressures, and neutrino conundrums to carbon based life forms? The Universe is still laughing at that one. Pleeeeeeze. Carbon based life forms. What a joke! Come with me and we will wade into the sea and back in time to purer moments. Moments of primary numbers, and primary colors where no improvement is possible. But for the time being we will call it reverse evolution so that you will be able to explain it to your friends: carbon based life forms that think children have value, and shopping with coupons shows intelligence, and deodorant is a necessity. Bring your friends. Few will survive the journey but the footprints on the beach will give courage to others. Even in the Universe it is always a numbers game."

Dana had not been seen or heard from for years and his silence had simply augmented his memory and further mythologized his ascent to godhead status. If he was hiding out in the mountain gorges of Pakistan, or the boring jungle west of Sanglaburi, or huddling under fallen trees in Amazonia, or tipping over rocks for bugs in the Philippine archipelago, or hiding in a Khao Sok cave, or smoking big bongs with a hermit in Mai Sai it did not matter. Neither did it matter if his life form was losing warmth and future and handing back atomic energies to the Universe. The die had been cast and the wheel had turned. The Church of Dana had been wiped out by frightened governments, and the Dana Fan Club had been hounded into hiding; but Dana and Danaism lived on in the hearts of the visionaries and the worshippers who knew that the path of personal salvation and happiness lead back to the sea. But it was a cold lonely road even in the hot and humid incubator of Thailand. Only the tough would survive and it was a tough love journey. You loved Dana. He did not love you. Reciprocal love was the human invention that marked the Earth's inhabitants as not even worth a pit stop to cosmic travelers. Only the weak expect love as some kind of social currency. Danaism was a one way road of worship and need. You got what you wanted, and you got what you needed; and you received more than you could have dreamed by consorting with humans. A declaration of hierarchy and need never more clearly stated than in one of his last messages to the faithful.

We Will Meet In Opposition

"In a particle accelerator some particles race side by side. Shared experiences in time. Having a life experience like this can be seductive but delusional. It is not the most intense experience available to you. The most intense experience available to you is always when you see a sign through the windshield on a dark night that says THE END. Similarly at Cern, sometimes particles of opposition are introduced. As speeds of imminent immolation increase so does the experience deepen. Imagine yourself before the contact—total embolistic fear. Fear? Shouldn't it be acceptance? Particle accelerators and physics experiments at Cern. What a joke. Legos for the limited desperately looking for order when entropy and randomness are the sex acts of infinity. To state the obvious: You and I are not equal. You are ordinary. I am on the way to God status.

You are the issue of parental loins that thought voting was important, and that trees want to be hugged, and that whales should be saved. Saving whales! What a joke: more carbon based life forms the Universe laughs at. The Cosmos doesn't need whales and trees: it needs neutrinos that can polka, and photons that can sing, and Thai women on every planet. Whales are at the top of the food chain. Knocking off the top of the food chain has little effect on the hierarchy of life. More emotional and carbon based life form stupidity. Carbon. What a joke. Do you think any intelligent life in the Universe is made of carbon? Please ... it is gases, and pressure, and heat, and Thai women that leads to life form diversity and intelligence. You know a bar on Soi 11 in Bangers (aren't you clever) where the girls wear kneepads and they have had their teeth taken out to serve the customers; and you have a well respected model train set in the basement of your house in Chonburi; and you gave a talk at the Pattaya Expat Club on the morals/ethics regarding stem cell research? Just shut up. Shut up before I rip out your tongue. Give you a head start on reverse evolution. You are not going to need a tongue as you wade into the sea and start your journey backwards in time. I'll show you dark matter, and let you slide down the cone of space-time around the lip of a black hole, and introduce you to a star nursery. Talk. You'll forget that nonsense. And you will dream of becoming me.

We are not equal. I am on the way to God status. A stardust cosmic traveler without blood or hope or time. Think about it: no blood or hope or time. Freedom. We will meet in opposition. A living Cern experiment for you, a trivial neutrino slicing through for me. It can not be any other way. But neither will you wish for anything else—the physics of reverse evolution, and Danaism, and a cold indifferent cosmic hand clutching your heart is your salvation. I am from the dark side of the Torndule galaxy in the fourth spiral of the Gorndorf nebula arm. My stay on Earth will be short but your name is on the list. You owe me love and you will deliver it unto me. The moment of our meeting in an altered state of immolation for you and a time-space hiccup for me will be your moment of glory. You can not prepare for this, only accept. Acceptance is your salvation.

You are a part of reverse evolution now. Just follow the others. Don't bother speaking—you have nothing to say. And don't worry that your past public and private bleatings and embarrassments of self absorption will be held against you. Your job is to follow—not to think, or feel, or apologize. Gluttony, Greed, Vanity, Lust, Wrath, Sloth, and Envy? No surprises there. You are carbon based. It can never have been any other way. But Dana is here and salvation is nigh. Nothing will be held against you. Nothing you did in your tiresome mammalian sojourn on Earth counted. Your past and present social slobberings will not be held against you. They had no value. They were never bead counted on the Universe abacus. Only I counted. You are now a part of me. And I am stardust. I'm not your father, and I'm not your friend, and I don't love you. I am the future. Follow.

I'll meet you
Where the land meets the sea.
Footprints in sand for you—
Release from Earth for me.

Eight: United Nation's Log

(Binders Six and Seven, Red Series 4, Interpol Security Code OAJDF9: Subject—Plague Data and International Directives—Highest Urgency: STC.)

Attn: Nations of the Earth—The United Nations thinks you can see why the responsible people of the world are concerned and why emails, and snail mails, and text messages, and satellite transmissions, and mamasan phone calls are streaming into Interpol offices at the Registration Center on top of Table Mountain in Johannesburg.

Something has to be done. Danaism of this influence, and ilk, and mind seizing power can not be allowed to run amok, and dilute minds, and tear hearts asunder, and cause a dip in Nana Plaza bar trade. So if you know of anyone in your family, or in your life, or in your village who seems to have fallen under the influence of Dana report it immediately. Be part of the solution. Take responsibility for the human family. And if one of those people is you contact the webmaster of Stickmanbangkok.com immediately. He is cooperating fully with all village, municipal, national, international, mafia, and expat organizations. If you, or a friend, or a family member, or an acquaintance are staggering around in your home with glistening boogers hanging out of your nose, and stuffing your pillow with shredded Dana submissions, and scratching Dana tattoos onto your chest with the pointed end of a Chang beer bottle opener, and crying spasmodically while starring into a candle lit mirror you may need help. Either that or you are an Australian.

Nine: Testament And Promise

My name is Dana and Danaism is here. Danaism, the watchword and the soul ingot of the ego supreme is no longer of the past or the future. Born in the Torndule galaxy and incubated in modern

Siam; it now flies on gossamer wings of cut crystal cult to every corner of the world. Gather at the shore and wait for the signal and we will wade back in Time together. Your briny immolation in Danaism will set you free, and your love of me will cut the cord to the human species. The trivial social experiment on Earth called people is over. It peaked with me. Now we can leave the lab and return to simpler times and cosmic gases. Reverse evolution—you and me. Gather at the shore, and wait for the signal; and we will wade back in Time together. I will take you to a Land of Smiles beyond your most fevered imaginings. I will deliver to you the Madness of Love and you will know what it means to be on the road to Poona. That is my promise to you.

216. Japanese Virgins

13/5/2008

I'm on a trekking tour. It is my first trip to Thailand and I am using the trekking tour as a way to reconnoiter the Thai experience. Cheap and easy and safe. Hey, maybe I won't really like Thailand. Maybe I won't be back. No matter: there are 189 other countries. I don't really know where we are; but that is one of the simply fabulous pleasures of these small group trekking tours wherever you take them. You don't have to know anything. You don't have to know anything about anything. You don't have to be competent, or map knowledgeable, or puzzle over train schedules, or look alert, or even pretend to be interested if you don't want to. You are the child and the group leader is the mommy or the daddy. Your job? Pay the bill and surrender to the pleasures of the child.

And it gets better. You don't have to be social either. You don't have to be friendly or accessible if you don't want to be friendly or accessible. Since you have no family or emotional or debt or employer connections with any of these human beings the standard social extortions have no currency. You do not have to accept a smile if you don't want to and you do not have to offer a smile if you do not want to. Spread your wings and you could fly. Free at last. Great God all mighty: free at last.

Tours are not connected to anything. You are like an astronaut whose tether has broken; content to just tumble towards a meaningless future. No more pretending. What a gift. What an opportunity. You can choose how to spend your social chips. If you are open hearted and charitable and generous it means something; unpolluted by outside influence. You think of the Buddha under the Bodhi tree and wonder about the psychic equation of centered Self and hope giving smile.

Hey, is that what all this Buddha stuff is really all about? Just a question of balance? Your centered Self on one end and your natural desires on the other end? And the balance point in the middle is your point of singularity: your personal nirvana? Just a question of balance? Well, no one has conquered the challenges of balance more than the surfer. Are surfers Buddhas? Was Buddha the first gnarly Indian dude to ride the wave, and hang ten, and shoot the curl, and make it all the way in without wiping out? Is that what a life well lived is really all ab0ut: making it all the way in without wiping out? If I peer at every old temple in India and China and Thailand and Cambodia and Burma and Vietnam will I eventually find a picture of the Buddha surfing?

Anyway, this whole trekking tour tourist thing is almost a Buddhist thing. No yearning or striving, no measuring or competing, no record keeping or defending, no connection to others that needs to be monitored or approved, no anger or self pity. The others in the small group of hipsters are avoiding me. Even better. I can devote more time to not wasting time. Husbanding my resources and conscious of Self as a departure point for charity and generosity to others. Not caring and caring in balance. The Buddha way. Buddha. The ultimate hipster. They'd probably avoid him too. I feel free.

We are waiting for a train that will take us to Kanchanaburi. I don't know where Kanchanaburi is or why we would want to go there; and I have no idea where we are now or why we came here. My geographic knowledge of myself is zero. Hell, I can't even say these wacky polysyllabic linguistically loony Thai place names correctly. And I don't care.

God, what freedom. To not care. The universal seed at the heart of all vacation or retirement talk. To not care. To reach a personal nirvana in your life where you don't have to care anymore and it does not matter. All artificial family, and social, and work, and moral, and debt, and security, and emotional constructs are finally irrelevant. You are free. Now if you could just lick your balls while surfing everything would be perfect. Anyway, the girl guide named Cheri from Melbourne only knows marginally more than I do because this is her first trip also. Hey, that's her problem.

We are in the middle of nowhere and it is blistering hot. Suffocating hot. Dry season for weeks and weeks hot. Lying on a hot road under tons of blankets hot. We wait 3 hours for a mystery train that may or may not come. Welcome to Thailand. Very few specifics have been sucked into this black hole. It is a land, and a people, and a culture, and an experience of maybes. Maybe yes meant yes, and maybe yes meant no; and maybe no meant no, and maybe no meant yes; and maybe! Buddha, the ultimate hipster and cosmic trekker smiles because he knows that it makes no difference whether the train comes or whether the train does not come. Wanting things is the first temptation that leads to the downward spiral. Surf's up.

But we don't smile. We just pant. We wait under the shade of an outdoor restaurant. Lying on the benches. Panting like dogs who have just humped a chair leg. I take a walk with a fellow trekker up the road for about a mile to mine the tourist experience for anything special that we might see in exotic Siam. It is too early for all of the Western scales to have fallen from our bodies. Banana crepes, and henna hands, and tie dyed pants are not enough: we are on vacation, this cost money. We don't want to miss anything.

But all we see is the dispirited dry season landscape of cracked earth, and red dust, and curled leaves, and shriveled fruits. There is not an insect or a bird in flight, and not a sound to be heard from the jungle. Everything with a heart beat has just given up.

Including the people. Trash is strewn about every single house. No exceptions. Not one Thai has said:

“I am going to be different than my neighbors. I am going to set a higher standard.”

Apparently, if you are a Thai homeowner the idea is to make sure trash, and garbage, and paper, and old appliances, and pieces of construction supplies are evenly distributed over the whole property from front to back, and from side to side. Hey, maybe it is a Thai way of declaring territory. You know, like a dog hitting everything in his territory with a spot of piss. Maybe not. Ooh, Asia is so mysterious.

House plants in pots have tipped over in front of every house and no one has fixed them. Good ideas now relegated to the past and evidence of the transitory experience of love. Nobody loves these plants, or their plant lives, or the miracle of life that they offer, or the beauty of blossom and leaf anymore. The enthusiasm of purchase and proud display now just looks like a child’s short attention span. Standing next to the elderly lady trekker in the disorienting heat I am capable of no deep thoughts, but later I wonder if other important parts of these Thais’ lives are treated like the plants; such as their relationships with husband, and wife, and children, and family, and family of man. If you stumble, or fall, or get sick, or end up alone, or lose your bearings in this smiling Kingdom does no one help you up? Does no one remember your past and the good idea you once represented, or is each day completely separate from the days preceding and coming after? Hey, maybe plants in pots lying on their sides is a Buddhist thing. Maybe not. Nobody cares. Apparently. About anything.

At one house we were able to see in the windows. Hey, I wonder how these mysterious people of the east live in exotic Siam?

People not shy to call us inferior foreign devils. The inside was like the outside. Debris evenly spread over every floor surface as if the house were a dump for personal lives with no bearings. Ships without rudders. People without dreams. People who love to say: “You don’t understand the Thai way.” You are correct. I don’t.

Finally, the train comes and stops. Or I should say the train wheezes in and dies. The train station with all of the usual train station accessories like ticket window, and seats, and platform, and stairs, and roof is only fifty more yards but the train doesn’t make it. An impossible dream. Steel is an inorganic man made material about as far away from the worlds of human emotion as it is possible to get, but the overwhelming impression is that this train just took out a Siamese hara kiri knife and committed suicide. Or just died of natural train causes. Hard to know. Looked like willfulness to me as the last gasp of a dying organism clutching at dignity. Looked like suicide. Before crossing the road I stand for a moment and look at the train and reflect on the fact that I just witnessed a train suicide. You don’t see that often; and because I am on one of these trekking tours I’ve got the time for reflection.

Cheri, the politically correct, feminist Nazi tour guide says something in incomprehensible Australian and we roll off the benches and stagger across the road. Next is a scramble up the steep slope of hot dusty blinding white sharp pea gravel and across the tracks where we help each other on board. No station, and no boarding platform, and no ladder or steps, and no one asks us for tickets. None of it seems real but no one asks any questions. Our train has arrived. Happy chemicals are temporarily dumped into tourist blood streams. Be careful what you wish for.

The train is unbelievably hot. Baking in an oven hot. Say your prayers because 'you are not going to be alive at the next station' hot. No comforts. No fans. No air conditioning and no people. That's right: no people. It's a death train and apparently we didn't get the memo. Die foreign devil die. I'm wearing shorts and a T shirt and that is it. I can feel the heat in the bare steel travel right through my feet and up my bones to my knees. It's not the searing flesh burning heat of white quartzite sands, but a deeper denser heavier heat. A heat that will have it's way.

Don't ask me to describe the bathroom. There are roaches lying on their backs holding up little signs that say: "Just Kill Me."

When I open the door there is a something that looks like a scorpion on the seat and it does not move. When I shut the door it also does not move (I opened the door again just to make sure I wasn't imagining this). They should just call this the Crap In Your Pants train because nobody is going to use the toilet. If you've got a girlfriend and she uses the toilet on this train and she doesn't complain: marry her. She's one tough bitch. Or Israeli.

All the windows are broken or missing. OK, maybe the windows are not technically broken. There are no windows. Hey, sign me up for a fourteen hour trip during the monsoon season. I'll pull a giant condom over my whole body to stay dry. Gee Asia is exciting. Nothing but bare steel everywhere. Seat cushions? We don't need no stinking seat cushions. And this monument to Thailand and the Industrial Age crossing on the graph of progress like two tuk tuks T boning themselves at an intersection is slow.

No, wait a minute; that is not right. It is not even that fast. Going slow is an impossible dream for this train. It ambles. Men walking to the hangman's noose move faster. Old ladies with diarrhea headed to the toilet move faster. Trains going to the scrap yard move faster. Moving past a tree limb I have enough time to watch an egg become a larva, and a larva become a pupa, and a pupa become a butterfly and fly off.

But I start to get into it. Little things lose meaning (like crapping in your pants). Time slows down. I can feel the warm steel on my bare feet and I like it. I even like the dirt. I am regressing. Simplifying. Stripping down to essentials. I can feel sweat dripping off my balls and it is a good thing. No one speaks to me and I speak to none of them. It is the 'fxxx you and the horse you rode in on' hot season.

The fields are bare and brown. You can't tell the tapioca fields from the other fields. And you don't care. No energy to ask a local or look it up in a book. It all looks the same and after a moment's reflection you realize it doesn't matter. Buddha time again. A woman comes by selling food. She has left her youth behind her but her wide bare brown feet, and her big hips, and her small breasts and nipples pushing against a Beatles T shirt leaves a sexual wake behind her. OK, I'm hot: but I'm not dead.

Anyway, it looks like food. Ah hell, it must be food. What are the odds? It must be edible. Even if it goes through me like a shell from a battleship I have to eat something. I buy a beer and some mystery meat on a stick. I get a smile and some cleavage. Sweet Jesus on a cracker I'll bet she looks great naked. More curves than a seal colony. Probably thrashes her head like a rag doll in a soi dog's mouth and moans those incomprehensible polysyllabic Thai words.

Drinking and tearing at the meat and hanging out the window is delicious, like a dog riding in a car. I wonder if dogs with their heads hanging out car windows ever think about naked Thai women. I feel slightly dizzy, and I feel slightly heat stroked, and I feel free.

There are two Japanese girls on the tour. College girls. Virgins. Not a single man's fingerprint on either of their bodies. Young. So so young! Still anxious to please. Still interested in other peoples' approval. Still doing what their parents tell them to do. Children in women's' bodies. Lures of Satan. They have the long torso and short leg figures of the Japanese female. Bodies that look as if they were assembled from spare parts. Peasant stock done up with mismatched clothes, and goofy hairstyles, and too much makeup to obscure the fact that they are not special. Pink bows on pigs; but cute pigs, and racially interesting to the tourist. Neither one of them is a beauty queen; but they are young, and clean, and hairless, and innocent, and fertile. Forget Buddha.

They are sticking their heads out the windows and taking pictures of each other. Smiling. Laughing. Happy. Unreflective. Inexperienced. Did I say innocent? Did I say fertile? I walk up beside one; put my arm around her waist, stick my head out the window, and smile for her friend with the camera. I can feel the girl's abdominal muscles cramp and flex beneath my hand. But she doesn't move. I can feel her yearning flowing into me. Everyone is laughing. I love being a tourist.

217. Spiritual

5/3/2009

I'm sick and tired of hearing the word spiritual: as in 'He is very spiritual' or 'They are a spiritual people' or 'This is a spiritual place' etc, blah blah blah. I stopped using the word about ten years ago because I don't know what it means, and I don't think anyone else knows what it means either. It is a word without meaning used by people who do not have the intellectual integrity to ask themselves if they know what they are talking about. Intellectual cocktail party academic suburban shrub mulcher nonsense from the New Agers, young girls still writing poems about their cats, out of work Mohawk Indian steel walkers, and ignorant suit-and-tie people substituting acceptable societal mantras for linguistic precision.

Typical conversation with French (American, New Zealander, Norwegian, German, etc) girl with backpack at the foot of the steps to the Buddhist temple Doi Suthep outside of Chiang Mai, Thailand:

Me: How was your trip to the mountaintop?
Girl: Totally awesome.
Me: Anything in particular impress you?
Girl: Yeah, the monks were so spiritual.
Me: Really? What was so spiritual about them?
Girl: Well, you know—they were just totally spiritual.
Me: Sounds like it. First trip to Thailand?
Girl: Yes.
Me: Anything in particular about the behavior of the monks, individually or as a group, that made them stand out in a spiritual way?
Girl: Where are you from?
Me: America.

Girl: Why don't you go back to Amerika and get blown. Amerika sucks, you suck, and Bush sucks.

The word spiritual (spiritualism, spiritualize, spirit) doesn't seem to lend itself to linguistic precision. And if you challenge someone on the use of the word they get angry. Spiritual and many other words are used by people without any kind of precision and they expect to get away with it. Basically, they want carte blanche to just eject words out of their mouths without regard to anything. This is the way children speak. When children misuse the language we call it charming. When adults do it we call it irritating, boring, and time wasting.

I am especially sick and tired of hearing about ignoramuses described as spiritual. It seems that the more destitute and pitiful a people are the more inclined we are to give them this western gift. They have nothing else, and history tells us that it is extremely unlikely that they will be able to get up out of the mud and the sand in the future; so let us give them this gift. Let us say they are spiritual. The same PC correct westerners who would be affronted if accused of paternalism and colonialism and westernism do this all the time. We give a useless gift to people who may not understand it or deserve it because it makes us feel good to do so. "OK, they are sitting in mud eating bugs—but they are so spiritual." Really?

Example:

1. The aborigines of Australia were 'spiritual' because they made colored hand prints on rocks, jumped around in the firelight with painted faces, and told untrue stories for generations about natural events? Spiritual? No, they were not spiritual. They may have been many wonderful things—but if I can not trust an Abo to paint my barn without spilling the pot, laying the brushes in the dirt, and getting paint on the windows he is not spiritual.

The bar simply has to be higher for this concept than ignorant-unreliable-town drunk-stupid.

Hey, I've got an idea. My name is Dana and I have been leaving the house for about fifty years, and I think about a lot of stuff, and I have some ideas. I say I am spiritual. In fact, I say I am just as spiritual as any Australian outback or coastal stick thrower that ever lived. Prove me wrong. I mean it just stands to reason: I'm broke, I've never accomplished anything, no one is going to remember me, and sometimes I look at the stars. I must be spiritual.

Are you offended by this? Really? OK, let's test your belief mettle. How many of these spiritual people would you allow to babysit your children? Gee ... it is quiet in here. Life's a bitch when you have to behave in an intellectually competitive way isn't it? What's the matter: don't you want any of these spiritual people to be airline pilots, or surgeons, or food inspectors? Me either. Hey, we agree on something. Spooky huh?

Want to have some fun? OK, call up three of your friends and invite them over. Tell them to bring beer, and whiskey, and vodka, and gin, and seltzer water, and fifty condoms, and a bucket of rice, and black marking pens. When they arrive start drinking. There aren't any bosses, or village elders, or women to fear or to impress: just start drinking. Pee out the windows, take a dump on the carpet, and use your underpants as toilet paper.

After a while it will occur to you that blowing up the condoms into big balloons, using the black marking pen to write witty filthy things on them, and then throwing them out the window would be fun. After blowing up fifty condoms you'll be so winded you'll hardly be able to stand—or sit. It's OK, have some more whiskey.

That was just the prelude. Now the real fun starts. Get a dictionary. I used Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary c1980. OK, let's look up the word(s) spiritual. To wit:

A. Spiritual—of, relating to, or consisting of spirit.

(Wait a minute, isn't this kind of lame—using the word to describe the word?)

—things of a spiritual nature.

(Once again, aren't we using the word to define the word? Spiritual means things of a spiritual nature? OK ... but wait, there is more fun ahead.)

B. Spiritualism—a movement comprising ... spiritualism.

(What? Spiritualism = Spiritualism? Hey, makes these dictionaries look easy to write.)

C. Spirituality—the quality of or state of being spiritual

(Get the boots, the bullxxxx is rising.)

D. Spiritualize—

1. to make spiritual

(Well, thanks for that—no furrowed brow now. I mean really, who thinks we need the word spiritualize?)

2. to give a spiritual meaning to or understand in a spiritual sense.

OK, let's see what we have learned from Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary. To spiritualize is to give a spiritual meaning to or understand in a spiritual sense. What? Hey, I'm university educated and all I can come up with is What?

Now, wasn't perusing Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary a lot more fun than pissing out windows and writing rude things on condom balloons? Don't laugh—I know you have been drinking, but this was mighty serious stuff to religious and political leaders who ordered humiliation, torture, and death to simple people who couldn't turn language into high sounding nonsense. Words like spiritual and spiritualism and spiritualize are relics of the priests and salesman who grabbed and held power using words as weapons.

And what after using Webster's dictionary as a linguistic tool does the word spiritual mean? After all, if we are going to say a person, or a tribe, or an experience is spiritual it is pretty important to use the word correctly. I don't know. I don't know what the word spiritual means and I don't think Webster did either. I think he and his friends just got good and drunk when they got to the word and slogged through until they could get back to easier dictionary words like rock and pussy. Just bullxxxx creek rising.

Hey, does this mumbo jumbo silliness remind you of anything? You know—the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost? The what? The who? The Holy Ghost? What ... hold on there: the what? The who? Beats me, I could never figure it out either. We make fun of the Thais and their 'primitiveness' because they believe in ghosts and we here in the West invented one of the biggest ghost stories in human history. Don't ask me to explain it. Maybe the easy to understand story of Buddha kept the Thais from going off the rails and getting all mixed up in this spirit stuff. You know, there was a guy a long time ago, and he lead a good life, and he became the Buddha, and the Buddha looks like this and ... simple story. Maybe the Buddha story kept the Thais from wasting time going down other dead end philosophy roads. Buddha, whiskey, girls. What else do you need?

And this spiritual assumption is a many headed hydra of hipness. "Hey man, these spiritual dudes are like more centered man, and totally down with the whole Zen thang man, you dig? And they are totally environmentally tuned in man—that's why they be sleeping in mud, and covered with fleas, and eating bugs and worms and such. Gods walk amongst us and they be pickin' their noses with prawn claws and using their own feces (recycling man) to make paint for handprints on rocks."

OK, you can take a breath now. Ridiculous? Not everyone thinks so. Some people think we would be better off studying these jerks than the playwrights and the mathematicians of ancient Greece. Of course the Thais in their bone lazy third world southeast Asian wisdom have opted out of all of this. They aren't studyin' nuthin'. "Thinking hurts my head." I used to belittle this juvenile nonsense but thinking (or trying to puzzle out) the Holy Ghost hurts my head also.

So, what does this diatribe regarding the word spiritual have to do with a Thai-centric website? Well, it occurs to me quite by accident that I have never heard the word spiritual in the Kingdom. I have never heard an expat describe his girlfriend, or his Thai wife, or any of his Thai wife's family as spiritual in any way. Not even a little bit. Except for the muttonheaded humanoids like the French girl at the beginning of this essay, I don't remember hearing or reading regarding any visitor to the Kingdom describing their time in the Kingdom as spiritual in any way. Not ever. Not once. I like people and I like tourists and I make an easy sounding board or brain dump for tourists. I listen. They never use the word spiritual describing their Thai experience. If they have just come from India and they are getting their hair braided on Khao San Road the word keeps popping up like black footed ferrets on the prairie, but not in the Kingdom. I don't remember seeing the word in any English language Thai newspaper used with the same meaning as we expect in the West. But most especially, I have never one time heard or heard of Thais using the word spiritual. If I found out that the words spiritual, spiritualism, spirituality, and spiritualize were not even in the Thai dictionary I think my response would be: “Good for them.” It’s as if the world’s greatest liars, dissemblers, obfuscators, and linguistic ignoramuses instinctively realize the word spiritual is nonsense. I kind of respect them for that.

I don’t feel that I am being unfair here or setting an unreasonably high bar for someone who is spiritual, full of spirit, in touch with spirituality, and a part of the whole spiritualism Zen thing man. If a high end resort Phuket beach boy tells me he is spiritual I don’t expect him to be able to discourse on String Theory, the Big Bang, quantum conundrums, the silver cord of consciousness, astral travel, or mind-body connections. But I do expect him to be able to count towels. Four towels minus two towels equals ... the answer is two towels Mr. Spiritual Man. He should be able to discourse in some way and with enough language specificity to render his ideas open to debate or reflection. Saying it does not make it so. Feeling something is personal, not necessarily factual. Once you open your mouth and disgorge yourself in a public forum you have to expect response, be able to defend, and respect the fact that to others emotion is not enough. Big ideas can absorb this.

Fifty thousand years in Australia and no silverware yet? I’m sorry, I’m not going to do a head snap when Mr. Aborigine walks in either. For language to have value it needs more than precision although that is about ninety per cent of it. Words must also carry weight. Words that don’t actually mean anything or do not make a meaningful contribution (spiritualism?) are just a waste of time. You are spiritual? Prove it. You think someone else is spiritual, or an experience is spiritual, or a place is spiritual? Evidence please. OK, if it is not calculus provable, just some evidence. Something. Otherwise we may be treated to me walking around and telling everyone I meet that I am spiritual.

There is a thought. Imagine me as a door greeter at the Mothership:

“Hello and welcome to the Mothership—the best whore hotel in the world. My name is Dana and I am spiritual.”

But pinning the badge of spirituality on people(s) is something we can’t seem to break ourselves of in the West. How about this for a brain freeze … I have even seen the appellation of spiritual applied to people who practise cannibalism. OK, all together now … What? Is cannibalism the only outrage in this hypocrisy festival? No, how about people and individuals practising infanticide and genocide and every abuse and humiliation that you can imagine (or not imagine). Spiritual? Stop it. Just shut up. Burying people alive? Sure, why not? Cutting off the genitalia of men and stuffing them in their mouths? Sounds great. How much time have you got? It’s a long list.

Hey, I’ve got an idea. Let’s raid the tribe in the next valley. Why? No reason really—just bored. And we’ll string cords through the heads of babies and smash them on rocks. Fun huh? Then we’ll go back to our village and tell the stupid sexless white woman made up stories and watch her write them down. She thinks if we stare at the sky for five minutes, look disoriented, murmur at meals, and get tattoos on our ass we are spiritual. We don’t even believe that crap. Stupid.

So, what’s the test? How can you tell if someone is spiritual or not? Well, maybe it is something you have to back into. Here is an onsite lab test I find appealing. Pick your tribe (nation, group, etc.) of interest. Now pick the family of someone the tribe thinks is special in some way. The next two steps will test your research mettle. Number one you must attain one hundred per cent spoken literacy. Number two you must spend five years living with that family. If after five years of hearing them fart, watching them fight, avoiding inter-family violence, negotiating juvenile behavior, fending off unsolicited aggression, enduring stupidity, and having every one of your treasured possessions stolen you think there is a member of the family that is spiritual give me a call. I want to meet that person. I want to believe.

More examples ...

2. The Kalahari bushmen of Africa. Years and years and years and years of swatting flying insects in the sand and they are spiritual? Stop it.

3. The Pygmies of Africa. They now use tribal hunting drives to force little jungle animals into long nets. They then trade these sources of protein to outside tribe blacksmiths for little metal arrowheads. Barter. This is the big advance in the last fifty years. Spiritual? Stop it.

4. Nomads of Africa with or without camels or herds of animals. Staving off starvation is their all consuming job. Spiritual? Stop it.

5. Etc. Examples too numerous to mention. Few parts of the Earth have escaped this Western nomenclature nonsense. There are (thankfully) some exceptions. Usually these exceptions apply where not even the most well intentioned liberal use of language could turn lotus eaters into cosmologists, coughers and spitters into people of interest, or people whose only interest is not freezing to death into photon travelers amongst the aurora borealis. To wit:

Example One: The Eskimos from Nome, Alaska across the top of the world to the north and western shore of Greenland. Nobody has ever called these people anything special in this category including themselves. Just too fxxxing cold for word gamesmanship and linguistic nonsense. The fat wife keeps you warm until morning and then you have to go find another stupid seal to eat.

Example Two: The Yaghan people of Tierra del Fuego on the extreme southern tip of South America. So primitive and so disgusting and so pitiful (or beyond pity) that nobody wasted anyone else's time pinning fancy words on their horrible lives. Lives lived without clothes in rain or wind or hail or snow or cold or sleet or hailstones or all of those things at once. Food: mussels. Lives so without human expectations that they made the lives of the Aborigines in Australia look like a vacation in Las Vegas. I guess it is hard to be spiritual when you are depressed, suicidal, wet, cold, and coughing.

Example Three: Most of the Pacific: Polynesian, Micronesia, and Melanesia. I have been reading this literature for forty years and do not remember outsiders blathering on and on about the spiritualism of the natives. These brown skinned raven haired sons and daughters of Adam and Eve were mostly eating fish, doing what comes naturally, and drying copra for the next arrival of the trading schooner. No big thoughts. No big ideas. Oh sure, there were the stories to explain natural things they did not understand but no one was discovering quantum mechanics, levitation, or the Tibetan Book of the Dead while holding a conch shell to his ear. Spiritual and spiritualism and spiritualize are big big words. Ideas that are bigger than singing fish, and dancing trees, and angry vengeful dead family members with seaweed for hair and urchin spines for fingers. There has to be something. There is no evidence that pre-Einsteins ever inhabited the Pacific and copulated with the daughters of pre-Indian Yogis.

French Oceaniaophiles will chirp like featherless hatchlings about religions and priests in that part of the Pacific basin's history. But religions and priests have nothing to do with spirituality. Spiritual is a whole different kettle of copra. It doesn't mean religious. In Sunday school we drew pictures of Pontius Pilate in his airplane. Religious? Maybe. Spiritual? No.

So there are exceptions but in many parts of the world this idea that primitive people are very likely to be spiritual and in tune with the environment is a myth that you can not kill with a stake to the heart of Reason. It seems to be an idea with tremendous appeal. Well, how about me? I say I am spiritual. How come I am not getting any attention? And it seems that the more backward and the more destitute the people, the more inclined we are to pin the badge of spiritual on them as if it is a gift that will benefit them and make us feel good for being the gift giver. And there is an intellectual logic to this also that clutters up the academic journals and the minds of teenage girls. The subliminal or not so subliminal idea that their lives sucked so much for so many thousands of years that they must have been spiritual—how else could they have staggered from day to day without philosophy? The gift givers logic of the paternalistic West just makes us look stupid but we won't stop. You simply can not drive a stake into the idea that simple people are 'spiritual'. We can not even agree on what the word means but we will not stop using it. With this logic the homeless people of Boston and the wretched wretches of the streets of Boston are spiritual and spiritualistic and a part of spiritualism. I have some personal knowledge of the homeless people and the street people of Boston. They are not remotely any of these things.

Very recently a new tribe has been discovered in South America. They are so primitive they do not even have (get ready for this) past or future tenses in their language. Sound familiar? Sound like animals? Pick any category of knowledge, or thought process, or data and they do not know it. They live by robbing honey from bee colonies in trees, and tipping over logs and rocks looking for grubs and worms. This is how animals live. Thousands of years stumbling around in the jungle and they are barely discernible from animals. I am now marking the calendar until Psychology Today magazine, or some French anthropologist, or some knuckleheads at Harvard University, or Smithsonian magazine, or some funded project through National Geographic proclaims them to be spiritual ... and more in touch with extrasensory and/or environmental and/or starshine lit and/or alternative to science and reason modes of thought than modern man. Prove it. I don't believe it. Make it a contest. I'll be the modern man. Bring them on. And if I win—guess what; hey, I must be spiritual. Kinda rocks you back on your heels, doesn't it.

This is why the Thai culture is refreshing. They don't waste any of their shallow unintellectual nonreflective time on spiritual anything. They know what's what, and they know the fix is in, and they are on their knees with their lips wrapped around the tailpipe of modernity and sucking in the pollution of our times as fast as possible. Spiritual? My ass. You say there is going to be a festival at the local Buddhist temple, or in front of the temple property, or across the street from the temple grounds and you want to go there to observe Thais so that you can write a college paper when you get back home? Hey, I can save you the trip. This is what you will see. First the Thais will buy flowers and incense and pray. Then they will make a donation to the temple This is called the begging and the bribe. Then they will stroll down to where the speakers are being installed and the stage is being built.

Are they hoping to hear the tingling soft complex sounds of Siam played on Ranat Eks (xylophones with wood bars), or two string So-U's, or khongs (gongs), or the Pi (double reed wind instrument), or the Khlui (flute), or the Chakhe (zither), or

Chings (small cymbals), or the Poeng Mong Khaek (tuned drums)? Get serious. Screw that. Lets tune the electric guitars, stack the speakers, and bring on the sixteen year old village girls dancing like whores and calling it modern music. Spiritual? Don't be stupid.

The Thais come from an agrarian background of poor nutrition and/or low calorie count and/or semi-starvation over a period of thousands of years. In addition, Buddhism came out of India and splurged East eventually driving into Siam. You would think this was fertile ground for the West to have pinned the spiritual label on these people but somehow it never happened. At least we got that right, and the Thais have never fallen for the easy label either. Was there room for a non productive concept like spirituality in a primitive desperate agrarian economy like Siam's? Is the fourteen year old girl bent double in a rice field thinking big thoughts about big ideas or is she more likely to be thinking these thoughts:

* I'm not sure but I think I just stepped on a snake.

* My back is killing me.

* I'll marry any punk or old man who can get me out of this rice paddy.

If you could time travel backwards and you could walk up to her five hundred years ago and tell her in your French accented anthropologist voice that she is spiritual she would not have any idea what you were talking about. I used to be morally repulsed by women who use their sex to escape unpleasant life circumstances but no more. I have grown up. I wouldn't want to be wondering if I just stepped on a snake either. Buddha get me outa here and don't be givin' me no spiritual jive.

So at least we do not have to listen to taxi drivers in Bangkok, and old women pounding mulberry bark in an umbrella 'factory' outside of Chiang Mai tell us they are spiritual. Thank somebody for that. That would cause me to roll my eyes back so much I might end up blind. I am not against this happening if it is true but fraud is boring. If somebody tells me that there is a Yogi (someone that knows that the entire cosmos is saturated within his body) in northern India who everyone agrees is spiritual and in touch with big ideas in a big way I am interested. I would like to believe. If further research shows that he spent twenty years in a Yogi school, ten years hanging upside down with bats in a cave, he can stop his heart, he pisses urine in rainbow colors, he can yodel Pali chants out his ass, and he cut his legs off with a hacksaw blade as an exercise in mind control; I am interested. I want to meet this guy. I want to believe in spirituality as practised by spiritual people. I'm a player. Show me. Convince me. I have an open mind.

I am not going to meet this guy in Thailand and everyone knows it including the Thais and there is no pretending going on. Just start playing the electric guitars, somebody tell me who brought the cups and the ice and the whiskey, and bring out the little village whore dancers. At least you have to respect the Thais for not lugging that nonsense around on top of the train. Maybe in the past when Thailand was Siam there was something spiritual about the culture, or about the people, or about some of the monks. I'll never know. I would like to believe that Siam was a simpler more special time and place. It is probably a good thing that I will never know anything about Siam. We need our dreams.

Spiritual this and spiritual that, and spiritualism this and spiritualism that is really all about big ideas that exist outside of ourselves and inside of ourselves at the same time. Sort of a theory of everything invented by humans. This makes the best candidates for spirituality the physicists and the astronomers.

They are the people we should be regarding and watching and listening to. They are the highly focused, long term, big idea people. How many of these people are in Thailand? About zero. It's OK. Thailand is what it is and one of the charms of the Thai people today and of Thai culture today is that they are not investing themselves in any big ideas to no purpose, or telling us they are spiritual. Where's the whiskey and do we have enough of these elephant T shirts to sell to fat German tourists? Works for me.

218. Mickey Mouse Underpants: A Research Project

12/3/2009

Some experienced monger should do an academic survey essay on behavior and percentages of Thai cuties wearing Mickey Mouse underpants, Tweety Bird underpants, Mickey Mouse T shirts, Tweety Bird T shirts, and Teddy Bear backpacks. There is nothing more pure than knowledge for knowledge's sake and nothing separates humans from the lower mammals more than our unsullied cut crystal thirst for information. I believe that the time has come for information like this. Who will take up the lance and ride into battle? Obviously, the easy way would be to survey long time high volume experienced mongers but most (all?) of these guys have not kept scientifically credentialed records. It may be necessary to start from scratch and start barfining and recording information on a sample group of ten thousand girls.

Sample questions:

—What percentage are wearing Mickey Mouse underpants?

—What percentage are wearing Tweety Bird underpants?

—What percentage are wearing Mickey Mouse underpants and Tweety Bird T shirts?

—What percentage are wearing Tweety Bird underpants and carrying Teddy Bear backpacks?

I think you can see that the permutations and combinations quickly build. A mathematical consultant may have to be employed to make sure no categories are ignored.

And of course the reason (beyond the sanctity of knowledge for knowledge's sake) would be to pay attention to the conclusions.

For example: which girls are more fun? Are the girls with Teddy Bear backpacks and Tweety Bird underpants more fun, or are the girls with just Mickey Mouse underpants more fun? Between the categories of underpants and T shirts and backpacks it can all be a little too much for accurate guessing. We need to know when the odds will favor us. In my own experience I have never missed with Mickey Mouse or Tweety Bird underpants but beyond that I can draw no conclusions.

We need information in this category of science, and of this kind, and for a good purpose. Inquiring minds want to know. It's all about best use of time, reasonable expectations, and using the odds to maximize pleasure.

For example: If one girl has a Teddy Bear backpack and her twin sister is just wearing Mickey Mouse underpants which girl is more likely to do Yum Yum?

For another example: If one girl from the G-Spot bar across from the Mothership is wearing a Tweety Bird T shirt, and another girl found holding up a palm tree on the boardwalk in Pattaya has a Teddy Bear backpack but is not wearing any underpants (she sold them to Union Hill); which girl is statistically and scientifically most likely to do Ow Ow, Yum Yum, and Boom Boom? Got your attention now? See how much can be riding on accurate research? Who loves ya baby? Dana does.

Since I have to waste some of my time in Boston I am not the right person for this job. The researcher needs to be a 100% on site monger with money to spend, a desire to benefit mankind, and a tireless need to know how children's accessories and cartoon characters can indicate sexual responses in the Thai female.

If you think you are interested in getting involved in this project contact me. I am the point man for this research project and I will have my people get in touch with your people to be followed by some contract specific exploration lunches and some power point presentations with high resolution four color pics of Thai women wearing Mickey Mouse underpants, Tweety Bird underpants, Mickey Mouse T shirts, Tweety Bird T shirts, and of course the almost ubiquitous Teddy Bear backpacks.

Keep in mind that this is something that you will be doing for mankind; and other diversions like mature behavior, family, and responsible jobs are just going to get in the way. Subject to change I am thinking right now that you and your co-researchers are going to have to each personally participate in approximately seven hundred and thirty (two per day for one year—a research cakewalk) hotel room encounters. Obviously getting grant monies would be useful in paying for lady drinks, barfines, bonking fees, film developing fees, cameras, and Viagra. Some obvious sources of funding would be the Thai Tourism Bureau, Pattaya Municipal Government, National Geographic Magazine (they'll publish an article on anything), Boomsing Quarterly Digest, The NEP Bar Owner's Consortium, Scientific American Magazine (isn't everything science?), the Mothership Charitable Giving Dept. (MCGD), the German Newbies Klubenhausen, and of course the International Monger Society (IMS).

And what will happen to this information once it is captured, digested, and collated? Simple, it will be disseminated. Say it. CDCD. Captured, Digested, Collated, Disseminated. Doesn't it feel great to be modern? Anyway, all clothing and accessory possibilities will be reduced to percentages most likely to produce certain kinds of sexual response. This information will be printed on both sides of wallet sized laminated cards and made available to all interested men (except the French). OK, and not the Indians, or the Arabs, or the Africans either. But everyone else can have one of these wonderful information tools free for the asking (except the Russians). It's all about men helping men. Who loves you baby?

Just thinking here. Anyway get in touch with me if you want to be part of man's quest for knowledge. Please, no pretenders; and need I say it … no condoms.

Dana

219. Pull

TT&A Part 201 21/3/2009

Introduction

Greetings FOD’s (Friends Of Dana), Dana fans, and all people everywhere walking around right now with toilet paper stuck to their shoe. Against all that is right and holy I have decided to resume making submissions to Stickmanbangkok.com. I know what you are thinking. You are thinking that this has to do with a carefully thought out combination of personal life choices, clever career moves, coke parties and supermodels. And that this return to making Stickmanbangkok.com submissions can be summarized in five thousand carefully chosen words.

Nope. I’m just an idiot. I’m An Idiot. IDIOT. Anyway, enjoy the following look into my life in a story titled “PULL”. Oh, and one more thing—sometimes in my personal life in the Kingdom I attract the wrong sort of attention because many of the Thai ladies I am with appear to only weigh about 65-75 pounds. You know, people say stuff. Especially women from the West whose vaginas are so dry you could use them for dust museums. Anyway, this story will straighten all that out. It’s all about trajectory, and science, and distance.

Dedication

This story is dedicated to Caveman, who when he heard my ideas and when he saw the blueprints years ago said, and I quote:

“Are you fxxxing crazy?
“No really—have you lost your mind?”
“What?”
“You are going to do what?”
“What? What? What?”
“No kidding ... you are going to what?”

"Look Dana man, I know Thailand is not the 20th century, but it is not the Middle Ages either."
"What?"
"You are going to build what?"
"I hope no one sees us sitting together."
"Because why?"
"One hundred yards—what do you mean one hundred yards?"
"Excuse me?"
"Don't let anybody see those blueprints."
"We're just talkin' theoretical right? I mean there is no way I want my name associated with this."
"What?"
"Dana look, I'm just here for a couple of weeks: there is no way I'll be able to get you out of jail."

So, with unqualified support like that what would you have done? Exactly.

"PULL"

Dana here with a story and a message of inspiration. Let me just start by saying that I have more money than God. Normally, I do not make it a habit to parade my good fortune but in this case it is germane. Since I have so much money people wonder why I bought a condo in the building in which I am currently happily residing in Pattaya. It doesn't seem to make any sense. Read on.

Simple. The reason I bought the place I am at when I could have bought better places is poor construction. I know it is all the rage to hunt down condo buildings that exhibit good construction, but that was not what I wanted. And I most especially, and critically, did not want a building with a rebar reinforced concrete roof. Reinforced floors were no problem and in fact desired. But a roof of no standards, and cheap materials, and Third World engineering was what I was looking for. So when I insisted that the realtor take me to the roof and I could see nothing but scallops I was thrilled. Scallops or dished panels on roofs are an indication of very poor construction. The roof panels can not even carry their own weight between the roof beams. Beautiful. Honk if you love Third World corruption in building practices.

In fact, a roof with chessboard squares of dished roof panels between roof beams means only one thing. Plywood. Be still my wildly beating heart just what I was looking for. Two layers of four by eight foot sheets of exterior grade one inch plywood sheet attached to aluminum box beams with sheet metal screws. Then the whole thing covered with roofing paper, roofing cement, and a neoprene cover. With no snow or ice expected in the next one thousand years; and a slight elevation on one side for drainage, this type of cheap construction works—for a while.

After the papers had passed and I moved in it was tool time. A generator, and a pneumatic chisel, and a reciprocating saw, and a chainsaw. Very careful measuring including many trips to the roof to check on the locations of exploratory drill holes, and then the final commitment. I cut the ceiling out of the living room. Nothing but air. The siege engine or Trebuchet catapult had already been assembled, tested, and then broken down into carefully labeled pieces off site.

Burmese teak frame, rosewood crossbar, yang (mahogany) trim, pine throwing arm, telephone pole cable slings, steel reinforcing plates torched out of new green transformer boxes on Beach Road boulevard, and a water buffalo hide pouch. Monk blessed and flower bedecked it was thrilling to look at. The last thing I did was oil all the wood and spray paint the leather pouch pink. Moving it in, and assembling it in the living room, and fastening the base to the floor with lag bolts, and testing it took five days. What is more fun than being a man and doing man stuff?

Then the artillery numbers. I found it could throw weights of up to one hundred and ten pounds one hundred yards. Elevation could be adjusted to move the landing point out or in, and it was possible to turn the whole thing 360 degrees so that it could deliver in any direction. North, south, east, or west it did not matter. This was helpful. Too many throws in the same direction and people could trace this back to me.

So, why construct a Medieval catapult in the penthouse living room of a condo in Pattaya? Simple. Ever take home a bargirl and suddenly she wants to change the rules? Or she locks herself in the bathroom? Or she can't get the towel off? Or she goes starfish? Or she pouts and whines and wants you to hurry? Or she wants you to wear a condom? Etc?

Hey, it does not happen all the time. Usually my charisma, and my charm, and my good looks steamroller right over these little bargirl bumps in the road. But sometimes it does happen. And that is when I crank down the main beam throwing arm against the thousands of pounds in the counterweight, put little miss pouty into the leather slingshot pouch, aim; and "PULL". Shouting "PULL" has to be one of the greatest pleasures a rich expat can have in the Kingdom. As they sit in the pink water buffalo slingshot pouch playing with their cellphones; I slip the claws of a carpenter's hammer under the trigger pin, flex my forearms, crouch; and then jump straight up and shout "PULL".

The counter weight drops and the long pine throwing arm heads for the hole in the ceiling: pulling the wire cable sling and the slingshot pouch holding the bargirl along the guide chute, and then erupting skyward. The bargirls burst from the roof like flushed pheasants and start a ride of glory their friends can only dream of. Sometimes the only sound is of the ancient apparatus explosively squeaking and groaning and heaving as it's potential energy is converted to kinetic energy. But other times I am treated to a long scream in the Pattaya night. Beautiful. I'll drink to that.

Of course, for reasons of security nice arcing shots from the roof of the building into the ocean were best. Shots ending in terrestrial landings were liable to attract too much attention: glancing rebounds, frightened tourists, smashed windshields, car alarms going off, and dogs barking. But one gets bored. I fired bargirls out of the roof of my condo in every quadrant, half quadrant, and quarter quadrant of the compass like a school boy jacking off while standing on a paint can mixer.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK. Oh, someone must be at the door. Let's look through the peep hole and see who it is. Great, it is Pim from the Red Point bar on the Beach Road end of Soi 6. Dumb as a bucket of paint, cute, sexy, fun and only weighs eighty six pounds. She'll fly further. You know, if there are any problems.

"PULL"

220. Pull Part Two

TT&A Part 202 28/3/2009

Science and Skipability

Greetings Stickmanites and Dana fans:

Dana here with an update on something you can barely conceive of: my life. Yup, the Dana train just keeps rumbling down the track and I am now deeply immersed (what else?) in "PULL" Part II.

Remember the catapult I had installed in my penthouse condo in Pattaya? Uncooperative bargirls would be blasted right out of the ceiling into the dark redemptive Pattaya night? Of course you do. Tell me something in the bar where we meet that we are going to do once we get to my place, and then back out of the agreement when we get to my place? Catapult time. Yeah, you remember.

Well, "PULL" Part II is my first public pronouncement of the follow-up to that idea. When a friend of mine named Caveman heard the details and saw the blueprints, he could barely suppress his support and his enthusiasm. He said, and I quote:

"Are you fxxxing crazy?
"No really—have you lost your mind?"
"What?"
"You are going to do what?"
"What? What? What?"
"No kidding ... you are going to what?"
"Look Dana man, I know Thailand is not the 20th century, but it is not the Middle Ages either."
"What?"
"You are going to build what?"
"I hope no one sees us sitting together."
"Because why?"

"One hundred yards—what do you mean one hundred yards?"
"Excuse me?"
"Don't let anybody see those blueprints."
"We're just talkin' theoretical right? I mean there is no way I want my name associated with this."
"What?"
"Dana look, I'm just here for a couple of weeks: there is no way I'll be able to get you out of jail."

Like I said, complete support. Bye-the-way, you ought to see this guy. One hundred forty-five alpha male pounds of ripped, shredded, rock hard muscle. His whole life is lifting weights, massages, and posing in front of gym mirrors in Thai gyms where the front desk girls can only say four words in English:

"You want to twain?"

Some nights if the boulevard skank patrol is a little thin we go over to my sixth floor ocean facing suite at the A.A. Hotel. We both strip and I tie one end of a three part tackle to his wrist, put the snap shackle through the lag bolt in the ceiling, and pull him up until only his toes are touching the carpet. Then I just beat the crap out him with old pieces of construction lumber I have picked up behind Big Mike's department store on 2nd Road. We both really really enjoy this. I gotta tell ya ... sometimes when I am beating him with old cracked bleached 1" X 2" strapping ... and his pec and gluteus maximus muscles are winking and twitching ... well, that's when my Wing Wang ... OK, maybe I've said too much.

Anyway, the reason I run ideas of mine in their infancy stage past Mr. Caveman first is that he has intelligence. Not Mensa I.Q. intelligence, he thinks a paradox is two piers in a harbor; but practical intelligence.

Examples:

Dana: Caveman, if you had just finished 'short-time' with a woman and you only had four hundred baht instead of five hundred baht—what would you do?
Caveman: I don't have to pay women to have sex with me.

See what I mean? Practical intelligence.

Dana: Caveman, if your teeruk woke you at 4:00 a.m. screaming Snay 'N How—Snay 'N How—Snay 'N How; what would you do about the snake in the house?
Caveman: I don't do 'long-times'.

See? A practical answer. Not exactly the answer to the question, but we don't live in a Mensa world. Want to argue with me? OK, email me the next time you see Einstein in Superbabies Bar outbidding a Jap for Thai pussy. Exactly.

Dana: Caveman, if you had two Thai gym rats 'spotting' you as you benchpressed pec stretching weight, and one spotter slipped—what would you do?
Caveman: I would place my testicles on a window sill and repeatedly slam the window shut before I would allow two Thai males to 'spot' me in a gym in Thailand.

See? Practical intelligence. Again, not exactly, technically, or scientifically the answer to the question; but he has been a good listener and communicated clearly.

That is why when I get a new idea I always get Caveman's opinion.

Anyway, I have just signed a ten year lease on a prominent Pattaya Beach Road business building and gotten it re-zoned as a residential dwelling. I don't want to give away the location but let us just say you don't want to make any German restaurant reservations.

The front of the building will be removed and replaced with giant bi-fold doors. Certain palm trees across the street on the boulevard will disappear. An identical catapult to the one detailed in "PULL" (TT&A Part 201) will be installed on the ground floor of the house. ON IT'S SIDE. That's right. Sideways. Tipped over. Laying on it's side. Got it? On It's Side.

That's right. This catapult will be lag bolted to the cement floor on it's side. Why? Well, think about it. The first catapult installed in my Pattaya penthouse condo launches bargirls into the Pattaya night with an overhand pitching throw. This second catapult is going to whip ass launch them with a side arm throw. Elevation? None. Speed? Blistering. Result? They will skip across Pattaya Bay like throwing a stone across a pond. Or … skip-scream … skip-scream … skip-scream … skip-scream … skip-scream … skip-skip-skip-screeeeaaaaaaaam. Exciting huh? Remember when you were a child and your dad taught you how to pick just the right rocks, and how to throw them just the right way to get as many skips off the surface of the water as possible? Well, it is time to return to the glory days of yesteryear (hey Dad, I got seventeen skips) and have some fun.

Attention all Kingdom bargirls: Make me a promise in the bar where we meet, and then go back on that promise in my new house on Beach Road? Your are going to be taking a trip—a Pattaya Bay skipping trip.

Sidearm throws? That's right—just think of some Abo in Oz throwing a boomerang; only this boomerang weighs ninety pounds and it's being thrown with a counterweight force of thousands of pounds. Oh, and one more thing—it ain't comin' back. This bad girl boomerang is on a one way trip. Morning will find her in her catapult turtle outfit of two slabs of 12" sandwich foam board paddling around with her little hands and her little feet. Hopefully, she will be having this conversation with herself:

"OK Lek (Noi, Wan, Ba, Na, Nim, Num, Bum, Run, Fa, Bin, Sin, Fin, Yoghurt, Pencil, Benz …): lesson learned. I will never lie to a farang again, and I will never be disrespectful or rude to a farang again, and I will never steal from a farang again. The next time I promise a farang the world's greatest BJ—our fossilized bones will be found by Martians ten million years from now with my 'suck me' lips still locked around his 'piece-o'-steel' boner. I will never lie again. Whatever I promise in the bar, or I promise on the street, and at whatever price; I will deliver hot butt naked and with a smile.

Just please somebody get me. I've got big fish bumping me and … please somebody … the first one thousand boom-booms will be free. Promise. And I ain't lyin' this time. Please … and anal? You'll never hear the word NO again. I'll make you Ow Ow me whether you want to or not. Just please … please somebody come and get me. I'm gettin' dark from the sun out here. I don't mind people knowing I am a whore, but I don't want anybody to think I weed a tapioca field. Just please come and get me. I'll be a good bargirl … I promise."

Anyway, timing is important. Like everything else in my overseas alpha male life this requires intelligence, focus, and discipline. Coming out of the front of the house in a sideways throwing arm motion they will only just clear a baht bus so a spotter will have to watch for those big tall Chinese tour buses. In addition, night vision scopes on the roof of the building will make sure we have a clear sea lane. And of course, each lying ass bargirl will be tied between two 12" foam sandwich boards for extra flotation, better aerodynamics, and maximum skipability. Details.

Of course, this is not just about righting the wrongs of the world and personal vengeance. There'll be lots of science too. Data on catapult counterweight pounds, bargirl size, wave heights, barometric pressure readings, moon phase stuff, temperature, humidity, and foam sandwich board information will all be captured and used as predictors regarding the number of skips (and screams) to be expected on Pattaya Bay. Science. I'm a thinker. Yup, way ahead of you. Individual and bird migration info will also be tracked. Bird strikes can destroy or alter skipability and distance. Again, science.

So, if you are walking down the boulevard some night, and you happen to notice the whole front of a building opening up, and then you hear me yell "PULL"—just duck and look seaward and see if you can count the number of skips (and screams). Who loves ya baby?

"PULL"

221. Pull Part Three

TT&A Part 203 4/4/2009

Legal Catapulting—Dateline: 2029

Introduction

With the mournful sound of the beaten puppy Caveman (aka Mr. Caveman, aka Commander Cromagnon) asked to be included in this final instalment of the three part catapult series. His once ripped and shredded body now looking like a bloated Eskimo harpoon float made from seal intestines, his once razor sharp bear trap mind now moving at the speed of an overburdened, bow legged, lurching dung beetle, his once happy face now creased with the frightening furrow of onrushing mortality; he begged to be part of a world he no longer occupied.

If you review TT&A Part 201—"Pull" and if you review TT&A Part 202—Science and Skipability you will see that at one time Caveman was an integral part of my technology life in the Kingdom (aka catapults for errant bargirls). But you can't accomplish things or profitably accomplice yourself with shadows, and Caveman is now in the year 2029 a shadow of his former self. Everything goes until it stops and he is now reduced to story telling and flexing biceps that look the same right side up as upside down.

No longer the purveyor of good and not so good news to government and military and industrial employers, no longer the weightlifting guru to wannabe steroid monsters, and no longer the massage-philosopher; he was now reduced to assistant director of toy inventory in a Swiss farang pre-school in Rayong. His seven marriages (this one is different Dana) to Thai bargirls had failed (he learned to say 'Someone just kill me.' in Thai), his partnership with Chiang Mai Kelly in a Go Go boot reconditioning factory had failed, and his … time marches on and he found out that not only did he not have a round trip ticket—his ticket was not even punched for the final destination.

So unless something extra-ordinary happens in the Dana future that requires the now carbon coughing tailpipe mind of Caveman, he will not be consulted on any more technical matters requiring practicality and intelligence. I don't want to say this guy is sad, but his dog's favorite activity is to munch on used tampons he (the dog) finds in the wastebasket—and Caveman likes to tell this story over and over and over and over and over and over … in farang bars. Witness the final corruption and pray for our race.

I am, however, nothing if not open minded and interested in a redemptive future. If anyone out there in Stickmanbangkok.com email land knows of noteworthy Caveman spottings, or knows of noteworthy Caveman (oh excuse me, Mr. Caveman) doings; send them to me here at Dana Central and I will have my people's people examine them for possible human interest. Please, no naughty pictures—we know what two dogs on a school playground look like.

So, barring unlikely future rips in the fabric of space-time, and even more unlikely emails that can be independently verified by vengeful mamasans and angry feminists, Caveman's race is run.

R.I.P.
Caveman
2029

Now enjoy the third and final instalment in the Catapult-Thailand series. Stripped to its core without the disquieting puppy whine of ego. Science-History-Dana: the great 'triumvirate of human recording.

Dateline: 2029

Greetings Stickmanbangkok.com fans and Dana fans:

Dana here with an update on matters of 'farang-bargirl-Kingdom' interest. In the last ten years two phenomena of at first disparate seeming detail have conjoined in a most satisfactory way. To wit:

(1) In the year 2019 activities involving Thai ladies of the commercial kind became legal and the self-same Thai angels formed a union. The union was to protect Thai ladies of the commercially smiling kind from abuse, disrespect, unsatisfactory working conditions, and social stigma. However, no respect and protection and healthy working environments can be appointed gratis. The flip side of the elimination of social stigma was that the Thai ladies, via the union, had to police (and punish) themselves. In order for the industry (scum bucket whores), and the individual Thai ladies (skanks, cruisers, drug and brain addled, yaa baa cranked, mentally unbalanced nymphos, etc.) to garner the social and government respect that they wanted they would have to police (and punish) themselves. Internal to the industry (whoring) and governing agent (whore union) women of not high enough standards of behavior would be identified and punished.

(2) Hence, legal catapulting. It was actually the whore union (centered in Pattaya) that went to the government in the year 2024 and recommended that whore catapulting be made legal. A 100% nude whore committee comprised of high-line girls from the Rainbow bar in the N.E.P. in Bangkok and the Superbabies bar of Soi Diamond in Pattaya presented a compelling argument to government house to the effect that legalizing catapulting of

bargirls would put teeth in their union rules. Transgressors would be punished, standards would be enforced, the customers could feel relaxed, the union would get worldwide respect, monger business would increase, and humanity would be served.

In other words, liars, cheaters, and thieves duly registered with the union and caught with whore union I.D. cards tattooed on their person would be placed into catapults and blasted into space. See TT&A Part 201 and TT&A Part 202 for reference(s).

So, as of this year 2029, what is the result? Fxxxing highly satisfactory, that's what. There are whore launching catapults everywhere in the Kingdom. As an example in Pattaya: the most commonly heard English word (in about fifty different country accents) is "PULL". I kid you not. Remember the two offshore restaurants on the barges in Pattaya Bay? Forget that, they are now giant open air bars (capacity five thousand each) with twenty catapults each. All night long whore union representatives ferry lying ass bargirls out to the barges where drunk and happy farangs push them into pink water buffalo hide pouches and shout "PULL".

Remember the all day beach and boating trips you could take to Ko Larn island and halfway over you would stop at a barge the size of a tennis court for parasailing? History brother. Forget that. Now the barges are giant bargirl catapult launching platforms. You pay to help them up the metal steps when the whore union ferry boat brings out another load of last night's liars (she said she'd do it with no condom ...), you pay to put their little drunk-screaming-giggling-cell phoning-naked bodies in the pouch, and you pay to put the claws of the carpenter's hammer under the trigger pin and shout "PULL".

Where else? The beach in Pattaya is lined with catapults, the Maritime Park is full of catapults, the roof of the 2nd Road

Marriott Hotel is choked with catapults (brochure blurb: sit out at night next to our pool and watch naked bad bargirls fly over on their way to splashdown or crashdown ...), and the dolphin statue has been replaced with a giant catapult that can handle mamasan weight (up to 250 lbs.) bargirls. This is also the spot to watch 'sisters' fly. As in: yes I will go with you and can you also take my sister? Stuff them both in the pink water buffalo pouch, pull down on the one hundred foot throwing arm with a pickup truck, and watch both whores take their flying lessons.

It's become big business. Bus loads of rule breaking whores (she told me she would pee on my head in the shower and then she didn't) are now being shipped in seven days a week from Hat Yai and Chiang Mai and all parts of Bangkok and from every small village and town in between. In theory, legal catapulting is only supposed to be relevant to Thai bargirl union members who have misbehaved. But women are now also being shipped in from Saigon and Singapore and Kuala Lumpur and Ufxxxistan and Phnom Penh and ... it is getting kinda out of hand. But what a business. I own one of the offshore open air bar catapult barges in Pattaya Bay (Dana's Delight) and I am making a killing. Of course, I am also serving humanity.

So, that's a year 2029 update Stickmanbangkok.com fans and Dana fans on matters of farang-bargirl-Kingdom interest. Come on down to Pattaya and we will show you how to hold the lanyard to the trigger pin (new technology), jump up, and shout

"PULL".

222. Unfinished Reverie

TT&A Part 204 11/4/2009

What's a reverie? Well, it is kinda like a daydream. Not a night dream, but something you would be thinking about in a dreamy way during the daytime. For instance you might be staring at the attractive woman sitting across from you at work and having a dream about the two of you together. Or you might be dreaming of giant bat like creatures crashing through your boss's window and tearing his face off. Another common reverie or daydream we all share is what we are going to do when we win the lottery. Houses, and boats, and fancy cars, and trips, and acts of charity populate these daytime dreams. I would spend the money on international sign up centers for the Church of Dana, and the Dana Fan Club, and the movement called Danaism but that is just me.

Anyway: I have had a Thai, and more specifically Pattaya, reverie for years. Daydreaming this drama gives me pleasure. So what I want to do now is to give you my reverie right up to the climax and then you can finish it. I'll lay it all out with all the information and all the details you need to know, and then you step in at the end and take over. The last thing you will hear from me is:

"Now you finish."

Why? Because if you finish the reverie then you will be more involved. This dream needs soldiers. I am recruiting. Get ready to climax.

To wit: if you read the Thai newspapers regarding Pattaya, the amount of crime, and escalating crime, and violent crime is now impossible to ignore. An excellent example of one of these newspapers is the Pattaya City News. The front page broadsheet that you scroll through on the computer screen is crime after crime after crime. Much of it directed at foreigners and much of it is perpetrated by male Thai punks on motorbikes. It is either the snatch and run, or the hold up. Local scum involved in crimes of opportunity against defenseless people on the lookout for Thai smiles. I hate these punks. I would like to do a little dance with this scum. Here is the plan—the reverie. And don't forget: I'll start but you finish.

Equipment:

1. Twelve 24", 30", and 36" 10mm imitation gold chains including concave curb, brick upon brick, dual sliced cylinder, basket rope, and Gucci anchor chain styles.

2. Two ghetto style gold spinner watches, cash symbol gold money clip, gold plated dog tags, gold and diamond skull pendant, gold rings for every finger, and ear studs.

3. One Aussie style long duster coat of purple dyed crocodile with Velcro closures instead of buttons. Collar and sleeves cut away.

4. One sawed off shotgun. Right side leg holster.

5. One Uzi hanging in a sling off my left shoulder.

6. Full body armor front and back including skirt to the mid thigh.

7. Backpack medical kit.

* Note: No night time sighting systems. This is not about marksmanship or hunting. Just putting down trash at point blank range. Ballistically the shotgun is overkill but it does three things. It stops conversations with shock and awe, it stops vehicles, and it stops witness involvement.

Time:

11:00 p.m. to 1:00 a.m.

Location:

Any night time empty soi near high density Thai punks on motorbikes.

Reverie:

I jump off the baht bus at the corner of a soi on 2nd Road and sit at the nearest bar. There are Thai punks all over on their motorbikes. And they are not hanging out to find some foreigner to help them with English. It is a thieves' paradise especially for any farang fool who knows too little, and drinks too much; and decides to use the soi as a night time shortcut to Beach Road. The soi is dark with almost no traffic. No lights, no houses or shops, no vehicles, and no people. Brush and trees on both sides of the road. Looking for a place to do some business and dump some trash? Perfect. I love this road.

After enough time spent at the bar broadcasting my big wallet, and my neck full of huge gold chains, and my stupid rich idiot gold bling accessories; I step down to the street, hang a right, and start down the dark soi. It is dig down deep time now. Mind control, breath control, and final commitments made. As I start down the soi and the darkness envelops me I start to drag my right foot as if I am a cripple. Dragging my foot I look like a little strange farang. Sending a message: I am old, I am short, I am small, and I am weak. Bullies never fight in their own weight class. It is almost too easy.

It is just me and the dark road for about fifty yards. I have chosen carefully because there is no moon tonight, and it is overcast so there are no stars. A quiet time in the beautiful tropical Kingdom with night time sounds and gentle breezes coming up from the ocean. Then the surprise. The two lights do not come from up behind me, but from up ahead. No matter. The headlights do not follow each other up the narrow road, but come up side by side and with a little extra power because the road slopes upward from Beach Road to 2nd Road. Four guys on two bikes and the drivers roar right up to my face holding out big kitchen knives and waving them at my gold neck chains. Their companions start to get off the backs of the bikes. They are holding handguns.

I drag my crippled foot forward, tear open the coat, bring the sawed off shotgun up on my right, pivot the sling hanging Uzi on my left, insert my trigger fingers, take a breath, and …

“Now you finish.”

223. Adventures in Writing: Arrival's Gate 18/4/2009

Introduction

Want to have some fun? Let's use our brains. Let's look at one of the remarks directed at writers.

Example:

"Oh, Dana, you are so defensive ..."

Actually, a writing course instructor might admonish me that in an essay format I should have said,

"Oh, Mr. Writer, you are so defensive ..."

but I'll just cut to the chase. I'll take the hit. I can do this thing. I'm tough.

In this case the word defensive could be presumed to have one of two meanings, but it doesn't have two meanings. Used in a sentence like this it only, and always, has one meaning. It's meaning, delivered in a patronizing and critical and negative and unfriendly way is that the writer is behaving inappropriately. Defending your writing or being defensive when readers make remarks about your writing is just not on. Not done. Not cool. Not adult. Not professional. People of class, and style, and breeding, and education do not do this. They have a knowledge of the 'writer's code', and the 'universally agreed upon acceptable behavior' of writers. and familiarity with the 'time tested rules of deportment in the world of writers and writing', and they know that writers do not defend their writing.

"Hey Dana, I'd love to give you a ride to Surin to attend your daughter's funeral but my wife told me that you have been defending your writing. Sorry, no ride jackass."

To which I say: are you kidding? No really, I am serious: are you making a joke? Is this one of the trite, completely unintellectual truisms that is taught to students in college level writing courses—that you will be labeled as defensive if you defend your writing? Again, help me here—is this a joke? And not defensive used with one of it's alternative meanings, but defensive as in you have a personality defect and a lack of professional writerly behavior?

Arrival's Gate

Courtroom scene Bangkok ...

Pilot: Your honor, the reason I landed on runway six instead of landing on runway seven is that runway seven had waterbuffalos all over it.

Judge: We accept your defense.

Medical License Hearing Bangkok ...

Doctor: Sir, the reason I used abnormally long incisions is that the patient's organ was displaced ten inches from the norm.

Hearing Officer: We accept your defense and cancel the lawsuit against you.

Pattaya Municipality Community Standards Board ...

Judge: Mr. Somchai-poopenschnitzel—you have been charged with violating community standards because you were seen violently pushing your child. How do you plead?

Mr. Somchai-poopenschnitzel: My child ran out into the street chasing a ball. If I had not pushed her she would have been hit by a car.

Judge: We accept your defense. You are a good parent.

Farang Internet Writer's Club Meeting ...

Writer: The reason I defended my use of the word in the form of a pun was that it supported the narrative and the plot to follow.

Farang Internet Writer's Club Meeting President: There is no case here and you are wasting our valuable time. Writers are not allowed to defend their writing. Apparently, everyone knows that except you. There are no exceptions soi dog breath. You are prohibited from ever writing again. Please see the club clerk who will chop off your fingers and sew your lips shut. And as the president of the Farang Internet Writer's Club I apologize to anyone in the world who was traumatized by this writer defending his writing. Please have your attorneys direct your lawsuits for 'emotional distress' to the club clerk.

Is the last example an exaggeration? What makes you think so? When writers defend their writing in a public forum they are thought to have a character or personality defect—they are 'defensive'. I would bet that either integral to the lesson plans, or penciled into the margins of some writing course lesson plans in college level writing courses there is an admonition and a reminder to students not to be 'defensive' about their writing. It's just not on. And it is important to tell them so. God forbid we have writing students graduating with the whacky idea that they have the right to defend the product of their hearts and their minds. We'll dodge that bullet by telling them to just keep their mouths shut when other people are kicking them. It's part of the profession. Be a professional, take a boot up the ass.

Writing Course Instructor: Remember students, parents and citizens and union members and individuals whether they be welders or cardiac surgeons or teachers or roofers or politicians all have the right to defend themselves in our wonderful open society. People expect it. "Mam, the reason your husband died in surgery is that an incoming shell killed all the surgeons but me. I was blinded." Parents teach this right to their children and call it 'standing up for your rights'. But not writers. That is the wonderful thing about your future profession. That is what makes you special. You are expected to provide entertainment or information like a dancing bear in a rural Thai festival but never forget you are on a short chain.

Disquieted? Appalled? Bored—you only signed up for the writing course for easy credits and a bar bet regarding hyphens and colons? Consider this:

In the United States, as an example, serial killers and child molesters have the right to defend themselves and their activities. People expect it. There is a whole apparatus set up to help them—it is called the Justice system. People watch the legal proceedings and make comments like:

"He seems like such a nice man."

"I like the way he acts with dignity."

"I refuse to believe she killed her husbands. She has such nice hair."

Writers? Defending their writing in court? Are you kidding?

The world rewards and or respects defensive behavior, just not with writers. If someone is defending their way of life, we call them philosophers. If someone is defending their country, we call them patriots and heroes. If someone is defending their families, we call them good and natural parents. If someone is defending their community, we call them admirable citizens. But if someone is defending their writing we call them sick. Perhaps there is some program they could be enrolled in that would help them modify their behavior. A writer being 'defensive' of the words and ideas that came from his heart and his mind lacks character and does not understand the writing community rules—one of which is taught to budding writers in college: Don't Defend Yourself.—

Kinda reminds you of the Warsaw ghetto uprising doesn't it?

German Officer: What are those whacky Jews up to now?

German Infantryman: Well sir, they seem to be shooting back. They seem to be defending themselves. They have ideas regarding personal dignity—Sir.

German Officer: What's wrong with these people? Don't they understand the rules? Don't they know we are the critics and they are the writers, and that all writers are brain defected children? They aren't allowed to fight back. They aren't allowed dignity.

German Infantryman: Yes sir—you know best sir.

Years ago I lived on the island of St. John in the Virgin Islands. If a slow, or sick, or old, or three-legged dog got caught out the natives would jeer, and yell, and laugh, and throw stones at it. Yes indeed, I had once again stumbled into a culture almost too exotic for me to comprehend. Anyway, upon seeing the crowd the Chinese guy would drive his VW van restaurant (aka Chinese Wagon) over so his wife could sell snacks to the crowd through the windows of the van.

If the dog growled back, or barked back, or tried to avoid the blows: the crowd of exotic foreigners would go into a frenzy. How dare that dog try to defend itself? Boy, are we going to teach it a lesson. If this happened in the park where the ferry boats landed the dog would be dragged the length of the pier and thrown in the water. As it tried to swim ashore the rocks would rain down. If the dog snapped back while swimming, if it acted 'defensive', the crowd would go nuts; now throwing cinder blocks, and construction materials, and tourists backpacks, and visitors suitcases. I once heard a native (oh excuse me, exotic foreigner) say over a beached dead dog:

"I guess we taught him a lesson."

What could the rock thrower have learned? He could have learned that the dog did not die in a dignified way, but he did die with dignity—defending himself.

Currently, it is in vogue to rise and applaud at Domestic and International airports as returning heroes and patriots in camo uniforms and crew cuts with military green duffel bags come through the Arrival's Gate and walk through the terminal. They have been defending our way of life, and they have been defending our country. Their defensiveness is laudatory and receives public recognition and praise. Waiting travelers in airport terminals stand, and smile, and clap, and feel good.

Well, keep an eye on the Arrivals gate Domestically and Internationally as you travel. Some day you may see myself and my writing homies returning dressed in camo uniforms and carrying duffel bags. What's in the duffel bags? The Writer's Defense Kit (WDK): black and blue Bic pens, yellow and blue highlighter marking pens, red editing pencils, eye drops, crotch powder, Bartlett's Quotations, miner's lamp, topical steroid cream for writer's cramp, anal itch spray, world map, map of Thailand, Defense Dept. contact numbers, night vision goggles, ammo (box 100), extra clip, gun cleaning tools, printer and extra cartridges, 3-ring narrow line binders, one package printer paper, menthol nose inhaler, Viagra, yaa baa, one crystal whiskey glass tumbler, dictionary, Thesaurus, magnifying glass (letters in the Thesaurus get smaller as you get older), medical kit, blood pressure medication, currency conversion table, international gunsmith contacts, travel document specialist, laminated copies of World Court opinions on Writer's Rights, laptop, privacy screen, private list computer technical help numbers, surgical gloves (powder burn and print issues), special internationally recognized writer passport, and of course the List. In all one hundred and eighty nine countries that we deal in we have names of individuals who have not been supportive of the idea that one of a writer's rights is the right to defend his writing. We are working on the list.

Hanging around our necks on dog tag chains will be laminated placards that say:

JUST RETURNED FROM A FARAWAY PLACE
WHERE WE DEFENDED OUR WRITING

and under will be our Writer Name, Rank, Serial Number, Years of Service, and Campaigns.

As we go by, stand and smile and clap. It'll make you feel good. We are warriors in service to humanity. The few, the committed, the proud willing to stand and deliver for a writer's rights. Have any children? Someday your son or your daughter may be able to defend their writing because of what we do today.

So, how is this all going to end? Well, I am outnumbered. There are lots of you and only one of me. Someday I expect to find myself splayed out on a writer's beach with my small weak pudgy writer's hands grasping at the sand. And what will you be doing? You will doing the only thing you can do. You will be 'teaching me a lesson' with sticks and stones. How dare I defend myself? "What's wrong with these whacky writers anyway?" After you have 'taught me a lesson' (aka killed me) you'll be gathered around the Chinese Wagon buying soda pops, and potato chips, and hamburgers from the stooped sweating Chinese wife in the back.

Where will I be? What will I be doing? I'll be up in writer's heaven—writing and defending. That's what writers do. Oh, and bye-the-way: when you saw me and you saw my writer homies coming through the Arrivals Gate at the airport did you notice anything besides our uniforms, and our crew cuts, and our military green Writer's Defense Kit (WDK) duffel bags, and our chest placards announcing our International paramilitary mission? Something over our shoulders?

That's right. The Pentagon recognizes the importance of being able to defend what you have written. In fact, the Pentagon is all about defense. It is called the Defense Dept. We have been issued folding stock, short barrel, silencer enhanced automatic weapons. Don't like something we have written? No problem. Want to comment on something we have written? No problem. Won't allow us to defend what we have written? Now we have a problem—and the safety is OFF.

224. Inventory Amusements

TT&A Part 205 18/4/2009

Attention: Stickmanites, Dana fans, and lesser mortals—Danaman here with a confession. To wit: I love the little no name four corners general stores you run into all over the Kingdom. Chaotic, stuffed or with almost no inventory, tired, shabby, loved or unloved, community centers for gossip and news and mail and credit, often a TV playing, and almost as often a baby playing/sleeping on the floor. And oh yes—one more thing. Spooky. Why spooky? I defy a thoughtful foreigner to look at the bags, and sacks, and boxes, and piles of miscellaneous junk, and not once think about how some snake is somewhere. I am powerfully influenced by this idea. Hate snakes.

"No thanks honey, I'll let you get down on your hands and knees in that dark corner and put your hand behind the box."

Anyway, the merchandise can be comically diverse: used cowboy boots, crushed ping pong balls, aquarium fish guaranteed to make all of your other fish sick, framed pictures of elderly monks, canned goods with no paper labels on the cans (feeling lucky?), pretty much any prescription drug you can think of, fly swatters (new and used), flip flops (new and used), snake skulls (I only saw this once but it counts), opium if you know how to ask (ask for momma), candy for kids, whiskey (candy for adults), deworming stuff for adults and children and animals, lye soap, coconuts and copra meat, salted fish (who eats this crap?), throw-away diapers (just throw them anywhere), gold necklaces and earrings, monthly motorbike purchase contracts (I had a girlfriend sign a contract in Pattaya and promptly drive the bike home to Chiang Mai—want to take bets on whether those payments are being made?), check cashing, petrol in coke bottles, kites, and brown paper on cardboard tubes. Used cowboy boots? What's their source? Dead cowboys?

I love these overstocked (or understocked) understaffed no name rural general stores. Imagine a deranged Chinese, a deranged Indian, and a deranged Thai as partner-owners. Complete chaos. No apparent order. No advertising, no marketing, no prices, no displays, no signs, and … oh, once again—no prices. I used to shop at a general store on the island of St. John in the Virgin Islands in the Caribbean. The store was called Miss Lillians and there were no prices on anything. Miss Lillian would just stand at the cash register and make up prices. If you had a white face you paid more for everything. I always flash back to this when buying something in a Thai store. Anyway, the only rule all three of the owners of this mythical store seem to be able to agree on is: Buy Low, Sell High.

Hey, do any of these conversations sound familiar?

"Popsicle sticks sir? No popsicles on sticks? Yes, I have three. OK, I have two—the dog has the third one. Big discount on dog popsicle stick sir."

"Plutonium sir? Not now. I put on backorder. Come next week."

"Pink socks for baby feet sir? No ploblum. Only one sock—how many feet baby have?"

"Fish eyes and monkey balls sir? No ploblum."

"Spiderman pajamas with pussy hole? No ploblum kind sir."

"Yes sir?"
"My neighbor's daughter is about to start work in a Bangkok massage parlor and she has to bring her own monogrammed penis cleaning cloths."
"Solly sir—all out. I do backorder—what her initials?"

"What are these—giant wooden whistles?"
"You put them in tailpipe of car sir. Make big sound like car broken. Velly big funny sir."

"Cell phone shaped like vibrator Mr. Kind Sir? No ploblum."

"Mystery snacks from China in clear plastic packages? No ploblum. Also good for farang constipation. Make you ass blow like whale spout."

"Unwashed women's' underpants sir? Yes sir—big seller with farang sir. I have two hundred pair: color, white, with brown stripe, yellow spot, and cartoon animals—Mickey the Mouse, Goofy dog, Pluto, Roadrunner chicken, Spiderman, Princess Lea, Osama Bin Laden, Yosemite the Sam, and Froggy Kermit. Velly big seller sir. No discount, no sniffing in store, no returns sir.

My underpants sir? No sir, my underpants are not for sale. Velly big solly sir. But we do have postcards of my underpants for sale—4 baht each."

"Philippine copy of Indian copy of Viagra? Right here sir. Velly much guaranteed. Make you look like fighting rooster."

"Breast lotion sir? No ploblum and no backorder necessary. You rub on wife's breasts every night they get bigger kind sir. We also have for waterbuffalo penis. You rub on every night and he mate with even ugly female waterbuffalo."

What else might you run into? Koy fish food, broken children's' toys, Japanese rocks stolen from a farang's Japanese garden, last year's Chinese calendar, net shopping bags, hat and shoe stretching services, condoms, nose plugs for eating durians, and absolutely no motorbike parts like mirrors or seats or baskets—nobody ever fixes anything.

Hey, and don't forget Darkie toothpaste, roach powder, bear gall bladders, and rusty tools. Books? Are you crazy? If it gets cold and we all need to start fires then we'll have books—the pages are good for starting fires. Toilet paper? Once again, are you nuts? Paper towels—no and again, are you crazy? Napkins? OK, here is the thing; Thailand has just not discovered paper products yet. Cosmetics? Yes, but mostly for young girls only. The village women just let their mustaches grow. To hell with it.

Have I forgotten anything? Sure I have, about a hundred or a thousand things. Basically, just about anything that intersects with a human's life in the Kingdom is at one time or another going to go through a general store. Lightbulbs, pots and pans, bathtub toys for baby and grandpa (OK, I realize you need a bathtub for this), Hong Kong newspapers for husband (he likes to look at young Chinese girl celebrity pictures), Russian nesting dolls (go figure), clothes bureau (one drawer and two knobs missing), socks, surgical tube for slingshots, fishing poles and bobbers and hooks (don't even think about asking for fly fishing equipment), razors, pins for basting paper clothes patterns onto material, tire patch kit (make sure it is all there before you buy it), rolls of roofing paper, and ... OK, you finish—I'm exhausted.

More conversations you might hear in one of these stores:

"Galvanized gutter completely rusted out from one end to the other sir today's best deal Sir Ka. I have sixty feet. No need for downspouts. Rain go right through gutter sir. Big savings. I give you lucky discount for first sale of the day."

"String of Christmas tree lights on sale sir. No bulbs, just empty sockets. Yes sir—velly big discount."

"Reconditioned bongs sir? No ploblum kind sir."

"Green Wellington boots sir? Yes sir—no ploblum. We have seven boots. No pairs—just seven boots. Buy seven piece set get velly big maak discount. Make boom-boom wife. She wear boots. Big exciting. Is Thai way."

"Fighting rooster medicine? Yes sir—no ploblum. We have testicle lotion make rooster fxxx dog sir."

"Hello hansum man kind sir ka."
"I'm looking for a screw."
"Yes sir—no ploblem sir—you have come to the right place for a screw. We have big screw, long screw, tight screw, old screw, and short fat screw. What kind screw you want?"

"What is this, a Chinese snack?"
"No sir kind sir ka. It is plastic dog poop. Put on wife pillow. Velly big maak funny. Also have plastic chicken poop. Made in Malaysia sir. Muslim approved. Buy both big discount."

"Why do you have surgical tubing?"
"Two reason sir hansum man sir ka—for slingshot and for tourniquet for cobra bite. Many snake in store.
"WHAT?"

"Sa wa dee ka—bras for Thai ladies with no breasts? Yes sir, three sizes: (1) velly small (2) extra velly small (3) Sweet Jesus on a cracker can she be legal?"

"What are these—cherries?"
"Not for peoples sir—for dog."
"Dog?"
"Mai dee dog kind sir ka—sick doggie—stopped up dog. Dip fruit in kerosene, add chili powder. Go through dog like bottle rocket. Take video. Big exciting."

"Sa wa dee khrap."
"Sa wa dee ka. You speak Thai well."
"Do you have any American flags?"

"We have French flag. Same colors. Same ka, same ka—same same ka ka.

Note: Ever try to order something you know they do not have? Try to keep a straight face and read on ...

"Sa wa dee ka."
"Do you have any atom bombs?"
"We have roach bombs sir—just as good ka."
"Can I order an atom bomb?"
"Yes sir—no ploblum sir. 100 baht deposit.

"Can I order a nuclear warhead for my little boy?"
"Yes sir—no ploblum sir—75 baht deposit."

Follow-up note: Do you think I will get my deposits back?

OK, got my breath back ... fan belts for your car? No ploblum. Only thing is we don't know what we got. Just bring in your old fanbelt and look for a match. And don't bother me. I'm slurping noodles and watching Thai soap operas while the baby is chasing a roach. String, and aluminum foil, and old paper bags, and clothes hangers, and used old ladies' shoes? No ploblum. When the old lady across the street died we stripped her house before the village headman got there. OK, not 100% true. We gave the village headman a bottle of Johnny Walker and then we sent our sons across the street. Velly good price.

Coffee, and tea, and cigarettes, and spices, and air conditioning parts, and sodas, and beers, and weird snack foods? Sure, we gottem. Incense sticks? Sure. Flowers? Maybe but I've never seen them. And every one of these stores has ubiquitous stuff that looks like it just wandered in to die. Think piles of car parts on the floor, or boxes of rags, or old bandages (what?). Some of these places can sell you old cars, birdhouse shrines, bus tickets, battery caps, chili based foot powder, used computer equipment, stolen cell phones, and on-the-spot haircuts. Daughters? No, not really.

I have often thought that it would be fun to make a grid map of the Kingdom and then square by square do a complete survey of every single one of these shops. Visit every single one. A military balls to the wall one year project. Take outside and inside photos, interview the clerks and the owners, longitude and latitude directions as well as Thai directions (for purposes of hilarity only—fxxxing hopeless), list of inventory, and of course pics of resident or noteworthy dogs or chickens. Then put it all in a big picture book. I imagine a fleet of 100 battle tested camo Hummers with satellite dishes on tip, smoked glass, uniformed personnel, Thai government I.D. placards around our necks, etc. Like all of my ideas this is totally practical. Who is with me?

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK ... oh, hold it ... someone's at the door. One minute ...

Me: Oh, hi Gary—come on in.

Gary: Hey Dana—what's up?

Me: Not much, just working on a story/essay. Are you still coming to the Church of Dana service tomorrow at the maritime park?

Gary: Yup, be there—what's the story about?

Me: Stuff you see in Thai general stores mostly of the rural kind. You know, all the little inventory items. Gary, usually two brains are better than one. Of course ideally they would be two Dana brains, but all we have to work with today is my brain and your brain.

Gary: Sorry.

Dana: No, it's OK—just give me a list off the top of your head of some of the things you have seen in the little no-name four corners rural stores in the Kingdom and I'll add your items to the stuff I thought of.

Gary: OK … here goes—Satellite dishes on order (don't do this—do not order anything, ever), big bag of black socks (don't put your hand in there—prime krait habitat), horse bucket with lip chewed off, fireplace tool set, three pails assorted nuts and bolts and nails and washers, shelf of self-improvement books on diet and weight loss and sexual performance and personality (all in German), camera bags and straps and lens caps—no cameras, Star Trek light saber that does not work, beer bottle washing service, used tongue depressors, banjo (no strings), canteen pouches (no canteens), beer chest (no ice—beers warm), Igloo chests with no cap on drain hole, soda machine (you have to give the change to the clerk), community notices board—not one thing up to date, gun cleaning kit (various parts missing), case (144 packages) Q-tips intact (nothing sold in two years), packages and packages and packages of mysterious and horrible looking blister packed snacks that you wouldn't buy or eat if someone put a gun to your head (you only make this mistake once), make-up mirrors, no tools or ladders (everything has been stolen), fence wire and fence wire staples and various sizes of PVC pipe (they never ever have the size you need but they always have fantastic discounts on the sizes you don't need), steel frames and steel mullions for windows (no glass and complete incomprehension when you ask about glass), steel transformer boxes (source unknown and don't ask), glass electric transmission line insulators (no one in the universe has any idea why you would buy one of these). And just to repeat one more time—they never ever have the size PVC pipe you are looking for.

Me: Thanks Gary—I'll add your stuff into the essay and I'll see you tomorrow at the Church of Dana services.

Gary: Dana?

Me: What?

Gary: Tomorrow are you going to have the Church of Dana parachuting trannies with the pink parachutes, pink lycra body suits, and pink smoke bombs?

Me: No, we are going to do something different. We are going to have a tranny parachuting drill team present Jesus and the twelve disciples. Jesus will be in purple: purple jump suit, purple parachute, and purple trailing smoke bomb. The disciples will be in white except for Judas who will be in black.

Gary: Sounds great.

So that's about it folks. I think a giant heavy fancy high resolution photograph picture book with text commemorating these wonderful little stores would be great. We'll make it a military operation, I'll be in charge of everything, all the profits will go to the Pattaya Rest Home For Whores (PRHFW), applications will be in the back of the book so that readers can send them in to the Pulitzer and Nobel prize committees, and investor information can be obtained at Dana Central—Attn. Inventory Amusements Picture Book Dept. Don't forget Church of Dana services every Sunday in the maritime park in South Pattaya.

Dana

P.S. Oops sorry—forgot some more things: big cardboard boxes of assorted noodles, chilies, chili paste, chili powder, fish paste, bootleg movies, fake watches, porno (see mama), fake fashion accessories and jeans and handbags, straws (size large), various fruits (all unappetizing looking—revisit France by getting the Gallic shrug when you hold up a fruit and ask what it is), pine tree car air fresheners recut into the shape of Buddha, mahout hats sized ridiculously small, film drop-off service (kiss it goodbye), tire tread sandals from Vietnam (how can there be any profit in this for any of the participants?), boxes of towels with hotel names on them, catalogue to order Buddhist shrines for inside the home or Buddhist ‘birdhouses’ for outside the home, guitar strings, big rubber buckets for bathroom, yaa baa, ganja, small animal traps, bamboo skewers, lipstick, rouge, eye liner, press-on nails, white face powder, new and used Thai CDs, sleeping mosquito nets, turtles and prawns and snakes and ducks and chickens, weekly roadkill special, 4 kinds rice (50 pound bags only), bags of small round rocks for slingshots, rusty single edge razor blades, various shellfish in pails with no circulating water (no extra charge for food poisoning), new decks playing cards, baby and children’s clothes, new machetes, and last but not least: used Barbie tranny dolls with anatomically correct genitalia drawn on with a ball point pen.

225. Dana Bargirl Investigation Service

TT&A Part 206 25/4/2009

A lot of you do not know this (well, some of you do because your lives are so screwed up), but in addition to my worldwide literary activities including but not limited to brilliant essays, groundbreaking story content, autobiographical shafts of crystalline light, skank play recommendations, and wordsmithing that would cause Willy the Shake to fall to his knees and blubber like a baby; I also run a private investigation service in Thailand. It is called the Dana Bargirl Investigation Service (DBIS). It is a bonded, insured, and licensed totally honest Thai registered business - ha ha; I just love that joke. Anyway, people have questions and they engage my services to get those questions answered. What kinds of questions? Love life and personal questions. What did you think? Did you think I got questions like:

1. Plato vs. Aristotle: who was the better dresser?

2. Black crocodile pants and metal flake pink shirt: good idea or great idea?

3. Suspenders only, or suspenders plus belt: what do world leaders say?

No barf brains those are not the questions I get. Sweet Jesus on a cracker didn't your parents have any children? Grab the reins sugar lips; this is a bargirl investigation service in Thailand. Anyway, since the odds are overwhelming that you are probably a loser and you will need my services; you might benefit from reading some of the letters I get. Some are inquiry letters, some are follow up letters, some are thank you letters, some are what we in the business call whiner letters, and then there is an example of the unusual request letter. I am sure after reading these letters you will think of me first if you ever need to have your little liar and thief probed.

1. Typical Business Inquiry Letter

How's it hanging Danaman or the Danameister (or whatever ahole):

Yeah, well; about this spy service. I don't want to give my name or nothin' right now but just let me float this buy you to see if you can get down with it in a righteous manner dude.

So anyway, I met this really bitchin' kewl broad on the boardwalk in South Pattaya and we did a lot of drinkin', and some heavy sharin' (needles and spit and lube), and some wild ass mutual butt darts; and like you dig man? A totally dream lady the parents would luv to meet whenever they gets sprung from jail.

So anyway this is my question: I know it looks like everything is totally 100% in the future wife and mother categories with this tongue twister but I jus wonder if you could do kind of a background check first. You know: just find out if she has a PhD and a paid off mortgage and stuff like that.

Signed,
Nun of your fxxxin' business (I pay cash)

2. Typical Follow Up Letter

Hey Dana: How The F Are You (like I give a sxxx)

Well, thanks for nearly screwing up my life. I asked you to investigate Wan and you wrote back and I quote:

"She is one of the worst skanks in the Kingdom with multiple husbands, more kids than an orphanage, multiple pustules and lesions and Aids symptoms, no discernable brain, no morals or even brain stem sense of right and wrong, available to barfine any soi dog if he is draggin' it on the ground, and stretch marks so deep you could stick your credit cards in them (if you had any credit cards)."

Well, Mr. Investigation Service Man I took this 'report' to Wan and read it to her and she denied everything and then she cried. We are getting married and I am not paying your bill.

Really disappointed,
Bif from Billabongville, Australia

P.S. Ahole

3. Typical Thank You Letter

Sa Wa dii Khrapy Velly Hansum Man Dana:

Your service was great, and very professional in every way; and I would recommend you to everyone. You saved me money, and you saved me time, and you saved my dignity, and you probably kept me from having a heart attack or killing the bitch and ending up in jail. You also have given me a life lesson that I will not forget. From now on I will trust no human beings, forfeit any thoughts of happiness, and regard all Thai females as implacable foes and spawn of the Devil. I can't thank you enough for turning me into a heartless adamantine hater of all females in the Kingdom. Once again, a great service delivered in an honest ethical way and at a competitive price. If all business people were like you the world would be a better place and I would not have razor blade slash marks on both wrists.

Only one thing:

I am sure you remember that I told you I could pay for the investigation part of the service, but I could not pay your overnight expenses in Pattaya. The agreement was that I would park my van on Pattaya Beach Road and you could sleep in the back. I also, as a courtesy, told you that I rented out the front of the van to trannies and to expect doors to be opening and closing all night long.

Well, when I got the van back there was semen and spunk and jazz all over the sides of the van (and on the black velvet Elvis painting), and the ceiling, and the floorboards in the back. It looked like a one gallon paint can of latex semi-gloss Oyster White exploded. I think you owe me an explanation.

Sincerely yours,
Rodney Proudfoot III

P.S. Not for nothing but what's wrong with you man? I've got kids. And for the last three hours I have had them in the back of the van with chisels trying to chip your stuff off the sides and the ceiling and the floor. Children Dana. Think about it.

4. Typical Whiner Letter

Attn: Mr. Dana (if that is your real name) —

Well, I hope you had a good time spending the money I sent you for your DBIS (DANA BARGIRL INVESTIGATION SERVICES) itemized bill. Because you totally screwed up my life with your roaring incompetence. I asked you to go to Soi Monkey Butt off Walking Street in South Pattaya and check out a woman named Licker who works in the Boom Boom room at the Kit Kat Klub. Ten days later I got an email from you and I quote:

"This lady seems fine to me; I can't catch her in a lie, and everything about her is really classy. If I was not already chained for life (marriage) to a woman who was shaped like an hourglass when I met her; and who is now shaped like a coconut; I would marry this Licker. You are a lucky man."

Well, Dana that is what I did. I married her. And the last three years of my life have been the worst years of my life. Gee, I wonder how that could have happened? Well, Mr. DBIS; it turns out that Licker had a twin sister named Lickee and they both worked in the Boom Boom room at the Kit Kat Klub on Soi Monkey Butt. Licker was a Go Go dancer and Lickee was a cashier. You were supposed to be interviewing Licker and you were actually talking to Lickee. It turns out that Licker is the Devil, and her twin sister Lickee is an angel. Thanks to your stupefying stupidity in interviewing the wrong sister I married the Devil because you interviewed the angel. Thanks for ruining my life because you could not ascertain that there were identical twin sisters named Licker and Lickee which I think would be just baseline competence in your business. When I look up the word 'stupid' in the dictionary I expect to see a picture of you.

Would like to kill you,
Froozer Glockenspiel, Berlin

* I would just like to state that the above letter is a good example of the kind of whiner letters all of us bargirl investigation professionals get in the Kingdom. I mean give me a break: Licker and Lickee? I guess I am just lucky that the sisters had not been quints with names Licker, Lickee, Licko, Licks, and Lickme. Whiner.

5. Typical Unusual Request Letter

Attn: Most Esteemed Dana Bargirl Investigation Service (DBIS) company:

Hello Dana. My name is Prinklehopf (you can call me Horst) and I am from Switzerland. I am writing you because I have a special situation that requires a man of integrity and experience like yourself. In short, I have fallen in love with a tranny who works the boardwalk opposite the Starbucks in Pattaya. Here is the special situation; well, actually there are two special situations.

Number One: Even though I love this woman with all my heart and with all my soul we have not consummated our love for each other yet if you get my meaning. Naturally the consummation part of the love act would require an open mind and I am of course totally hip to that. However, I am a cautious man and I would hate to find out after going through the happy days of the marriage ceremony (and expense) that there were a lot of big polyps in there if you get my meaning. God knows I am as open minded as the next love struck suitor but tearing grooves in my man thing because Lek has big calcified polyps is not on my list of things to do.

Number Two: The second thing is that I am not a normal man in the love act department. Without sending you audiotapes or videos let me just tell you that I can go forever like a jackhammer and I need a woman (wife) who can take it. Of course there is only one way to tell with something like this.

So, this is where you come in if you decide to accept the job. I want you to make love to my honey bunny Lek before I marry her. That's right; I want you to pork the broad before I have to kiss her pet waterbuffalo and dance with the monks. I admit I am head over heels with this vision of loveliness; but I am nobody's fool, and a little research never hurt anyone. Your job is to pick her up, take her to the A.A. Hotel; and ream her like a carbide tip drill going through cheese. Repeatedly. Over and over and over with the repetitude of Switzerland saying they were neutral during WWII. Take notes.

To help you with the endurance issue I have forwarded to the Swiss Embassy in Bangkok on the corner of Soi Nailoet and Witthayu Road a package containing yaa baa and ecstasy tablets. They are in a special suppository form. You know what to do. I realize that this means that Lek and you can not play mutual butt darts but that is where the integrity comes in. Please just concentrate on the job at hand and behave like a professional. I know you will. No need to send me audiotapes or videos. A notarized report on company stationary duly dated and signed is enough. I know this seems kind of detailed, but hey; I'm Swiss.

Naturally, I recognize that this request for your investigation services is a little different. Consider it a blank check arrangement. Just bill me what you think is fair (with duplicate receipts for any expenses).

Waiting to hear from you,
Prinklehopf (Horst) Humperdinck

Well, losers and pathetic dreamers and love scum: there you have it. Examples of what it is like to be in the business. If you would like to engage my services and have one of your stupid human love canals investigated just email me or call me or send me a letter. And don't forget; everything you communicate with me will be held in the most strict confidence: ha ha - I just love that joke.

And, as always, prices are negotiable based on the photos I get. For example,

1. She can stand on her hands in the shower: 3% discount.

2. Pretzels hanging off her nipples when she stands in front of the airconditioner: 4% discount.

3. Built like an hourglass, two eyeballs going in two different directions, and favors micron thin leopard skin print jumpsuits: 6% discount.

Special Discount Situation: Any photos of rampant trannies holding up a plastic bucket with ten Nana Hotel glass ash trays inside will get a 10% discount. Additional tranny discounts possible: ask for the STDP (Special Tranny Discount Package) for further details.

Example: any investigation work involving Emma from Pattaya is 50% off.

So, do what you know you gotta do jackwad. Get the bad news from me before you get it from someone else. Every part of the Dana Bargirl Investigation Service (DBIS) is confidential (no, I do not want to meet you), there are no guarantees, and cash doesn't talk it screams.

And of course if you are unhappy with the service in any way we have a law firm DEWEY CHEATEM & HOWE that will adjudicate in an objective third party way in either an arbitration or mediation proceeding - NOT - I just love that joke.

Sincerely yours,
Dana
ITOLDYOUSO - dot - com
Telephone: 46 - 3825 - 96877353

226. Wrong Conclusions

TT&A Part 207 2/5/2009

Well, you've only got two chances when it comes to conclusions. Correct conclusion or incorrect conclusion. I guess the title should be 'INCORRECT CONCLUSIONS' because the word wrong refers to a moral imperative, but heck; everybody knows what I mean. And maybe, now that I think about it; the 'moral' part isn't so off base anyway. So what am I talking about? I am talking about the judgemental couple that was sitting next to us. Who was us?

I have a 7 p.m. appointment to meet an expat from Bangkok. He is driving up from southern Thailand where he has been on a photo shoot so we decide to meet in Pattaya for dinner. He picks me up in front of the steps of the A.A. Hotel and we end up at the new mall opposite Soi 13/0 on 2nd Road. The plan had been to go to the fabulous and tasteful New Orleans restaurant run by food impresario Steve on Soi Pattayaland 2 but my dinner companion made some negative remarks about the neighborhood (Gee, I thought it was a great red light district) so that was nixed. Anyway, we ended up at the brand new mall on 2nd Road. Neither one of us has been to this new mall before but we discover Shenanigan's restaurant on the second floor. It is a very nice restaurant. Big, western standards, and a nice menu.

I go Irish and have liver and onions—I do this because it is a guarantee foodwise. It is impossible to screw up cooking liver and onions. I also order liver and onions because I delude myself into thinking that it will function as some sort of nutritional counter balance to my normal diet of Swenson's Ice Cream (I always order Chewy Chocky Fancy), and chicken breasts cooked over toxic hibachi coals. Lately, because of nervousness about how well the chicken is cooked; I have taken to lifting up the wire screen and putting the chicken directly on the coals. This usually causes the Thai cook to flip out but I insist. So now I do not have to worry about undercooked chicken meat, but it is probably even more full of poisonous charcoal fumes. Thailand. You can't win, all you can do is party.

Anyway, I have happy memories of Shenanigan's when it was in the basement on 2nd Road next to the Marriott; but this is even better. No loud band that makes conversation a chore. And for me, to be across 2nd Road and outside my briar patch - well; I almost feel as if I am on a date. Normally, I don't leave the Pattaya red light district except to get a bus back to the airport and Boston. Jesus, I feel like I am having an adventure. A couple of hours without bad girls. Amazing.

The photographer expat and I have never met before except for Internet contacts. He asks me if I would like to see a photo shoot on his laptop of a modeling session. Who is going to say "No" to this? Pretty soon the laptop is on the restaurant table; and he begins to walk me through the pictures of a woman. There are many pictures and we scroll through them. Each picture is slightly different, or more than slightly different because she is posed, or facially expressive in different ways in each picture. Lots to look at, and lots to remark on, and lots to think about.

The screen is mostly facing me. No one else can see the pictures except me and my photographer friend if we move it a little bit. So it is private thing. He talks about the things he knows about; the business, and the professional social parts of the photographer model relationship, and technical stuff. I talk about what I can talk about; which is aesthetics, and reactions to each shot, and other more generic stuff. I am not a photographer. A camera coming in contact with me is a death sentence. It is only a matter of time before I throw it away. I have no interest in model photography either; in fact if I had to take photos of beautiful women I would probably die from boredom, but this is a one time thing so it is fun. We are both having fun. Scrolling back and forth through the pictures and making comments. The model herself? A father's daughter. A wonderful salt of the earth Thai person who does not deserve anything but respect. She is having fun having her picture taken. This is her idea. She is smiling. She is involved. She is an adult. A beautiful young woman reveling in her youth, at ease with her beauty, and excited about her life. The kind of person the world needs. A happy person. Emotionally stable and fun.

So who is the judgemental couple? Next to us. Next to our table was a farang couple. Looked like husband and wife and probably from the States. And you could tell: I could tell, and then later outside the restaurant I found out that my friend had also noticed, that they were disapproving of us. Through body language, and face language, and eye language they were communicating that they did not approve of us and what we were doing. They could not see the pictures we were looking at and remarking about on the screen, but they knew that if two adult males are having fun talking about a woman, and looking at pictures of a woman; it must be wrong. Fifty percent of the world's population is female but apparently it is wrong to ever look at one, or remark on one if you are a man. Funny, I must have missed that meeting.

So what did I do? What did I do when I noticed that we were getting disapproval? I didn't do anything. I did not alter my part of my life in any way. I was not doing anything improper. What did my friend do during this fun dinner in which he was enthusing about a part of his professional photography career when he saw that the man and the woman at the next table were disapproving of us? He did not do anything. He did not change, or alter, or disguise, or retool his self or his life or his fun or his enthusiasms in any way. He did not have to. We were not doing anything improper.

So if you are from another far away place and you decide to come to Thailand: be careful about making judgements. And do not make too many assumptions about your ability to influence. Thailand is a tough gig and only the tough survive. We are not going to pay any attention to whether you approve of us or whether you do not approve of us. We have left the need to defend our selves, and our needs, and our actions, and our enthusiasms behind. We are finally free. You are not a part of the equation for any one of us.

Did I have any regrets about this dinner date with my friend of accomplishment, and talent, and style, and education, and character? Only one: I kind of wished one of these stupid people at the next table had said something. Something aggressive, and public, and disapproving about what they thought we were doing. Then we could have turned the laptop around and shown them what we were looking at. And we could have said in unison:

“Be careful about reaching the Wrong Conclusions.”

227. The Nana Hotel

TT&A Part 208 9/5/2009

Greetings Stickmanbangkokites and Dana fans:

Dana here with a story you will at first glance be scarcely able to credit, but I swear with my balls on a pile of Ping's underpants that every word is true. To wit: I have been corresponding for years with a friend (well, not any more) in California who is also of the monger tribe. This Internet relationship has been OK I guess, except for the fact that he is wrong about almost everything; and I have to constantly email block him. You know how it is with the people in your life: you just consider the source. But there are limits.

On Wednesday the 16th of April I was sitting in front of the monitor screen minding my own business (farangdingdong.com) when I received an incoming email from him. In this email he apprised me of the fact that the Nana Hotel room rates had gone up, and a better deal could be had around the corner on Sukhumvit at the Majestic Hotel. And, by wrongheaded inference, the Majestic Hotel was a better hotel than the Nana Hotel. I know what you are thinking and I know what you are feeling. Me too. I sat and read this in slack jawed wonderment. A better hotel than the Nana Hotel? What's next? The moon is made of green cheese? There is such a thing as military intelligence? I am really tall? Exactly. Generally speaking there are only two things you can count on in life. And those two things are that in a descent into madness; it is a descent, and it is madness. But still; some things are beyond debate. Another hotel better than the Nana Hotel? Pleaaaassssse.

First of all, scientifically and objectively speaking, the Nana Hotel of Soi 4 off Sukhumvit Road in Bangkok Thailand is the finest hotel in the world. Ask yourself this question: where else can you stagger in with a drug addicted prison escapee tranny and absolutely no one notices or cares? Exactly. Who looks foolish now? Where else do you have to dodge and slalom through a car park full of skanks and cruisers just to get to the Mini-Mart? Exactly. Who looks foolish now? Where else is there a hotel with a lounge lizard known as 500 baht Walt? What are you paying? Exactly. Who looks like a horse's ass now? Where else does a simple return to the hotel any time of the day or night include getting propositioned in the car park, hit on in the lobby, smiled at in front of the ID card table, groped in the elevator, and followed by the world's most beautiful females right to your door? Think you are going to get propositioned and groped at the Majestic? Forget about it. That place is run by retired shrimp farm women wearing 'I Hate Men' buttons.

Not to put too fine a point on it: the Nana Hotel is known as the MOTHERSHIP and the Majestic Hotel is known as the 'hotel around the corner'. As Bernard Trink once blurted out when he caught me with my pants down: "Nuff Said". OK, that may be a little inside for some of you newbies, but believe me when I tell you; I just made a salient point.

Anyway, checking into the Nana is like checking into Paradise. You have left all Earthly cares and woes behind, and you are now floating on a Thai hotel cloud so choked with hookers that it will be a miracle if your baby maker does not drop off. And if you are checking in during the daytime there is a front desk woman there with straight black hair to her rear and silver bracelets to her elbows. I don't care where you are from you have never seen a woman like this. Never has she not been charming, and never has she been accessible. Oh exquisite pain. What hurts more than the syringe just beyond reach? The lover beyond touch? The heart you can not share? Oh God, the needle like pains in the tops of the eyeballs from what you can not have.

A couple of years ago the management of the hotel made her start wearing a blue coat with long sleeves to cover up some of her jewelry. During her day shift it was just pretty much continual low level pandemonium with men from all over the world trying to chat her up, and look at her, and ask her name, and make inane conversation, and take pictures of her. Some of these jerks would push ahead of me. Pigs. Anyway, think you are going to get anything like that at the Majestic? Well, do you? I'll tell you what they have at the front desk at the Majestic Hotel on Sukhumvit. Harelips.

Not that that is a bad thing. I'm just sayin'. Harelips. Harelips on old fat retired fish farm women. Not that that is a bad thing. I'm just sayin'.

Majestic hotel. What a joke. No carpark hookers, no pool, no fabulous breakfast buffet, no whirlpool, no Pattaya bus service, no restaurant, no Angels Disco, no waterfall, no carpark hookers, no great location opposite the Nana Entertainment Plaza, no carpark hookers, no! I think I have made my point. Did I mention no carpark hookers? Anyway, It is the MOTHERSHIP. Comparing the MOTHERSHIP to the Majestic is like comparing a 44" bust to an A cup. Hey, it's your choice.

So I think it goes without saying and saying and saying that I have once again (and for the last time) computer blocked this guy from California. What if my mother had read his email? How would I have explained that to her? Exactly. He is now known here at Dana Central as Mr. Insane Man (MIM) and we have initiated the paperwork to have him immediately and with extreme prejudice excommunicated from the IMS (International Monger Society). Standards.

Loose lips sink ships and he turned himself into a regular Titanic when he made that bone head remark about the Majestic Hotel being a better deal than the Nana Hotel. Pleaasssssse. We knew gross and egregious monger treason when we heard it, and we knew what had to be done, and we took action. More surprise him on his next trip to the Kingdom when he is stopped at Bhumi Immigration because they have a computer note that says he does not fulfill standard monger intelligence.

He is, as of this typing moment, officially banned by the IMS (International Monger Society) from picking up the most wonderful skanks, cruisers, drug addicts, diseased, wild eyed, anorexic, violent, and emotionally unstable honey bunnies in the world (aka Nana Carpark). His punishment is stored on the karma wheel and his punishment will strike him when he least expects it. No one will help him. Ever seen a half dead snake in the road in Isaan because the first car did not kill it? What does the next car coming along do? That's right: it goes out of it's way to line up it's wheels and put the stupid useless snake out of business. This MIM (Mr. Insane Man) from California should be listening for the sound of cars coming.

You know what the real issue here is? Well, I'll tell you. Mr. Insane Man from California (who I am never speaking to again) has a bee in his bonnet about 'in the room' safes. He had a room safe in his tree house in La La Land when he was ten years old, so if a hotel does not have a safe in the room then he is not a player. Mr. Too Good For The Rest Of Us thinks he is slumming. Safes in the rooms? If he wants a safe in his room maybe he should go down to Soi Pattayaland 3 in South Pattaya and check into the Ambiance Hotel in Boyztown where the clients are all a bunch of poofs, and wiggly walkers, and limp wrists, and pansy talkers.

Ambiance Hotel: "No sir Dana, there is no problem if you are straight here. We support all forms of love. And if I can be absolutely candid; your engorged private parts pushing out against those thin blue elephant beach pants would be very welcome on the fourth floor in room 406 at 11:00 tonight. We have ways of delaying the inevitable and you will experience delicious love pain of the colon emptying kind."

Me: "OK, just one question. Can I bring a straight or tranny guest?"

Ambiance Hotel: "Of course, but any love child you bring to the hotel must have an ID card."

Me: "What?"

Ambiance Hotel: "We have standards."

Me: "Standards? It's a bang house for back door slammin' and butt darts."

Ambiance Hotel: "Would you like to check in or not?"

Me: "How many of the mirrors here are one way mirrors?"

Ambiance Hotel: "Sir, I am very busy."

Me: "OK, just one more question. If I do find myself in room 406 tonight after 11:00; and I end up standing on a box naked with my wrists in pink furry handcuffs hanging from the ceiling: where am I going to put my wallet?"

Ambiance Hotel: "Don't worry, we have room safes."

Safes in the rooms Mr. California? Come on, man up. Take your hand and put it down between your legs and see if you have any balls. Nana Hotel guys are not room safe guys. The MOTHERSHIP does not have any jive ass safes in the rooms. Hell, the lobby Gift Shop run by the two elderly sisters doesn't even sell condoms.

Sincerely yours,
Dana

Postscript:

Oh, and I just thought of something else that almost no one knows about the Nana Hotel of Bangkok. It is rated as a three star budget hotel but it is actually a five star luxury hotel. How is that you ask? Simple, the Nana Hotel pays fees and bribes and incentives all over the world to travel industry people to list and market the hotel as a three star hotel. Why?

Well, if it was listed as a five star hotel a lot of rich people would be attracted to staying there, and they would inflate the carpark skank market. The little dark skinned almond eyed honey bunnies would want more than 500 baht. And this would upset the hotel's regular customers. So as a service to their regular customers the Nana Hotel insists on only being listed as a three star hotel. If that is not five star hotel customer service then you can fish slap me with a harelip's panties.

228. Big Bertha

TT&A Part 209 16/5/2009

Dana here from Dana Central with a little confession to make. Not a big confession. It is not like I have committed a big crime or anything, but I am a stickler for total honesty and lately I have not been 150% honest. To wit: you would have noticed if you had flim flammed my modem, or back tracked my server signals, or been deleting the Ipodian confluence that for the last seven months my dispatches to the Internet have not been coming from Boston.

That's right slack jawed readers: a new day has dawned. Yes newbies and genital rash heroes: the luck of the stupid and geography have combined in happy serendipitous copulatory historical pleasure to give me one more stab at manly dignity before I die. You guessed it. My dispatches have been emanating from the KOL (Kingdom of Love).

More specifically, they have been coming from the heart of Bangkok. That's right Kingdom kats and KOL kittens, I won the Massachusetts lottery seven months ago, and got out of the States faster than prunes leave an old lady. What have I been doing? Gettin' situated that's what. I bought a wall enclosed property on one of those side sois up near Washington Square and then brought in three hundred Portuguese and Algerian workers from old Aramco contracts near Jeddha.

After that it was just engineered drawings, leasing heavy equipment, foreman meetings, and the dispatching with extreme prejudice of any Thais wearing uniforms, or sneers, or badges, or holding clipboards.

First order of business? We bulldozed the existing house, bulldozed the surrounding wall, leveled the ground, and hauled the trash. Then we set up toilets, food and drink vendors, perimeter security, and an air conditioned contractor office with a communications center. The ground was then criss-cross ploughed; filled with jellied gasoline, and set on fire. Any flip floppers that survived were killed by village kids with crude but heavy striking tools. Really productive urban urchins were rewarded with ice cream cones and imported wrist rockets. I hate snakes.

Then the fun stuff. The first to go up was the exterior wall. Twelve feet high and of standard cinder block construction with steel tiger spikes on top. At a distance of fifteen feet there was a second wall constructed inside the first wall. Identical construction and wall top spikes except I had the spikes on the second wall painted black so that from the house it looks like decorative iron work instead of flesh slicing and flesh impaling metal. So the property perimeter was seventy five yards on a side with two identical twelve foot walls one inside the other and each topped with cutting edges.

In between the two walls? Concertina wire. Rolls of it. Rolls of concertina style razor wire. Sweet Jesus on a cracker I do not know what gives me more pleasure; making love to my teeruk or dreaming about my rolls and rolls and thousands and thousands of feet of sun glinty flesh cutting razor wire.

What if some Thai punk manages to get over both walls and inside the property? Get serious. That is like asking me if I am going to be six feet tall tomorrow. It is not going to happen. However, caution is the wise man’s companion so I have one and two foot high trip wires that run at the base of the inside wall in the lawn; as well as vibration ground alarms, and motion alarm beams. If anything is triggered it better be by a falling leaf; anyone else is liable to be making the acquaintance of Big Bertha.

Now the house. It is a three story hacienda style house one hundred feet on a side. Because it is a hacienda design the center of the house plot plan is empty. That's right; open courtyard and open roof. Can you feel the excitement? That is where I have Big Bertha. Custom designed and built in England: then broken down into pieces and imported to the Kingdom as invoice described construction equipment; it is a huge trebuchet. Trebuchet is a French (fxxx the French) word for catapult, one of those Medieval military siege machines that could throw big rocks at castle walls. Big Bertha can throw up to three hundred pounds completely out of the soi. And I mean completely out of the soi in arcing shots of space program wonder. She's no dribbler, she's a shooter.

None of the neighbors, or the construction workers, or my girlfriend(s), or any delivery people have ever seen it work. No one has the slightest idea what it is. I have it painted yellow and silver and black and covered with flags and ribbons and bits of aluminum foil and little mirrors and other 60's America art happening junk. If anyone asks I tell them it is a work of modern sculpture from America. All farangs are crazy so this makes complete unchallenged sense to the Thais. I let the girlfriend hang the wash on it, I let the neighbor kids climb it, and I have orchids and ivy all over it.

"Nothing disguises like familiarity."
—Chinese general One Hung Low.

Have I used it yet? Yes I have. Twice. Twice my teeruk has been surprised to have me give her an envelope with ten thousand baht and suggest that now would be a good time for her to take a trip to her village for a few days. Then it was just gut wrenching work. The first time I found two bodies between the walls caught up in the concertina wire, and the second time a nightly inspection had found one thief impaled on the spikes of the inside wall. He had tried to roll over using the mattress trick but it did not work. The spikes went right through the mattress and right through him.

Honk if you love anti human being technology. Some Thais have an economic theory regarding redistribution of wealth that includes taking money and property from foreigners and giving it to themselves. I do not subscribe to that economic theory. My economic theory is more Hobbsian in nature. To wit: life is "solitary, poor, nasty, brutish," etc. and what is mine is mine. Try and take my money, and my property, and my peace of mind from me. Go ahead. Try.

Anyway, a kitchen knife duct taped to a broom handle stopped the various moanings and then the hard work began. I have a gantry crane that runs along the tops of the walls and all of the necessary wire cutting and wire handling equipment, but still it is close hot work with little room for error. Concertina wire is a little like a Pattaya boulevard cruiser. It just loves everybody, and would love to hook up with whomever is closest. In addition: I have a myocardial infarction on the posterior of my heart, sub par ejection fraction, occluded arteries, and problems from the waist down with my feet, ankles, legs and knees. So recovering, and transferring, and installing the bodies in the water buffalo leather throwing pouch on Big Bertha's fifty foot oak throwing arm was just really hard hard work. Hey, I am supposed to be retired.

Funny note: the guys in England who designed and built the Medieval throwing machine made up a little bronze plaque they affixed to the greenheart crossbeam that says:

Big Bertha's My Name,
Karma Delivery Is My Game.

Anyway, the trebuchet counter weight attached to the throwing arm is of so many tens of thousands of pounds that there is no way I can hand crank it down with a winch. So I simply hook the wire up to the front of the truck and back it across the lawn until something squeals. Then I apply the parking brake, put chocks under the wheels, and start for the house. It is kind of a nervous walk across the lawn, and believe me when I tell you I stay away from the wire. The car is making awkward spooky sounds as it lunges against the wheel chocks, and the wire is vibrating like a piano wire that has just been struck with a tuning fork. In fact the potential energy in the wire must throw out a frequency of sound I can not hear because every time I do this the dogs all around the perimeter wall in the neighborhood start barking and whining and wailing and woofing and jumping against the wall.

Anyway, the next step is to transfer the wire tension from the car to the trigger pin. And "PULL". Thai punks who had no respect for me, and felt that they had a right to terror and plunder, leave the center of the house like projectile vomit leaving a rugby fan. I tell ya; the explosive force of the machine followed by the retributive arc of flying dead scum makes your heart sing. I am retired to the Land of Smiles and nothing makes me smile more than to spend the night removing a body from concertina wire or spikes and sending it on it's karma way. God I love Thailand.

So if you are wandering about one night near my house or one soi over in any direction by yourself, or in the company of friends, or with your arm around one of God's mistresses, or with your elderly parents who have flown in to sample exotic smiling Siam; and all of a sudden a silent blood spraying body goes flailing by, or streaking over, or smashes through a plate glass window: it's me throwing out the trash. I'm up and I'm happy and I'm really really tired. Come on by and we'll have a drink. I'm retired to Thailand. I love it here.

Sincerely yours,
Dana (aka "PULL")

P.S.—If you do come by one night for a drink ask for my latest drink invention: the Bangkok Throw. It is similar to the Singapore Sling only with a few drops of blood on top.

229. I Have Bought A Bar

TT&A Part 210 23/5/2009

OK, Dana here with a message of importance to all Thailand expats or travelers to the Kingdom. I have bought a bar. That's right: I have bought a bar. You heard me. The final screw has turned, the final cog has fallen into place, the fat lady has sung.

I have bought a bar. It is in Pattaya, and it is called Dana's Delight. Actually it is the Dana's Delight Bar and Gift Shop but that is just legal mumbo jumbo. Just think Dana's Delight. Anyway, think Soi Diamond Superbabies quality girls without the Japanese customers and without the attitude from the girls. A few things will be different in the Dana's Delight bar.

1. First of all it will be all nude all the time. Any girl wearing anything more than high heels or make up or a gold waist chain will be fired. No arty farty shows with women wearing costumes, and theme outfits, or little sexy strappy things with lots of holes in them. What's with that? I don't want to sound like Mr. Old Timer here but years ago there used to be a bar in the Nana Entertainment Plaza on Soi 4 in Bangkok where the deal was that the Go Go girls were nurses. Nurses uniforms and such. And, as God is my witness, as part of the decorative 'theme' the edge of the stage was lined with white porcelain bed pans. Sorry. I mean, What's With that? Naked women gentlemen. If you do not love naked women more than any other kind of women, than turn in your dick at Customs and get the hell out of the Kingdom.

2. No Japanese, or Chinese, or Koreans, or Russians, or French, or tourists who arrived in a bus allowed. And, as if you had to ask; no foreign women of the white skinned variety.

3. No fans of rugby or soccer. This is not a sports bar, it is a sex bar. No television sets, or darts, or pool tables. Hit the road sports fan.

4. No customers who use condoms. Get with the program guys. Ask yourself this question: has your penis ever one time asked you for a condom? Exactly. I think I have made my point.

5. Sex acts on the stage, and on the floor, and in the seats will be continuous. Think the Windmill bar in the Soi Diamond in Pattaya only cranked up. A lot. This is the kind of bar where you will wonder which mafia owns it.

6. Unisex bathrooms with trannies who will hold your friend for you. There will be no limits on bathroom behavior. It's a party. Are you one of those knowledgeable modern people who know all about hygiene and cleanliness? No ploblum dude. Our tranny washroom attendants are trained to publicly wash your private parts. Try and stop them.

7. All girls will be tested by me. Tested for STDs and Aids and chronic Hep B? Oh for the love of God. No Commander Jackass we don't waste time on that stuff. We are men. All our female staff are tested for the important things. Believe me when I tell you there will be no vaginas you can ride a bicycle into, no stretch marks you can stick a credit card into, no stomachs you can not bounce a ten baht coin off of, no chocolate holes that can not relax, and no frightening motor bike accident scars. We have not formulated an official policy on tattoos yet. I personally favor total body tattoos of the freaky Asian kind. Example: Two multi colored slit eyed bonking dragons that covers the whole back. That kind of thing. We'll let you know.

8. All girls will be laughers and gigglers. They will find everything you say screechingly and hysterically funny and clever. And they will beg you; beg you to tickle them. In fact, every

Wednesday night we will have Tickle Them Till They Pee (TTTTP) contests. And believe me when I tell you (this is Dana talking); if you end up forming a long term relationship with one of these girls none of them will know how to read, or have any ideas of their own. We do not just hire anyone. Standards.

9. All drinks will be free and you will be allowed to drink until you unload in your pants. It's a party. (Sorry, we do not pay dry cleaning bills.)

10. There will be no barfines. All girls will be free. Sure I'm a pimp, but I'm a humanitarian pimp.

11. Cameras and video taping equipment will be allowed. If you forgot to come equipped you can rent or buy from our gift shop (more on the gift shop following this announcement).

12. Non bar affiliated freelance trannies will be allowed to work the crowd. And I mean work the crowd. Think Tony's or Lucifer's on freelancer scuzzbucket steroids. If this is your first trip to the Kingdom, or your first trip to my bar; I suggest you spend about ten days having your private parts pulled and twisted and kicked first. Smear on a big jar of marmalade and let a giant dog lick it off. Hey, but no gays. This bar is just for men who want to have man fun.

13. There will not be any bartenders, or any waitresses in red mandarin collar Chinese dresses. Just mix your own drinks.

14. All short time rooms are free and have big picture windows so that we can watch from the bar and you can see us watching.

15. Exhibitionists are encouraged except for wing wang wavers. Take it to Boyztown. I'm not personally against fruit loops, and wiggly walkers, and pansy pants, and limp wrists but we are not going to be running butt dart contests if you get my meaning.

So that's it. I have bought a bar and it is in Pattaya and it is called Dana's Delight. If you have any additional suggestions other than the above listed parameters just email me or speak to me any night at the bar. It's basically a wide open idea venue and I am interested in hearing any ideas that have to do with the words naked, female, sex, party, and profit.

Sincerely yours,
Dana
CEO Dana's Delight Bar and Giftshop, Pattaya, Thailand

Postscript:

I know what some of you are thinking. You are thinking : "Gee Dana, if you do not charge for the drinks, and if there are no barfines; how can you make any money? I know you are the greatest guy in the whole world; but still, how do you pay your bills?"

Simple. The gift shop. That's right, it is Dana's Delight Bar and Gift Shop. The attached gift shop is 11,000 square feet and you have to go through the gift shop to get in the bar, and you have to exit through the gift shop to get back to the street. And exiting the bar you will have a woman with you. Results? Predictable. How do I think of these things? Genius.

Anyway, below is a partial list of the 17,000 items and services in the Dana's Delight Gift Shop.

1. Viagra pills specially monogrammed with your initials (or hers).

2. Pictures of myself and the girls and the bar and you (personal and creative photoshopping available). Everyone must be naked. Man up. Photoshopping a specialty. Always wanted a fifteen inch black love wand? We can make that happen.

3. Battery operated and landline operated sex toys, furniture, and machines (with an electrician groundwire service). Big stuff that will clean out your colon.

4. Inflatable anatomically correct big teddy bears (more on this below).

OK, too many products and services to list in a really organized way: so just scan the following numbered items, and paragraphs, and descriptions. Any questions can be directed to me in the bar or to my mamasan Lube. Mail order is available. Ask for a catalogue.

5. Tour services. Nong Nooch Gardens, Ko Larn beach tour, Tranny Day at Bang Kwang prison, etc. I am not by nature a bragger but the Dana's Delight Bar and Giftshop enterprise is the only entity to offer Tranny Day at Bang Kwang prison as a weekly tour. The girls are not allowed to mix in the exercise yard, but they will stick something between the bars and you can say Hello that way. Not to be missed. Charity and sleaze in one economical package.

6. Post office and packing supplies (experts in shipping illegal skins and leather products).

7. Doctor and dentist offices (all major languages spoken except Japanese, French, Russian, Chinese, and Korean).

8. Bus, van, mototaxi, pickup truck (almost a necessity for visiting her parents in Suckburi), and limousine services (unlimited free drinks with limo rental: please do not barf on seats).

9. Daytime outdoor coffee, cocoa, and whiskey garden (complimentary telescopes and binoculars). Try our double cocoa with whiskey and seltzer water.

10. Barber and hair salon (short time rooms available).

11. Professional photo studio (all photographers are also mongers—we respect and understand you).

12. Gas pump for motorbikes and motorbike rentals. All gas pumpers will be wearing school girl outfits with pleated skirts, ties, white blouses, little white gloves, little white socks, and black leather loafers. Additionally, all gas pumpers will be wearing little teddy bear backpacks, and Mickey Mouse underpants. Who loves you baby? Ask them to bend down and check your tire inflation.

13. Camera and video, purchase or rental; and film development. Instruction available with live drugged up models. Buy a bag of pretzels for ideas.

14. Pharmacy (no doctor's prescriptions needed - just tell us what you need). No illegal drugs but we do have a tooth brushing powder of crushed Viagra and baking soda. I recommend it. She'll think you do not need the little blue pill and you will be able to pound tent pegs with the hammer of love. Who loves ya baby?

15. T Shirt laminating (more on this below).

16. Mini Mart (no straws with drinks—none of you guys use them, and I am sick of picking them up).

17. Women's shoe, lingerie, and gold shop: Note - if you can get out of the gold shop with your girlfriend without buying her gold we will give you a free drink coupon (this has never happened).

18. Government stamps for any documents (of course only for hobby purposes). We also have official documents in Thai telling your girlfriend that certain sex acts are the law. Ask to see the Anal Manifesto written in Khmer, Cambodian, Central Thai, Lannan, and Laotian.

19. Tattoo parlor (temporary tattoos and permanent tattoos—we recommend temporary tattoos first). We do not do face tattoos: however, Tammy the Tranny is an expert at penis tattoos. Let her show you what she had done to herself. We are considering having Tuesday nights being 'Show Your Penis Tattoo Night'. Let us know if you think this is a good idea.

20. Tailor (learn to dress like me and look like me: Live the Dream). The Dana's Delight Bar and Giftshop tailors will not be Chinese or Pakistani or Indian. We expect this feature to be wildly popular.

21. Cialis and Viagra testing service (we sell only authentic overpriced drugs).

22. Massage and manicure service; plus nose hair, ear hair, and eyebrow plucking.

23. Hair removal and waxing (we have audiotapes of waxing service screams).

24. Testicle and groin shaving (highly recommended). Tranny shavers on request. Before and after barefoot toe massages standard. Hey, your private parts are an amusement park and everyone likes a clean well presented park. Groin shaving represents no challenge but testicle shaving and cleanup can be tricky. We have local anesthetics for sissies. Really, this is what I am all about. Service. When my customers think about taking a needle in the balls they think of me.

25. Love letter writing service (nobody makes up lies better than us - guaranteed). When we are through writing to your teeruk you will be taller, leaner, thinner, smarter, younger, richer, and funnier. Actually, you will be just like me so this is pretty easy for us. We do not charge much for this service because it makes us laugh so hard.

26. Internet, phone, copy, printing center. All clerks are blind so no anxieties about data theft. I don't know anything about this electronic stuff but I hire high school girls who will make your knees tremble who do know all about this stuff. I couldn't make a rubbing on a tombstone with a charcoal stick and a piece of paper; but these blind beauties can modem your wazoo faster than you can say "I have deleted my wallet and I can't find taxi money."

27. Currency exchange (all currencies in any amounts and we keep no records). Crisp US $100 bills only. No foreign funny money. If your money has rainbow colors, or is so big you could wrap a pound of fried scorpions in it; then we are not going to mess with it.

28. Party planning service (we don't do Boyztown parties). Nothing against hot tub squealers, and Ambiance Hotel lounge lizards, and poofters, and queens, and flamers, and Liberaces, and fudge packers, and picklesmoochers: we just limit ourselves to normal desires. If you and a hundred of your friends want to play ring toss on your wing wangs find another bar. Or go to the north end of Jomtien Beach and ask one of the towel boys if he would like to go out and stand in waist deep water with you. But don't bring it to the Dana's Delight Bar. We only cater to normal desires.

29. Note: this item eliminated due to high bribe costs. We are not above greasing palms to smooth the ways of business but this service attracted too much attention from the guys in the too tight shirts. Too bad. This was a humdinger of a service. I can't describe it - just let me say: "She could suck the chrome of a towing hitch, and her sister could suck a golf ball through a garden house." Watch the Dana's Delight Bar and Gift Shop website (DDBGS.com) for updates on Number 29.

30. Pregnancy, paternity, STD, and Aids testing. 'Special' lab results paperwork with special request results for no extra fee. A happy woman means a happy man and nothing will bring a smile to her face like bogus test results. There is reality and then there is the perception of reality. Become a winner.

31. Classes in how to hide money in hotel rooms (teeruks not allowed to attend).

32. Hotel booking service (all hotels have guaranteed friendly guest policy).

33. Attention: 'get you out of jail' service, plus a staff of legal beagles.

34. Real estate services ('flipping' and paperwork a specialty).

35. Marriage, divorce, and visa services (including counseling: you are going to need it). We can not overstate the catastrophic stupidity of marrying a bargirl but if you insist on throwing yourself into a volcano we will help.

36. Courses in Thai culture and Thai cooking (it's a yawn but some guys want it). All Thai cooking courses must be paid 100% in advance and we will try to talk you out of it. BORING.

37. Introduction services ("Mr. Foreign Man I'd like to introduce you to Miss Skank"). We also have a newbie beach boulevard tour which I recommend. Learn how to make friends by handing out breakfast items to the girls in the morning. I personally lead this tour. Tours of three only: sign up early. Stay away from Fa. I repeat: stay away from Fa. Anybody caught talking to Fa will be thrown into a tank of drugged up trannies. Think parakeet thrown into a tank of drugged up horny chimpanzees. I think I have made my point. Stay away from Fa.

38. Inflatable women. Thai, Laotian, Cambodian, Vietnamese models only: and no models with braids. The braids whack you

in the head when you are pile driving: which brings up a salient point - to wit: anyone who asks for anything that is French will be thrown out of the bar or the store. Be thankful we do not have a second floor. You want to have a French dream? Stick an Eiffel Tower up your rear and sing the Frere Jacques song. We had a bar patron get caught doing things with a French inflatable doll. He tried to make amends by having “Fxxx the French” tattooed on his wing wang. It was not enough. He is barred for life.

39. We also do not handle any Chinese or Korean or Usuckistan or Japanese products or people. Get back on the bus. And (as if it needs to be said): no western farang women’s products or interests ever. Back on the plane rhino beast. Boudoir photo services (immortalize in an artful way you and your teeruk banging like rabbits and grunting like pigs) are available and recommended: especially if you have just gotten divorced. Send Ms. Feminist Rights a picture (use our postal system and packing services) of you smiling in a way you never smiled with her. These pictures framed (yes, we have a framing service) also recommended for the mother-in-law, and any sisters of the beast. These white western rhino beasts and friends of the beasts have probably never seen a pudenda before that did not have rolls of fat, and a woman’s crotch that did not look like the Black Forest; some diagramming might be required. We have red and black ink stamps that say Rhino Beast and Whale and Elephant and Hippo that you can stamp all over your letters and packages.

40. Naturally there are other services and gift shop items I can not list here. Don’t worry: if you can think it, or if you need it, or if you want it we probably have it. Just ask me at the bar or speak to Miss Lube my mamasan. And try not to act like a little newbie fool when she says: “My name is Lube - how can I help you?” Believe me she has heard it all.

Which reminds me: we have four different manufacturers of lube available in various scents and colors at the Dana's Delight Bar Gift Shop. Just ask. Got a special color or scent desire? We can do it. The pharmacist can mix up anything. Think of the smile on her face when she gets her first tube of fish sauce or durian scent lube. It's all about love. And don't even get my gift shop manager started on the Pad Thai and Chili lubes. That stuff is flying off the shelves. No Chinese or Thai pharmacists. When you ask our pharmacist a question he will understand the question and you will understand the answer. Who loves ya baby?

Note: We take credit cards but we love cash. No returns. Ah hell, just find me at the bar and tell me your lame butt 'return' story. However, absolutely no returns on inflatable anything. If you have stuck your love wand in it I do not want it back unless it is one of my girls.

41. Special photo sessions available with Emma the tranny. Bring a measuring tape. You are not going to believe it. And yes we can sell you mouth guards to bite down on. Have her show you the little hats and dresses she has made for the thing.

42. Special penis cleaning service. I have developed a combination blender, hair dryer, and vacuum cleaner device you stick your penis into. The cleaning procedure is a five part process:

A. Stick you penis into the machine.
B. Pour in the combination battery acid and chili sauce.
C. Lube the mamasan holds you from behind around your waist.
D. You hold a pencil thick copper ground wire in each hand.
E. We throw the switch.

Don't worry, we get photos of this. You'll love the results.

43. Foreskin cutting services. You are going to have to spring for this with some of the trannies. You can't get some of their natural sheaths back with a pair of pliers. Just think of it as a cost of love. And I highly recommend the penis cleaning service. Sticking their equipment in a jar of marmalade and then calling in a big dog is not enough.

44. Tanning salon and bronzer sticks. Come on guys; have you ever seen how you white skinned whales look in photos? Get buff (yes, we have liposuction) and get tan, or get out of town. We have standards at the Dana's Delight Bar. OK, forget that. We do not have many standards. But just think about it. Many of the gas pumpers in the school girl outfits also work in the tanning salon. Think about it.

45. For those of you of the expat or long term tourist variety living in housing estates or penthouse units we have a catapult purchase or rental or lease division that will deliver and install and train you in the art of Medieval siege engine operation. Trouble with a bargirl or freelancer? Learn how to solve that problem. Every night the Pattaya night is filled with flying Thai women who had ideas of their own. In the busy season sometimes the heavens look like popping corn. And during the Cobra Gold exercises it is best to wear a hard hat when out at night.

Please do not shoot (catapult) any of your girls in the direction of the Dana's Delight Bar. Try to be courteous. Even with a doctored utility meter (we offer this service) my air conditioning bills are sky high, and when I lose a plate glass window it just adds to my expense. Anyway, don't be left out of this marvelous social solution and damned fun hobby. "PULL". Multiple catapult deliveries and installation with standby technicians for parties and events are available.

You say during the Cobra Gold exercises you could not get any respect on the boardwalk? Round them up. Party time. “PULL” “PULL” “PULL” “PULL” “PULL” “PULL” “PULL” Actually, it often goes “PULL” scream “PULL” scream “PULL” scream: etc. You’ll learn. Oh, and I almost forgot: we have “PULL” T-shirts, and sweatshirts, and hats, and wheelcovers, and underpants, and logo patterns for spraypainting, and “PULL” bling jewelry, and headbands, and racquet covers, and pet dishes, and personal stationary available at the gift shop. Say it loud and say it proud monger brothers - “PULL”

Many of the gift shop employees have themselves been shot off a roof top in a catapult because of their misbehavior so they are intimately acquainted with the various product lines. They can also refer you, or you and your teeruk, to our tattoo services for “PULL” tattoos. And of course our photography contractors can rig up the trigger on the catapult to a camera so that you get a nice picture of yourself finally getting to act like a man. Just ask for the ‘So Long Bitch Special Catapult Photography Package (SLBSCPP)’. “PULL”

SPECIAL NOTE: Oh, condoms? Get out. Get out of the bar and get out of the store. In fact, do us all a favor and get out of the country. A little more detail here is probably a courtesy. I have installed buzzer buttons in the bar and in the gift shop. Any man who asks one of our staff about condoms is going to trigger in them the training they received from me. They are going to press the nearest buzzer button. My cellphone will display the location and five retired two hundred pound mamasans will be on the way. Feeling brave are you? Think this is a joke? What do you suppose I have on the roof lag bolted through the ceiling and welded to steel beams? That’s right Chang Beer breath; the biggest catapult in Pattaya. Ask for condoms, or show a condom to a girl, or mention condoms in conversation and you are going to be taking a night time trip through the starry skies of Pattaya. “PULL”.

46. We can not do anything in the Dana’s Delight Bar and Giftshop that pertains to guns or drugs. However, we can provide mace, stun guns, bean bag shotguns, net throwing guns, tubes of airplane glue (get a photo of your freelancers smile when she opens the package), and grizzly bear pepper spray. All of it comes with appropriate documents. Be careful, be legal. However, none of these items is guaranteed to protect you from an enraged teeruk. For an enraged girlfriend you need to (1) learn to cover up (2) learn to lie (3) learn to run. Yes, we have CLR (cover up, lie, run) classes. 2% discount if your story makes us laugh until we weep.

47. OK, now a few words about teddy bears and bargirls; and of course the more interesting and more important issue of bargirls and inflatable teddy bears. I developed these inflatable teddy bears and I am making a pantload of money off them, but that is not really the point. The point is I love all of you guys more than the smile on my daughter’s face, and this is my gift to you. Let me explain:

For maximum teeruk fun you are going to need two inflatable anatomically correct big teddy bears, a line of airplane glue, and a strap on dildo. Cue the cameras boys: pictures suitable for the ex wife, and the bitches in the Human Services Dept. at your company coming up. Got a female boss? For an extra fee we can include an audio tape. We call this service at the Dana’s Delight Bar Gift Shop the SWEET JESUS ON A CRACKER SPECIAL. Never seen a glue sniffing gorgeous Go Go dancer with a strap on dildo pile driving a stuffed teddy bear? Never made it a twosome of teddy bear pile driving? Welcome to the Dana’s Delight Bar.

48. About the T Shirt laminating service. I just really recommend this. It has worked 100% successfully for me for years. Take a picture of your teeruk or of you and your teeruk to our T Shirt laminating booth and we can put the picture on a T Shirt. It's all some kind of computer cropping and photo shopping thing (don't ask me). It's fast, it's affordable; and your girlfriend will love it.

49. And speaking of photos I have scored some original Polaroid film and 2000 Polaroid cameras. When they are gone they are gone. Polaroid cameras are just the best thing for taking boulevard pictures, or hotel room pictures. It's not about technology; it is about instant gratification, and gift giving, and emotion. I recommend this. And if you want to really pile up points take some pictures of her naked and then the next morning give her the pictures (all the pictures) to take with her.

Nothing sells like false sincerity and she will tell all of her friends that you are a 'good man'. No discounts available on these cameras and film. We keep them hidden in the Gift Shop so ask for Lube. Or, if I am not around in the bar and you can not find Lube; ask for Ms. Tingtongmoonpornasong Boonsungpaisarlbunadarn. She is the gift shop manager. Be careful pronouncing her name. If you are a little off on the tones you will actually be saying: "You've got a face like a hare lipped monkey."

Well, that is about it for now guys: just a brief look at products and services available at the Dana's Delight Bar and Gift Shop and I hope that answers the question of how we manage to turn a dollar into two dollars when there are no barfines and the drinks are free in the bar. How do I think of these things? Genius. Of course special member programs and discount programs are available. Just ask for mamasan Lube, or head cashier Miss Bendover.

So, if you are in Pattaya come on by the Dana's Delight bar any night. There is no cover charge, drinks are free, there are no barfines; and we conform to the Dana Rule known as NYDPSF (Naked, Young, Dark, Petite, Smiling, Fun). All girls are Isaan products. Absolutely no tall white skinned Hi-So snobs, or Japanese market snobs, or scary Russian women allowed. Standards.

Sincerely yours,
Dana
CEO - Dana's Delight Bar and Gift Shop

230. Hurts the Head

TT&A Part 211 30/5/2009

“Too much thinking hurts the head.” This is a common thing for a Thai female to say. Westerners often use this Thai plaintive as a touchstone for a critical essay on the lack of curiosity and mental rigor of Thais. Really? Well, maybe from our point of view; but ‘every dog has his day’, and almost every idea is the right idea at least one time. When I was younger I knew everything. The older I get the less I know; and sometimes just thinking about stuff in the Kingdom ‘hurts the head’ for me too. To wit:

There is a new girl on the boardwalk. Her name is Ping, or Ting; OK, that is not really the point. No wait; maybe it was Fing. OK, no idea. The point is that there is a new candy on the candy counter. Just like my Fa, she is on station every morning around 9:30; and she sits on the bench opposite the A.A. Hotel. She is a little different than many of the boardwalk regulars. How so?

Well, it is in her newness. She is not a broken toy. She is not a skank. She is not a whore in appearance or in demeanor. She is not drug addled. She is not tattooed, or motorbike accident scarred, or blank faced due to an empty brain. And she is not staring old age in the face. Like I said: she is new. Sitting next to her in the early morning sun and looking at her hands, and her arms, and her shoulders, and her face, and her legs, and her feet all you can think of is the ineffable irresistible pull of youth and sexuality in the young woman. Then there is you. Don’t think about it.

She is young, about twenty-two; hard to tell with Thai females. Could be eighteen or could be twenty five. No matter. Golden brown tight soft skin that exudes a siren call of sex. She is Thai featured, and she is Thai slim. It is impossible not to speculate about her physically. A new woman right out of the box and on display. She dresses well. Not extravagantly, but as if she had a job in a bank. Impossible not to notice her. Subsequent investigation by me finds that she has just had a baby. Somewhere there is a baby and this 'new girl' is a mother. Sitting on the bench in the sun thinking of her child. Waiting for farang fools and their foolish money to pay for her room, and her life, and her clothes, and her child: a human that came out of her body and calls for her in the middle of the night. Best not to think too much about it.

I sit next to her and chat. I'm really waiting for Fa, but I am a friendly person. She plays along a little bit until it becomes obvious that I am waiting for Fa and just wasting her time. Then she shuts down. Business woman. Baby expenses. Motherhood maturity. Her charms are doled out to payers, not chatty tourists. I should move over out of respect, but I stay rooted to the bench next to her out of pride. One whore and one fool. Not really something you want to think about.

Oh good, here comes Fa. She is on the other side of Beach road, and she is smiling at me, and she looks great, and she motions for me to cross the street. But I have brought my camera for pictures so I get her to cross the street and come over to the bench where Ting (Ping, Sing, Ming, Ling?) and I are sitting. She sits down with us. She knows my early morning companion and there is an exchange. Anyway, after I have badgered Fa with the pictures routine she asks me if I would like to take them both.

Fa trying to help her friend. Just business. Sex is meaningless. Her friend needs money. Fa understands because she has also just given birth. Last time I visited the Kingdom I nearly choked with her breast fluid surging down my throat. Two brand new mothers and one farang. What a situation. Never say never. The less than one year old baby of Fa's is somewhere in an apartment on Soi 10 being watched by someone while Fa is cruising the boardwalk. Easy money. One thousand baht a day without trying. A six hour day and a four day week yields four thousand baht with no expenses and no taxes. Enough money to be a good mother.

I say “No” to Fa’s offer. I am experienced enough to know that it will not be any fun; and besides, I just want to spend time with Fa. I’m a one woman man. The offer does make me speculate though. The sex for these business women is meaningless; so there is no philosophic, or moral weight pulling and stretching at the lifestyle. It is an easy way to make a living, and they get two months off during the slow season. If you can ignore the sexual contacts, and ignore the moral issues, and ignore the opinions of others; it looks like a good lifestyle choice. Maybe. Don’t really want to think about it too much.

OK, I’m not sitting here with two college educated women from Boston; but I am sitting here with two girls next to me. Sometimes proximity trumps everything else. I believe I have made the right choice. Still, the mind does wander and this leads me to ‘hurt my head’. In eighteen years will Fa’s child be sitting here on the bench with us? Will she be doing what her mother does? Will I be the only one who finds that a little bump in the mental road? Will I be tempted? Will Fa offer me her child? Of course she will. Just business.

Thailand. Too much thinking ‘hurts the head’. I take Fa’s hand and we walk across Beach Road to my hotel. Another fabulous start to another wonderful day in Thailand. Climbing the marble steps and holding the heavy glass door for Fa, I wonder what she looked like a long time ago when she was eighteen; and if it is her retired South Pattaya boulevard whore mother who is watching the baby.

As Fa and I are going up in the elevator my head starts to hurt.

231. Language and Love

TT&A Part 212 6/6/2009

(with apologies to Ezra Pound)

Petals, pink petals—
On a wet black bough.
The image freezes me,
In the past and in the now.

Ezra, oh Ezra
Greatest poet to sing—
I can't equal your rhyme,
But I believe you King.

The difference between
Ezra and me—
Is easy to guess,
Easy to see.

But the spark that can't
Jump the gap—
Leaves a heart going cold:
Two souls on a different map.

Morning in Chiang Mai—
Wan and me.
I'm full of anger
At what she can't see.

I speak to one
Who can't understand.
I hurl the words,
But none of them land.

She senses our plight—
Quietly mouths the words.
More anger from me,
And she'll retreat to fright.

Breakfast is a horror
Of silence and grief.
Our ship of love
Has hit a reef.

Language is all,
Beginning and end.
Neither party
Can comprehension lend.

Petals, pink petals
On a wet black bough—
Wan might have been
My future, and my now.

But without language
You can't jump the gap.
Two tearing souls
On a different map.

I'm easily sold—
I believe Pound to be:
And angel of words,
But just beyond me.

I'm easily sold—
I believe Wan to be:
An angel of love,
But just beyond me.

Language and Love

Try to learn Thai guys.
Don’t find out too late—
She could have been yours but …
Don’t let that be your fate.

Language is everything—
The lovers’ code.
All else is travel on
A lonely road.

I once met a stupid man
Who had a stupid wife:
But their gap was full of sparks—
They had a happy life.

Travel to Thailand
And smiles will ignite.
But smiles aren’t love,
Say hello lonely night.

Laughing is fun
And touching is neat:
She rubs your back—
You wash her feet.

But games aren’t words—
Only language succeeds.
I miss you Wan:
My heart still grieves.

I wish we had,
In the future, and in the now:
Petals, pink petals—
On a wet black bough.

Laughing is fun—
And touching is neat;
But language trumps all,
Love now complete.

I lay in bed Wan.
Alone in despair …
Throwing you sparks—
But you're not there.

I wish we could have had,
In the future, and most especially in the now:
Petals, pink petals—
On a wet black bough.

Note: Wan died last week. I got an email from her best friend named Bang. I didn't know Wan's last name. I didn't know where she lived. No place to take flowers—no way to pay respect. Everything was too little too late. Try to learn to speak the Thai language guys. Don't let this be your fate.

232. Mongerism

TT&A Part 213 13/6/2009

I am not persuaded that anything academically interesting has been written about mongering. I may be mistaken. I do not have the time or the interest to do the research. However, my instinctive notion is that nothing has been written in a serious way about mongering because the word sex is too distractive. Mongering has many definitions. I am talking about the descriptive applied to men who pursue women for sex and in numbers and with enthusiasm and focus that polite society finds unappealing.

The notion that the word sex would be distractive in considering the subject of mongering sounds counterintuitive. What do I mean? I mean that the subject may be bigger, and more interesting, and more complex than just men pursuing women for sexual reasons.

Of course mongering in general is mostly about men focusing on women for sexual pleasure. If that sentence reads like a one way street rather than a two way street then so be it. She may smile and laugh in your arms. She may not smile and laugh in your arms. The difference is not important. At any rate, mongering is a man's pleasure. I understand this and I endorse this. I have met and I have been apprised of mongers whose entire focus was on the sex act. But what of the other creatures under the mongering forest canopy? Men who may appear to outsiders as simply focused mongers but men of additional sensibilities.

Additional sensibilities? Yes, what about risk? Risk. Chance taking. Making of your life a crap shoot and throwing the dice. Running towards the one bullet game of Russian roulette. Cresting every hill in the middle lane on the way home from work. Yes, what about risk in the monger arena?

As an example: mongering, which often bespeaks high volume in a short period of time, for a westerner in a Southeast Asian country like Thailand is high risk behavior. Obvious risks are violence, disease, illness, moments of aorta clamping fear, humiliation, and robbery. Other potential risks are loss of family, loss of job, loss of community respect, loss of ego, and derangement.

So why would mongering have appeal for some men beyond the sex act? Risk. Most humans are either risk adverse or risk attracted. The first thing and the last thing they teach you in every stockbroker training course is that in the first five minutes with a new potential client you must identify whether the client is going to be about preservation of capital (risk adverse) or whether the account is going to be about generating revenue (risk attracted). Leopards only have one set of spots and they do not change them. For the risk attracted ego the high stakes low return arena of mongering is like tree hive honey to a bear. He can't lick fast enough, the bee stings are acceptable prices to pay, and he does not care how high he has to climb. Think of bears as honey mongers. In fact, Mr. Bear is convinced with the logic of the addict deranged that the highest honey tastes the best.

When I am standing on the Soi 4 curb in front of the Mothership surrounded by stupidity, filth, greed, sexual posturing, borderline criminality, and complete indifference to me: I am never happier. I bask in the glow of the predictable future known only to the deranged addict on a monger mission. I am going to find a woman and I am going to pull down her pants. And I am going to survive until tomorrow. But the night does not yawn, it gapes; and it is not teeth it shows but risk. Will this be the night I am drugged, stabbed, infected, publically disrespected? The possibilities are frosting on the monger cake of sex.

So, is the sex the attractor or is it the risk that is the attractor? The witness on this hot humid Bangkok night would say the sex is the attractor; but the witness is never the participant. The witness can only see, he can never feel. Does the monger feel more from the sex or does he feel more from the risk: or is it some combination of sex and risk? You say that you do not want to take a long spooky midnight ride to a shack outside the capital of Cambodia where all you need is a five dollar bill? Too risky? Not for some men. For many mongers the certain knowledge that the sexual pleasure is laced with danger makes them giddy with happiness. You can't stop them. Thus, my contention that the subject of mongering may be worthy of serious examination. It is an activity more complex then people think. Same same men.

Note: would riskless mongering have the same appeal? Potentates with harems had riskless mongering available to them. Did they have more fun? I am not sure. I am not sure because I can not be sure. Unless some PhD candidate stumbles across a treasure trove of potentate diaries that speak in detail regarding harem pleasures I suppose we will never know. But my instincts are that even though most harem holders might have been unreflectively happy; there was still a minority of kings who wished they had to climb a tree to lick the honey. Men don't change.

If freeclimbers who climb mountains without ropes or anchors were informed by God that they would never fall: would they continue to climb mountains? Were they originally freeclimbing for the love of the mountains, or were they climbing for the love of risk? Fear dumps chemicals into our bloodstream and distributes them. Are risk takers partly drug addled? I contend that an important part of the mongering lifestyle for some men is the arena. It is not all about sex.

Now, dear reader, let us crank up the politically incorrect amps and try and imagine someone not like yourself. Someone who has already been given a death sentence by a doctor, someone attracted to risk, someone full of chemicals and drugs and ego linked testosterone, someone who can not lick honey fast enough and he does not care how high the tree is. Questions: would women be enough to satiate physical desires? Would the laws of Lilliputian men be of any interest? Would the opinions of others hold any currency for a monger on the way to godhead status via cosmic beams of risk and sex? Do you not find these questions interesting? Yes you do. You would sit and listen to this man because he is a man doing man things. What are you doing?

Like I said before, I doubt anything of real interest has been written on mongering because sex distracts the writer. Most people are distracted by the word sex and distracted by the idea of sex because they are not getting any sex; at least not the sex of their dreams.

If dreams make the man then the world is populated by happy sex mongers. Too bad, like Gulliver, most men are held down by little ropes held by little minds. But I almost digress. Maybe in a world of diminished expectations, and social feminization, and plummeting testosterone levels the sexual mongers are the most clear eyed of all of us.

Earlier today I was in the supermarket and I saw a woman of such surpassing and excess sexuality that I had to hold on to a bin of watermelons for balance. I looked around at the other men. No other man noticed her. On the sexual plains of Serengeti she would have been carried off and bonked into estrogen coma. Not here. What happened to men?

Maybe the sex mongers of Southeast Asia are the most clear eyed of all of us. Fully alert, focused, and smiling. They would have noticed this supermarket fertility goddess and they would have had only one thought: a primal thought. Good on them. Fully alert, focused, smiling. Intellectual. Philosophic maybe. I wonder what a monger spokesperson would say. I would listen.

I know an American expat in the Kingdom who by any measure qualifies as a sexual monger. He is also a very intelligent man. Alpha to everyone else's beta. And a constant thread running through the tapestry of his life has been risk ventures. Multiple marriages, children, multiple high stress businesses, multiple throws of the dice at the crap table of life. Intelligent, risk attracted, interested enough in having sex with women to be having lots of sex with women: the definition of a man. Why do we use the word monger? We already have a better word: man.

Anyway, if you see me some night in Bangkok standing on the Soi 4 curb in front of the Mothership do not wave to me or say hello to me. I am busy. Busy measuring risk and reward. Will this be the night I get stabbed, or diseased, or humiliated, or crippled with fear, or drugged, or robbed? Or will this be the night I encounter a sexual being and a sexual coupling of such intensity that it short circuits my heart, and flat lines my brain waves, and sends me to heaven? No matter. I am clear eyed, focused, and smiling. Someone tonight is going to feel my claustrophobic arms around them, and my pelvic predations. And I will survive to see a new morning: the monger's Plan A. So do not smile or wave to me if you see me. You are not a woman and you represent no risk to me. I am busy tonight. I have man work to do and the odds are not guaranteed. Bliss.

233. Dana’s Beds

TT&A Part 214 20/6/2009

Ever consider the difference between the real world and the world that counts: aka Pattaya?

Consider beds. Beds can be twin size, full size, queen size, king size, or California King size; and they can have or not have different kinds of headboards, and footboards, and rails. There are issues of foam density, and number of coils, and wire size. Oh, but there is more. Much more. Coils can be pocketed, sides can be shot full of liquid foam, mattresses can be without coils entirely and have space age memory foam from Sweden, and box springs can be low or standard or high or split or … it is endless. Mattress tops can be firm or soft or pillow soft.

And then there are the accessories: the commission salesman’s friend. Allergy covers, and mattress pads, and pillows and … endless. Did you know every bed should have six pillows? And these pillows should be replaced every six months for health reasons? That’s what the bed people say anyway. Must be true. Pillows can be latex, or foam, or cotton, or two sided with internal springs: endless again. Loading up the bed purchase with high commission extras is called Stuffing the Bag. Anyway, beds can be adjustable, and motorized, and they can vibrate. Custom sizes? Sure, if you have the money we will make any goddamned bed you can think of.

Want to spend $19,000 for a queen size bed? No problem dude. Different designer legs, replaceable modular mattress inserts, your choice of color swatches, or leather in any color. I’ll send you to the store in Boston that can help you with this. Oh, by the way; no returns.

How about custom beds? Sure, here are some ideas …

1. Mattress with air bladders that fart and moan when you move for party fun. No problem.

2. Shrunken gerbil heads sewn on the sheets on a one foot grid for the perverted.

3. Headboards and footboards with video equipment to preserve fond memories. Hey, it's a modern world. Get with the program.

4. Little bits of barbed wire in the sheets for the masochistic.

5. Fully accessorized models with dildoes, Wa Wa beads, lube ejection ports, vibrators, etc. Try all of this in one of our twin size beds for that Dickens In An Attic experience, then jump to one of our King size pillowtops for that More Money Than God experience. That's right. Buy two beds.

6. Canopy beds with overhead mirrors? Of course.

7. Sheets with thousands of little mirrors for the narcissistic? Of course.

8. Sand particles on the sheets for that At the Beach experience? No problem.

9. Canopy beds with overhead gantries and cranes and ropes and tackles for that moving experience. Useful with fat white divorcee porkers. No ploblum dude.

Note: all canopy beds can come with four chrome poles for that private Go Go experience. Watch your Isaan minx do the bored Bangkok shuffle. Relive those glory moments when you first came to the Kingdom and got disrespected by women of a whole new race and culture.

Guido Scarducci: Mattress Industry Spokesperson—

"Well, we have not had a lot of demand for those nine bed and bedding accessory ideas that are listed above, but if we do get sufficient interest we will do a test production run and send the samples to the New York—New Jersey mattress mafia and see if they can unload them on the brain stem challenged fools who live in the Tri State area and think a no interest finance plan is a good idea.”

A modern bedding and mattress shop looks like a bordello for sleep and fxxx junkies. Silk and cashmere? No problem. Dual vibrating mattress sides? No problem. Different softnesses for each side? Easy. Just sign this financing agreement. Beds so low they make platform beds look adult. Futons, air beds, water beds too. Beds so high with their modern rails, and boxsprings, and mattress, and pillowtops, and mattress pad, plus sheets and covers and quilts and down feather comforters you need a ladder to get up on the thing. In the large spaces and high ceilings of the retail store the beds look reasonable. I’d like to see the faces on the customers when these monsters are assembled in their tiny bedrooms by the friendly (smirking) delivery guys. Oops, somebody made a mistake, but the bed is not returnable. Happy sleeping sucker.

These modern bedroom store bordellos are a world scarcely dreamed of until the last twenty years when science and greed and marketing decided to get together. But is this the ideal? Is this what you really want?

Let me ask you a question. When is the last time you noticed anything technical about your bed in Pattaya? Answer: Never. The only thing that you ever noticed about your bed in Pattaya was whether or not there was a woman in it.

Not one reader of this scholarly essay on a very important subject has ever examined the bed in their hotel room regarding foam densities, or number of springs, or type of boxsprings, etc. Not one reader of this very scholarly essay on an important subject has ever posed bed and mattress feature and benefit questions to the front desk staff when checking into the hotel in Pattaya. Never. Not once.

The only thought you have regarding your bed in Pattaya is how soon there will be a woman in it. A naked woman. In my case: a naked smiling giggling Isaan woman.

That is the most important thing about any bed: whether there is a woman in it. A young naked Thai woman. So, in the future when the modern retail bedding industry finally staggers into Pattaya I expect it to have all of the same feature and benefit offerings of the West with one important difference: you will be able to pick a woman to go with the bed and be delivered and installed in your apartment or condo or home or hotel by the bed delivery guys.

In fact, I may break the trail on this visionary retail idea myself and open Pattaya's first truly 21st century bed emporium: DANA'S BEDS.

That's right: DANA'S BEDS. Ask about our Women Included package. At DANA'S BEDS you will get what you really want: a woman with the bed. Pale faced Hi So women, Isaan farmer's daughters, University students, fat desperate divorcees, boardwalk smilers, teddy bear backpack gigglers, Soi 6 trash, the Mickey Mouse underpants brigade, Tony's cruisers, or Marine disco freelancers: all available as a part of the bed and bedding accessory retail experience at Dana's Beds.

And trannies? Sweet Jesus on a cracker are we going to have trannies available at DANA'S BEDS. Trannies will come in three sizes: tall, taller, and holy fxxx she's tall. All will be certified to have been on hormones at least ten years, all will have police records (DANA'S BEDS will not waste your time with amateurs), and all will scare the living crap out of your friends and your family. And you get to sleep with them every night.

They come with the bed. In fact, they cum so much we recommend a plastic cover for the mattress.

If you want, and for a nominal additional charge, I will personally test all trannies (pre op only) for femininity, class, style, and skankability. Believe me when I tell you: if I say a tranny is a skank she's a skank. Doggie games no problem, Hitler Poland costumes no problem, golden showers no problem, handcuffs no problem. I'm a modern retailer. This is what we do. At DANA'S BEDS we guarantee ladyboy skankness.

But I almost digress. Don't forget, we have catalogues with every kind of Thai woman. And you can mix and match for custom needs and wants. Hi So woman with Mickey Mouse underpants? No problem. Isaan minxes with feet shaped like bear paw snowshoes wearing strapless backless stiletto heels (or trying to)? No problem. University students majoring in International Relations wearing T shirts that say EAT ME? No problem. Big package Obsessions bar high liners who can talk about nuclear physics? OK, that's just silly; but tell us what you want at DANA'S BEDS and we will work on it. Drug addled tattooed ex mamasans wearing designer gowns? No problem. Fat lard bucket divorcees wearing thongs? Well, that's a problem; but you get the idea.

Note: I know I am going to get this question—

"Dana, can we test drive the woman who we have chosen to accompany the bed before taking delivery?"

Answer: Of course not. That procedure would be open to abuse. Come on guys; get serious. This is a professional business. Maybe it would be helpful to remember the Latin saying:

"Whatus I lookiem like—stupidio?"

Anyway, just tell us what you want as a living mix and match bed accessory and let one of our friendly sleep counselors help you look through the catalogue. You get the idea.

So boogie on down to DANA’S BEDS on the corner of Soi 13 and Beach Road (we are located in the first floor of the A.A. Hotel) and take advantage of our free financing, current sale on heat gel mattress pads, and what you always wanted: a woman to go with your new bed.

Buy a bed, get a woman: only at DANA’S BEDS.

Who Loves You Baby?
Dana

234. Alpha Male Update Plus Music Ruminations

TT&A Part 215 27/6/2009

Greetings Stickmanites and all the ships at sea: Dana here with an alpha male update on my personal life.

I'm about four rows up on the right hand side as you enter the Obsessions tranny bar in the N.E.P. on Soi 4 off Sukhumvit in Bangers. Three hours before I had dropped my second load of Viagra for the day and had car park Bim give me a BJ in my room at the Mothership. Why is this important? Because I know now from experience that I won't be able to fire again for about 24 hours. Once my tissues get saturated with Viagra everything gets a little wacky. Tent peg hard veins bursting photo opportunity erection yes—ejaculation no.

So that's when I always head for the Obsessions tranny bar. Anyway, I'm six rows up, leaning back, pants around my ankles, and big tranny Danny is on me like a dog on a bone. You'd think she was licking bacteria off a corpse to earn her way to Nirvana. But I ain't gonna spout. I know it. She doesn't. So she gets frustrated and goes to Plan B.

Plan B is to ride me in public 'till I blow like Melville's white whale. She pulls off her skirt and underpants, unties her dick, and starts to mount me. I'm little and she's about 6'2" in heels. It looks like a preying mantis consuming a rampant mouse. I'm holding my flagpole up with two hands and she's rockin' and rollin' and grinding. As soon as she hits bottom she'll start to go up and down like a perverted piston.

Just then the bar lights flash on and off twice—all the dancing girls scream and start hopping down off the stage—and the police burst in. They've got the skin tight uniforms and the piss cups and … guns. I've got a half naked tranny trying to hide behind the seats, and my pants around my ankles. But that is not really what I want to talk about today. What I want to talk about today is an essay entitled:

God I Love Music

Greetings again hepcats and Dana fans. Today is Buy One, Get One Free Day as the mamasan said to the tourist. In other words, this essay has two offerings. I know what you are thinking:

"How much can Dana smile on me?"

Just go with it. The first part is titled: Classical, and the second part is titled: Pop. One deals with classical music, and one deals with pop music. Enjoy.

Part One: Classical

How about you? Do you love and understand violin music as much as I do? Of course you don't. How could you? You must often feel lost and confused between the text description of some music and the actual music. Sort of like Moses wandering for forty years in the desert with people saying: "Hey Moses, where the fugawi?"

Well, as a service and as a learning tool, I am going to present the text description of some music and then translate it into layman's terms. I hope this makes it seem more approachable and real to you. You will see when you read this typical text description that it is the kind of thing that usually makes a lad say: "Holly Cowsky Batman, this looks really important and interesting; but I'm just not sure I am smart enough to understand it."

Example:

"The first two movements are coupled together in the manner of an improvisatory prelude and extended fugue, the latter continually alternating between strict polyphony and single line passage work. The third movements release the tension and provide welcome tonal relief, while the finales share the symmetrical plan of a typical binary suite movement."—Unknown

1. "… the first two movements are coupled together in the manner of an improvisatory prelude …"
That is what happens between you and your bargirl before you leave the bar.

2. "… extended fugue,"
OK, that is what happens back at the Nana Hotel.

3. "… the latter continually alternating between strict polyphony and single line passage work."
OK, easy: sometimes both of you are working at it, and sometimes only one of you is doing the work.

4. "The third movements release the tension …"
Too easy; orgasm baby!

5. "… welcome tonal relief,"
That is what you feel on the plane flying back to Melbourne, or Jeddah, or Edmonton, or Christ Church, or Boston. No more Thai language. No more wondering if your teeruk spent the last nine days saying 'darling' or 'monkey's ass'.

6. "the finales share the symmetrical plan of a typical binary suite movement."

OK, more on the athletic heaving and grunting of the final orgasm. This happens either because she:

a. Loves you.
b. Wants you to think she loves you.
c. Is actually having an orgasm and you are completely unimportant.

d. Has cramping gas and is trying to blow out a fart.
e. Likes to pretend she is a Christian as in: "Oh God - Oh Jesus - Oh God".
f. Is on yaa baa and would couple with a soi dog if someone trimmed his nails.

Of course, none of the above reasons for the fact or fictional performance are important. The only thing that counts is that it is a "… symmetrical plan of a typical binary suite movement." and it only cost 500 baht.

Part Two: Pop

I nominate the song Lonesome Town, sung by Ricky Nelson in most cases, as the official song for Pattaya and Pattayaites. Give it a read, Google it up, play it; and see if this does not work for you as an anthem for the Pattaya experience.

"Lonesome Town"
—music and lyrics by Baker Knight

There's a place where lovers go
To cry their troubles away
And they call it
Lonesome Town

Where the broken hearts stay
You can buy a dream or two
To last you all through the years
And the only price you pay
Is a heart full of tears

Goin' down to Lonesome Town
Where the broken hearts stay
Goin' down to Lonesome Town
To cry my troubles away

In the town of broken dreams
The streets are filled with regret
Maybe down in Lonesome Town
I can learn to forget

Maybe down in Lonesome Town
I can learn to forget

Lonesome Town

That's it guys. My nominee for the best Pattaya song. Got any better ideas for a Pattaya official song? Great. Send them in to this website. Let's have some fun.

235. There Is Nothing New Under The Sun

TT&A Part 216 4/7/2009

Greetings hepcats, expats, and Stickmanites: Professor Dana here with an essay spectacle of history and humor. Fire up the printers.

To wit: There is a saying that all politics is local. Agreed, but you never hear anyone say that all history is local also. Very local because ultimately all history is personal and you can not get much more local than that.

Example: If I tell a current newbie to the Kingdom that in the pre pre Thaksin days the girls in the bars were naked, and that the girls in the bars were petite, and small, and smiling; it makes little impression. Why? Because the description of this history does not match his experience, and his experience trumps all.

The newbie's history is personal and local and now. Nothing else has the same impact. It may be that in the past before he stumbled across the red light pleasures of the Kingdom the girls had breasts on their backs as well as on their fronts, and could stand on their hands and yodel while juggling balls with their feet; but what is he supposed to do with this information? This is why it is hard to sell History to students. Boring. Why boring? Because the story is not personal and local and now. Still, history can amuse and doing compare and contrast between Then and Now can be fun.

Example: Recently, I have been reading a book titled: Subversive Sounds: Race and the Birth of Jazz in New Orleans by Charles Hersch. It would be difficult to imagine more different places than New Orleans in the early 20th century and Thailand from the 70's to the 90's; but there are many fun commonalities to consider which is sort of the point of this essay. In other words: there is nothing new under the sun.

For example (from the book): “The customers did not necessarily go to hear the music per se but to have a “good time,” and this entailed a kind of mutual con game ... Such venues had no admission charge, but when a man came into the saloon a woman approached him, asking him to buy her a drink; the man often complied, hoping to get her intoxicated and that much closer to the bedroom. However, the drink was in fact, a non-alcoholic, faux whiskey, and she retained her sobriety, the better to induce the man to buy her more drinks, as she received a cut for each one sold.”

Sound familiar guys? Of course it does. It is the same story and the same method today in Thailand and if it ever changed I would miss it. I like being hustled by predatory sex dreams. I like the con game. I’m a player. Some people recommend to me that I should get out of the bars and sample other human experiences. Really? What have you got to offer that is better than this? Standing in an oven hot museum and staring at misunderstood, poorly researched, unimportant, mislabeled pottery shards? No thanks. I’ll stick to the age old hustle and naked women.

Here is a nice historical follow up to this happy world of sex and smiling and more sex from the red light district of New Orleans: “Here male and female, black and yellow, and even white, meet on terms of equality and abandon themselves to the extreme limit of obscenity and lasciviousness.”

Works for me and sounds like a party. Reminds me of the wonderful diversity of men that you meet in bars in Thailand. It is not just the women, it is also about the men. Having a dairy farmer from Scotland on one side of you and a Nepalese on the other side of you is part of the charm of bars in Thailand. All men bonded by the common desire to see women who are not wearing pants. OK, it’s not surgery; but it’s not war either and everyone is happy. Happy moments count for a lot in this world.

Personally, I think everyone in bars like these is ahead on points. Hey, I've got an idea. Let's make it competitive. You and five of your best friends go to a poetry reading sponsored by the Lesbian Lickers Club of Manchester and I'll take five complete strangers to a 'ham kicking' contest and we'll see who scores more happiness points. What's a 'ham kicking' contest?

"In addition to music and gambling, some clubs featured "ham kicking" contests whereby women were enticed into revealing their undergarments by kicking at a ham suspended from the ceiling in the hope of knocking it down and winning it."

Makes you kind of wonder how you would update this high class New Orleans jazz club entertainment from the early part of the 20th century in America for the modern Thai world of the G-Spot bar or the Windmill Bar or Superbabies. How about a hanging foreigner dressed up as an ATM machine (forgive the redundancy), and let the Isaan wonders kick at that? Really, in the endless con between teeruk and foreigner did it ever occur to you that it is all just a ham kicking contest to them and that you are the ham? There is nothing new under the sun.

What else was going on in these New Orleans red light district jazz clubs besides the birth of jazz? Lots of stuff including "hedonistic, childish, or barbaric" behavior with song titles like:

"If you don't like the way I play, then kiss my funky ass"

"Stick it where you stuck it last night"

and

"If you don't like my potatoes why do you dig so deep?"

with accompanying scenes like this:

"Bolden on Monday nights would play "low down" blues for prostitutes, pimps, and madams, and the whores would dance, "dropping their drawers and teddies."

OK, there is just no bad news here and to see the happy continuum of history from the early 20th century in New Orleans in America to Thailand from the 70's to the 90's is to witness history the way it ought to be recorded. Too bad Darwin is not around to do some really valuable field work. Finches and beetles and earthworms and snails are one thing. Naked women are quite another thing. Me get out of the bars? Crazy talk. Reminds me of Union Hill in bars offering to buy underpants from the waitresses for 500 baht. Clearly Mr. Hill knows what is important in life and it is not pottery shards or poetry readings. What is important in life is women without underpants.

Special Note: OK, we all know from Mai Sai to Khukan to Betong to Khlong Yai that 500 baht is way too much money. The last time I gave 500 baht to a Thai woman it was because the colored lights in the Rainbow Bar changed the colors on the notes in my wallet and I got confused. Personally, I'm a monger of the people and sensitive to Thai culture so I would offer five baht and let the cutie with the pleated skirt and the tin tray bargain me up to 20 baht. I'm not normally a fool with my money, but I don't mind paying big money for underpants.

But I almost digress. Here is another fun example for compare and contrast essay purposes.

"Women doing freakish things to each other"—"lots of uncultured things ... that probably shouldn't be mentioned." Men paid a dollar to see a woman "smoke a cigarette in her box," engage in bestiality, or eat mock feces made from ginger cakes mixed with limburger cheeze and water."

OK, I admit even in the wonderful pre pre Thaksin days I never witnessed everything here but it sure beats helping some snot nosed kid in Uthumphon Phisai with his kite string, or going to a tapioca festival, or wasting time in a Thai cooking class (yawn).

Hey, isn't this really what History is all about; comparing and contrasting for amusement and edification? How come we didn't hear about this fake ginger cake feces thing in High School World History classes? Somebody should writer a letter. Hey, is the fake ginger cake and limburger cheeze feces thing going to be in the Thai cooking class? Just thinking.

Another example of something one might see after closing at 2:00 a.m. in New Orleans while Jazz was aborning: "two musicians performed on a mattress on the floor making good money, including tips."

Performed on a mattress? You bet and the flutes they were playing were not their own but each other's. Makes you rethink the saying 'the boys in the band'. Who loves jazz history now? Makes me instantly think about some of the current Thai tranny rock groups. Now I'd pay to see them on a mattress after the bar closed. Hey, and don't pretend you didn't think of it. Don't think this kind of entertainment is available today? Contact Chiang Mai Kelly for further details.

Anther example: "Typically fights broke out when someone danced with someone else's lover; the women sometimes fought until they were naked."

Well, thanks to God for sending us Charles Hersch who wrote this wonderful book Subversive Sounds: Race and the Birth of Jazz in New Orleans. You just can not beat history and imagery like this. Put me down as a history lover. And once again: contact Mr. Chiang Mai Kelly for contemporary Thai parallels. If he is not available ask for Princess.

OK, enough with provocative examples. This is a serious essay. Let's explore names and fashion between Then and Now. Typical early 20th century New Orleans red light district jazz club denizen names were Bear Hogg, Sheep Bite, Toodlums, Gyp the

Blood, Dirty Dog, Sore Dick, Steel Arm Johnny, Willie the Pleaser, Okey Poke, Chicken Dick, Greasy, Knock-on-the-Wall, and Black Dude.

But hey expats, and hepcats, and Stickman fans; what's so special or different about those names? I mean, historically speaking (remember, this is an essay), we have our own names like Boss Hogg, and Caveman, and Manly Powers, and Chiang Mai Kelly, and Blackest Bart, and Hansum Man, and Cheap Charley, and Chuckwoww, and Bangkok Barry, and Ben Dover, and Jumpin' Jack Flash, and The Boner, and Soi Dog. Same-same. Different times and different locales but same testosterone with distinctive attention getting names chasing women of no distinction.

And what kinds of names do Thai woman have? Ba, Na, La, Wan, Ting, Dum, Soup, and Bee. Women don't need fancy names.

Woman is ...
Man must become.
There is nothing new
Under the sun.

And now fashion. It's the women that choose the men in life and not the men who choose the women. Ever thus and the reason the male peacock looks like a gay window dresser with all of those stupid colored feathers. Men dress to impress and to attract women. Women don't have to dress to impress. A woman in a burlap bag with just her feet showing would give dead men erections.

Note: When guys see me in bars in my laminated sole and heel pink crocodile shoes, jet black armadillo hide pants, fire engine red Chinese silk brocade shirt, and hair full of gold glitter they sometimes think I am dressing to attract Isaan Wonders. Nothing could be further from the truth. I dress that way all the time.

Anyway, men dress to attract women. And nothing succeeds like excess. Remember the peacock?

Example from New Orleans not so many years ago:

"... someone who rigged a light bulb on his shoe, illuminated when he pressed a button in his pocket, hoping to win over females."

I know what you are thinking Dear Reader. You are thinking: 'That's just silly Professor Dana. Who in modern Thailand would do something absurd and childish like that?"

Well, I don't want to name a name but a monger whose name rhymes with Marc Holt has been doing this for years only he has improved on the technique with a light bulb that sticks out of the zipper in his pants. He used to have a piece of paper that stuck out of the zipper on the front of his pants with an arrow on it and the words:

THIS WAY TO THE BIG BILLABONG.

He says the light bulb works better.

Where has this essay gotten us? Simple. Professor Dana here to tell you that we all swim in the same river of history and it is fun to remember those who came before you, and it is fun to think about those who will come after you: especially if you are coming out of the Windmill Bar on Soi Diamond in Pattaya with a cramp in your tongue because you were part of the stage show. Give a thought to all the bars and all the girls and all the cramped tongues that have preceded you and that will follow you. It's a fun thing. There is nothing new under the sun.

The same hustle and con and preening and fighting has been going on since the Pharaohs. So get over yourself and get over yourselves. You saw a naked woman put her feet behind her head? You held an angel in your arms and she was not wearing pants? That is what you were supposed to be doing. Nobody is supposed to be reading labels on broken bits of pottery. Do what you really want to do. Live natural and smile. And don't forget the Window Rule. You all instinctively know the Window Rule because you are men but I will just remind you. The Window Rule states that if you look outside any window in the world everything you see was built by men. We deserve a reward for this, and that reward is women who are not wearing pants. You are not going to find your reward at a poetry reading or a vegetarian festival. So do the right thing and go to the bars of Thailand. Set an example for all the wonderful men who will follow you.

Fa and I will be done making love tomorrow morning around 10:15. Bless you who ever is next, and bless you every one.

236. Chaos and Change in the Kingdom

TT&A Part 217 11/7/2009

Notice to all interested Stickmanites and monger historians:

My name is Dana and from now on I would like to be referred to, addressed, monikered, and emailed as His Right Honorable Field Marshall and Bushwa Scribe Sir Dana: U.S. Resident of Pattaya, Starbuck's Coffee Layabout, Boulevard Brigadier, and Lover of Fa. Please be notified that emails sent to me at Dana Central without that prefatory appellation will not receive attention.

Why the name change? What the heck is going on? Do you sense tension in the monger Force? Well, you should sense tension in the monger Force. Here's what is going down and here is what is going on. Marc Holt. That's right, Marc Holt is what is going on. Since Marc Holt (real name Fauntleroy Quimby) vacated the Thai monger field for Australia there is a lot of jockeying for positions of monger influence and monger dominance in the Kingdom. They say that both scum and cream rise to the top. I don't want to say which of these surface aspirants Marc Holt was, let us just say there is a big empty space on the surface of the monger pond in Thailand since he decamped for faggotty Oz where they have Rule of Law, polite humans, reliable services, and beaches without belt salesmen.

Suddenly old names from the past like Chiang Mai Kelly and Pattaya Gary and Caveman are bouncing around like quantum force ping pong balls as they manoeuvre for hierarchy and respect and attention. Some of them, like myself, are taking advantage of this historical pause in the monger ego carom game to do a little reinventing: to wit—name changes. New name. New start. New game. Example: Caveman emailed me to tell me he is considering changing his name to Dark Side, and Chiang Mai Kelly emailed me to tell me he changed his name and Internet handle to What The Fuk. He wanted to know if I had any thoughts on that.

What The Fuk—not just an Internet writer's I.D.—the whole hog—legal name change, U.S. Driver's License, Passport, everything. The loss of Marc Holt from the monger arena had caused him to reappraise, and he had stared himself down in the mirror of life. He had finally officially and completely lost it. Flying free. Mr. What The Fuk.

U.S. Customs and Immigration Agent: Welcome back to the United States Mr. Fuk.
What: You and your mother.
Agent: I see What The Fuk is the name on your passport. Can I assume this was a legal name change?
What: Yes.
Agent: Just curious—where did a name like that come from?
What: My wife is Chinese. Fuk is from her name.
Agent: Really? What is your Chinese wife's name?
What: Go Fuk Yu.

Anyway, like I said, Chiang Mai Kelly (oops What The Fuk) wanted my thoughts on his new Thailand monger arena moniker. Hey, works for me.

So, that is what is going on here in the Kingdom. Little lord Fauntleroy Quimby (aka Marc Holt) has gone back to a place where they have newspaper headlines like:

BUTT PLUGGING KANGAROOS
—CRIME OR NOT A CRIME?

and the scum and the cream on the top of the Thai monger pond is agitating for position. Hey, it's a war zone here folks. Can you hear that whooshing and sucking sound? That is the Thai monger community rushing in to fill the vacuum left by Marc

Holt. He was a disgusting legend. Typical Thai bargirl after spending an hour with Holt.

“Suddenly I feel all dirty inside. I don’t ever want to go to Australia now.”

Like I said, the man was a legend.

So anyway … henceforth please refer to me as His Right Honorable Field Marshall and Bushwa Scribe Sir Dana: U.S. Resident of Pattaya, Starbuck’s Coffee Layabout, Boulevard Brigadier, and Lover of Fa. Dana? History. It’s time to proceed to monger gallop, lower the lances, and charge into the future. Holt is gone—let the war begin. Will there be losses? Of course. Bloodshed? Naturally. Disappointments? Many. There isn’t enough room at the top for all to be winners. The short term Thai monger future bespeaks chaos and calculation, people ascendant and people losing position, reputations made and writers forgotten. And it is all the fault of Marc Holt.

Marc Holt, Mr. Temporary Expat, is the reason guys like Chiang Mai Kelly changed their names to What The Fuk, and guys like the Caveman are considering changing their names to Dark Side. Pattaya Gary told me the other day that he is considering changing his name to Lek Victim (long story). But hey, don’t email me—email Mr. Marc Holt, now known as Fauntleroy Quimby, who is working as a propane tank installer in a gay trailer park outside of Alice Springs. Word is he’s got his Thai wife enrolled in a five year military intensive program to learn to speak Australian slang, and she is wearing a T-shirt that says HURTS THE HEAD. So don’t email me. I’ve got my own problems, and a new name.

Who loves you baby? His Right Honorable Field Marshall and Bushwa Scribe Sir Dana does—that’s who.

237. That’s the Kind of Guy I Am

TT&A Part 218 18/7/2009

Attention expats and newbies and mighty Stickmanites:

It isn’t easy being me. Why? Because I am all about morals and doing the right thing totally without regard to any paltry wants and needs I may have. Why I am practically a sacrificial node on the hull of society. I’m not bragging; I’m just sayin’. These are the cards I was dealt. This is my genetic core. This is the way God made me. I get emails here in Boston from all over the world asking me for moral monger advice and when I am in the Kingdom I can barely get from the A.A. Hotel to Swenson’s Ice Cream without some chrome dome or German jerkwad wearing socks and sandals asking for advice about the right thing to do in a relationship with a Thai female. I’m not complaining; it’s just … anyway doing the right thing is my mantra and my mission and my reason for being. Let me give you an example.

It wasn’t like any other bar I had been into. Newbies are easily surprised. A big huge cavern of a room with a big huge stage in the middle. Patron capacity in the hundreds; maybe a thousand on New Year’s Eve. Continuous shows and the girls were smiling. Choreographed shows and the girls are having fun dancing and showing off. Beautiful girls and oh so many of them. Lots of nudity. Koreans and Chinese and Japs smoking like chimneys, and bewildered Asian tour groups of middle aged and elderly being shuffled in and out.

Usually I would stay until the naked fire swallower came on. She was a big tall girl and the ‘swords’ were flaming rods she would push down her throat. Hey, you don’t see that every day. But when she raised the flaming rods to lower them into her throat the flames were way too close to the ceiling for my comfort level. Swords on fire and flames near the ceiling, only one exit, hundreds of drunk and disoriented people; made me nervous. I would get out.

One night a new show. Twenty girls came out wearing only knee length diaphanous dresses. The kind of dresses you think you can see through. They dance around the stage. I’m waiting for the punch line but it looks as if they are just going to dance around like your daughter did in grade school when she was a water sprite, or a forest fairy, or something in a school play. Maybe a little disappointing.

But wait. Now what? Suddenly they are leaving the stage by stepping onto the round cocktail tables. Going from table to table. A gorgeous woman ends up standing on my table. She puts her dress over my head. She is naked underneath. That’s right. You read that correctly. She is naked underneath. Or, if you are a follower of Danaism: sweet Jesus on a cracker; she was naked underneath. How do you feel about dancing forest fairies now? I’ll bet you did not have this in your daughter’s grade school play.

Anyway, I don’t need a tourist guidebook, or a map, or have to be asked twice. I grab her hips and start licking like it is the last pussy on earth. Bald, young, and sweet. Ambrosia. And I am not talking about a desert of oranges and shredded coconut ambrosia. You can get that at the outside terrace restaurant in front of the Oriental Hotel. But you aren’t going to get this desert at a fancy hotel in the Kingdom. No waitress at the Landmark or the Shangri-La is going to stand on your table and put her dress over your head. Nectar of the gods. Honey for a human honey bear. I have a friend who thinks girls with big hairy bushes are the best. Proof if we needed it that the insane walk among us. She is shaved and perfumed. Tight and clean. This sweet nectar is sex perfume of the gods and I am dining at the God’s banquet hall of Walking Street. After about two minutes she signals that we are done and says:

"You have teeep for me?"

I am green. A newbie. I don't speak Thai, and I can't get around the Thai accent, and I can't puzzle out butchered English. That's my excuse and I am sticking to it. I have no idea what she is saying. Have no idea what the word 'teeep' means. So I just say No. She makes a face and moves on to another table. Much later I realize with the asteroid epiphany of a moron that 'teeep' was 'tip' and she was saying:

"You have tip for me?"

Oh God honey; I am so sorry. Really, I am sorry. I had no idea what you were saying. I wasn't being a Cheap Charlie; I just had no idea what you were asking. Of course I have a tip for you. But how will I find you again? You don't dance at the bar anymore and I can't remember your face. I only remember what was under your dress.

So there you have it expats, newbies, and Stickman fans: my confession and the prelude to my current lifestyle. To right this wrong and get this angel the tip she deserves I am going to find her. I'm a man on a mission. A soul consumed by a goal. A moral Exocet missile of farang focus. I'm going to find this angel in the only way I know how. I am going to find this angel and give her the 'teeep' she deserves. I am going to right this farang wrong on behalf of all farangs everywhere who only want to be remembered for good and not for evil.

Without a thought for my self, or my needs, or my pleasures; I am going to find this woman if I have to spend the next ten years licking every pussy in Pattaya. I may end up with a scabbed nose for life, and a crippled cramped tongue; but nothing will deter me from doing what is right. And what is right is that I lick every pussy in Pattaya until I find this woman and give her the 'teeep' she deserves.

That's the kind of guy I am.

238. Romance Vacation

TT&A Part 219 25/7/2009

Men go to Thailand to meet women. Some of these men are single. These men seeking women are often characterized in unsavory and inaccurate ways. Their singleness automatically confers on them negative assumptions. They must be perverted, or desperate, or uncompetitive, or degenerate, or damaged, or mentally deficient, or insensitive, etc. If any of these men are single and have never been married or fathered and nurtured children the criticism of them is increased.

At the same time as single men are flying to Thailand to receive smiles from Thai women; thousands of single and mostly white women from North America and Europe are flying to Jamaica, and Aruba, and St. John, and Barbados, and Nassau, and Trinidad, and Ghana, and Luanda, and Pointe-Noire, or anywhere on the west African coast where a plane can land. There they will walk about on beaches naked, do drugs, and have sex with black men. These single women are not going to marry these black men they meet on their vacations. That is not part of the vacation equation. So remote is this idea that the idea and the criticism of their behavior never even comes up. Do you smell a double standard?

No criticism is ever heard of this sexual behavior by single women because they call their vacations 'Romance Vacations'. Oh God, we are so easily sold. The absurdity of this moniker should not work but it does work. Why? Because society is awash in the idea that women are inherently good and that men are inherently bad. The hypocrisy of single men being criticized for sexual behavior, but single women not being criticized for identical and often more dramatic and publically egregious behavior is stunning. Just one of the brain freezes that I have to mentally negotiate in my life without having a medical attack of some kind.

I don’t know about you, but when I think about Mandy from Manchester and Suzie from Chicago going nude in public, sucking white lines into their noses through soda straws, and being rag doll bonked by a Rasta man named Mandingo from Jamaica or a busboy named Rufus from Ghana; a lot of things occur to me, but ‘romance’ is not one of them.

Hey, wait a minute; what are two milk white fat Scottish schoolteacher sisters doing in the gay quarter of the capital of Sierra Leone? Well, they like tall skinny silverback gorillas. They’ve got American money, and a video camera, and they are going to have fun in the hotel room. Honk if you love romance vacations. Hey, and back home in Glasgow they took a video movie course and they have made up a title page for the video of them both being shagged and bagged. They are going to call the video ‘film’ Ebony And Ivory Two. Get it? Hey, it’s a romance vacation so who could criticize?

Anyway, nothing is harder to kill than a myth. The perception of reality always carries more weight than reality; and the perception is that single men are suspect, possibly dangerous, anti-social, and under no circumstances have as much value as married or once married men. The background societal noise that men who are married or who have been married (you get lifetime credits for drinking the kool-aid) are somehow more moral, or have more admirable character, are more sensitive, or more capable of understanding the special qualities of women is just buffoonery stupid but there is no avoiding it.

A person with intelligence and dignity and a sense of fair play would not believe or endorse or encourage such mean spirited ignorance. But this idea that single (and never married) men are somehow inferior to married (or once married) men is one of the most popular ideas ever fomented by the human race. Nothing is easier or more fun than labeling and everyone can throw this dart. Apparently, drinking the kool-aid and signing up for a lifetime one way contract that confers 100% of the risk on the man has been so successfully sold by women that the act of marrying by a man automatically confers on him qualities that he may not have.

The marriage contract is a public forum abdication of dignity and self worth now successfully sold worldwide as the mark of a man of value. Slave and fool as value laden person. And the reverse mentally bankrupt idea is constantly thrown in the face of single men. Never been married? What is wrong with you? Fathered and nurtured no children? Monster. Never drank the kool-aid? Not interested in unfair contracts? Don't want to be a slave? What's wrong with you?

As a single never married man I encounter this anti-single man prejudice frequently. In my late 30's I once had a job interviewer ask me if I was gay. And believe me he was not being nice to gays. He was just trying to figure out in what way I was abnormal, or dangerous, or defective. Because … the qualities that a woman wants in a husband are the same exact qualities that a company wants in an employee. The company is only interested in gutless idiots, drones, ciphers, cowards, and slaves. You know, like married guys; or married guys with children (the full hemlockien brew).

The notion that the social millstone of marriage around my neck suddenly confers on me superior behavior, morals, or character is insulting to single me. It's an offensive idea and I take offense. If some men want to pontificate, moralize, preach, or soapbox this idea that is their business; but if you want to convert you need to be able to entertain and you need to be fun. Married (or once married) men are more … than single men? Oh, stop it. A dancing bear in a Russian circus has more to offer as an entertainment. I am single, and I have never been married; and I am the equal of any man.

Not fully engaged by this essay? You are married, your father was married, and your grandfather was married? Most of your friends and business associates are married (your wife won't allow you to spend time with single men)? OK, consider this. How about legislation that would authorize the castration, imprisonment, or death to all single males over age thirty five? Sound extreme? Really?

What is extreme about the idea of social legislation like this? It only puts in law form what many people think now. The marginalization of men starts in grade school when the majority of grade school teachers are female. In the higher grades drugs are sometimes prescribed for boys who are 'too active' (translation: not like girls). Men as cannon fodder is the next step. The Armed Services will build character (and conveniently remove single males from society). No mention is ever made of building character in women. Apparently, if you have a pussy you don't need character. Finally the man gets a 'good job' which means he is a corporate slave in an organization that has a Human Resources Dept. It is from this command center that man controlling rules are issued. Human Resource Departments are populated by fat sexless women. Congratulations, you have come full circle and you are back in grade school. Do not forget to raise your hand if you want to jack off.

How many of these women using the sanctity of the secret ballot would vote for legislation to abuse or kill all single men over age thirty five? Seem extreme? Consider this. When the government comes for a mother's son for the army she always hands him over. But if anyone tries to grab her kitty kat or her doggy woggy she will fight like a tiger. She loves her pets more than her son. You forgot her birthday? Don't worry about it.

Remember, in the world of women men are only on Earth to serve their needs. We are nothing but trivial jewelry accessories on the costumery of their needs and wants. A man not stepping up to the marriage plate has no purpose. Kill him.

My name is Dana and I am a single man. Tonight I am going to clatter down the marble steps of the A.A. Hotel in South Pattaya and take a walk on the boardwalk. I will be looking for Ming or Ting or Ling or Wan or Da or Num or Fa. I love and appreciate all these wonderful human beings. Yes, it is possible to love and respect and appreciate women without marrying them and without bringing into the world more children that the world does not need.

So here is a news flash to all married men (or once married men, yes you get lifetime credits) in the Kingdom and elsewhere in the other 189 countries of the world. You can hold up your ring fingers, and your marriage licenses, and your pictures of your wives as a priest would hold up a cross to smite the devil within; but you will have no effect on me. My name is Dana and I am a man. Soon I will be holding a Thai female in my arms in my ocean facing sixth floor suite and we are both going to be smiling.

When we are through making love I will give a thought to the thousands of women all over the world being bonked by black men. Good on you. I'm happy for you and I pass no judgement on you because you are single. I'm sure you love your short and long term liaisons of love for their manly qualities irrespective of whether you are married or not, just as I love the women in my arms irrespective of whether I have or have not had other personal traditional entanglements; but please, do not call it a Romance Vacation.

239. Professors Do It With a Lot of Words

TT&A Part 220 1/8/2009

Porno Playing Cards

The other night I was leaving the 24 hour 'Japanese Keyboards' computer place on South Pattaya Road and I saw Korski. I followed him. Maybe he'd get hit by a car while crossing the street and I could grab his wallet. I'm a dreamer.

As I am following him it is hard not to notice that he is pulling a little red wagon with clipboards, and pads of tear-off survey sheets, and tri-pod camera, and a wire cage with hanging green pendaflex folders, and a new box of beige manila folders, and a laptop computer. A rubber maid's bucket from the Mothership in Bangkok holds various academic tools de trade like stapler, pens and markers, ruler, extra batteries, White-Out, tape recorder, 'Sands-of-Pattaya' hourglass timing device, framed PhD. diploma, and nose hair clippers. On the back of the wagon is a decal that says:

PROFESSORS DO IT WITH A LOT OF WORDS

Where could he be going? We are on the outer flaming rim of a death star red light district known as Walking Street. I suppose it is possible that he is going to a lecture being held at the Superbabies Bar called:

Evolution: Just a Bunch of Wacky Coincidences, or Buddha's Work?

but somehow I doubt it. The mind boggles. Like I said, I followed him. And it wasn't hard. He couldn't negotiate the sidewalk with his wagon so he was in the street going against the traffic, and going against the tourists. Professor Korski is tall and the children's wagon had a short handle so he was kind of bent over and shuffling while pulling the thing. If I ever see a photo of something like this titled: Professor on Sabbatical—I'll believe it. I'll believe anything now.

Some visual experiences in your life can be so glorious, and so meaningful, and so soul filling that you say:

"I've been to the mountaintop."

Captain Cook first sighting the orange and green and purple mountains of Tahiti with the black volcanic sands contrasting with the pale blue lagoon.

The first man to top Mount Everest looking out and down on the rest of the planet. Vistas of glacier and snow and oxygen deprived air making him earn every second of it.

Adam's first sight of Eve without her fig leaf.

Well, the sight of Korski on this dark spooky urban night pulling his wagon against the traffic and against the crowd like a lost salmon made me say:

"I've been to the valley."

Anyway, he goes down South Pattaya Road, turns left on Walking Street, and then cuts right and enters the Polo Lounge. Like a dog with too many scent trails to follow I got distracted and ended up in a bar across the street listening to live jazz-rock and staring at the lady bartender. She was short (OK, she wasn't even that tall), shaped like a paint can, big legs, and a player. I'm starting to have fantasies and then her boyfriend comes in.

Back to Korski. I find him in the back of the Polo Lounge surrounded by four bright-eyed Thai women with tight flat brown stomachs, little tiny belly buttons, and small waists. I push through the wall of blank-brained estrogen and as God is my witness Korski has a clipboard in hand and he is asking them survey questions.

The next day I spotted him on the Beach Road boardwalk pulling old lottery tickets out of trash cans.

Me: So Korsk (I call him Korsk), why the survey questions the other night for the girls?
Korski: Well Dana, I never got over being shy with girls as a kid. This survey/questionnaire routine gives me some dignity and some structure while I work up the nerve to say:

ME HORNY—BIG WALLET—LUF YU

So academic protocols have come to the monger world. Can this intellectual approach be carried too far? Opinions differ. Consider this by Robert I. Levy in his book Tahitians: Mind and Experiences in the Society Islands:

“My own thinking was influenced by Freudian models of personality organization, by neo-Freudian criticisms and developments of psychoanalytic concepts, and by more recent aspects of behavioral and cognitive theory, particularly the work of Gregory Bateson. To try to make the topics chosen for inquiry comparable to those of standard psychodynamic concern, I used a check sheet of psychodynamic constructs developed by the Institute for Human Development at the University of California at Berkeley. This was used to supplement psychological constructs suggested by various writers, by my own interests, and by the pilot field study. These various constructs (e.g. “identification,” “pathology,” “internalized behavioral controls”) guided me in constructing a questionnaire, or more properly check sheet, based in part on suggestions from a question schedule used by the Institute for Human Development. This comprised a minimal set of topics to be covered in the open-ended psychodynamic interviews given during the latter part of the fieldwork. Discussion was guided into certain areas, and items on the check sheet which had not been spontaneously discussed were systematically brought up."

I called up Bob (aka Robert Levy) and asked him:

Me: So Bob, what does this quote mean?
Robert: Simple Dana, I never got over being shy around girls as a kid. This mind set construct (white people talkin') keeps me on track and gives me the time to work up the nerve to say:

ME HORNY—BIG WALLET—LUF YU

Me: I notice you use a check sheet questionnaire survey method.
Robert: Got to.
Me: Ever heard of Professor Korski?
Robert: No comment.

So Dana fans and Stickman fans and seekers after monger truth maybe I should use this check sheet question survey clipboard method of Korski's and Bob's to chat up lively girls in the skank-whore-cruiser-prostitute category. I've been showing them sex position porno playing cards but maybe the academic approach would be better. I imagine my survey question sheet would look something like this?

Dana is a God Yes/No
Anal Yes/No
500 Baht Yes/No

I think that covers it. I'll let you know how it works.

240. Dana: An Autobiography

TT&A Part 221 8/8/2009

I was born in 1949. Various crab nebula in the Ongorn Mutunda aligned, dark matter coughed, gravity yawned: Me. Bunonda Fonduloco Belesium Dana 7. Me.

Birth to youth was spent on quantum mechanical games and sliding down the lips of black holes.

Youth to early adult years were spent mentoring with shapeshifters and learning to manipulate time and gravity. I graduated from G.G.U. (Gas Giant University) with a PhD. in wormholes. The title of my thesis was: Is That A Wormhole In Your Pocket Or Are You Just Glad To See Me?

Then a successful career as a gypsy universe traveler and messenger. Traveling without hope, or blood, or ego I sent back reports on distant orbs, and distant forces, and distant evolutionary items of interest, and distant navigational waypoints to the home office. On personal days I would ride photons, or play cosmic bumper cars in the debris tails of asteroids. Asteroid K9VM-L2 in the fourth Andromedium belt was a kick, and iceteroid vendors were selling blue selenium suppositories and frozen plutonium popsicles. Party time.

Then my Earth assignment. Except for the nickel magma bacteria, our instruments displayed little of interest; but in times of Kongorian peace employees have to be kept busy. I said yes to the assignment. Another bender of time and space had been reverse wormholed to Earth but nothing had been heard since. Procedure required followup. My cover on Earth would be as an expat sex monger with a penis. I didn't know what an expat was, I didn't know what a sex monger was, and I didn't know what an Earth penis was. When I found out what an Earth penis was I neglected to send information back to the home office. Why crowd the field?

Anyway, sent to Earth because no one else wanted to go; I was supposed to gather information and send it back to the Ongorn Mutunda on all things Earthly. After much data sent I received the message: No More Information Desired. Earth had no appeal and my dark matter ID and gas giant powers were revoked. No further use for luggage.

Cosmically grounded on an unimportant rock hurtling through an indifferent space towards an unrecorded future. What to do? My life and future ordained amalgams of 'unimportant' and 'unrecorded' and 'indifferent'. Where oh where could helplessness, despair, depression. stupidity, and the odd pinprick of delight be found?

Off to Thailand. Bingo to the infinity degree oh gentle readers. Total dudeness to the max hipsters. A more dramatic example of the yawn of carbon based life forms could not be imagined then the denizens of Pattaya. I checked into the A.A. Hotel and started going through boulevard skanks like prunes through an old lady. Learning to use my Earth penis was interesting.

Under my sex monger cover I hung out in bars and told stories. Sometimes I would hear: "Say Dana, you ought to write that story down."

Finally, I started writing and posting Thailand thoughts and anecdotes of the commercial and other sex kind. Dark matter messenger from copulating crab nebuli in the Ongorn Mutunda meets carbon based Earthlings who read website for lonely men, men who wear socks with sandals, and men who think soccer and rugby should be differentiated.

Hilarity did not always ensue. One carbon based cellular pastiche introduced himself to me at Stickman's first Writer's Party as my nemesis. Yawn. I fart mythic words and phrases this mortal can not process and he imagines his delusions are of interest? The notion of 'nemesis' must be preceded by the delusion of ego; an evolutionary tree root tripped over, examined, and abandoned in the rest of the hot and cold gaseous wonderlands of space a long time ago. At least on Earth I have learned to say: "Where's the bar?".

The Dana Fan Club followed. So too the Dana website: All Dana All The Time (ADATT), and Dana: The Movie. Dana: The Book preceded Dana: The Movie, and the Church Of Dana (COD) preceded them both. In the Ongorn Mutunda so called time sequence is not linear. Time proceeds in all dimensions instantly and cancels itself out. So called 'tense' writing in Earth text is hard for me. Anyway, Earthlings are always saying:

"What time is it?"

I used to respond: "It's time for you to leave the planet or commit suicide."

Where are we now in my biography? Stranded on Earth and writing in Thailand. I am of stardust but now carrying chronic Hep B virus from Fa's breast fluid, Aids from festering boil trannies, assorted living groin bits from assorted living (I don't endorse necrophilia—that's just me) smilers, and herpes of the nose from the woman at the Windmill Bar who can put her feet behind her head. None of these trivial but irritating local solar system illnesses and afflictions can effect my crab nebula birthright of eternal life but it does make you wonder ...!

It does make you wonder if copulating with humans of other kinds would actually be healthier. An interesting subject that beckons with the happy delight of experiment. However, experience has taught me that there is a limit to Internet acceptability with readers who think a paradox is two piers in a harbor. A short plumb bob finds the bottom of the well of intelligence on this planet. So my happy naked sex life in the hotels near the western shore end of the Jomtien beach will go unrecorded. Too bad.

Too bad Earthlings believe the word 'No' exhibits ego and free will. So few orifices, so little time; and I am stranded in Pattaya and Jomtien with amateurs known mostly for desperation and poor social skills. In the rest of the Universe sex is timeless, egoless, maximally pleasurable, and without judgement. Yeah, so few orifices, so little time. Homesick for the magnetic fields of home. Kinda makes me wonder what I said in one of my reports to the home office to get stranded here. Must have been something I said.

Here on the boardwalk with the sun on my face, or the night time winking lights of the offshore restaurants reminding me of stellar dust I can no longer return to: I must negotiate. I have no need of rods and cones to process incoming orbital data, my circulatory system is nuclear fusion of the very cold kind, and I can not fail because I do not care; but I must negotiate with protoplasmic nobodies who think laws are good, siblings have value, parents should be revered, and babies are desirable.

Nothing regarding humans requires processing. Nothing regarding them admits of this kind of complexity. Ever seen the way watercolors seep, and spread, and sink into watercolor paper? That is all that is required when I interact with humans. Interacting of the litmus paper testing strip variety provides all the information that will ever be available. When I am litmus paper dipping my urine to measure testosterone levels I think of the girls brains on the boardwalk and I smile. I must negotiate?

Anyway, 'Babies are desirable' is the pitiful personal destiny mantra of Ming and Ling and Ting and Ban and Wan and Bee and Noy and Bim and … the Mount Everest of all their ideas and uninteresting yearnings. Grunting out one more roach human on an insignificant rock that could not even keep my own kind engaged (No More Information Desired) is the glistening white limestone on the pyramid of their ideas. I'd rather listen to the squeaking of lab rats. Ow Ow, Yum Yum, and Boom Boom have to be negotiated: how much, and when, and how, and … yawn. Pity the poor abandoned messenger. Pity me you emotional humans.

Anyway, are there others of us on Earth like me? Only one. Chiang Mai Kelly. He was the first one sent from the Ongorn Mutunda navigator's committee to report back information on Earth's resources, uses, amusements, and intelligence. He never received a message—No More Information Desired—because he never sent one report. Went AWOL immediately. In exploratory space travel it is now called the Princess Effect. Don't know why. Anyway, I got sent as Plan B. Thank you Chiang Mai Kelly. Thank you for visiting upon me an eternity of ennui. Thank you Chiang Mai Kelly for stranding me on a rock where females only have three orifices. Sweet Jesus on a cracker … only three orifices?! And for this you succumbed to Princess (I've heard things)?

Hey wait a minute; maybe that is the mistake I made. Maybe reporting back to the home office that women here only have three orifices of sexual pleasure was what got me stranded. On my own planet women have four hundred orifices and flat heads for a beer can. That's it, that three orifices message was the deathknell on my career as a cosmic messenger. On my own gravity sphere (Sentoris 4.2) women have 398 vaginas. You only get to make love once but you remember it for eternity. Kinda makes me wonder what Chiang Mai Kelly is doing with Princess.

Yes, thank you very maak freakin' maak kuhn Kelly, AWOL messenger from my own home, for triggering home office behavior (Plan B) that has marooned me on Earth for eternity. Earth: a place where parents give children names, achievement is valued, and Aristotle was wrong about everything for 2000 years without anyone noticing. Earth: a place where Galileo, Copernicus, Newton, and Einstein thought they had ideas, information is stored on 'chips', and calculation speeds of computers are thought to be interesting. If it wasn't all so pitiful I wouldn't be able to control my Earth bladder from the laughing. I have to spend an eternity on Earth listening to Earthlings blather about morals, things worth dying for, efficient forms of government, and different kinds of ego. If I hadn't discovered the sounds of whales and the sounds of dolphins I think I would have gone mad. Correcting Earthling sky charts also fills my time with amusement.

Earth: a place where the difference between a Pattaya boardwalk skank's brain and a 'top scientist's' brain is not worth measuring, durian fruit tastes better once you get rid of the soft interior, and staggering to their one moon is called 'space travel'. Earth: a place where denizens fight over food and water, obsess about sex, and express opinions. Pity this poor gypsy maroonite now stranded in a place where a whale's fart has more meaning than a politician's speech.

Since Chiang Mai Kelly cut off all communication with his gaseous brethren he does not know that I am here. I am going to find him; and when I do find him I am going to give him the fxxxing of his life. He'll like it. He will want more. His black hole will want to suck in my essence with extreme unction. But he won't get more. That will be his punishment for what he has done to me.

I have tracked his sickening spoor to a ten square block area east of 2nd Road in Pattaya. There he pretends to be human: waving his wing wang around, using Thai words to communicate with carbon based life forms so low on the evolutionary ladder that they actually have blood types, and hydrating with various alcoholic potions made from fermented plant fluids. I'm not a drinker but according to Dean Barrett of Soi Cowboy reputation if you drink a Black Russian and then quickly follow that up with a Pink Lady you now have a Boulevard Whore swirling in your stomach. Before I had my dark matter powers stripped from me by the home office for reporting that Earth women only have one vagina this would have been something I would have been required to check out and report on.

Anyway, I am going to find VZ4K.66.4W (aka CMK, aka Chiang Mai Kelly) and when I do find him I am going to pull down his pants faster then a neutron star will strip debris matter from Saturn. He will want me to do it over and over and over and over again. But I won't do it over and over and over and over again. That will be his punishment. The memory of the pleasure will be his punishment. I will shove his career ending face against the wall, crush his pelvic bones in my hydraulic hands, and drill him like a Texas wildcatter on amphetamines. Then I'll thrown him down on the floor and pound him like a hammer at a nail convention. He will like it. He will beg for more. He won't get more and the memory of the pleasure will be his punishment and his curse for Eternity.

And Princess? The protoplasmic slide smear that caused a member of the pinwheeling nebula society to go AWOL? She will learn what YOU'RE NEXT sounds like in my language.

Such is my story to date and my biography. Hunting Chiang Mai Kelly has given my life meaning. Meaning? Hey, am I becoming human? Anyway, stay tuned. The fxxxing of all time is coming up.

Mendorically yours,
Dana

241. It's Not Just About The Women You Meet

TT&A Part 222 15/8/2009

It's not just about the women you meet. It's also about the men you meet. In Thailand I mean. Following are some personal examples. Maybe it will help you remember some of the great, or strange, or interesting, or really funny guys you have met in the Kingdom. It all counts.

Once in the lobby of the Nana I found myself sitting across from an urbane, cultured, educated man. How did I know this? By looking at him, that's how. Sometimes you can tell a book by its cover and I wasn't wrong this time. We got to talking. His name was Jim and he was from Chicago. Jim had been coming to Thailand for years. He also spent time in Angeles City, Philippines. In addition, he had a condo in Brazil in a racy part of the city. He was renting a house in Cambodia. He was on the road pretty much continually; rotating from house to condo to hotel. Sometimes he rented suites and set up photography studios and took pictures of the girls.

The next day we shared a bus trip to Pattaya. He was taking some photos he had taken to the artists on Walking Street. The paintings would then be shipped to his condo in Brazil. He explained that the girls of Thailand were sexy, the girls of the Philippines were cute, and the girls of Brazil were erotic. I felt like an amateur. When we got to Pattaya he did me a favor and helped me check into the AA Hotel. I asked him why he pursued this lifestyle. He said, "I had a 2 year marriage and then I had a 7 year divorce. I decided it was Me Time."

Another gentleman I met was from Nepal. Nepal for God's sake. Isn't that the dirt poor country where they are eating snowballs and cherry-sized potatoes? I mean who's got enough money in Nepal for the airfare to Bangkok? I was in Pattaya and I was on the way to the Diamond Beach Hotel to check it out. I was going to get the staff to give me a tour of the rooms and the facilities before I made a commitment; blah, blah, blah. Mr. Big Shot. On the way up the steps to the hotel I see this 30ish looking guy, kind of foreign; just standing there with a look of happiness on his face. I ask him if he is staying at the hotel. Yes he is, he says. I ask him what the level of service, security, etc is like. He replies that it doesn’t matter.

Now the Diamond Beach Hotel is situated at the end of a soi that is packed with bars. The noise at night during high season is deafening. It looks like Sodom and Gomorrah if you are a newbie. I ask him why the level of service and other important hotel selection criteria don’t matter. “Watch this.” he says. He takes his wallet out and waves it over his head. Instantly, three girls scream and run up to him. I go into the hotel and check in.

Once when I was a little green and new to the scene I went into the G-Spot Bar at the Nana a little too early. They had not really opened up yet. The door was just open to let the girls in who were coming to work. The place was mostly empty. There were a few girls on stage and some wait staff. The air-conditioning was on and blasting and without the compensating heat from a hundred customers it was as cold as a freezer. And there sitting all alone at the bar was one single guy. I sat next to him. I turned to say hello and was startled.

He looked wide eyed, disoriented, in shock: maybe sick. It turned out he was from Scotland and this was his first trip away from Mom and Dad’s farm, and it was his second day in Bangkok. And there wasn’t anything in Scotland that looked like what he’d seen in the last 40 hours. The guy was disoriented. He was in shock. Up until this trip to Thailand he had never been out of Scotland. In fact, he had never been out of his parents’ basement where he lived. Two elderly parents and lots of cows.

That was his life. And he was one of the funniest guys I’ve ever met. We spent the next hour having giggle fits comparing the women of our respective countries to the beauties of Thailand. Normally, I don’t drink and normally I don’t go into bars to male bond. But I miss this guy.

I took Noi on a beach and boating tour to Ko Lan off Pattaya. We looked and acted like a couple. People remarked on it. We used to get special and nice treatment. Even young male Thais were nice to us. You’d think there would be some resentment towards me because I had one of their women. But even the least likely candidates for civility were nice to us. Part of the tour is that you get lunch. There is a shed with tables and benches. I was stepping over the bench to sit down to lunch when one of the tour guides taps me on the shoulder and says, “Not here.”

He had set up a special two place setting for Noi and me. We had our own waiter. We got treated special. He didn’t have to do that. I got to talking to him later and found out he spoke 5 languages and had traveled to many parts of the world. He had also done 8 months in a monastery on Ko Lan (he pointed to the place up on the mountainside) when there was a ‘problem’ in his personal life. He had a keen sense of how the different cultural groups (Indians, Danes, Aussies, Koreans, etc.) responded and how they had to be catered to. He didn’t make note of any of these international differences in a judgemental way, just an observational way. He was interesting, well spoken, intelligent. He was also wearing bare feet, shorts, and a T shirt. Normally, you wouldn’t notice him or take notice of him. Just another generic invisible Thai. It made me wonder what other interesting Thais I was missing out on.

I have a friend in Boston who helps me with my letters to girlfriends and other Thai travel related issues. She is Thai and came here years ago as a Fulbright scholar. She now has two

Masters degrees, a career, and an American husband. You can’t imagine anything more the opposite of a Thai bar girl. One day she said that she had a good Thai friend in Pattaya and that I should look him up. She gave me his address and phone number and wrote out an introductory letter. It turns out he lives in one of the exclusive high rise enclaves in North Pattaya. I go to visit. Just like my friend in Boston; he is civilized, educated, interesting, cultured. He was educated in Perth, Australia and his son now lives in Ohio. We spend hours talking. It’s a shame to come here and just meet touts and tuktuk drivers.

It’s afternoon and I am sitting at the bar at the Nana Hotel. Two seats down from me is an American expat who is about 65 years old. He has been in Thailand for 40 years! I am so not in this guy’s league it is not even funny. The TV is on and the news is eliciting comments from him about the Thai personalities, and Thai politics, and Thai current events. This is really his country. But no one will give him the key because he doesn’t look right. I would love to slide down two seats and introduce myself. I would like to listen and to learn. I’d like to be taken into his world. I’d like to hear the stories. But I’m not qualified. I’m just a sex tourist. A short time adventurer. I don’t have any social currency. Not even with this farang.

So, do I travel to the Kingdom to meet men? No, I do not travel to the Kingdom to meet men. But I do wish I had a kept a journal of the interesting men I had met in between starring at, grabbing at, dreaming about, and holding in my arms beautiful Thai women.

I like and I respect men. Look out your window wherever you are. Everything you see was built by men. Men are funny, and smart, and wise, and social risk takers. They can take a hit and come right back at you with a smile on their face. The only time I see a smile on a bargirl’s face is when I open my wallet.

And some men are guarantees for me. Australians! Australian men in a bar with one beer down and another beer in hand are the brightest funniest guys I have ever met. At least I think they are the brightest funniest guys I have ever met. I’ve never understood a word they’ve said.

So here is my recommendation. Keep an eye out for the men in Thailand as well as the women. You’ll be rewarded. Heading to Walking Street? Before you go under the sign take a minute to go left up South Pattaya Road for a bit. On the right you will see an open bar front with a bunch of bird cages hanging outside. Stand and look at the cages and talk to the birds. You will attract the expat owner. This guy is a human rooster and a piece of work. I guarantee you will enjoy ten minutes talking to this guy and he should be in your Thailand experience rolodex. Remember, it is not just about the women you meet, it is also about the men you meet.

Not convinced? Try this. Take some time off from the women. If you are an expat take a couple of days off just because you are bored. If you are a sex tourist take two days off because otherwise you might have a heart attack. Spend the next two days just meeting some of the guys in Thailand. How?

Well, the easiest source of interesting men are the lounge lizards in hotels. Hotels that have long term residents always have these guys hanging out in the lobby chairs. Sort of their own private club. An excellent example of this is at the Mothership in Bangkok. Last time I was sitting with these guys one of the guys had been coming to Thailand for forty years, one guy could remember when the klong water was clean, one guy had managed bars, and then there was 500 Baht Walt. He only pays 500 baht. What are you paying? The secret with the lounge lizards is to mostly just sit and listen.

Another category worth investigating are the farangs that look as if they have lost the plot. You see examples of them everywhere. Sure, in your own life back in your own country you would not interact with these guys but you are in Thailand. Whatever happens in Thailand stays in Thailand. In Bangkok there is always a farang hanging out near Soi 11 and Sukhumvit. All he wears is a sarong and he looks as if he is rolled in dirt every day. But wait a minute: he is there almost every day, he is erect and ambulatory, he is not starving, and he is making it somehow in a city that mostly terrifies you. Maybe speaking to this train wreck would be interesting. Similarly in Pattaya there is almost always a comatose farang laying in the trash just a little south of the rear entrance to Big Mike's department store on Second Road. Do what I have done. Poke him with a stick until he comes to and then talk to him.

When is the last time you talked to the expats who do good deeds in the Kingdom: the expats who belong to clubs and organizations that donate to the blind, and find computers for schools, and raise money for wheelchairs for the crippled, and sponsor toy drives? Find out when they are having their next meeting and go and sit and listen. Tell them you are a four year old Thai orphan and see what kind of a response you get.

Only on vacation in the Kingdom and not really into good deeds? OK, no problem. Drop on down to Pattaya. Your mission? Track down Chiang Mai Kelly, shoot him with a tranquilizer dart, and load him into the back of a truck with one of those rhino nets they use in Africa. Take him to a secret location. Now let the questioning begin. Believe me, you will learn stuff. Example? Mr. Kelly is an expert on the after 3 a.m. scene in Pattaya. After 3 a.m.? I didn't even know such a thing existed. I usually call that R.E.M. sleep.

So next time you are in the Kingdom or the next time your heart tells you it would be a good idea to give the whole girl/Viagra thing a rest consider the men of Thailand. It is all part of the equation. There are one hundred and eighty-eight countries sending men to the Kingdom with different languages, and different cultures, and different stories to tell, and different accents. Do what I do. Open up your mind to any man thing that comes along.

Except for the New Zealanders. Can’t understand one word. And the Australians after two beers. Again, can’t understand one word. With the Aussies I always put the incomprehensible gibberish speech syndrome (IGSS) down to too many Foster’s Beers (either at the time or in the past), but with the North and South Islanders I finally decided that New Zealand must be Maori for white people with speech defect (WPWSD).

Anyway, open yourself up to the whole man thing in Thailand. You’ll be glad you did. OK, except for the French. And the Muslims. Look, make your own list. And if you are going down Second Road in Pattaya and you see me poking a dead guy with a stick just relax. He ain’t dead and we are male bonding.

242. A Reader’s Lament

TT&A Part 223 22/8/2009

I like to read about Thailand. I usually learn something and I am usually entertained. Do you smell the foreboding?

Recently, I ordered through the Boston Public Library Interlibrary Loan Program a book called Smiles of Deceit by Jim Cornick. The book came from the University of California Southern Regional Library Facility.

It’s a nice size and a nice weight for bed and bath reading. Three hundred pages, readable font for someone with fifty nine year old eyes, and a nice cover. Published by Bangkok Book House in 2003 (1st edition) and Thai priced at 395 baht. Printed in Thailand. The publisher’s blurb regarding the author reads in part:

“A longtime writer, Mr. Cornick began writing for the legitimate stage. Moving to pulp fiction, he soon found himself working for Warner Bros Studio for the next three decades.”—etc. There is more and there is less. It reads in total a little oddly and includes three paragraph break omissions, one misspelling, and awkward sentences. Actually, the ‘paragraphs’ are so short it may be more useful to think of them as text-thought breaks. But why be a crank? I’m lying in bed with a new book in my hands written by an experienced writer. This will be fun. Let’s open the book.

The Preface (3/4 page) has fifteen errors in the categories of paragraph break errors, improper use of single and double quote marks, misspellings, and commas used incorrectly. Yes, I am now using my editing pencil while lying in bed and I am beginning to wonder if I am holding a literary turd. I flashback to a quote from Chuckwoww:

"So why not get stuck in lads? Ignore the published writers and the literary experts. Yes, there are those who say amateurish efforts should never make it into print. Ignore them. Start with a few notes and see what happens. It's up to you. If worst comes to worst you can always find a cheap printer in Thailand, run off a few hundred copies, hawk them in the bars and wait for the movie contracts to pour in. Just make sure you throw in a few typos and spelling mistakes. It wouldn't be a proper Bangkok novel without them."

Let's start reading. The first sentence of Chapter 1 has a spelling error, writing error, and a missing comma. I flip to the last page (1/2 page) and there is a capitalization error, text spacing problems, comma issues, and a misspelling that rocks me. The misspelling is the title of the book. Think I am being fussy? How about Milton's Paradise Lost becoming Pair-A-Dice Lost? How about Shakespeare's play King Lear becoming Ming Lear? How about Jack London's White Fang becoming White Fung? How do you feel about the Bible becoming the Biple?

Conversation between the Managing Director and the Editor at a western publishing company:

Managing Director: Did you misspell the title of the book?
Editor: Yes sir.
Managing Director: You are fired.

Conversation between the Managing Director and the Editor at Bangkok House Publishing:

Managing Director: Did you pick up those noodles for me?
Editor: Yes sir.
Managing Director: Thanks.*

* Note the subject of misspelling the title of the book does not come up.

Anyway, I can feel my chest sagging as the air leaves my lungs. Clearly, this is not going to be a Thailand themed book that informs and entertains. But there is more.

More? Yes gentle reader there is more. Beyond the last text page of the novel is a promotional advertisement for the Bangkok House Publishing company. Big type and lots of negative space. Not many words but five punctuation spacing errors. Someone examining this will point out to me that this is the new Internet graphic way of presenting text. Sorry, you are not selling that to me. Although graphically it is consistent, in terms of readable text it is gibberish. Is this thing I am holding in my hands a book or a computer printout? I would like it to be a book. Anyway, I wonder what the office parties are like at the Bangkok House Publishing company. After all, if you have no standards and you have no pride; that just leaves animal acts and alcohol.

I stop marking the pages with my editor's pencil. If every page goes back to the University of California all marked up there could be trouble for me. OK, how about the meat of the book (300 pps.)? I reviewed every page. Get ready to comma.

On almost (maybe every) page there are sentences with one comma where the sentence did not require a comma. This is not a matter of style. These are incorrect uses of the comma. Incredibly irritating. It is like being in short strokes with your girlfriend and then someone taps you on the shoulder. Then more short strokes with your girlfriend and someone taps you on the shoulder again. And again. And again. And again. And again. It's a rhythm thing.

Sentences with three commas usually (always?) do not need the third comma. More short strokes and a tap on the shoulder at the end of the sentence. It's a comma hell for the reader and a comma orgy for the writer who never met a comma he did not like and has little use for colons, or semi-colons, or hyphens, or ... make your own list. Imagine three hundred pages of gratuitous commas.

Is there more? After all, there are three hundred pages to this novel. You bet there's more. Misspellings, unclear writing (which action of which character are we referring to?), more trouble with single and double quotes usage, incorrect paragraph breaks, trouble with paragraph construction (what is a paragraph Bangkok House Publishing?), constant capitalization errors ... wait a minute.

Let's pause here from list making so that I can flash off the road into a rant ditch. I believe it would be amusing to attend a lecture by Bangkok House Publishing on what constitutes a paragraph. I do not think they know what constitutes a paragraph. Taking a big risk here and assuming the author, Jim Cornick, submitted the manuscript correctly paragraphed; imagine his surprise (shock, hand slap to the face, doody in the pants, chagrin) when he pulled the new book down off the shelf in Bookazine and was confronted with text format gibberish. I can hear the Bangkok House editor now:

"But Jim that is the way the computer did it. Perhaps you are not up to date on modern publishing. You remind me of another pest named Dana who wants everything done according to five hundred year old rules and stuff."

I wonder if in the annals (or is it anals?) of modern law there is now a computer defense. As in:

"Your honor, the reason my client committed these abuses (robbery, rape, murder, incorrect uses of commas) is because the computer told him to commit those abuses. My client is innocent of the crime of intent your honor. He actually displays no intent. He is just an idiot modern cypher without internal standards or the ability to feel shame. Perhaps your honor needs to get a little more modern."

OK, back to the list … words used incorrectly, tense problems, improperly punctuated abbreviations, singular/plural errors, geography mysteries (the Bangkok harbor?), and time/distance inaccuracies. Too much detail? Think I am piling on? Consider this. If this was an academic exercise I would be required to give three examples for each of my observations. If this was a technical or an engineering paper I would be required to give three examples for each one of my observations with follow up 'problem solved' solutions for each example.

Believe me, I am sparing you. This essay/reader's lament is like a child's thrown stone skipping across the water.

Now somebody is going to tell me I am being unfair. The author, Jim Cornick, could not have made all those errors. After all, he is a published author (cue the bugles). Many (all?) of these boneheaded, ignorant mistakes must be attributed to the Thai editor at Bangkok House Publishing. OK, only one problem. Jim Cornick's name is on the cover of the book. Call me crazy but I make him the author of the book. That means to me that he wrote the words. Was the book Smiles of Deceit published after his death? That would be his only excuse. Even a self aware literary hack like James Michener proofed the pages as they were sent to him by the publisher. What is Jim Cornick's excuse (other than death)? I figure it like this. After signing the contract, Bangkok House Publishing threw one of those wild Bangkok House Publisher's office parties and Jim just said:

"Ah, fxxx it."

Well, that's what I said also. The book goes back to the library tomorrow.

So, is that it? Are we done? Is the curtain finally down on this reader’s lament? No, we have two more horrors to consider. Horror number one is that somewhere in Bangkok is a Thai proclaiming that he/she is an editor for the Bangkok House Publishing company. In English. Horror number two is that possibly in your life you may meet a gentleman who will tell you his name is Jim Cornick and he is a published author.

I don’t want to meet either one of them.

243. Gunshots and Klieg Lights and Basic Black

26/8/2009

Sedated leopards and yaa baa cranked pink flamingos highlighted the white dyed sward that rolled and tumbled down from the cocaine financed mountain top villa in Thailand. Dress code was basic black for men and for women with purple secondary accents. Purple klieg lights and purple landscaping spots defined the perimeters and the GPS location of the literary gala. People were encouraged to bring drugs and guns. Hey, it's a party.

Nominally in the Kingdom of Thailand, but actually not of the Kingdom, due to high standards and attendant literati and International influences; the event was an announcement, and a party, and an historical evolutionary marker. What is this? Of what are we speaking? Well, obviously you do not know what it takes to get a book published today.

Guests arrived by hovercraft, jet pack, sedan chair, smoked glass automotive antiques and German autobahn wonders, private planes, elephants dressed in black and purple silk shrouds, yachts, and parachute. Thais received the bribes but more reliable Burmese served the drinks and the canapés and lines of coke. Music was by Duke Ellington, Yma Sumac, Lionel Hampton, Sade, Edith Piaf, Zappa, and Nine Inch Nails. The sounds of gunshots? Several Caribbean and African leaders had shown up without regard to the dress code. They had forgotten that fashion and violence rule.

A black and purple helicopter swept in from the sea and hovered over the cantilevered dais. Security herded the guests up the hill. Fashion assassins put silencers on their guns to not disturb the proceedings. Out of the helicopter stepped Dana in a gold tuxedo with ebony bird-of-paradise feathered shirt and purple dyed elephant foreskin tie. From the helicopter to the speaker's platform was a tunnel of trannies to welcome and to protect him. Never seen this before? Well, then obviously you have no idea what it takes to get a book published today.

The rapt and adoring crowd cheered wildly and clapped respectfully as he emerged from the tunnel of trannies, put both hands on the sides of the lectern, and began his announcement:

"Ladies and gentlemen, leopards and flamingos, readers and writers; it is my pleasure to announce another Dana book project. The book will be titled Ladyboy Lust and will be a collection of stories and essays spotlighting Thai trannies and their world. My tranny observations and stories plus contributions from other writers will supply the text, there will be approximately forty photos, and the pages will be impregnated with either crotch or spicy lube smells.

This book will fill an as yet unappreciated Thai-farang literary gap in the genre; and I personally guarantee that you will be disgusted, entranced, impressed by the writing, educated, and pleasantly sickened by filth and degradation in the service of demented ego, broken human toys, and self pleasure. Speaking of self pleasure, all the pages of the books will be laminated for easy cleaning. Who loves you baby? Dana does.

To kick off this event it is my happy duty to announce a contest. Remember the book by Dean Barrett called Land of Beautiful Women in which he has a Thai lady on the cover with and without make-up? I am thinking with Ladyboy Lust of having a farang on the cover with and without ladyboy make-up. Would any of you gentlemen like to pose and compete for the cover? This is obviously a huge opportunity for the person who is chosen. The book is certain to sell millions of copies in 189 countries (including Vatican City) so you will be worshipped, envied, smiled at, and spit on for the rest of your life. Try and wrap your mind around this opportunity. For the rest of your life no matter where you are there will be someone who wants to spit on you. And oh, by the way; if you have one of those big warty farang honker noses that is no problem. We will pay for all necessary and appropriate surgeries.

If you are interested in competing for cover rights please have your people get in touch with my people at Dana Central on Beacon Hill in Boston. Address your grateful concerns, plebian puppy sounds, and whining supplications to Ladyboy Lust Book Cover Dept.—Attn: Dana. And no, the winner will not have to pay for this extraordinary literary happening. That is the kind of guy I am.

So now ladies and gentlemen, leopards and flamingos, readers and writers, and most especially trannies and tranny lovers; I return you to the party and the musical stylings of Frank Zappa and Suzie Creamcheeze as they croon ‘Brown Shoes Don’t Make It—Quit School Don’t Fake It’. Remember, the book Ladyboy Lust is coming out, and this party was paid for by the Big Book Marketing Scum Publishing Co. because this is what it takes to get a book published today.”

244. Who Isn't Writing: Announcement, Vision, Retribution

TT&A Part 224 29/8/2009

Who isn't writing? Yes, who is not writing about the Thai-farang scene and the Thai-farang personal experiences they have gone through? I write Thai thoughts and anecdotes of a personal kind and others do also. I now consider it a literary genre in the making. But what of the non-contributors? What's their excuse? And more to the point, what should be their punishment? All taking and no giving? That's not right. Stay tuned: it's Dana Time.

There used to be a contributor in the Comments section of a website called Tomatosauce.com called Dicer. If he was half as smart as he thought he was, he was the smartest farang in the Kingdom. By a Dicer mile. He posted long, dense, academic, Thai culture knowledgeable discourses that hit hard and cut like a knife. Making friends was not his mission. His mission was correcting others, spewing facts, and presenting well argued opinions. An excellent and entertaining writer. When Tomatosauce.com went down Dicer disappeared. Well, where's Dicer and why isn't he writing? He has a responsibility.

And for that matter, why isn't David of Tomatosauce.com making Thai thought and anecdote contributions? He has a responsibility and he is abdicating that responsibility. This is not right. He was clever and original and fun. I guess he thinks he is too good for the rest of us that might benefit from hearing his opinions and his experiences. He should change his name from David to Let-Them-Eat-Cake.

Fanta. Ever heard of Fanta? Second only to Dicer in alpha male intelligence. Easily the only person I will meet in my lifetime who knows about the Eisenhower highway building program in the United States. Spooky smart. When I told him I bound up my first draft submission printouts in copper wire he knew exactly why. He asked me why I bound up my first draft printouts with copper wire but it was only a conversational courtesy—he knew. Why isn't he contributing to the Thai-farang literary scene literary genre? Too good for us? Beware the karma wheel Fanta. Your time will come.

I have a friend in Pattaya named Gary. This guy is one of my personal heroes and he has been through a hundred interesting experiences as an expat in the last seven years. Total number of submissions? You could count them on the toes of a three legged cat. That's not right. Where's the sharing? What happened to male bonding? I'm afraid there is trouble ahead for Gary. Shocking details to follow. Gary is a big tough guy but history never loses and he is about to ... well, shocking details to follow.

The guy (forgot his name) who used to own the Electric Blue bar on Walking Street in South Pattaya ... nothing. Not a peep. No writing. He'd probably tell me he is too busy hustling to set up and run other bars to be able to find the time to write things down. Nonsense. Selfish. He has so much to give and we get nothing. Wrong Wrong Wrong. And in the same category of bar owners—how about BOSS HOGG? Thailand should actually pass a law against this guy holding back but so far ... nothing. Outrageous. Disrespectful to the rest of us.

Dave the Rave of the Angelwitch bar in Bangkok has been in the trenches for years. Few stories. Would it kill him to do four hundred words per week of a personal nature to dazzle and entertain us? Apparently, yes. Selfish. No time? Give me a break. What does he do besides make bargirl show announcements and pound down drinks in his big fancy office like some Russian oil billionaire? Come to think of it—I have never even seen scuff marks on the bottoms of his shoes. He doesn't even walk around in the bar. He has other people do that for him. Verdict: he's got the backlog of experiences, he's got the time; and he is not doing his part to make sure the archive of history is complete. Are we, the mongers of the world going to take this kind of disrespect? Well, I for one ... details to follow. Remember, the title of this essay included the word retribution.

I haven't personally seen his office at Angelwitch Bar Central (ABC) in Bangkok but I have heard from a reliable source (the whore with AIDS in the car park of the Mothership) that it has a topless Malay bartender with a 44" bust and a green dyed python turban, blind Burmese money counters, Chiang Rai flower pressers making his own personal cologne, and Carnival Fun House mirrors that make him look taller. Wouldn't you think under those conditions that he would have time to write some personal thoughts and anecdotes for the monger community? What kind of indifferent, selfish, uncaring person is this—and what should we do about it? How do you spell 'punish the bastard' in Thai? What is really egregious and offensive is how small his bar is and yet he still whines he has not got the time. I don't want to say the Angelwitch Bar is small but I've got a walk-in closet here on Beacon Hill for tranny underpants that is bigger than the Angelwitch. I almost digress. I know what he would say if publically challenged on his non-writing. He would say his website has lots of writing—you know, times that bars are open and stuff. Earth to Dave. If I go to a bar and the door does not open I figure it is closed. Then I go to another bar. End of science lesson.

Sure, he's got that Davetheravebangkok.com website, but you've got to have a PhD. in computer interfacing to use the thing. Good for the age 14 to 20 crowd but how about me? I had to drop out of engineering school at the University of Michigan because I couldn't operate a mechanical pencil, slide a slide rule, or open my own luggage. That's not what we want—tell us a story. Make a commitment. Write something down. Something personal. I can remember words I read forty years ago. Can you remember the YouTube you watched two weeks ago?

Look, don't get me wrong; they don't call me Party Animal Dana (PAD) for nothing. I enjoy a YouTube of a dog with a giant erection and his head stuck in a bucket staggering around at a Thai child's birthday party as much as the next foreigner. I just don't think it is something we want to show the Martians when they arrive.

Some fools criticize Stickman of Stickmanbangkok.com because he has stuck with mostly text. Well, what he is doing is creating an archive of a place and of a time. Archives count if we count. Do we count? Do our lives and our times count? I think they do. The Stickmanbangkok.com website is stockpiling for history. This takes caring, and a view to history, and contributors in text. Where are the writers? Forty years from now social historians are going to be interviewing Stick regarding his contributions to Thai-farang history. Is anyone going to be interviewing the guy who created the YouTube of a squirrel waterskiing?

There is a human misanthrope who owns a bar near the corner of Walking Street and South Pattaya Road in Pattaya. Look for the birdcages hanging over the sidewalk. One look at his experience ravaged face and you know he has ten thousand interesting stories to tell. Number of submissions so far? Zero. Zippo. Nada. Goose egg. I have contacted the United Nations and Interpol. This is now a criminal matter.

Union Hill. Union Hill writes wonderful short stories of the

'The Wife Was Out—I Went To A Bar—I Met A Smiler—I Woke Up With A Hangover' kind. Great stories. Classics. But he doesn't write frequently enough. He's a long term expat with a Thai wife. Thousands of story possibilities. Once in a while we get a story—like he's throwing crumbs to pigeons. Is that it Mr. Hill? You think the rest of us are just pigeons? Jerk.

Ever heard of Chiang Mai Kelly? Of course you have. Smart expat and daily denizen of the smiley girls part of Pattaya town and geography south. Also a schoolteacher. He does write submissions, sometimes engagingly illustrated, but not enough of them. What is he—Mr. Hard To Get? Why doesn't he just splurge with his writing the way he splurges with his teeruks? Inquiring minds want to know. He knows a lot about Pattaya health clinics, the best places to find the cleanest bathrooms, red light district special knowledge and special people situations, and Pattaya after hours places. We need this information. Mongers have rights and his refusal to disseminate this information is a crime. Some of his emails to me here at Dana Central regarding schoolteacher classroom experiences were very funny. But why just me? Why isn't he making weekly contributions on the net? What is he waiting for—a letter from the Nobel committee, or a MacArthur grant? This guy is a slacker. I have notified the police on behalf of an up-and-coming class action lawsuit that will include all interested and deserving mongers in 189 countries including the Vatican. This guy is going down. Details at the end of this announcement.

Hey, and who can forget 500 Baht Walt who spends eight months of the year anchoring the chairs in the lobby of the Mothership. Four months as a lobby lizard in the Nana Hotel of Bangkok—four months in Hawaii which is his home—and then another four months back at the Nana. I worship and envy this guy's lifestyle. I know Newton and Milton and Einstein were smart guys—but 500 Baht Walt is a genius. But here is the big fat problem. Eight months of the year observing the goings on in the Nana Hotel—the Mothership for God's sake—and he's got nothing to write about? Shameful. SHAMEFUL. Who isn't writing? 500 Baht Walt isn't writing—that's who. I love this guy like a three hundred pound Japanese panda bear but I'm afraid the day of his reckoning is nigh. The karma wheel has stopped spinning and landed on him. Sorry Walt—this issue is bigger than you.

There is a crap hotel on Soi 11 off Sukhumvit in Bangkok called the Federal Hotel. Interested in mold, mildew, and dirt? This is where you do your PhD. field research. It's kind of a cult hotel for guys who think people still want to hear sentences with the words CIA, Cold War, and MacArthur in them. Guys on the cusp of being losers. But these guys have had a lot of Thai-farang experiences. Are any of these guys doing any writing? Nope. Losers. Don't worry Dana fans and writing fans, their punishment is coming. Stay tuned.

Here's my plan for these non-contributors at the Federal Hotel. We'll raid the hotel at 3 a.m. Myself and my associates will be wearing women's hair nets with plastic plants stuck in them from the Marriott Hotel lobby, holding those big huge squirt guns you see during Songkran with flashlights held on with duct tape, and wearing camo face paint and flak jackets cut from Landmark Hotel pool beach chair mats. When these Federal Hotel losers see the face paint and the duct taped flashlights they'll surrender, load themselves into the truck, and start the trip to Pattaya. Then we'll bulldoze the crap hotel and build a park for kids. Why do I do this? Because I care.

Are there other guys who need to be hunted down like a dung beetle chasing a wildebeest turd? Other guys who should be writing or should be writing more frequently, but who are not writing or writing frequently enough? Yes there are. Below is a partial list. Names that just fell out of my head. No need to email me if you do not see your name. We are working a list. Your name is probably on the list.

1. BEERASIA—fun and informative articles on beers to be found in the Kingdom. And then … nothing. Did this writer stop drinking beer? I doubt it.

2. Dr. J.A. Earnshawe BScPhD—funny and spot-on mimicry. So what happened to this guy? Mystery.

3. Gates of Paradox—OK, I'll admit it; I'm not sure which I like best, his writing or his Internet name. Anyway, he owes us. He should never have stopped writing. Are we going to take this abuse? No we are not.

4. IndyUK—wonderful writer. British alpha male expat. His article titled SCAVENGERS is a classic and a personal favorite. I believe in this guy and I believe he should be writing essays and stories weekly. What is it about the British anyway? Snobs. Anyway, he can run but he can't hide and soon Dana Enterprises will have him writing again. History and mongers demand it.

5. Jimmy Blonde—stories of homelife with Thai wife and child. Charming. So where has this guy been lately? He owes us.

6. Steve Rosse—a published writer whose books I have enjoyed. His 'waiter' story is wonderful. Ask him for the title. This numnut has stopped making contributions. A crime.

7. Sick Water Buffalo—met him briefly at the first Stickman Writer's Party and could not spend as much time with him as I would have liked to. This guy is the source and the well. Try his submission titled: A Matter Of Perception. So where as he been lately? I tell you, I really have to practise breath control and dig down deep when I consider this guy. He should be writing something for the monger community every week.

8. Frank Visakay—lots of fun with fiction. I blocked this guy years ago for some reason, but what the hell—sooner or later I block everybody. If memory serves he made some comment about how I might have improved my writing. Nobody has to deal with insane people so I blocked him. I have blocked Korski so many times I do not even have to hit the keys on the keyboard anymore. All I have to do is think the thought and the computer automatically blocks him. Anyway, Frank is a good guy and a good writer. And now, apparently, too good for the rest of us. Look over your shoulder Phuket boy—we are gaining on you.

9. Pothole Research—Yes I know he is still writing under a different Internet name; but his recent stuff is with a car and a girl instead of a single man bouncing around in rural areas on a motorbike. I miss the old days. I think it is too bad he let the Pothole Research franchise go. Clever title and wonderful travel reading. Hey, and this guy is a bigger snob than I am. Always nice to have someone to look up to.

10. Foster Foskin—funny and skillful writing. And why did this guy stop making contributions to the important burgeoning category of Thai-farang literature? Probably a mental problem. Ya hear things. Anyway, don’t worry Dana fans—he is on the list. We will track him down and take care of business.

11. The Hanonian—not Thai centric material so much as observations from Vietnam but I miss him. Why haven’t we heard from him the way we should have? Well, I happen to know that the building he owns in Saigon has a girl’s school in it. Nuff said. Still it would be nice to get more input from him. I have a solution to this problem. Keep reading.

12. And lastly, Anonymous. This guy seems to be everywhere on the Internet but even he has not been making the kind of contributions that will benefit and entertain us they way he

should be. Don't worry. He is now on the Dana screen. His ass is grass and I am the lawnmower. Look for more great stories and observations from him in the future.

There are many others abdicating their responsibilities to inform and to entertain by writing essays and stories on the Internet. Fortunately—you have me: Dana. I have obtained funding and my straw buyers have just purchased the first building on the north side of the Royal Cliff Garden condo development property in South Pattaya. Stop your motorbike on the top of the hill near the helicopter landing pad and it is the first building you see. IT IS BEING CONVERTED INTO A PRISON. You heard me. You read the words. IT IS BEING CONVERTED INTO A PRISON. That's right. I'm not messing around. Not writing for the Internet the way you should be? Then you are going to spend some time in the Dana Correctional Facility for Recalcitrant Writers (DCFRW). The procedure will be:

1. Identify
2. Kidnap
3. Incarcerate
4. Educate
5. Pimp slap with wet Thai bus driver's underpants as required.

All incarcerants will be provided with computer, spiral notebooks, pens, dictionary, thesaurus, map of Thailand, World map, Thailand guidebook (National Geographic edition), Thai dictionary and phrase book, autographed leather bound collection of all of my writing, newspapers, TV, radio, and the ability to conduct interviews via email (calls for help will be handled by number 5—see above). Incoming RW's (recalcitrant writers) will receive eye exams and free eye glasses as required. Additionally, all incoming jackass selfish non-contributors will also receive military style intensive courses in spelling, grammar, punctuation, paragraph construction, page formatting, character and plot line basics, tone, and rhythm. After graduating from these courses willful non-compliance (spelling cat as kat) will be handled by number 5—see above.

Regarding incidents such as spelling kat for cat: we don't recognize psycho-babble and psycho-behavioral categories like 'slow learner' or 'mentally unbalanced'. So just act like a man and start writing. All bills come due and you owe us. Hear that 500 Baht Walt? And don't even think of gamesmanship. All incidents of serial provocateurism, childish stalling, or bogus slow learning will be punished. You will be forced to wear the wet underpants of Thai bus drivers. Fanta, who thinks he is smarter than everybody else, and won't let anyone forget it; will be forced to wear wet Thai bus driver underpants on his head. This is the Dana Correctional Facility for Recalcitrant Writers. Wake up and smell the seatless crapper next to your bed.

And I won't state that we treat everyone equally. To each according to his needs and some Dana Correctional Facility prisoners will need more attention than others. Hear that Union Hill? Some guys have reputations that precede them and you can read their smartass attitudes on their faces. We are on those guys like dogs on a bone. The Dana Correctional Facility for non-contributing Thai-farang scene writers is the first incarceration and re-education facility of it's kind. We are visionaries. We are karma connected. We are lovers of all things monger. We are historians. We are humanitarians. And we have an endless supply of wet Thai bus driver underpants.

Full of ego are you? Having clever thoughts and thinking of fleeing before we catch you? Well, for those of you that are Pattaya geography ignorant, there is a helicopter pad next to the prison. Next time you motorbike to the top of the hill to look at the Royal Cliff Garden condos look to your left. Perfect placement. We have the ability to bring in fleeing non-contributors from all over Thailand, and from all over the world.

Example: Marc Holt

Mr. Marc Holt made many text contributions over the years. He was an example of the kind of Thai-farang scene recorder history needs. Then he started to slow down … then he fled to Australia. I think he fled to Australia because he saw the future. Also, I had casually mentioned this prison idea to him one night at the Old Dutch restaurant on Soi Cowboy. I don't want to say that this guy left the Kingdom in a hurry but he was, just like the Devil:

Runnin' so fast—
He passed a soi dog
With a road flare up it's ass.*

* Milton, Paradise Lost, 1667

Anyway, I guess it's just all about him now. We're just buckets of dirt to him. He'd rather twiddle his billabong than answer the call of history and do the right thing for other men all over the world. Well, we have a special writing cell put aside for him called the Holtarium. Best just to turn yourself in Mr. Holt. We know where you are and we are working down the list. When you hear the sound of rotor blades … it is me. Start running Billabong Boy.

And these are just some of the high profile writers from the past who actually found time in their busy days to sit down and write something, edit, proofread, and hit the Send button. What of the hundreds of thousands of other expats and visitors to the Kingdom who never wrote anything about their experiences or about their opinions? Our current list at Dana Enterprise headquarters here on Beacon Hill in Boston has 50,000 names. Like I said we are working a list.

Will they be able to get out once they are incarcerated in the Dana Correctional Facility for Recalcitrant Writers? Of course—all it will take is 300 stories and/or essays on the Thai experience posted on the Internet. We call this the 300 Stories to Freedom program. The condo building converted to a prison will hold one hundred of these selfish bastards at a time. Let's see: one hundred 'writers' times 300 submissions equals 30,000 contributions to the Thai-farang literary genre. And of course there will be constant rotation as some writers earn their freedom and new slackers are brought in. I know what you are thinking. How do I think of these things? Genius.

Note: Sometimes you hate to lean on a guy but rules are rules. Darwin and Dana says no favorites. To wit: Bernie Tuppin. Bernie Tuppin, Charity Chairman at the Pattaya Sports Club is a living legend of farang philanthropy. He is another one of my personal heroes. From the top of the Thailand social hierarchy maybe down to your half-Thai family his tentacles of kindness have reached everywhere. Randomly pick any one thousand farang and their combined good deeds in the Kingdom do not equal the good works Bernie as initiated or participated in. And he has written the odd piece, essay or story, on his experiences. But not enough. Not nearly enough. Not enough writing. Imagine the fantastic archive we would have by now if Bernie had just written 400-800 words on every 'good work' project he had been involved in on behalf of the Thais. Valuable information, entertaining reading, and a lie put to the idea that foreigners have no value in the Kingdom. Sorry Bernie, you are going to be rounded up also. Rules are rules. Look at it this way—while you are pounding out 'catch-up' stories and essays in prison based on your experiences and based on your opinions, you will be temporarily off cigarettes and off beer and off your 300 baht ladies. It will be good for you. A form of medicine. Tough love pal. Start writing.

Mongers and Dana fans, no need to thank me. I do this because I am not the kind of person to abdicate my responsibilities. I do it for me, and I do it for you, and I do it for humanity. You might be wondering who is going to run the Angelwitch Bar while Dave the Rave is in prison working on his 300 Stories to Freedom program. I accept the nomination.

Sincerely yours,
Dana

P.S. Will you be able to visit these slackers while they are in prison and typing like they are monkeys dancing on hot coals? Of course. Just contact Dana Enterprises, c/o Beacon Hill, Boston and we will schedule tours of the prison. Boom-boom visits are not possible but you will be able to look through soundproof plexiglass door peepholes like looking at animals in a zoo. If someone is not typing or writing please notify the staff. We have ways of dealing with … well, just get in touch with one of our guards and he will sound the siren. The honeymoon is over—we ain't fxxxing around. Can we help wives and girlfriends who are not getting enough Boom-Boom, Yum-Yum, or Ow-Ow? Yes, we can. Contact me via Dana Enterprises and I will make sure they get what they need.

245. Dana Tranny Auctions International

TT&A Part 225 5/9/2009

Dana here tranny fans with a worldwide notice that will cause your private parts to weep with happiness and your sphincter muscle to open like the mouth of a Soi 6 bar BJ expert. Ready—no, not yet: you better sit down. OK, here it is: I am opening the world's first tranny auctions. I know. I know. Shock and wonderment.

Aren't you glad you were sitting down? Who loves you baby? Dana does. Just like art and antique auction houses like Sotheby's and Christie's; the Dana Tranny Auctions International (DTAI) organization will allow you to bid on famous, or exotic, or noteworthy trannies for private collection, personal pleasure, or investment purposes.

All trannies will be Thai, pre-op, experienced, and able to 'pass'. Some will be able to hold up a rubber maid's bucket of Nana Hotel glass ashtrays with their special friend, and all will come with guarantees, certificates of authorization personally attested to by me, and performance videos. Performance videos? Yup, one of our videos shows a tranny with her dick in a cast hammering a finish nail into a pine board. And she isn't holding a hammer. You don't see that every day. Anyway, turn your needs and desires and investment skills to the world's newest auction offerings. You are a man of the world so you have already invested in rare coins, paintings, horses, rugs, and antique autos. Now invest in trannies. Be a part of the future. Can you fxxx a horse? OK, bad example. Can you grease up and plow into a rug? OK, another bad example. Anyway, you get the point. Stop humping chair legs with your dog and bid on a ladyboy.

Auctions will be held once per year on a quarterly rotating basis (customer service representatives available 24/7 at Dana Central to help with this) in Bangkok, London, Beacon Hill, Bolivia (we stage auctions where there is money and interest), Dubai, Panama, Paris, Iceland, New York, Montreal, Sydney, Berlin, Recife, Angeles City, Tokyo, Ufxxxistan, and of course Pattaya. Travel the world bidding on trannies. Sit in world capitals and cities of distinction and tranny capital bidding room opulence surrounded by the rich and the super rich as you raise your bidding paddle to compete for beauty, and Thai smiles, and disgusting perversion. Be all you can be. Join the world at it's best where only ego and money and tranny pleasure matters.

Since these trannies (oh excuse me—ladyboys) are technically human beings there are some investment differences you will not find with coins or rugs or paintings or fancy cars.

Rule Number One: no enslavement. You can't chain them to the bed even if they beg you to. Many of our finest tranny auction offerings are mentally unbalanced. You have to be the strong one. Believe me, I feel your pain.

Rule Number Two: no surgeries. If she comes to you from Dana Tranny Auctions International (DTAI) with a twelve inch private part—future owners better be able to tape measure the same spec. No post auction customizing.

Rule Number Three: all trannies are only two year contracts. After that they must be turned back over to DTAI (Dana Tranny Auctions International) where they will be fire-hosed, sheep dip tanked, checked for anatomical specs, featured in an up-to-date performance video, and returned to the world wide pool of top Thai trannies available for auction bidding. Don't make us chase you.

And no you do not get credit for surgeries that augment. If she came to you with a little peek-a-boo three inch pecker we do not want her returned with a log in her pants. And no ... you can not buy (bid on) the same tranny twice. Come on guys, act serious; this is an International auction house organization of dignity and respect and rules.

I will, of course, be in charge of everything; not exclusively but most especially the part that has me attesting to their authenticity and performance. Only one proviso here: I have almost zero interest in trannies with little mouse dicks so some of that authenticity work will be handled by a Bangkok German bar owner I know. This guy even makes me sick so you can trust that he has performed a thorough tranny inspection. Reliability—Standards—Respect: our watchword, our mantra, and our company logo. If you see the letters RSR around the girls rim you know what it means.

So email the DTAI division here at Dana Central and we will send you a catalogue and schedule of up-and-coming auctions in cities around the world. And remember, our tranny (OK, ladyboys) offerings do not ride coach—if you can not afford this, do not try to participate. All potential bidders are screened by our private SIMG (Skynet International Monger Grid) service. If you have ever had to ask the price on anything this is not for you.

Important note: Besides servicing debt, capital improvements, marketing, staffing needs. greasing police palms, etc.—profit will be allocated to a special DTAI research project: to wit—where are the short trannies? I am in my second decade wondering about this. Most of the trannies doing their hair on the second floor of the N.E.P. in Bangkok look like they took giraffe hormones. I don’t want to say these women are tall but the manager of the Obsessions Bar keeps a step ladder behind the bar for me in case I want to talk to one of her girls.

Typical conversations when I first came to the Kingdom—

Me: Holy fxxx your tall.
Tranny: You like me?
Me: Son-of-a-bitch you're tall.
Tranny: You want to Ow-Ow?
Me: Jesus, Mary, and Joseph you are fxxxing tall.
Tranny: You like my breasts?
Me: How much?

So stay tuned tranny lovers—your participation in our auctions will give us the project research dollars we need to find the short trannies. Try and imagine a bright happy tranny auction future where some of the catalogue and live auction stage stunners are 4'4"-4'10" tall and 70-85 lbs. You know, normal sized. Sweet Jesus on a cracker—who loves you baby? Dana does.

OK, back to basics: yes, yes, and yes—some of these girls have already been web displaying or blogging on my website ADATT (All Dana All The Time) and other lesser tranny sites, and some of these girls have been doing special shows at my Pattaya bar Dana's Delight, and some of these girls are featured performers every Sunday at the Pattaya Maritime Park where Church of Dana services are held with pink smoke bomb parachuting trannies. But these familiar faces are in the minority. I'll be pulling in product from Bang Kwang prison, HIV & Aids programs. the rolodexes of Thai transgender surgeons, no name bar skanks, boardwalk cruisers, Sukhumvit Road pick pockets, thousands of Internet tranny site girls, and assorted Hi-So wonders who want to be 'bad girls' because Daddy refused to buy them a Benz with a penis for a hood ornament. It's a bottomless well of trannies here at Dana Tranny Auctions International. Here at the Dana Central office in Boston if we spill something on the floor we just strap a tranny to a stick and use her to mop up. Welcome to paradise.

Obsession? Yes, we respect obsession. Abandon your selves and throw your selves down the well of tranny love. Enslavement? No, you can not own them—only surrender to them for two years. Then they must be turned back into the Dana Tranny Auctions International pool. Standards gentlemen. Don't forget your humanity. And don't forget these trannies are from another world—you can never really be good enough. She will not love you. You are not equal. You are not worthy. Thai tranny love is a sexual music heard by few, appreciated by all, and transcribed by no one. You worship her, she does not worship you. Don't forget the rules gentlemen, and don't fall in love.

Dana

246. Pyramids

TT&A Part 226 12/9/2009

Sa wa dee khrap, expats, newbies, and Dana fans:

Dana here with an idea of ten year old child common sense and diamond hard genius. To wit: Pyramids. That's right, pyramids in Thailand. Pyramids to honor and commemorate and show love and respect for top Thai smilers. We need to erect pyramids all over the Kingdom to honor through public memory skanks, and cruisers, and smilers, and Go Go dancers, and door girls, and commercial females of the memorable kind. Naturally, I will be in charge of everything. I think that is what everyone wants.

There will be some rules:

First: all nominated girls must be still living so that they can participate in opening day ceremonies—possibly of the sexual kind.

Second: all nominated girls must have been in the business at least ten years and be able to produce evidence (anecdotal accepted) of at least 2000 happy men. This is the bare minimum. Naturally some pyramids will be larger than others based on the girls reputation, production, and happy customers. Girls who have married a customer, left Thailand, completely drained the guy of money, and then returned to Thailand and their previous profession are examples of the sort of excellence we are looking for. However, just straight grinding it out year after year counts also. In any case, we admire production, predation, and a complete lack of morals. Example: there used to be a woman who worked at the NEP at one of the top floor bars who was so 'accessible' that thousands of men all over the world and all over the Internet knew of her charms (I fell in love with her). Her pyramid erected in her home town in Isaan would rival the Great Pyramid of Khufu at Giza in size (481 feet tall).

Third: all commemorated women would be of the Isaan variety. Got other ideas? Build your own pyramids. Like I said, I am in charge.

Fourth: all Isaan smilers will take their final resting place inside the secret burial chamber. The burial chamber will be an exact replica of a room at the Mothership (Nana Hotel) and she will be buried with and surrounded by articles of her personal and her professional life that she will need in her next life such as: cell phones, Go Go boots, dancing bikini, condoms, Thai-English dictionary, posters of Thai movie stars and Thai TV stars, sexy underwear, teddy bear backpack, Mickey Mouse underpants, Tweetybird Tee shirt, sunglasses. cosmetics, purse big enough to steal a laptop computer from a customer's room, flip flops, stiletto heeled shoes with those black laces that wrap around the calf, designer jeans, motorbike, costume jewelry, pirated CD's and videos, ATM card from customer, master copies of sick buffalo and sick mother stories, fried insects in a paper bag, weird 7-11 snack foods, coffee in plastic bag, roadkill snake jerky, a life-size painting of her pet chicken, mortar and pestle for grinding up chilies, net bag full of durians, fish paste in plastic bags, bong, gold jewelry gifts from boyfriends to be pawned on the other side, yaa baa, skin whitening cream, old lottery tickets, deck of marked cards, more skin whitening cream, Thai ID card, KY jelly, and a black lacquerware serving tray showing fighting elephants in Surin. No wife or consort of an Egyptian king ever traveled to the great beyond better equipped. Money? She doesn't need any money. She's got a pussy.

Fifth: the burial chamber will be hidden by a concealed entrance, a maze of connecting passages, false doors, collapsing bridges, flooded alleys, steps to nowhere, dead end cul de sacs, and all around bad mojo vibes. Hey, it'll be just like visiting her parents in the village.

Sixth: OK, I'm just getting started on this … send me some of your ideas.

Anyway Fulbright scholars, dudes, mongers, and night crawlers; this is just too easy. It does make you wonder why an idea like this never happened before in the Kingdom. I guess we'll just chock it up to the need for white men and their big visionary brains. I mean, just think of it; lying in state in her pyramid burial chamber she will be holding a wooden 'good luck' penis in one hand and an ATM card in the other hand. Obvious. Gives you the chills doesn't it? It is such a good feeling kind of thing.

Just call me a proud papa for taking on this project. Imagine pyramids from Mae Fa Luang to Na Cha Luay to Khlong Yai to Sugai Ko-Lok. Statuary of me already graces the Kingdom's landscape, these whore pyramids just complete the natural way of things.

Please send your pyramid design ideas, and pyramid fundraising ideas, and pyramid program ideas to me at this website. Naturally, I will need names, addresses, contact information, and pictures of girls you feel qualify for nominee status. I will be doing all the interviewing. This interviewing will be long and difficult as thousands of sexy promiscuous Thai honeys will have to be examined by me. But you will not hear a single complaint from me. That's the kind of guy I am. I'm just a sacrificial node on the hull of monger needs, and in addition … look, just send the names and addresses.

No, you will not hear a single complaint from me as I plow through thousands of moaning women anxious to be remembered for their professional achievements. It's all about the love baby and I feel I have finally found my life's work and my reason for being. Try and imagine how many pyramids there would be in Isaan. Instead of going to Egypt to see three or four or five or six pyramids, tourists could go to Thailand where they could see thousands and thousands and thousands and thousands of great huge pyramids. It would change the face of the planet. You would be able to see it from space.

So, give this idea some consideration and post to me all fundraising ideas, donations, blank checks, used condoms (I can resell them), hard convertible assets, financial instruments, gold jewelry, silver ingots, dental fillings, coin collections, and gems. I'll take care of everything.

Sincerely yours,
Dana

P.S. Will there be a Great Sphinx somewhere in the Kingdom? Yes, there will be a Great Sphinx in the Kingdom. And he will look like me. You knew that. He (me) will be 187 feet long and 66 feet high. Instead of looking east towards the rising sun he will be looking from high on the Isaan plain towards the A.A. Hotel on the shore of Pattaya Bay. You knew that.

247. A Good Girl

TT&A Part 227 19/9/2009

Recently, I have been internally wrestling with the criticism that I spend too much (all) of my time dating (fxxxing) girls off the boardwalk in Pattaya.

Note: in fairness to myself, it is not always about fxxxing. Sometimes I just like to take them over to the A.A. Hotel on Soi 13/0 and roll around on them like a dog in filth. I mean, people sometimes treat me like I'm some kind of one dimensional monger: that is so not true.

Anyway, apparently doing something that makes me happy and that makes other people happy is wrong; I should be doing things that other people think that I should be doing. Who knows? Maybe they are right? I am open to new ideas. Anyway, the criticism is many layered but basically rotor blades all over the idea that skanks, cruisers, whores, thieves, trannies, prostitutes, liars, ex-cons, malarial slouchers, chronic Hep B carriers, sluts, and the ever popular head twitchers with hanging booger do not represent the whole Kingdom or the best use of my valuable classy time and I should meet and spend time with some nice girls. Not necessarily the distant pinwheeling galaxies of Hi-So women driving around in smoked window Benzes but at least some good girls.

Maybe a little more Thai female class, and style, and beauty, and femininity, and intelligence, and breeding, and education, and worldly conversation would be more in keeping with my alpha male paternalistic, colonialist, imperialist, Western civilization gifts. Of course leaving the happy fertile fields and easy smiling pickings of the boardwalk in Pattaya to journey up to Bangkok would cut into my monthly skank numbers but I was persuaded that this was an investment. I am nothing if not modern.

So off to Chulalongkorn University (motto: what's a motto?) in Bangkok where I spent some time sniffing motorbike seats. After careful selection, I waited. Then my future arrived: her name was Pencil Benz Yogurt. I just love the way these good Thai girls change their names to Western names to show their education and to show they are ready to dance on the world stage. Call me Falling In Love. At last, a nice girl. I couldn't wait to spend some adult, mature, interesting quality time with her and just talk. I asked her out on a date. She said:

"Closure is the level of existence where the large becomes indistinguishable from the small, both merging into the singularity of totality and I like to kiss bunnies."

I took that as a Yes and we met the next day at the Emporium cafeteria. The first thing she said was:

"The key to understanding the entire process is finding the mechanisms responsible for routing the compound nuclei and luminous energy produced by fusion to the nuclear disassociation that releases the hydrogen needed to perpetuate the fusion cycle and I would like to have some ice cream."

We ordered ice cream. Or I should say I ordered ice cream. I was a little spooked to ask her what kind she wanted so I ordered dishes of orange sherbet and chocolate.

I asked her how she liked her orange sherbet and she said:

"A photon's gravitational expansion is a continuous by-product of spatial geometry, and the release of its decay energy occurs through discrete emissions, so old photons spend a considerable amount of time in an expanded state, where their wavelength is not consistent with their energy as defined by the Planck relation."

Well OK, who hasn't heard that before? But to be fair you are not going to get this kind of fun from a boardwalk beauty in Pattaya. More likely you are going to hear something like:

"Boom boom suck suck?"

Anyway, I guess the orange sherbet was a hit. After eating we took a stroll. I admired the expensive cars in the lobby and made an 'admiring the cars in the lobby' comment. She responded:

"The general instability of matter and antimatter in close proximity necessitates the existence of containment units large enough so that their ratio of surface area to volume is consistent with either the background gamma flux or the material density of space or both."

and …

"… had I ever kissed a bunny?"

We had tickets to the tranny show in Washington Square. On the way we stopped at Benjasari Park and watched the ducks. I made some quaking sounds and Pencil said that reminded her of an interesting cosmological duck related part of the universe. To wit:

"Intergalactic redshift has some surprising ramifications that provide the basis for other global phenomena, including the material density of the universe, the CMB field, and dark matter and … the prawn leg you did not finish for lunch I stuck in my underpants."

I was not sure what she said or what she meant, but then I was not sure what the ducks were quacking and what they meant either. Thailand. The comment about the prawn leg in the underpants seemed a little too much information though. This whole 'dating good girls' part of my life in the Kingdom was going to be a trip to the learning curve. I could sense that. I'm smart about these things.

After the tranny show we were standing on the front steps of the theatre. It was a balmy night. The Japanese tour buses were filling up, you could smell dog urine, a leper was taking a dump, and there was broken glass everywhere. A night made for romance. I observed that my hotel was a short walk away and she said:

"The universe's differential velocity field is isotropic, and so therefore is the expansion it causes, increasing the size of a photon's spatial footprint along all three of its extents. And let us not forget Dana that no man has ever touched my breasts. Only my bunny is allowed there."

I asked her where she got some of her ideas and she said she had been reading The Undiscovered Universe by Terence Witt and that she really really liked bunnies.

The next day I went to the Activities desk in the lobby of the Nana Hotel and booked an 8:30 a.m. departure ticket through Bell Travel to Pattaya. I'll be checking back into the A.A. Hotel on Soi 13/0 around 12:30 p.m. Around 1:30 p.m. some Thai smiler will say to me:

"Boom boom suck suck?"

Information I can process and a conversation that will make us both smile. Fxxx the bunnies. I'll be back home in Pattaya and I'll be back on the boardwalk. Lucky me.

248. Adventures in Writing Part Two: Submarine DANAFA

21/9/2009

Introduction

Gomez: Hey Rufus …

Rufus: What man?

Gomez: I gots to read somethin' for school. Any rockin' ideas?

Rufus: Yeah, try a dude named Dana.

Gomez: What he be writin' like?

Rufus: Essays or stories?

Gomez: Fxxx man, just lay it on me.

Rufus: Well, if you are interested in essays … it's like he's running right at you with a machine pistol on full auto.

Gomez: Kool … stories?

Rufus: His stories are like you're at the top of a hill and you just push off. It's a ride and you better hang on.

Gomez: OK, I'll dip my happenin' wick into his sxxx. Any big words?

Rufus: Oh yeah, there's fxxxing loads of big words in his stuff. But remember what the teacher said.

Gomez: What the teacher said? I can't remember the building.

Rufus: She said that the writer has to write for the reader. If the reader can't hang then it is all the writer's fault and he has to rewrite the whole fag crock. You dig? We be tellin' the writer man what to fxxxin' write Gomez. I think it is called publishing or editing or modern writing theory or something.

Gomez: OK, then they can start rewrites with Shakespeare and Milton and Dante and Tolstoy. Could not get five sentences in. Worst writers who ever lived. You have to be wonderin' whose palm they be greasin'. Only reason I can even remember their names is I named my fighting pit bulls after them.

Rufus: I don't remember none of it. I was doing eight months in Walpole State prison for a B&E. The only thing we read in there was: For a good time call my sister.

Gomez: Speaking of which ...

Rufus: Anyway, the rules is that if we reader dudes don't understand nothin' then the writer sucks a big one. Anyway, try this Dana kat. You can tell he's a white guy, and he's no smoked glass low rider, but he'll butt fxxx a tranny faster than you can say:

"Judge, I didn't know stealing from Koreans was wrong."

Gomez: He'd have been a hit in Walpole.

Rufus: Yeah, guys would just drop their pants and back up to the bars. Butt darters like him are always good guys to know. They always have the most cigarettes.

Gomez: OK, I'll stick some of this Dana blow up my nose.

Rufus: While I'm here can I do your sister?

Gomez: Sure man, I'll let you do my mother too if you get me some of this Dana crap.

Rufus: No problem—he's on the Internet.

Gomez: The Internet? How can I contact him to rewrite his crap so I can read of it if he's on the computer?

Rufus: No problem homie—there must be a way. It's like a law or something—the jive ass white boy writer dweebs have to write fxxxing crapola we can read.

Gomez: Cool, Kool, and Kewl heavy bro ...

Rufus: Where's your sister?

Gomez: Ya know what I'm gonna do after I read this Dana kat?

Rufus: No.

Gomez: I'm gonna bang his sister like I'm a hammer at a nail convention—and do you know what I'm going to do next bro?

Rufus: Nope ... where's your sister?

Gomez: I'm going to go to Thailand—I think I gots what those Siamese monkey face bitches want.

Rufus: Kewl.

Reader-Writer Equation

Well, here we are again Dana fans: boarding the Adventures in Writing (Part ll) submarine DANAFA with the memories of Gomez and Rufus from the Introduction. I know we can go down, I just hope we can come back up. Hang on: it's going to be a bumpy ride. In any event, the nice thing about the FOD (Friends of Dana) writer cruises on the submarine DANAFA is that serious people (writers) can talk seriously about serious subjects (writing) without outside influence. Last year an editor managed to stowaway. When we found him we shot him out one of the torpedo tubes. Talk to the fishes editor-boy.

And a sad story: on cruise number seven a spot check found a condom in a writer guest wallet. Obviously, he is no longer an FOD. Another torpedo tube incident. It's all about standards and civility and rules. We are writers. We are the chosen ones. We harbor thoughts of the eternal, carry poetical thoughts around with us, and know how to spell 'alpha male' in six languages. People look up to us.

All submarine writer's cruises on the DANAFA have three components:

A—open bar and meeting of new and old friends with attendant stories and overhead projector pictures.
B—theme lecture or academic subject for consideration.
C—party.

Sample theme lectures or academic subjects of interest from the past have been:

1. Single or double hyphens: conundrum solved.
2. Single space after period as new computer printing gestalt: end of the world?
3. Semi-colons: sometimes not necessary but amusing to consider.
4. Shotgunning text with commas: civilization spirals downward—many famous author examples.
5. Inconsistant capitalizations in titles by editors: has this lead to writer heart attacks and suicides?
6. Killing critics: crime or not a crime?
7. Letting the air out of the tires of published authors who will not shut up about being published authors.
8. Torturing editors: techniques and philosophy— "Can you have too much fun?"
9. Interior parenthesis spacing rules. Not a sex video but I think we all learned something.
10. Hard to spell words—our funniest meeting ever. It wus so funy it was rediculus.

So there you are Dana fans: proof as if you needed it that nobody knows how to party down like writers. Or, after a few whiskeys:

"Hey, we've got our own fxxxing submarine for fxxxs sake and fxxx the fxxxing French. Tell them to stick an exclamation point where the sun don't shine. And hey, look what's in my fxxxing pants."

Sometimes we just take the sub offshore and sit on the bottom and kick back. I think I read about Shakespeare doing this once in one of his sonnets. Example:

"I wandered lonely as a cloud

Thinking of the cleavage on Juliet I had seen.

Then I took a trip

On the writer's submarine."

OK, maybe it wasn't William Shakespeare who said this—maybe it was his brother Roger; but you get my point. Anyway, I pay for everything and only writers are invited. But it's not all big thoughts and note taking. We always have a party at the end of the cruise and at least one girl jumps out of a cake dressed as a comma, or a semi-colon, or a double hyphen, or some other common or arcane bit of punctuation. Honk if punctuation gives you an erection. HONK HONK HONK HONK HONK On this last cruise we had two girls from the Windmill Bar in Pattaya jump out of two cakes dressed as parentheses. I don't know how you feel about this but I love to lick frosting off a naked parenthesis. Maybe that is just me.

Anyway, today we are going to navigate and dive around the currently popular idea that if the reader does not understand what the writer wrote—then the writer did not write clearly. That was the theme lecture of this current submarine cruise and it was a very popular subject. Perhaps remembering and reviewing the Introduction examples of our friends Gomez and Rufus during this exercise would be helpful. Anyway, THE

WRITER DID NOT EXPRESS HIMSELF CLEARLY. There is no collaborative effort in this theory. There is no reader-writer equation of obligations and responsibilities. A confused or unhappy reader is all the fault of the writer. Always. No exceptions. Feel some pressure down south? Look down. Gomez and Rufus have the writer by the balls. Anyway, that is the modern theory in 'writing'.

Really? Is this trite truism something that is taught in writing classes at the college level? No really, is it? Consider the following:

Writing Instructor At College Level: Students, do not forget that writing for the reader is an illegal sex act.

Student: What?

Writing Instructor: You are bending over in public with your pants down and if the Gomez reader or the Rufus reader has any trouble finding your writer hole it is your fault.

Student: And that means! ?

Writing Instructor: That means you should throw away your dictionaries, and your Thesauruses, and your Ibids. and your Idems, and words that have more than three syllables (except marijuana), and analogies, and puns, and metaphors, and similes, and foreign words (except Canadian bud), and literary or historical references, poetry (don't even think the thought), scientific terms, quotes, glossary, table of contents, dedication page, relevant books-to-read section, prologue, epilogue, index, statement on sources, thank-you page to editors and publishing companies and agents and family and friends, statement on policy regarding old and modern spellings, footnotes, introduction(s), various edition statements and observations by editors and essayists, documentation style for researchers, no Latin or French words (do not even think the thoughts or your death will become a police matter), formatting or punctuation fun, humorous sequels, autobiographical asides, anything regarding political history older than two years, abbreviations, acronyms, dialogue (a deal killer), slang, regionalisms, song lyrics, apostrophes, To wit, Finis, colloquialisms, any other isms (a general rule here: if you can think of it as a writer it is probably not a good idea for the reader), technical words, old words (ex: ye olde shoppe), weird (to the reader) punctuation like brackets, hyphens, more than one main character, no foreigners of any kind unless they are big breasted martial arts superheroes, more than one secondary character (more than one of anything is counting—Gomez and Rufus don't do math), more than one subplot, any kind of parallelism, any distinction or mention made of astrology and/or astronomy, anything involving an equation, any mention of geography, helpful numbering of ideas (1,2,3,4,etc.—frightens the reader: looks like math), surprise endings (the reader will be surprised all right), plot flash backs (what the fxxx?), long words for people's names (ex: Russian names), almost all plot devices other than linear in time, logic of any kind (just forget it), educated jokes, alliteration, any references to current events (a current event to most readers is their last erection), jokes without supplied punchlines and punchline explanations, more than one font, point-counterpoint style of presentation, Platonic dialogue traps, synonyms, antonyms, capitalizing words for emphasis, doing anything with text for emphasis, oxymorons (ex: gourmet hot dog, military intelligence, Dana's condoms), educated word alternatives (ex: onanism for masturbation, or masturbation for wanking off), funny looking words (ex: onchocerciasis), medical pharmaceutical type words (orthophosphoric acid), no words that have anything to do with the human body (ex: femur, cardiac, pulmonary), onomatopoeia, almost all words in Intermediate level Scrabble and Crossword Puzzle books, any words where you can't tell if it should be spelled with a -q- or a -g-, words that require comfort level with prefixes and suffixes, Biblical names such as Ezekiakuale, Jebrudiakium, and Chomchailukenebukudrezher (whatever), and especially if the readers are men: no singing trees and no flying frogs. Fxxx the frogs.

That dear reader is a partial list. If you do (or in some cases even think about) any of the above things in your writing the reader will not understand what you have written and it will be all your fault. All Your Fault. ALL YOUR FAULT. All your fault Commander Douchebag Writer. You are a lousy writer because someone without the brains of a bucket of paint got confused when you wrote:

"It rained cats and dogs."

or

"She beat me to the bed, but I beat her to the orgasm."

or

"He had no brain, but he had ideas. Mystery."

You can't write like this and expect happenin' dudes like Gomez and Rufus or their Kingdom friends watching soccer matches at the Lick Me Bar on Soi 6 in Pattaya to start at the first page and make it all the way to the last page. Nobody will know what you are talking about because you have not made yourself clear. Too complicated. And, according to this theory, who is the judge of whether or not you have been writing clearly—why Gomez and Rufus, that's who. Just keep in mind that according to this social theory of writer's responsibility everything is your fault. The reader brings nothing to the table, You carry the whole load.

Writing Instructor: So this is why you do not need any dictionaries, or writing rules handbooks, or Thesauruses.

Student: Sir!?

Writing Instructor: The average age in this Greater East Fallbrook Municipality Southern California State College Adult Education advanced writing class is twenty. Twenty years old (notice how I repeated the age number for the reader). At age twenty (now repeated three times—same as puppy training) you already know all you need to know to be writers. If you start looking stuff up you are going to lose the reader. Bad writing. Too dreamy, too complicated, too fancy shmancy. The reader has already put the book down and picked up a cellphone or some other computer age toy. She is texting and he is wanking off. Let me give you another example:

You have spent seven years (and two marriages) on the historical story of the second invasion of Siam by the Burmese. The book has 900 plus pages, sixty two maps, fourteen illustrations, forty one photos, four charts, introduction, dedication, numerous contributions from consultants, table of contents, notes on sources and spellings, index, thirty nine chapters, technical and military and historical and personal and literary ... sweet Jesus on a cracker ... move over all big heavy books, the new masterpiece is here. There are eleven main characters and twenty nine secondary characters and ... your agent is a big breasted woman sitting by a private pool in Phuket. Her current Thai gardener is on a ladder trimming the hedge. She can see up his shorts. She is thinking of nicknaming him Cobra.

Your finished book arrives. Does she read it? She holds it in her hand. She pushes it off the glass table top to see how big a sound it makes when it hits the concrete. She fans the pages with German sausage fingers and wet fingernail polish. She calculates shipping weight and postage for the Big Publishing House fulfillment department. She gets up and walks over to Cobra's ladder to look up his shorts. She outweighs him by eighty fat farang female pounds but he'd be fun in the shower with his wrists handcuffed to the shower nozzle. She still has her Eva Braun party outfit.

Your multiple font form letter from your literary agent will read:

"Obviously you have no idea what it takes to get a book published—but good first effort. Eliminate all but main text and trim to 240 pps. Do a little more research on this Burmese-Thai thing and include pics of Burmese sports cars, and Thai Go-Go dancers climbing ladders to ride elephants. Send changes in three days. I would like to go to galley proof in two weeks.

Signed: Big Breasted Literary Agent

Are you outraged? Really? Then maybe you need to work on your reading skills. She is probably not wrong. Remember, if the reader has trouble reading, or comprehending, or 'having fun' it is all your fault. You stink. The reader brings nothing to the table except a baby bird's open mouth that you are supposed to drop food into. If the book or the writing does not slide down the reader's throat like a buttered oyster then you are a poor writer. You can not depend on the reader to use the dictionary to look up the meaning of a word you have used, or to read a footnote, or to consult a map as the plot unfolds, or to put a magnifying glass on a photo, or to read a four line poem; and you can not depend on the reader to read the same sentence twice. It's all on you. You are the writer and it's all on you. You do all the work and you take all the blame if another human being is unhappy while holding your book, or staring at a story or an essay on the Internet. Cool huh? Well, at least that is today's modern theory.

Well, the writer's sub DANAFA is pretty deep down and the pressure is building. This is a test dive for a brand new sub. Let's see if we can get it back up to the surface where there is sunlight, and you can feel the cleansing wind in your face. And let me tell you what I think of this modern theory regarding the Reader-Writer Equation. I believe that all of the above is 100% incorrect. Wrong. Without basis. Idiotic. Stupid. I don't agree with or accept any of the above theory that purports to show that the writer is responsible for everything. The idea that I am being judged by the likes of Gomez ("Where's your sister?") and Rufus ("Where's your sister?") is offensive and absurd. It is not that Gomez and Rufus are on the Reader field and they are running with the ball in the wrong direction—they are not even on the field. They don't read and they can't read. They couldn't even find the stadium. The fact that at one instant in time my writing and their bodies might have occupied the same space does not make them players. Throw a cat into a dog pound with ten dogs and you are not going to end up with eleven dogs. The cat is not qualified to be a dog.

Placing 100% of the responsibility for clear communication between the writer and the reader on the writer is not something I endorse. I believe it is a collaborative effort and an equal equation. Each party has obligations and responsibilities in the communication game.

What are my obligations and responsibilities? Well, some of it is mechanical. Correct grammar, correct spelling, and correct punctuation. It's a start. Text and page formatting that supports the writing rather than looking like an entrant in an arts and crafts festival. Main plots and sub plots correctly interwoven. Main characters and secondary characters of interest in keeping with their plot responsibilities. Sufficient description to move the story along without forgetting the destination. Keeping an eye out for the lure of lengthy asides. Melville set the standard for effective lengthy asides but most of us are not capable of penning Moby Dick. Avoidance of parenthesis, or bracketed, or paragraphed autobiographical excess. Vanity can be clever and even germane/amusing but don't forget the finish line.

What else? Don't forget the dictums 'from the little to the great' and 'lean is best'. First the words, then the sentences, then the paragraphs, then the sections, and finally the chapters. You don't write with great thoughts—you write with thousands of little words that you have to laboriously string together like beads. I also like the knitting idea. Writing clearly is like knitting. Drop a stitch and the whole thing can unravel. Hey, one more time: for want of a nail, a shoe (horseshoe) is lost. The point is that clear writing is often hard hand labor. One word at a time and no mistakes. It's hard to think of anything like writing.

I labor over the concept of no mistakes. I do my research and I edit. And now we can step on the foot of the concept of writing lean. I believe one of my obligations to the reader is to write clearly and writing lean can never be a bad thing. Basically, in most cases, the fewer the words the better it is for the writer and the better it is for the reader. Sounds easy. Just cut out words. Not so easy and places a lot of pressure on the writer to communicate clearly. Do we speak lean? Not usually. Ever heard school girls talking? Takes them one hundred words to say something simple. Writing is not quite the same as 'just speaking on paper'. Writing teachers will sometimes say: just tell the story. Well, sometimes this works—but not always. All the extra words we use when speaking are often not tolerated in text, we want more precision. "Like, do you know like, what I like mean dude?" Anyway, I welcome this pressure and I believe it is my job to write with precision.

OK, mostly mechanical stuff. Spell correctly, punctuate correctly (some knife fights here), use language correctly (metaphors, etc.), avoid repetition to no purpose, avoid not quite believable fiction names (listening Annie Proulx?), etc. But what of the more loosy goosy stuff? Well, I try to write material that reads fast. That's how I think, and that is how I speak, and that is how I write (type); so I think it is important that the story or the essay reading speed match the production speed. I just think I (you) get a better result. Writing a fast action short story modern thriller at the speed of a Victorian novel just does not seem like a good idea to me. Self evident? Not exactly, it can be difficult to keep the toboggan ride going from the first push-off to the last word on the last page but I believe I have an obligation to the reader to try. I don't write funeral music.

What else is part of my reader-writer equation? Well, I think it (essay or story) should be fun, or interesting, or funny, or any combo, or all of the above. In other words, I owe the reader a page tuner. If he can stop turning the pages it may not be my fault (see Gomez and Rufus phenomenon), but it may be my fault. You have to think about this. You can't write on drugs. You have to be alert.

Is there more on my side of the writer equation? Oh, I'm sure there is a lot more but it is 1:15 a.m. and my menthol nose inhaler is losing it's kick. That is enough for now. The point is that I take my side of the reader-writer equation seriously. The words do not sprout from the page, or fall out of the sky onto the page: I put them there. First there was a blank page and then there was a page with words on it. One word at a time. A page of text is a page of calculation and forethought that came from my heart and came from my mind. Mistakes? Maybe. Insincerity? Never.

What don't I owe the reader? Wait a minute: I can hear creaking and groaning and pipe snapping sounds. Yes, the writer submarine DANAFA is rising dear reader and dearest writers. I can feel less pressure and I have clearer eyes. The maiden testing voyage of the new submarine for writer voyages is almost over.

Anyway, what don't I owe the reader? What is not on my side of the reader-writer equation? What can't I be held responsible for?

Well, first of all it is not my job to lead the reader dog to the bowl. If he wants to come in he'll have to scratch at the door himself. And then he will have to find the kitchen himself. And then he will have to find the bowl himself. He has to show an interest. It is not my job to insert a tube in his vein and pump in interest. That is his job. And then he can eat or not—it is not up to me to eat for him. If he wants to eat that is fine. If he does not want to eat that is fine also. But the eating part is his part. I did the writing and dumped it in the bowl. Now it is his turn. And I am not going to get down on the floor next to him and nibble his doggie reader ears, or rearrange the food in the bowl for him, or pat his paw. It is his job to look up words he does not know in the dictionary, and it is his job to reread a sentence to verify meaning, and it is his job to page back to make sure he understands which character is doing what. If he has never read an English translation of a Russian novel before and so he does not have a comfort level with Russian names: well, he will have to work harder. Reading is labor. You have to earn the pleasure. You have to take part. You have to be a player. You have to get out of the stands, and get on the field, and run after the reader comprehension ball. Many readers do not know how to read a book. If the book has an introduction, and a note on the edition in hand, and notes on research protocols, and spelling rule issues, and comments from critics, and a table of contents; this is the material you read first before you plunge into:

'It was a dark and stormy night.'

And of course it goes without saying that readers who read the last page first have now become a police matter.

To be a competent reader and to maximize your pleasure or to maximize your data intake you have to stretch before you can run. If the reader does not do this and later on he/she gets reader cramp that is not my fault as a writer. I did my job—the reader did not do the reader's job. The reader-writer relationship is supposed to be a collaborative effort. Who says this? I do.

Many readers want reading to be fast and easy and fun. If the reading is not fast and easy and fun then it is 'bad' writing and the writer is a 'bad writer'. Really? Who ever told them this? You have to earn everything. Your drug addled trip to chemical nirvana starts with a needle—and you have to prick yourself.

What's that? Oh, it's an announcement from the submarine captain.

"Attention Dana: we are surfacing. Please make your way to the bridge."

The notion that I am held responsible if readers like Gomez and Rufus do not understand something I have written is absurd. Gomez (Where's your sister?) and Rufus (Where's your sister?) think that butterfly nets are made out of butterflies, and that a paradox is two piers in a harbor. If you are writing road signs it is a requirement that drivers understand the message. CLIFF DROP AHEAD admits of no clever interpretations. Not a good time for Latin words, or French references, or metaphors. It is a matter of public courtesy, and it is a matter of public safety. If you are writing operational manuals for nuclear plants then clear technical writing admits of no debate. But if you are writing stories and essays like I write then the rules change. My audience is different and my message is different. Everyone has to work harder—writers and readers.

So if someone does not understand something that I have written either because they didn't do their mechanical chores (look up the meaning of a word for instance) as a part of the reading process, or because the subject exceeds their ability to digest; don't come to me with your politically correct blame bucket and expect me to scoop my two hands in it and splash it all over my face. That would be the same as me bending over for the reader in public and we both know that is not going to happen.

Excuse me, the Adventures in Writing (Part ll) submarine DANAFA has just surfaced and I have an arrangement with the captain to let me be first on the bridge so that I can feel the sun on my skin and the wind on my face. It's going to be great: released from dark depths and ignorant nonsense—free to be me.

Note: I briefly talked to the Chief Engineer as I was on my way to the bridge and he told me that subsequent to additional trivial lab bench testing, computer simulations of no great import, and debriefings; the new FOD (Friends OF Dana) writer's submarine seems to be fine. Only one thing—sometimes at depths greater than 150 feet water shoots out of the toilet like a German tank 88 shell. And it is totally random. Feeling lucky? The two girls from the Windmill Bar thought this was great—figured it cleaned them up if you get my meaning. Anyway, we are going to fix that. Taking a dump should be relaxing—not a fight for life. Just my opinion.

One time Chiang Mai Kelly was on the crapper when this reverse pressure plumbing thing happened. I had been examining my manicure in the mirror when the explosion took place. We had differences of opinion about whether it was funny. The explosion of water threw him right up against the ceiling and then over the stall door and onto the floor at my feet. I thought it was the funniest thing I had ever seen. Opinions differ. Anyway, we are going to fix that.

I'm on top of the conning tower now. The Captain and the First Officer are scanning the horizon 360 degrees for objects of traffic or navigational interest. I am doing a sweep looking for signs of Gomez and Rufus. Nope—not in sight. Clear sailing.

Anything else? Anything else on my list of writer obligations to the reader? Yes, my name. Not necessarily a deal breaker, but important to me. I sign my name to what I write. I had the thoughts, I wrote the words, and I made those words public. I take responsibility for my actions, and I am happy to do so. Not a co-author in sight, or an editor, or Mr. Anonymous, or thanked graduate students, or some twenty-six year old rewrite woman with a degree in Sociology/Marketing from Chulakhorn University. I wrote the words and this is my name.

The writer's sub (watch your mailbox for invitations) DANAFA is headed for the south side of the new pier in Pattaya. I can see Fa waving at me. I think when I get home I'll write something. That'll be great.

249. Restaurant Reviews

TT&A Part 228 26/9/2009

Introduction

Restaurant reviews can be fun or just informational. In a world of unequal things not all restaurant reviews are equal. Some are of the 'just-the-facts' variety where you get location, menu, price, and reports on service, presentation, and taste (how the food tastes). Other restaurant reviews have interview quotes from the owner, or the chef, or patrons. These types of reviews often have an accompanying photo, biographical talk about the owners, comments about the genesis of the eating establishment ("we wanted the ambiance of Bang Kwang prison at sundown"), etc. The Pattaya Mail newspaper sometimes has restaurant reviews of this type.

Can a restaurant review be more than this? Sometimes. Sometimes if the reviewer inserts his personality, and personal writing style, various germane speculations, opinion, reaction, history, etc. in an entertaining and skilful way you can have review literature—a genre of writing.

I like reading reviews and review genre whether they are reviews of motorcycle repair shops, or special exhibits at museums, or different opinions about a new part of social service infrastructure (remember reviews of Bhumi airport—you all read them with interest), or new book reviews (example: New York Times newspaper book review section), or restaurant reviews. Most restaurant reviews are of the 'just-the-facts' type so you are reduced to looking through the text keyhole and wondering about what you can not see, and wondering about what you are not being told.

Below are some reviews and comments followed by some additional speculations within the genre on my part. In the beginning the format is a restaurant review followed by a comment by me. Later on I ramble a bit. I like reviews as literature, or at least reviews taken a bit more seriously than the journalistic 'who-what-when-why-where' type of fill-in-the-blanks writing. Remember, or try to remember out of respect; the eating establishment represents someone's hopes, and dreams, and most probably mortgage, and sweat (especially during the hot season), and worry. Try to be charitable, and always be accurate. Thailand can be a challenging place regarding eating experiences because of sometimes dramatically different merchant attitudes. But it never hurts to start the customer-retail establishment relationship assuming they are happy to be restaurateurs, and additionally happy to see you come back again.

Reviews and Comments

Below is a list of restaurants in Bangkok and the Bangkok area reviewed by Carl Parkes in his book titled Bangkok Handbook. Comments of mine follow. No, this is not a complete list. This is just supposed to be a fun thing to contemplate, and to read, and maybe a new forum idea on this website, or in your mind.

1. The Mango Tree: A place with great food, friendly service, and live Thai classical music, plus both indoor and outdoor seating. This popular spot is housed in an old residence with antique cameras displayed in the foyer. 37 Soi Tantawan, Suriwong Rd., tel. (02) 236 2820

Well, I would go just to see the antique cameras. I don't know anything about cameras or about photography of a technical nature but I think this would be fun. Also, I love live Thai classical music. I wonder if the photographer BKKSW or Stick has been there. They are both camera/photography enthusiasts.

2. Tom's Quik Pizza: Vegetarians rejoice. When it's three in the morning and you're desperate for a veggie pizza, Tom's Quik Pizza comes to the rescue in under 15 minutes. However, beware of the transvestite heroin dealers upstairs. Patpong 1 Rd., tel. (02) 234-5460

A couple of things: I'm OK with the idea of vegetarian food until they try to substitute tofu for meat. Please … that is just silly. Additionally, I don't think anything interesting can be done with food in fifteen minutes except sear it to kill all the bugs, so maybe they want to chill a little on the marketing/bragging. Heroin dealers upstairs? Thanks for the warning. Wait a minute, if the heroin dealers upstairs can bring the food quicker than the Thai waitresses and waiters downstairs let's invite them to the party.

3. Eat Me!: Not the most refined name for a restaurant, though this elegant L-shaped place serves up excellent Mediterranean dishes to local trendsetters and curious tourists alike. 1/6 Piphat Soi 2, off Convent Rd., tel. (02) 238-0931

OK, I believe this is an elegant restaurant with excellent Mediterranean dishes because Carl Parkes says so but I hate the name. It just stinks. When I was a student at the University of Michigan in the 60's there was a great little pizza/Italian place with special items. Then it was sold and the new owner renamed it the Garbage Pit. Same menu, different name. The Garbage Pit. I went in twice more and then stopped going in. I do not want to eat in a place called the Garbage Pit, or Eat Me. What's next: a Thai lady who changes her name from Som to Sxxx?

4. Sala Rim Nam: Alfresco dining on the banks of the Chao Praia is a memorable if expensive experience. This particular choice may be touristy but it's a beautiful restaurant with excellent Thai salads and traditional dance; use the free boat service from the Oriental Hotel. The set menu includes a classical Thai dance.

It’s a long way from anywhere to get to the boat service at the Oriental Hotel but I would go for this. I love boats and Thai dance. A big special evening with your special girl. She probably will not appreciate it but I will have a great time. This is a tourist skill I have honed in the Kingdom. No matter what weird behavior I get from my ‘date’ I manage to have a nice time.

5. River City Barbecue: On the rooftop of he River City Shopping Center, this self-service Mongolian barbecue cafe has excellent views from the tables at the edge of the roof. Adjacent to the Sheraton Royal Orchid Hotel.

Hey, this would be great. I love the River City Shopping Center (had custom crocodile shoes with matching belt made there once and also bought a black stingray vest there). Excellent Thai antiques in the River City Shopping Center and a wonderful woman’s clothing store on the ground floor facing the river. A night time dinner on the roof would be fun.

6. Oldies Goldies: However, for an insight as to why America’s leading export is modern culture—Elvis, Disney, Madonna—wander into Oldies Goldies on the fourth floor, where Thai teenagers embrace nostalgia, bobby socks, and other icons from American Graffiti. Rama 1 Rd.

High school girls in pleated skirts. Need I say more? I would definitely go but at great risk because I would not be able to keep from looking like a pervert needy Westerner.

7. Baan Khun Phor: An opportunity to dine among the owner’s eccentric collection of Victorian and Thai artifacts, served by waitresses attired in traditional garb. Somewhat pricey but the food is decent, especially the spicy crab soup. 458/7-9 Siam Square Soi 8.

Thai artifacts and Thai waitressed in traditional garb? I’m in. Make me a reservation. The word spicy (spicy crab soup) scares the heck out of me but I'll be careful. I once went back into the kitchen in a Thai restaurant and got the shock of my life. There was red spice all over everything—the pots and the pans and the stove tops and the counters and the cutlery and the table tops and the cutting board surfaces. Mai Phet? Good luck.

8. Airplane: A cheery Italian restaurant done with an airplane theme and set with simple tables and chairs. 65/9 Lang Suan Soi 3, tel. (02) 255-9940.

OK, I love airplanes so I would probably go for that reason. Could be disappointing but I would try it once. 'Simple tables' usually means tables that are too small. I know this labels me as no longer young but if I have to play chess all night long with table top items it gets irritating.

9. Dux Bar & Grill: You like ducks? This is your place. Duck motifs adorn everything from drinking glasses to menu selection, in an old house restored to great condition. 72/2 Soi Lang Suan, tel. (02) 252-5646.

Ducks? OK, I'm not sure about this but it might be fun. If the waitress is wearing a duck costume and you get to take her home does that mean that you get to fxxx a duck? Just wondering. Ducks. I don't know—I have never once had the words Duck and Thailand occur in my mind together but I'll try it.

10. Restaurant Heidelberg: Chef Franco Vanoli provides three kinds of fondue—Swiss, French, and Chinese—in a pub-like setting near all the craziness of the Nana Entertainment Plaza. Open daily until midnight. Sukhumvit Soi 4, tel. (02) 252-3584.

OK, three kinds of fondue can never be bad but here is my question: with all the time I have spent on Soi 4 how come I have never heard of this place?

11. Lum Gai Yia: Another inexpensive and simple cafe where the tables are just old oil drums topped by welded steel tables and just two dining options: a large wok full of soup of a self-serve barbecue where you do your own cooking on a small personal hotplate. Sukhumvit Soi 12, tel. (02) 252-4279.

Well, I wouldn't go near the soup unless I wanted to remove rust from bolts and old pieces of metal, but the barbecue thing sounds like fun (with some beers).

12. Singha Bier Haus: An imitation German chalet owned and operated by the Singha Beer Company where German and international dishes are served with musical entertainment ranging from polkas to Barbra Streisand imitators. Sukhumvit Soi 21, tel. (02) 258-3951.

Sounds great—really a place you do not want to miss. Wait a minute. Polkas and Barbra Streisand imitators? OK, maybe a once a year place, and I might go in a disguise.

13. Bourbon Street: Several very popular pubs and cafes are located in an old business complex known as Washington Square. This American-style bar and grill serves hearty breakfasts, spicy Cajun food, and local dishes plus a weekly Mexican buffet. Sukhumvit Soi 22, tel. (02) 259—0328.

I have never missed at this place. Always had a wonderful time. And every single time there has been a Thai family sitting nearby with a daughter who I have fallen in love with. Great bathrooms.

Oh, I almost forgot: beware the Cajun spice unless you know what you are doing. Goes through me like a German 88 shell. If I order anything with Cajun spice I just have it served to me in the Men's bathroom where I am already sitting on the toilet.

14. Club Tacoco: Mexican and Thai restaurant combo on the top floor of Prasammit Plaza with an outdoor terrace with fine

views and live combo music in the evenings. Sukhumvit Soi 23, tel. (02) 664-1217.

'Live combo music' always sounds great. I should check it out.

15. Art House: First-class Chinese restaurant set in a country house surrounded by formal gardens and a pleasant pond.

Good place to ask the woman you met at the Lick Me Bar to marry you.

16. Tum Nak Thai: For many years, Tum Nak held the world's record as the largest restaurant with 10 acres of land, a capacity of 3,000 seats, over 100 professional chefs, and 1,000 servers decked out in national costumes. Some waiters use roller skates to speed up service! A classical dance show is given nightly at 2000. 131 Rachadapisek Rd., tel. (02) 277-8833.

What can I say? A must visit.

17. OK, and in the You-Are-Not-Going-To-Believe-This-Category; drum roll please ...

Mang Gorn Luang: Several years ago, Tum Nak Thai recently lost its crown as the world's largest restaurant to the "Royal Dragon Seafood Restaurant: located at the base of the Bangna Trad Expressway in the southwest section of town. Leaving nothing to chance, this monstrous place boasts 5,000 seats, 1,200 roller-skating waiters, a 400-item menu, moored "happy boats" perfect for couples, soundproof karaoke pavilions for private parties, and a seven-story pagoda from which servers rocket down with heaping platters of steaming seafood. Has Hunter S. Thompson seen this place? Bangna Trad Expressway, tel. (02) 398-0037.

Maybe this is a place you take your wife to tell her you are going to divorce her. Who would notice?

Anyway, there are some of my comments on Mr. Carl Parkes comments on these restaurants in his book Bangkok Handbook (c2000, 3rd edition, Moon Travel Handbooks). Now if you make comments we will have comments on comments on comments. Did I learn anything? Well, yes; I learned that if I can not get a job as a farang schoolteacher I could always work as a waiter at the Mang Gorn Luang restaurant and rocket down from the seven-story pagoda with heaping platters of steaming seafood. Who wants to take a chance on me being your waiter?

I've got bad legs and ankles and knees and feet—balance problems—faulty vision; and I am rocketing towards your table from the top of a seven story pagoda with a fifty pound tray of giant prawns, cups of butter, noodle soup, mustard sauce, and a pot of coffee. Now this is a restaurant that can provide a dining experience. I think the key to getting the maximum pleasure out of this dining experience is to be drunk before you get there.

Interestingly, in another Bangkok guidebook called Bangkok by Paul Gray and Lucy Ridout (part of the MINI ROUGH GUIDE franchise titles—c1999): there are sixty-seven restaurants mentioned with only one repeater from Carl Parkes partial list that I made comments on. Clearly, Bangkok has a lot of places to eat.

Maybe it is time for specialty restaurant review guidebooks. Example:

1. Self-serve barbecue joints.

2. Roof-top restaurants.

3. Noodle soup places.

4. Restaurants with shows or entertainment—music, classical dance, etc.

5. Bangkok restaurants with slowest service, most inflated bills, craziest Thai owners, rudest waitresses. The rudest waitresses categories could have subcategories as in:

Don't listen when you speak.
Don't make eye contact with foreigner.
Only interact with your Thai date.
Bring the wrong order.
Never bring anything.
Totally disappear.
Insist you pay for food you did not order.
Get violent.
Etc.

I figure at least 50% of the foreigners currently being held in Thai prisons are there because they insisted on service and a smile in a Thai eating establishment and it escalated. People make fun of me because I only eat M&M candies and cashew nuts in the Kingdom but at least I am not in jail.

6. Restaurants with the most inedible meat. You could take a goat around with you when doing this research for the book—if the goat won't touch the meat then that restaurant earns a place in the book. Example: The Bus Stop restaurant on Soi 4 off Sukhumvit. I am warning you. Order a piece of meat there and you are going to need a pneumatic chisel, chainsaw, hatchet, and diver's serrated knife. You might as well just leave the goat tied up outside.

7. Restaurants with the most incomprehensibly clueless, unhelpful, and stupid Thai front desk staff. The big German restaurant (Hopf House?) in Pattaya on Beach Road can be used as a baseline for this. I once had four front desk staff (young Thai males) simply disappear one by one in response to the question: "Do I need to make a reservation to eat here?"

8. Restaurants with most imaginative, prideless, and criminally seamless lying regarding the status of your reservations.

9. Restaurants by nationality: French, Italian, Israeli, German, American, etc. And a special featured review of any restaurant that does not serve food connected with it's title. For instance: it is a French restaurant that does not serve French food and has no idea what you are inquiring about.

10. Restaurants staffed by girls wearing pleated skirts and suspenders, little white socks, and penny loafers. If these girls are also wearing a single off center braid, or ponytails stuck through the back of a ball cap hat I will gladly pay extra. And gigglers. I will pay double extra. For additional info on this I invite you to go to the Swenson's on Beach Road in Pattaya where the female staff instantly makes you think of things that are illegal.

11. And number eleven would be a book of the restaurants in Bangkok (or the Kingdom) with the greatest number of wrong food items brought to the table. Example: you ordered spaghetti and meat balls (it is supposed to be an Italian restaurant) and the waitress brings you spaghetti and fried monkey balls. Another example: you order Brazilian bean coffee with fudge and brandy in it and they bring you green tea with a dead scorpion in the bottom of the cup. Another example: you order Thai noodle soup and the waitress brings sliced banana crepe pancakes dipped in yogurt. I once ordered a ... OK, the possibilities are endless. Send in your stories.

And a special center fold-out section complete with maps of all restaurants in Bangkok owned by foreigners who actually know what MAI FXXXING PHET means.

Conclusion:

Well that is about it for now. Send in your comments, and ideas, and personal restaurant experiences and anecdotal stories. Let's have fun. We all eat out, and we all have stories to tell, and we all like to communicate with others. Maybe we can start a new forum idea on this wonderful website. And do not worry about which end of the literary spectrum you are on. If your review is a 'just-the-facts' kind of review that is fine. When Joe Cummings is re-exploring Thailand for the next edition of Lonely Planet's guide to Thailand we do not expect anything other than what I call ricochet reviews. Strictly hit and run. So many places, so little time. So we get location, and price level, and advice to order (or not to order) the fermented fish sauce on the fried crickets. That's cool. This is what we expect from Joe. But if you want to spend more time, and energy, and word count on a review that is fine also.

Oh, and one more thing in the restaurant review literary genre. Imagine how much fun we could have if we wrote fake reviews on non-existent eating establishments. Fiction. God bless fiction—you can imagine, and do, and 'report on' anything. Not for now from me, but maybe later someone else would like to do some writing like this. In the Thai-farang Internet arena and on the shelves of Bookazine that display the published authors of Kingdom centric writing, I have never seen anything like this. Who wants to be labelled a writing category visionary and go first?

250. Resume Building

TT&A Part 229 3/10/2009

Well, kudus and good news to me. I emigrated to the Kingdom from Boston eight months ago and I finally got a job. Why did it take eight months to get a job? Because I didn't want to be an English teacher, that's why. I interviewed for a job as an English teacher at four different schools:

1. Replicant's Academy for Future Trannies in Suckburi.
2. High School University of Chonburi and Pattaya Hooker Municipality.
3. Grade School Number 411 for Future Slack Assed Losers in Thonburi (FSALT).
4. We Fxxx All Foreign Staff Junior High Catholic Peace Corps NGO School in Bangkok.

All four schools told me I could not discharge firearms in class. I put it to you, dear reader; how can you get respect if you can not shoot students? Exactly. OK, maybe not shooting students. I can back down on that. But how about discharging firearms in class? Just releasing the tension by firing off a couple of hundred rounds as the spittle flecks your lips, boogers shoot out of your nose, explosive farts fill up your pants, and your hyena cackle turns into a long drawn out screech? I thought my firearm questions at the interviews had merit.

So anyway, I got a job with a lot more dignity and a lot more future than being a teacher. OK, do you know where the Bottle Museum is in Pattaya? It's on Sukhumvit Road. Kinda across from the Park Hotel? OK, my job's not anywhere near there. Forget that.

Alright, do you know where the Naklua Food Market is on Naklua Road in North Pattaya? And there are some water bits kinda across the street? OK, we're nowhere near there. Don't know what I was thinking. I was at an expat's meeting and lecture last night at the Dusit Resort and the lecture was: "Absinthe and 19th century French painters". I think I drank too much absinthe.

Wait a minute, as the Bangkok BJ specialist at Lolita's Bar in Bangkok said: "It's cumming to me now."

This is easy. Do you know where the Pattaya railway station is? And do you know where the bus station is that's near the Bottle Museum? OK, we are in that general area. Somewhere. It's not that I'm inattentive to where I work, it's just that I am staying at the A.A. Hotel on Soi 13/0 and the mototaxi guys just know where to take me. Don't worry—you can't miss it. Look for the driving range nets on the pylons. Anyway, I'm working at a new business that's a combination koy fish food wholesaler, durian recipe cook book retailer, and golf driving range.

My job on the driving range is to operate the ball 'picker-upper' machine. It's a gang mower that has had the grass cutting blade removed. Two lawn chairs are bolted to the front. That's where the two Thai girls sit. I drive the machine and they sit up front in the chairs and scoop up the golf balls with butterfly nets.

Since the owner refused to open before, or stay open after, public driving range hours; we are always retrieving golf balls 'live'. The guy who had my job before me was an addled Vietnam vet who lost his voice shouting 'Incoming'. I sometimes wonder if the owner has us out there 'live' to provide moving target entertainment for the customers, but then I remember that Thais are Buddhists so this would never happen. Like I say, I've only been here eight months.

Anyway, we have protection. The girls and I all wear full face shield motorcycle helmets, life rings around out necks, white air bladder Antarctica Mickey Mouse boots, stove pipe ducting around our arms, hockey goalie gloves, sleeping bags tied around our legs, and thin Bang Kwang used prison mattresses with a hole cut out in the center for our heads to stick through. The mattresses drape front and rear and have sheets of aluminum outside. Sometimes on busy weekends we sound like aluminum temple gongs gone berserk.

Hot? Is this outfit hot? The other day a thermometer under my mattress registered 226 degrees Fahrenheit. One of the girls, Dimple (Dimple and Titleist), told me that for the first time in the history of Thai women the inside of her love canal was the coolest part of her body. I pretended not to hear that.

Anyway, If you had never had a job like this job you might assume that the greatest danger to picking up balls 'live' would be right up near the driving booths. Not necessarily. Example: on Wednesday nights Mr. Slice-a-Lot comes in. He is a retired Thai army general who's five feet high, four feet wide, and weighs three hundred pounds. He can put two hundred yards of Big Bertha energy into his shots with fat man whomping grunts and farts. Unfortunately, it is not straight line energy (remember his name). His balls (golf balls that is) viciously slice, bounce off one of the steel pylons holding up the nets, then ricochet and hit me in the helmet. Makes you start talkin' to Jesus. He does this with such regularity it kinda makes me wonder sometimes if this is a practised shot. But again, that wouldn't be Buddhist and he was a general. He always comes in with his twin brother named, you guessed it, Mr. Shank-a-Lot. A tough day for me and Dimples and Titleist. No place to run. No place to hide. No wonder the Vietnam vet who preceded me as the ball machine 'picker-upper' ripped off his helmet one day and started rolling around on the ground screaming.

Another example: on Tuesday and Thursday nights Mr. Missile comes in. He could have been a professional Tour player but he was a club and bag thrower. This guy brings two things to the driving range: issues and phenomenal athletic ability. He'll buy two buckets of balls and dump them all out on the mat at once. Invariably, at that time of night, Dimples and Titleist and I will be only about seventy-five yards down range. Then it starts. Every one of two buckets (100 balls per bucket) of balls fired at us like Exocet missiles. Spooky frightening assassin accuracy and sonic boom busting speed. Like I said, he's got issues. When the artillery barrage starts, I just pull the spark plug wire, take my hands off the double clutch handles, and drop my head. Up front the girls put the butterfly nets over their helmets and cry. We've tried zig zagging and other avoidance manoeuvres but that just seems to increase his accuracy, speed, and shot frequency. We are like crippled ducks being chased by a Gatling gun.

Not to digress here, but I tell you, you learn a few things about women and people at one of these golf ranges. First of all, women with no shoulders and no breasts and very wide hips can not hit the ball. Dimples, Titleist, and I call it the ex-Buddhist nun's body. Can not hit the ball. Should be on the miniature golf course. Go to a bar where ex-Buddhist nuns hang out and you will see what we mean. No power.

Lesbian ex-mamasans, however; can crush the ball. Tear the cover right off. Always fat, low to the ground, and good grip from opening thousands of bottles. Golf ball killers. Pretty athletic too. Take instructions well, remember what they are told, and focused. They just fxxxing kill the ball. I think if I had a professional golf tour team of these lesbian ex-mamasans I could rewrite golf history.

Trannies. Well, what is there to say? More golf ball killers. Just fxxxing kill the ball. Tall and strong and they wear the full tranny getup except for heels. They kick off their heels. They start out squeaking like girls and end up grunting like men. Thailand. Every once in a while one of them will start parading around with the handle of a golf club sticking out between her legs. We stop that.

But the big guns in the women department are the women, Thai or Farang, who have the figures of professional Australian volleyball players. Dimples, Titleist, and I call them the Triple 38's. They are all about six feet tall, and their figures measure 38-38-38. When we see one of these monsters coming up to the tee with a bucket of balls we just pull over to the side of the driving range. Forget slicing or shanking—the balls are going to be right down the middle and with the speed of WWII German 88 tank shells.

Even easier, of course, to profile are all the twenty yard specialists. The dribblers, pushers, rollers, bouncers, and skitterers (the balls, not the customers). Just children? No, It's a larger group due to the charitable intents of expat clubs, do gooders, therapists of various odd persuasions, and organizations looking for tax deductions. So we get cripples, wheelchairs, amputees, the blind, the emotionally unstable (Dimples and Titleist and I have witnessed some spectacular club throwing), the spastic, weird social theorists, and my personal favorite—the 'staring-off-into-space' people.

Personally (I'm a thinker), I would like to see the owner install a plastic dome over the miniature golf course (try to get the ball between the legs of the little wooden boardwalk whores with windmill heads) and stuff all these time wasters into the thing like stuffing kids into a Funhouse for Retards. OK, I realize that isn't very Buddhist of me. Sometimes I get these headaches ...

Yup, sometimes I get these headaches. Never got them in Boston. They started about three weeks ago. Sure, I could have stayed in my career at the private research library in Boston (specialist in 17th century Colonial maps) but I wanted more out of my life. I wanted to grab life by the throat and be all I could be. This golf ball ‘picker-upper’ job is a great job. I’m sure the pressure inside my head will go away. I’m currently learning to phoneticize Pali chants. I’m sure it will open many doors for me. Back when I was a young man the president of Bermuda had started out as a taxi driver. Maybe someday I’ll be the president of Thailand. I’m staying positive.

Anyway, I’m at the eighth month mark as an expat. Are there any downsides to my job, or are there any downsides to my life in the Kingdom? Not really. It’s all about adjusting really. In my eleventh year at the library in Boston they oiled my chair. So I had to adjust to it not squeaking. Little stuff.

Example: the driving range is full of snakes. My first clue as to proximity will be Dimples or Titleist, or both Dimples and Titleist screaming:

“SNAY ‘N HOW”

Unfortunately, there is never enough time to react and clutch left or right. They (the snakes) go under the front of the machine and come out the back and there is no grass cutting blade to take the krait, or the cobra, or the viper out of their personalities. They come out frisky. Of course they can’t hurt me because of my huge white McMurdo Sound boots, and my legs wrapped in sleeping bags; but still, it is hard not to jump around like a contestant in a ‘ferret-down-the-pants’ contest in Wyoming.

Example Two: Titleist asked me come visit her and her family in Depressingburi. While there she introduced me to her pet chicken named Barney. When I asked why her pet chicken was named Barney she replied:

“I named him after the giant purple TV animal named Barney on the American children’s show called Barney & Friends.”

OK, I don’t want to be Mr. Expat Nitpick here but the ‘Barney’ of children’s TV show fame is a dinosaur. I don’t expect my intellectual life in Pattaya and beyond (Depressingburi) to be equal to my 17th century Colonial maps specialist life at the research library in Boston, but confusing a dinosaur and a chicken? Sigh.

Still, it's just a matter of adjusting. I'm sure when Benjamin Franklin went to France as ambassador he had to adjust to wig lice prongs lying on the dinner table. And I am also sure that when he accepted an assignment to go to England as ambassador he had to adjust to turds in the Thames. Travel broadens.

I suppose one day in my dotage here in the Kingdom I will look back fondly on the snakes of Pattaya and the intellectual brain stem wastelands of Dimples and Titleist. It's all about international experience, learning the correct fxxxing tones, and the positive spin. But it's not like this driving range 'picker-upper' machine operating is all I do. I'm also responsible for ringing up durian recipe cook book sales in the gift shop on a broken abacus, and transferring railroad cars of loose koy food into fifty five gallon drums for the wholesale trade. It's all about resume building: multi-tasking, meeting challenges head on, taking meetings with other people who are taking meetings, asking my boss when I am going to get paid, and strolling out into the parking lot with my pearl handled chromed Glock and telling the Koreans to return the bucket of balls they stole.

Don't hate me because I'm so lucky. I emigrated from Boston to Thailand eight months ago and everything is great. Someday when I'm running my phonetic Pali chant school out of the back of my 17th century Thai maps bookstore, my beginning days in Siam will all seem like a poignant and charming dream.

Sincerely yours,
Dana

251. Geography

TT&A Part 230 10/10/2009

Years ago on an island in a racist Caribbean sea I asked an elderly native taxi cab driver if he would be happier if all the whites went home. The economy on this U.S. assisted tourist rich island would stagger, but would he like all the white people to go home? He was quiet for a while and then he said:

"This place is for the fish, and the birds, and the waters, and the sun, and the stars, and the moon, and the flowers, and trees, and the sandy beaches, and the black people. Whites are not on that list. They have come but they do not belong. Except for discord and confusion there is no contribution they can make. It is a mistake of geography. The social equation has to handle a factor that should not be in the equation in the first place. We want them to leave. Some want to encourage the process by killing them. The eight continentals killed on St. Croix in the Fountain Valley massacre are just the beginning. How would you feel if someday you woke up and strangers were in your house?

I would never raise my hand to a white person. Not out of principle but due to lack of courage. I'm an old man. I am what I am. There is no going back. But I would hand the bullet to the person who would pull the trigger. I would like to be part of the process. I would like to be in the choir. I would like to eliminate the white scourge from our black African islands. We were brought here as slaves. Well, now it is our time. These islands are ours."

Don't think an elderly native taxi driver can speak that well? Yes they can. Anyway, I was shaking as I got out of the taxi cab and I made sure to put a tip in the huge gnarled black hand with the broken nails and deep fissures. I had learned something. His remarks were not about (or less about) nationalism, or jingoism, or tribalism, or even racism; as much as they were about geography. People have an innate brain stem primal sense of rightness based on geography. Violate a people's sense of geography and you can find yourself in a social card game where you are holding twos and sevens, and they hold aces.

The Romans finally lost Rome and the Empire to invaders from the north. It took a long time but it happened. But what of today? Is Italy run by Germans? No, Italy is run by southerners. Italy is run by Romans. Italy is run by the people who took in the most geographical data over the years. It took a while but geography trumped again. Only tourists remain as a reminder, and they go home.

If I did not have the language barrier and I asked a Thai taxi driver the same question that I asked the taxi driver on St. Thomas what do you think he would say? Here is what I think he might likely say. I think his words would be almost identical. He would use the word Thais instead of the words black or African, and he would for sure mention elephants; but other than that his answer to my question would be about geography. Non-Thais go home. You do not belong here. How can you not see that?

Non-Thais in the Kingdom and interested tourists with all of their college degrees and book learning are like walking patronizing mouthy human thesauruses and so you hear words and you read words in newspaper Letters to the Editor columns like prejudice, and ignorance, and politics, and civil rights, and human rights, and nationalism, and jingoism, and tribalism, and corruption, and ... it's a long learned list. Boy-oh-boy can non-Thais talk. Do Thais spout off and show off in the same way on these issues? No need. It's all about geography. You don't belong here. Go home. How can you not see that?

Years ago I lived on the island of St. John in the Virgin Islands in the Caribbean. Lots of natives (Africans) and lots of narrow roads. If you and a native met on a narrow road, one of you would have to back your car up. How did this social problem get solved? The native would sit in his car and say, "I born here." You backed your car up. He understood geography.

Still not engaged by the Thai point-of-view? Still anxious to show how modern you are by demanding that the family home you have invaded treat you like family? Still all excited because you have been invited to speak at an expat's club on the subjects of unfair visa rulings, unfair banking practices, and unfair judicial proceedings?

OK, then try this. Let's turn the time machine back only a little bit. Siam. No modern plumbing, no cars, no airports, no computers, no modern medicines, no cell phones, no printing presses, no scientific thought, no satellite dishes, no highways ... another long list. You are standing on a wide blazing white clean beach in Pattaya. Yes, it used to be a blazing white clean beach. I have seen old photos. Before you is the sea and behind you is the land that has not changed in five thousand years. Dark skinned, high cheek boned, raven haired people smile at you but no communication is possible. You are a curiosity, a freak; they wonder where your space ship is for surely anyone can see that you have come from another world. It is so obvious. In not one single way do you fit in with the palms, and the crops, and the natives cleaning fish on the beach, and the plants and shrubs and flowers and trees, and the soft and heavy rains, and the small naked children. Anyone can see that. All can see that you do not fit in. The elephants, and the water buffalo, and the geckos, and the prawns in baskets, and the big eyed nursing babies can see that you do not fit in. The geography is screaming at you: GO HOME. Well, this is not Siam time, this is Today time. Do you see a difference?

Convinced of your expat and your visitor's rights? Know all about what's right, do you? Why you could write a paper on it.

Anxious to do battle with people you do not consider your equal. Proud to be a modern warrior in a 'what is right' war? Eleven years into your application process to become a Thai citizen and still convinced it is a good idea. Once you get Thai citizenship with your cocktail party bragging rights Thai passport you'll be able to pull the little fxxxing monkeys down into the mud and wrestle them into the 21st century?

Really? I guess it is nice to have a dream. Maybe you need to work on your listening skills. Maybe the fact that you are a double addict, nicotine and alcohol, will work for you. While sitting on the balcony, or under the house, or at the beach, or on the steps of a broken down temple having a cigarette or a drink or both a cigarette and a drink you'll have time to listen and to reflect.

What do you hear? The thud of a falling coconut as it strikes the earth? Soft rain plinking on the metal roof? Childish voices on the way home from school? The barometer is dropping so there is now the sound of the wind in the trees? An elephant across the Khlong has made an elephant sound? A squeak and a chirp as a bird flies right through the house? In the living room window and out the kitchen door. Some dog is barking, some chicken is making a chicken sound, and insects you know nothing about are chattering in the trees.

A chirp and a squeak, an elephant sound, a dog's bark, a coconut's thud, plinking on the metal roof, insects in the trees making insect sounds, the scratching sounds of leaves and branches in the wind, and a chicken with something to say? Is this what you hear? Well, these are the instruments in the symphony. The symphony piece is titled: Geography. It is geography that you hear and it is geography that is talking to you. And it is saying: Go Home.

252. Email From Marc Holt

TT&A Part 231 17/10/2009

Dear Dana

Strewth and fair dinkum no drama roo snag Old fella if you know what I mean and lob in. So it's all about g'day mate and my Thai wife's bush oyster, brekkie, and a brown-eyed mullet. Yobbos and ankle biters are more about 'she'll be apples' than in Thailand, and don't get me going on the wife, strictly kangaroos loose in the top paddock. It's all about arvo time and Back of Bourke but I don't want to big-note myself or flick it on. So I lift an amber fluid to you and hope everything is well with your chunder billabong. Not much doing here but I try to keep busy with constant crack a fat, bonzer dog's eye, feral boomerangs, and cactus joeys. The wife's a little B&S so it is time to get dag, bluey, bodgy, dill, and drongo. It's a red dust in your ass crack place but I give it a burl. Anyway, sweet jesus on a bikkie I'll be gettin' up to Pattaya in a couple of months. Have Fa throw your hot nuts on the barbie.

Kon doogle foon daggle 'short-time'. Spen dorfen pal dingo Sydney suckburi and ra-wang kuhn hansum man Dana. Hot Nuts On The Barbie (HNOTB) is my mantra and dream for you. I'm retired in Oz but coming to semaphore flag Hookerland—not deuan nee, but sometime in koom-pha-phan; so tell the girls to powder their pussies and Noose Sound with bloody amobo and preggers. I'm a down homie for feral fisho with pockets full of #54 condoms for the Old fella. Sweet Jesus on a bikkie I'm hot for Danaism and strappin' myself to the wing. Fanta's in my pants and my heart's full of love—strewth to the max booger smear and remember—it's an Alice's Spring rock morning when no abo cock crows with dangling bitzenheimers. It's Oz time or no time. Be there across from the A.A. Hotel or be square and shove fair dinkum up your ying yang. Khoon mai tawng klua phom, I'm a bluey to your alpha and I'll be waitin' on the shore. Book-khon pai nawk ham khao—just you and just me. Anyway, tell me when your South Pattaya boardwalk teeruk Fa has your nuts on the barbie and I'll come and visit. Right now looks like February.

Kon doogle foon daggle spen dorfen pal dingo.

Pass the collection plate loomy rama numie foomy—my abo brains are fondu Ozed and teeruk soony. Soony I leave the land of red dust and white striped fire dancers. Soony I cast a water-meets-the-sand shadow Dana and offer my hand to you. I know what you are thinking. It's a rat bag day when you can't pash mak baby your willy nilly. In other words, abso-bloody-lutely, a bit more choke and you would have started. I feel your pain.

Throw me a bone,
Toss me a turd;
Be my God,
Drop me the word.

Tai jeeng na sia-dai mak, so much time wasted; but I'm playin' catch-up now.

I'm strapped to the wing,
And I'm comin' on strong.
Please don't abandon me,
That would be so so wrong.

Look into the West. See that rooster tail of plutonium effluent, fried fish, and boiling water? That's me coming fast and low, dolphin skippin', and puttin' for dough. Open your arms Dana, and let me into your heart. I've got to wanky my airy fairy or it's going to be fanny time for my didgeridoo.

Frondoogle my dingbits on the shores of the Murray river. I'm tired and I want to go to bed. Where's my hat?

Foomy doomy whacky doo ...
Look in my pants,
That ain't no roo.

Good Onya,
Marc Holt—Australia

OK, it's always nice to get an email from former Thai expats who have retired to Oz. But I gotta tell ya, I can not understand one word of this email. Not one word. NOT—ONE—WORD. Just a complete linguistic mystery. No idea. Not a clue. I could train a Surin chicken to play the trombone before I could figure this southern hemisphere gibberish out. As near as I can figure Marc Holt is coming up from Australia to visit me, and to visit Fa, and to visit Pattaya. In February. And he likes to sleep with his hat on. The rest is a mystery. It's no wonder that it took this Aussie adventurer thirty years to find a Thai woman who would stick with him. He's crazier than an abo trapped in a liquor warehouse over the weekend.

"Foomy doomy whacky doo ...
Look in my pants,
That ain't no roo."

What the hell does that mean? Put a couple of walnut sized rocks in an empty paint can. Now take the paint can lid and pound it down with the heel of your hand. Lift the can and shake it with the two small rocks inside. Hear that sound? Welcome to Marc Holt's brain. I tell ya, I have half a mind to go to Australia to give the citizens there a baseline on what normal is. Ya know, just walk around and talk and stuff so that people in Platypusland can see what normal looks like.

And …"I've got to wanky my airy fairy or it's going to be fanny time for my didgeridoo."—?????

Again, just no idea. This is strictly bats in the bellfryville and kind of sad. I don't think I'm going to see anybody wanking their airy fairy in church but maybe it is an Australian thing. Anyway, I can remember when this guy could be trusted to walk around in Bangkok with braces and suspenders.

Note: Braces. What a joke. Everyone knows they are called suspenders. What is it with Australians making up different words for everything. Why don't they act normal and speak correct English like Americans (Oh, excuse me—Yanks).

Anyway, I can remember when—when this guy could be trusted to walk around in Bangkok with belt and suspenders. Now he is staggering around in the Australian outback with no belt and no suspenders. Every time he throws a boomerang his pants fall down. Sad, but funny. Funny, but sad. Or, as the Aussies would say:

"Frongo, loop fooleydooley. Fooleydooley, loop frongo."

Still … if you read this email out loud with an attention born of not quite comprehended respect, the email has a kind of power and speed and confidence and friendliness normally the issue of an alpha. There is the fossil of a language and a powerful communicating presence here. Unfortunately, Mr. Alpha has been reduced to a staggering stabbing at fireflies in the dark. Exegit monumentum aere perennius ("He completed a monument more durable than bronze."—Horace) does not come to mind: but beauty and pain and pity and fear do come to mind. A Thai tragedy.

The less charitable might figure there are three options here:

1. This email represents totally legitimate Australian and this is how they talk/write.

2. This email represents Australian slang, or dog training commands, or something.

3. This email … well, if you had ever met Mr. Holt you would understand—let us just say he has issues and he has problems. This is a man who wears a hat to bed.

In other words:

Life is short,
So conclusions come soon.
Clearly Marc Holt
Is crazy as a loon.

Like a leaf on the wind,
He is now in Oz.
But visiting Pattaya,
Is his next cause.

It'll be fun
To see him again.
But to him my Fa,
I will not lend.

He'll have to be watched.
Not over trusted.
Fa's mine, all mine;
And his brain is busted.

With a big Aussie smile,
It's sheila this and sheila that;
But the smart man doesn't forget
He sleeps with a hat.

And don't even get me started on the New Zealanders.

Note: I was once kidnapped by outer space people. They took me to a faraway strange place in their flying saucer, spoke complete gibberish, and repeatedly probed me. Thought I was in New Zealand.

Anyway, that is why it is so nice to read something I have written. I am an American and we Americans speak linguistically perfect unaccented English. So when we write we set the world standard for clear concise scientifically truthful writing without self-promotion (I would kill myself first), tones, confusing sounds called accents, made-up words (billabong, boomerang, joey, etc.), slang, hyperbole, needless narrative drama, and fictional exaggeration. Reading an essay, or a story that I have written is like reading a law of physics. I wonder if Australia even has any laws of physics. Maybe their balls don't hang down in response to gravity, but just fly around like ... well, if anyone visits Marc Holt let me know about his balls.

Yes, exactly—Marc Holt's balls. Just another reason to admire, consider, and move to America. Gravity. Yup, we've got gravity. Our balls hang down like they are supposed to instead of flying around like a bunch of drugged up platypuses dancing on a hot griddle. Go to Bondi beach and Aussie male speedo bathing suits look like they are hiding a sack of cats trying to escape. No gravity. Balls flyin' around. You hate to see that.

I mean, what can you really expect; the whole Australian continent is upside down. Then you've got the tilt of the Earth, and the spinning 'n all, plus the pull of the Moon. Aussie balls flying all over the place. No wonder they drink.

And don't try and tell me drunk platypuses with yaa baa pills stuffed up their noses aren't shakin' and bakin' from Darwin to Sydney. I've seen nature films here in Boston. We know what is happening in Upsidedownland.

I'm not saying that before Marc Holt met his charming Thai wife that he was dancing with and sleeping with platypuses. I'm not saying that. That sounds wrong. And let's not even think about tranny platypuses. And I'm not saying that when Mr. Holt was spending time with platypuses that they both wore black felt hats to bed. Again, that sounds creepy. I'm not saying that.

I'm not saying I once saw Mr. Marc Holt of Australia rush the stage at the second floor Russian owned place on Soi 14 off Walking Street in South Pattaya called Platypus Playpen with his arms and fists swinging like a demented Dutch windmill. Patti the headliner with the fish net stockings and sexy rubbery bill that could ... anyway, she had just accepted a 500 baht tip from a New Zealander and Holt went nuts. OK, but I'm not saying that. It's maybe just best if kept quiet. A family thing. I guess if you are a sexy platypus headliner and you go to bed with him wearing one of his hats he thinks there is some kind of social contract. He thinks it is love. Again, Australians—go figure.

Anyway, in February when he comes to Pattaya to visit with Fa, and to visit with me: if he gives my Fa a black felt hat as a gift I'm going to be on this guy like a dog on a bone. Fa's no platypus and I'm no fool.

The essayic main point is that if you are scrolling down through the Thai-farang offerings on a Thai-farang centric website like Tstories.com you want to read my stuff first. For God's sake show some common sense and display some personal dignity and read a writer that is easy to understand, can not be misinterpreted, uses the English language perfectly, and displays no idiosyncratic tendencies of any kind. Each story or essay a pyramid on the lonely foolish sandy plains of literary mediocrity. If you flash off the road later and start reading garnets, and rubies, and jadeite and other lesser stones it is your own fault, at least you started with diamonds.

And if you get some emails from Mr. Holt from Australia do not dispair. Been there, done that. He was a thirty year expat in the Kingdom. You have to expect some brain stem damage. And if you are kidnapped by outer space people, taken to a faraway strange place, and repeatedly probed—send some pictures. Been there, enjoyed that.

253. Low Hanging Fruit

22/10/2009

Sometimes you don’t even have to try. You don’t even have to reach out. You don’t even have to grasp something with your left hand while you extend and stretch with your right hand. Sometimes God just hands you low hanging fruit. Oh sure, you could have gotten it on your own, but the situation was so absurd that even God couldn’t resist getting involved. He just reaches out, snaps off the fruit, gives it to you—and smiles. For a second you are co-conspirators in life—you and God.

I’m lying in bed reading the front cover, and the testimonials on the back cover, a new edition note at the front of the book, and the Introduction. I also glance through the table of contents. If there was a glossary and an Index I would have read those also. Ditto any pictures, or charts, or diagrams, or references, or book lists in the back, as well as a ‘thank-you to contributors’ page in the front of the book. That’s how I start a new book. I kind of sneak up on them. Creep in and creep around slow. If a book has an Index I might actually start the book by paging through the Index first and look up interesting things. And of course I always check to see if the word Thailand appears in the Index. The book might be titled How To Fix An Eskimo Sled In Alaska but I am going to check the Index for the word Thailand anyway. Just a habit.

I like archery also, so I’ll probably look that word up in the Index before I start reading the book. Makes you kinda wonder what words proctologists and gynecologists look up before they start reading Black Beauty, or Lost On The Barrens, or The Meadowlark, or Reynard The Red Fox. You would think, or at least I thought, that the Index of the book Familiar Quotations by John Bartlett would be a candy counter to a diabetic Index reader. Six hundred and eight pages of crushing Index. Hundreds and thousands of everything: words, entries, ideas, etc. But, strangely; no. Not fertile ground for the kind of in bed Index reading I do. Odd.

Anyway, a new book is a new relationship and I start slow. Like for instance, I never kiss a woman on the lips right off the bat in Thailand. First I try to get the lay of the land. Maybe a start-off kiss on her brow or on her hairline. Then maybe I might try to kiss her eyes.

That is how I start with new books. "Call me Ishmael" are not going to be the first three words I am going to read when holding Herman Melville's novel Moby Dick in my hand for the first time. In fact, I might not even get to these words the first night—I've got too many other things to read about the new book first. Makes me remember the introduction to the play Man and Superman by George Bernard Shaw. The Introduction was practically a novella.

Of course this is where any 'reading-Thai woman' metaphors break down. With a Thai woman in my arms at the A.A. Hotel in Pattaya I am for sure going to get to the main event on my first exposure to her.

Anyway, what is the name of my new companion in bed? It is a book called The Elements of Style (aka 'The Little Book') by William Strunk Jr. This cat Strunk was an English teacher at Cornell University at the beginning of the century (20th) and he wrote a book to help students and nonstudents write more skillfully. He emphasized cleanliness (in writing), accuracy, and brevity. Above all, be brief. Just say it. Don't fancy it. Get in and get out. Don't try to put a bow on a pig. Don't try to impress. Don't use extra words or extra punctuation without thinking about what you are doing. Yes, do not be seduced into writing excessively by the siren call of punctuation. Be brief. Be concise. Keep it simple.

The person who handled the Introduction for the edition of the book I was holding in my hand was E.B. White. He had been a student of Strunks and later gone on to write himself. He thought Strunk was great and his book was great. In approximately fifteen hundred seventy five words he iterated and reiterated: be clear, be brief, be bold, be concise. And then, as God is my witness (remember the low hanging fruit), he ended his Introduction to Strunk's teachings with this sentence:

"I think, though, that if I suddenly found myself in the, to me, unthinkable position of facing a class in English usage and style, I would simply lean far out over the desk, clutch my lapels, blink my eyes, and say, "Get the little book! Get the little book! Get the little book!".

A fifty three word sentence with nine commas. Concise? Brief? Hey, did I miss a memo or a meeting here? This is from E.B. White, a published author and cheerleader of Professor Strunk and Strunk's teachings. This is also when an extremely large hand burst through my bedside window and handed me a piece of low hanging fruit.

Ya know, sometimes you just have to stop what you are doing in your life and say: "I think I'm all right. I think I'm doing fine."

Whether in the middle of performing heart surgery, or in the middle of a walk down to Foodland on Soi 5 in Bangkok, or while dumping M&M's and cashew nuts into a glass ashtray at the Mothership; just stop and say: "I think I'm all right. I think I'm doing fine."

My name is Dana. I think I write OK and I think I'm OK. And I think that if this guy E.B. White and I ever took a canoe trip I'd be steering from the stern and he'd be up in the bow. I imagine our canoeing conversation going something like this:

E.B.—Dana, I'm a published author and a critic. Do you need any help back there?
Dana—No, that's OK E.B. I've got it.
E.B.—I've got extra words and extra punctuation up here if you need them.
Dana—Thanks E.B. I'll call you if I need anything.
E.B.—I used to be the student of William Strunk Jr. I sat in the front of the class.
Dana—Just keep paddling Mr. White.

Later on, after I have proofed and edited this essay, I am going to send it into an Internet writer's site. Then I'll take a walk to the boardwalk where the girls and I will be clear, brief, bold, concise, and without fancy notions. I don't think I'll see E.B. White there chatting up the girls with his fifty three word sentences, but I may see Strunk. I liked Strunk and I liked his little book. Too bad he is not around to publish a little book on how to chat up Thai ladies.

254. Suburban Shrub Mulchers

TT&A Part 232 31/10/2009

> *"We live in a discontinuous world—one where digitalization, deregulation, and globalization are profoundly reshaping the industrial landscape. What we see is a dramatic proliferation of new economic life forms: virtual organizations, global consortia, net based commerce, ad infinitum … We have reached the end of incrementalism in the quest to create new wealth … there is an inflection point where the quest for divergence is transformed into a quest for convergence, and a new collective viewpoint emerges."*—Gary Hamel

I knew that. Sure I did. I mean, it is so obvious. But still, it's good once in a while to be reminded of this stuff. That's what the PC suburban shrub mulchers make as a contribution. Making us face each morning with the eternal liberal conundrum: should I Save A Whale today, or should I Hug A Tree today? Or, should I do both? Or should I Hug A Whale, and Save A Tree today? OK, I'm at my favorite early morning Beach Road Internet chat room and they are bringing me Gin & Tonics and Mangosauce drinks. God I love this town.

Still, no amount of happy monger inebriation can cloud my mind to the fact that this Gary Hamel cat is superior to me in every way and guaranteed makes about four times what I earn with one tenth the work. I mean:

> *"There is an inflection point where the quest for divergence is transformed into a quest for convergence."*

Now that's just gold. Solid gold Gary. Solid gold. Still …

"Honey, could you bring me another drink? Only this time you can just pour the gin & tonic and a mangosauce drink into a big glass together. Kop kuhn khrap sui maak Internet cutie."

Anyway, still … when I review Mr. Hamel's Rosetta Stone words portending our future it is hard not to notice one word is missing. Sure, he's got the heavyweights dear to the hearts of hustling verbal priests, and marketing gurus, and authors on the make, and consultant wannabees like 'digitalization', and 'consortia', and 'incrementalization', and 'inflection', and … let's cut to the chase. The early morning sun is bouncing off Pattaya bay, the palms are moving slightly in the breeze, and there is a woman waiting for me to hit the boardwalk with a Mini-Mart sack of breakfast treats. Where is the word 'pussy' Gary?

I mean, don't get me wrong GH, you're a totally uptown righteous prognosticating dude with more degrees than a thermometer factory; but where is the word pussy? Pussy Gary. Where is the pussy in your world?

I mean: "… a new collective viewpoint emerges." is rockin' stuff but where is the pussy?

"Here is your dwink sir."
"Kop khun khrap."

When are these college educated big word present and future prediction priests going to talk about pussy? You can save all the whales you want to save, and you can hug all the trees you want to hug, and you can be the best little suburban shrub mulcher you want with your digitalized wheel barrow; but when am I going to see you on the boardwalk chatting up young attractive women?

Never? Not your 'deregulation' and 'globalization' style? Talking to young fun available Thai women for sex doesn't fit into your academic 'industrial landscape'? Proliferation of 'global consortia' doesn't include getting naked with the raven haired giggling tribe? No way to apply for a grant on that? No way to write more peer reviewed junk of no real importance? No way to use the primal boardwalk sex experience as resume padding so that you'll have something to drop at the cocktail part next August in Nantucket? No Gary, my pontificating man; you are not giving me a test. We are not equal. You are not my man. You amuse with your 'net based commerce' and your 'ad infinitum' but my man was outside the Windmill Bar last night.

As I am walking up to the Windmill Bar I see my man coming down the steps. My instincts kick in and I immediately know he has just had sex with my Poomy. It'll be sloppy seconds for me tonight, but I don't care. At least I'm on the right field, and in the right game, and with the most interesting players. I watch him get on his big bike with rebar and junkyard pieces of metal tack welded together. Ape hanger handlebars, a fuel tank made from a beer keg, and no leather in sight.

This isn't one of those suburban weekend warrior shrub mulcher bikes tricked out with chrome, and tassels, and spray painted girls on the gas tank, and embossed saddlebags like Pee Wee Herman's bicycle. This bike says 'dick' and "No, I'm not going to shave my groin to make myself attractive for you. Get on the bed."

Sorry, Gary Hamel, you're not the man. Your Nantucket Volvo with the bumper sticker that says: "Investment Bankers Do It With Other Peoples' Money" is only funny to the smart set wearing red yachting pants. Little overachiever fools who have sex with careers and sex with business followed by a weekend spent updating their resumes. Your MBA humor has no influence or currency in the real world, and the real world is all about men and women having sex.

See you on the boardwalk Gary (not).

255. It’s Time For Wikipedia

TT&A Part 233 7/11/2009

Introduction

Can we talk? No, what I mean is: can I tell you something personal without you blabbing it all over town? One of the marks of an adult is the ability to keep a secret. If friends can’t honor each other’s friendship by keeping secrets then they are not really friends are they? Exactly. OK …

Here’s the deal. I’m a bedwetter. That’s right. I’m a pisser, leaker, splurger, weeper, puddler, and all night dribbler. So I have to wear medical girdles, or rubber pants, or catheter bottle arrangements, or giant underpants stuffed with shredded up copies of the Bangkok Post newspaper. Not really a problem sleeping alone (and of course at home in Boston I have rubber sheets), but naked ‘long times’ in Thailand can sometimes be challenging.

Example: the other night Fa asks me to get up and turn down the aircon in the A.A. Hotel. Getting back into the bed I put my right knee on the bed, then both of my arms, then I start to lower my right shoulder with my head aimed at the pillow when all of a sudden … but that is not really what I want to talk about today. What I really want to talk about today is:

It’s Time For Wikipedia

Greetings and chok dee khraps Stickmanbangkokites and lesser mortals: Dana here at the Fxxx The French bar across the street from the Lick It Kwik massage emporium and nail salon pounding out another essay on my bartop laptop. To wit: another cut crystal shard of literary brilliance, visionary ideas, social necessity, and … OK, I’m not getting paid by the word on this cheap ass website so I’ll cut to the chase.

I believe that the Thai-farang Internet stories and essays of the last eight years on this and other websites have value. In other words, like all other things of value, this body of literary work should be respected, endorsed, preserved, paid attention to, and broadcast.

Just as the African sun lights up the diamond for others to discover, we may have to shine the light on our own literary diamonds. In other words: I believe it would benefit all of mankind (I've had two Gin & Tonics) if we aggressively, with calculation and forethought, began to write reviews of our work and post them on Wikipedia. Not to put too fine a point on it—if we do not promote ourselves, who is going to?

I don't mean individual reviews of individual stories or individual essays, but reviews of the author's body of work. For example: someone with writing skill, interest, focus, knowledge of the subject, and intelligence could do a ten thousand word monograph on the body of work of the author Marc Holt and post it on Wikipedia. This way the world would be able to find out about one of the participants in this literary genre before we all die of STD's, liver cancer, condom snaps to the temple, and falls from Pattaya balconies.

Do other names come to mind that deserve this Wikipedia attention? Of course—Cent, Union Hill, IndyUK, Pothole Research, Hans Meier, Frank Visakay, Dr. JA Earnshawe, Fa, etc. OK, Fa is not really a writer, but you ought to hear what she says when I ask her to kiss me on the lips. A book of these quotes and excuses for not doing so would make great reading. Anyway, these are just names I pulled out of my head. There are more names than this. In fact, if you think you deserve to be considered just contact me. Naturally, we could not write these reviews about ourselves for reasons of humility, and objectivity, and social acceptance so we would have to establish some kind of pairing protocol. Only one exception: in my case there is no one qualified to write about me except me so I will make the submission of a 50,000 word monograph to Wikipedia. As with many things, the exception proves the rule (now two Gin & Tonics plus one Black Russian) but for the rest of the barnacles on the hull it would be a requirement that someone else write a review of your work other than you.

As per my usual serendipitous synapsian activity this idea has genius written all over it. Excuse me ...

Dana: Oh, hi Wan—how are you?
Wan: You buy dwink?
Me: Sure, would you like to share a Scorpion bowl?
Wan: Up to you. Will it have scorpions in it?
Me: One Scorpion bowl please.

So ... and so anyway: there you have it Dana fans—I believe we should start a program of writing serious scholarly essays on each other's work and get them posted on Wikipedia. Think of humanity.

Now, I know what you are thinking and I can feel your pain. With the sensitivity of a chaos theory butterfly I can feel tension in the social-literary Force. You All Want To Write About Me. Well, of course you do. Is the bear a Catholic? Does the Pope crap in the woods (two gin Gin & Tonics, one Black Russian, and half a Scorpion bowl)?

Wan: Dwink good.
Dana: I luf you.
Wan: Bagwan
Dana: Mai bagwan, jai dee.
Wan: I luf you too mut maak hansum man kuhn Dana.

At any rate, we have covered that—the subject of you writing about my work. Only I am qualified to write about me. Look at it this way, when it was time for someone to get nailed to the cross did another name come up besides Jesus? Exactly. I think I have made my point.

For perhaps some nuance on this idea or another point-of-view on this very important subject and visionary strategy for shining the light on literary Thai-farang genre diamonds you might consider contacting Marc Holt. A recent email from him indicated that although he is happy with his new life in Oz he is starting to tire of diddling his wombat and he needs a project. Excuse me ...

Dana: Short Time or Long Time?
Wan: Up to you.

At any rate, I believe that we have reached the evolutionary time in this literary genre to start kickstarting preservation, attention, and giving and getting credit where credit is due. It will be good for us, it will be good for Wikipedia, it will good for Mr. Holt’s wombat, and it will be good for humanity.

Sincerely yours.
Dana

256. Lately I Have Been Reading

TT&A Part 234 14/11/2009

Greetings Stickmanbangkok.com fans. Lately, I have been reading (just finished) a book called My Consulate In Samoa—A Record Of Four Years Sojourn In The Navigator Islands, with Personal Experiences Of King Malieto Laupepa, His Country, And His Men. Whew, what a title. There'll be a quiz tomorrow. This fun read was written by William B. Churchward and originally published in 1887. A few things:

1. I always read all of the addenda to the main stuff first when I have a new book in my hands. You know, the Chapters page, and the Index, and the Glossary, and the Introduction, and the ... etc. I like to be prepared and then to kind of sneak up on a book. This book surprised me with a page right in the beginning I have rarely seen before. It was in real small type and headlined CORRIGENDA. This is from corrigendum—an error in a printed work discovered after printing and shown with its correction on a separate sheet bound with the original (Webster's).

In other words, it is page in which the publisher and the author list all of their mistakes. How refreshing. How honest. It turns out there are eighteen of them. Examples:

1. Page 2, line 24, for 'Mahetoa' read Malietoa.
2. Page 345, line 19, for 'Thinking' read 'Hinting'.

Try and imagine what some of these CORRIGENDA pages would look like in some of the Thai-farang novels and 'true life' anecdote books that can now be pulled off the shelf at Bookazine in the Kingdom. Smiles of Deceit by Jim Cornick might have a CORRIGENDA that equaled the length of the book. At least it would be honest and show some caring. But why pick on

Cornick? An awful lot of these literary repasts stocked in Thai bookstores for foreigners are replete with stupid errors of indifference and incompetence. And no one has the decency to apologize for anything. Hey, it's marketing. Get with the program Dana.

And what is the program? Well, in 1887, the program was to write intelligently and treat the reader with respect. By page 192 (out of 402 pages) in the book My Consulate in Samoa I had already stumbled across:

1. Emolument
2. Impecunious
3. Verdure
4. Amethystine
5. Maunderings
6. Masherdom
7. Airgette
8. Miasmatic
9. Matutinal
10. Assentient
11. Dissentient
12. Effluxion
13. Post-prandial
14. Aesculapius

I'm sure the list expanded from page 193 to the end of the book but I had dropped my note taking pencil behind the couch. We think we are so smart and it is always easy to make fun of the past, but how many of your friends would (could) write with this vocabulary? And do not forget the Latin words I just skipped over because I am not as well educated as someone from 122 years ago. It has been 122 years since this book was written and I do not think I have a friend smarter than this author William Churchward.

So what of the Thais that are writing today? Is any Thai writing by Thais being done today that will stand the test of 122 years? In the year 2131 will Thais be able to go back 122 years and find writing by their people in their language that is of this high standard? I don't think so but I would like to be mistaken. William B. Churchward of the last part of the 19th century was all English empire to the bone and frank about his prejudices;

but today some of those prejudices are starting to look more and more like facts, and there is no denying that highly educated high class Englishmen were often smart, observant, and literarily competent.

Mr. Churchward never postures as a writer but his extensive English empire education combined with his native intelligence serves him well. Good writing is not just genes. Education counts. His descriptions of South Seas terra firma verdure on Samoa is the best descriptive writing of flowers and plants and shrubs and trees in 'paradise' I have ever read. Mix in the larger and additional categories of shore, beach, sky, rivers, mosquitoes and you feel like you are there. Does any contemporary Thai writer (or foreign writer) do that today in describing Thai landscapes and Thai seascapes?

Northern Thailand is about landscape and landscapes: plants, flowers, shrubs, trees, and water features. Parts of southern Thailand are known for seascapes, maritime vistas, and beautiful islands. Isaan is a plateau and a region of specific landscape features. All are under the pressure of increasing population, pollution, and change. In 122 years will there be a Thai or foreign authored book that beautifully and accurately describes what these geographic parts of Thailand looked like so that it will at least be in a text archive? I hope so. Who is the Thai or foreign William B. Churchward who will do this job like he did his job for Samoa and the surrounding islands and islanders as of the late 19th century?

Mr. Churchward's job as consul of Samoa was basically a made-up job. Various members of the British empire would write introductory letters and send out likely specimens to monitor new nations or territories; to help them learn the ways of English government protocols, and to help them down the Christian path. Basically, these rich mens' sons would wade ashore with a fancy, stamped, wax sealed, heavy parchment, beribboned letter; introduce themselves to the King or tribal leader, and proclaim that from henceforth a whole lot of stuff had to go through them. Pity the locals. The opportunity for prudery and snobbism and abuse was huge but Mr. Churchward was no fool and learned to like and respect the locals. Some of his descriptions are in the Now I Have Heard Everything dept. For instance:

Alcohol was very popular in the islands. It was used for currency, barter, gifts, influence peddling, and stunning orgies. But not everyone had the money required.

So …

> *"It was a common thing in the evening to see the ladies one after another coming out of the dancing dens when a sailors' ball was going on, with their mouths full of spirits, which they would eject into the mouths of their relations expectantly waiting outside."*

Gee, I know Thai culture is a family loving culture where the girls do what they can for poor relations and boyfriends, but I have never seen this.

Anyway, what I learned from this book is that 122 years ago there were people as smart as and many times smarter than people today and those people like William B. Churchward reflect well on their culture and on human beings. I hope 122 years from now that that there will be Thai writers or foreign writers that have done as much for Thailand.

257. Fifty Baht Trannies

TT&A Part 235 21/11/2009

Attn: Dana Fans

Just a short business announcement to tell you that a computer game called FIFTY BAHT TRANNIES is due to hit the shelves of your favorite local computer game retailer, big department store, and local booze hut (Australia) by Christmas. Nothing says Christmas season and love shared like giving the FIFTY BAHT TRANNIES computer game to family and friends.

Fifty baht trannies—how is that possible? Simple. In this game the free lancers are not free. They are already in the Monkey House (aka prison). Your computer game job is to get into the prison and to get them out of the prison. This will be a game of strategy, tactics, bribery, jerking off, corruption, savagery, drooling, degradation, violence, and then finally happiness as you and your fifty baht tranny go 'over-the-wall' and head for Pattaya. Ever seen the happy expression on a soi dog's face when he discovers a fresh turd to scoop up. That'll be you.

And she, out of gratitude, only expects to receive fifty baht per love making session from you? No, not a bit of it. Fifty baht is what she has to pay you for each butt dart festival. You had expenses. Example: expenses to spring her from prison were 20,000 baht. 20,000 baht divided by fifty baht equals four hundred. She will have to computer bonk you (and pay you) four hundred times until her debt is clear. Honk if you love math. Anyway, when this finally happens the game screen will flash:

WHO LOVES YOU? DANA DOES.

Once you have got your tranny to clear her debt in the computer game FIFTY BAHT TRANNIES a portal will open to a game called TRANSGENDER SURGERY: ULTIMATE FRONTIER.

TRANSGENDER SURGERY: ULTIMATE FRONTIER is naturally an advanced skills game (ages 15-18). In this game you will hunt down likely transgender Thai male specimens. Capture will be followed by surgery. Can you design your own trannies? Of course you can—you are holding the computer scalpel. You knew that. So seize your life, and seize your scalpel, and seize your Thai male by the genitalia and enter the Ultimate Frontier. You are age 15-18 and life is for you. Remember, it is all about the love. Tranny love.

Anyway, FIFTY BAHT TRANNIES is scheduled for Christmas of 2009. Game spin-offs anticipated for Christmas 2010 are graphic novels, action figures, home videos, movies, illustrated playing cards, talking underwear, T-shirts, wheel rims, bling jewelry, life-size tranny lawn sculpture, personal stationary (and I mean personal), tranny illustrated passports, tattoos, sound track from the game with your name inserted, degrees of difficulty and points system options, lifetime free upgrades, single and double player mode for surgery portal, computer wallpaper, tranny teddy bears for children, and of course FIFTY BAHT TRANNIES and TRANSGENDER SURGERY: ULTIMATE FRONTIER comic books. Start saving your money now so that you can give great 2010 spin-off gifts. Remember, it is more blessed to give than to receive.

Can a tranny pay off her ‘released-from-prison’ debt at a greater rate than 50 baht per session? Of course, but that includes her providing and performing additional services and pleasures only revealed once you are in the game. Don’t worry gamester dudes, we have everything covered.

And speaking of having everything covered, if you have any questions about game rules, or protocols, or fan clubs, or tactics, or strategies just contact our office any 2nd Tuesday after a full moon in a month containing the letter -z- and our intern named Timmy will try and find the game manual.

Discounts? Yes, and for the following categories: medical students, veterans, divorced non-Thai males, and all residents of the Vatican. Discounts for the above (upon submission of corroborating paperwork) is 10%, except for priests who will receive 15% (we recognize greater need and of course we believe in God). Note: if you are only age 15-18 please do not tell us you are a priest. Discounts are the same whether you are going to participate in TRANSGENDER SURGERY: ULTIMATE FRONTIER or not. The whole pre-op vs. post-op thing is really none of our business. Make your own decisions. And who knows—you may be a pre-op enthusiast now but become a post-op aficionado in the future. The only constant is change.

And lastly, no surgery photos sent to the office please. We have children in the office, and the pictures make the dogs bark. You knew that.

Who loves you baby? Dana

258. Danaland

TT&A Part 236 28/11/2009

Greetings Dana fans and other advanced human beings: It is announcement time. Get ready to drop your pants and rub your legs together like a cricket. You are not going to flippin' believe this. I can barely believe it and I'm me.

I am going to open a theme park called Danaland. Yup, you heard correctly, and you read correctly, and you have received this information correctly. Welcome to the next stage in your life. I am going to open a theme park called Danaland. And what will the theme be? Me. What else? It is Danaland.

My people have successfully lunched with other peoples' people, the money is in place, important people are getting on and getting off of airplanes, pink lycra suited trannies are practicing opening day air shows, and I am trying to lose a few pounds for the Dana Look-a-Like contest.

The location will be the maritime park south of Walking Street in Pattaya. You know the park I mean. The brand new park with the broken tiles. missing bricks, inoperable lights, and padlocked lighthouse. Anyway, lots of acreage and a great location. The purpose of Danaland will be to enter the final frontier of pleasure. This was not my idea, but the idea of a fan. His name was ... OK, no idea what his name was. It's really all about me anyway. I mean it is not called Fanland. It is called Danaland.

Danaland will be a theme park that's all about me: Dana. Kinda takes the wind out of your atheist sails don't it? There must be a God. Anyway, it's all good and I don't see any problems. I have a twenty year lease with the Pattaya Municipal Government and everyone knows how the Thais respect contracts.

What can you do in Danaland? A brief list follows:

1. Listen to public readings of my numerous and various Retirement-from-Writing announcements. Public crying is OK.

2. Take classes and attend seminars on Danaism. There will be tests. This is damned serious. No shorts, short sleeved shirts, or open toed shoes allowed at these classes and seminars. I will be speaking. Photos allowed.

3. Apply to or attend meetings of the Dana Fan Club (DFC). Yes, members of the DFC receive free admittance to Danaland. Who loves you baby? Dana does.

4. Enter raffles for free tranny 'short time(s)'.

5. Watch through plate glass windows as the All Dana All The Time (ADATT) website is put together. Yes, you can make suggestions.

Special note not related to the above: we have an idea still in committee. Raffle winners get to go up with the tranny parachute air show and push them out of the plane. Could be a rush. Let us know if this sounds appealing.

6. Audition for Dana the Movie.

Special note not related to the above: Proposed idea—a booth where you can insert a 10 baht coin and watch Marc Holt diddle his wombat. Let us know what you think.

7. Raffle winners will receive Walk-with-Me one-on-one instruction on the boardwalk any morning between 9:00—9:20. If you have not met an angel of the reddy teddy kind by then I will introduce you to my Fa … no, wait a minute—what am I thinking? I will never introduce you to Fa you Turd Face Soi Dog Butt. OK, I am sorry for that intemperate language. I've been under a lot of stress lately. I signed a twenty year lease with the Pattaya Municipal Government and the monkey faces (I mean that in a culturally sensitive way) are still jerking me around on

the subject of … OK, that's not really the point—just buy a Walk-with-Me raffle ticket and it will all work out. Sweet Jesus on a cracker—do I have to do all the thinking? Anyway, on the back of the ticket it will say:

"Cancellation due to rain or sighting Marc Holt on the boardwalk. The rain part is self-evident. The Marc Holt part less so. Suffice it to say (white people talkin') that if Marc Holt beats us to the boardwalk the girls will be cranky, confused, confabulated, and anti-connubial. Having Marc Holt on the boardwalk is like throwing chum to fish that don't want it."

8. Fire AK-47's at Chiang Mai Kelly on stage and watch him dance. If you can make him dump in his pants you get a free beer.

(Note: this has been cancelled due to the high cost of ammo. If you have a cheap ammo source contact Miss Up To You at Dana Enterprises—we are currently looking to score some cheap Hamas munitions. Don't worry too much about accidentally shooting Chiang Mai Kelly—we have CMK insurance. The rate is pretty good because the insurance agent is a tranny hound and he can mainline at Danaland. Business.)

Speaking of Chiang Mai Kelly—for the 'in' crowd we have a special invitational only raffle. To wit: win the raffle and you can spend five minutes with Princess and try and figure out what he was thinking. I know every dog has a smile but sweet Jesus on a cracker WHAT was he thinking? Warning: can be disorienting. Do not drive heavy equipment after contact with Princess.

9. Purchase, watch, or be involved in the making of Dana videos. Be all you can be.

10. Make harbor trips to the Dana restaurant barge in the bay.

11. Attend the Church-of-Dana on Sundays.

12. Fire bargirls into the bay with the Dana catapult nicknamed Fxxx'em. Bring your teeruk and surprise her. Note: we recommend making reservations for this.

13. Make day or night trips to the Dana bar.

14. Attend by plasma TV satellite hook-up any current international tranny auctions. Our staff will help you with financials and bidding processes.

15. Learn about and accompany Danaland staffers on Theme Nights (Don't know what theme nights are? How the hell did you get in? Get out.)

16. Take discounted trips in Dana boardwalk hot air balloon tour.

17. Help paste up weekly Nana Hotel news newspaper.

18. Have your picture taken with a plywood silhouette cut-out of me.

19. Learn the Dana semaphore flag system for signaling girls on the boardwalk from your hotel window. Pay close attention and crack experienced Danaland staffers will teach you when to use the fifty baht flag.

20 Watch documentary films on the making of the Dana statues seen at the entrance to Walking Street, and in the Mothership parking lot, and all over the Kingdom.

21. Remember the 'plaster-castors' from the 60's? They were rock 'n roll groupies who would get backstage and make plaster casts of the guitar heroes' dicks. I can remember copies being sold in head shops in Ann Arbor. Anyway, raffle winners will be able to make (or purchase) plaster casts of my dick. Not for resale.

What else can you do at Danaland? Pleasures too numerous to mention. Remember—it is all about me. How do you describe a God?

22. Get measured for Dana outfits—look like me. Yes, your dreams can come true at Danaland.

23. Take flights in jets and helicopters with Fa and her flight-suited teddy bears. Note: adult diapers a recommendation. You have never been scared this much.

24. Field trips to the back of Big Mike's department store where the fruit stand is to look for rotten banana erection helpers.

"Viagra? We don't need no stinkin' Viagra."

OK, I could go on and on. The point is it is Danaland. Franchises not available—one location only. Be there or be square. As an opening day bonus ... OK, more ...

25. Raffle winners will be able to smash with an axe CD's of the song Hotel California.

26. Once a week receiving lines. I will shake your hand. I won't make eye contact with you, but I will shake your hand.

27. Enter daily Tranny-Hand-In-Your-Pants exhibition/contest. Note: reservations a good idea.

28. Attend language—linguistics—accent workshops to learn to sound and talk like me. Dare to dream.

Programming note: on rainy days and during the rainy season Danaland will not be open. There is nothing sadder, and more pathetic, and downbeat than a wet tranny. I'm sure you understand. If you do not understand then Go To Hell. Go Screw Yourself Turd Face. OK, once again, I apologize for that outburst. Getting Danaland going has been very stressful. Anyway, no wet trannies.

29. Tour climate controlled museum of Dana: The Book, and view through bullet proof glass galley proofs of every page. No photos.

30. View diorama of me at home writing and typing a submission for Stickmanbangkok.com. Gallery guides will describe everything you can see. Use rental head phones (head phones free to Dana Fan Club members) to listen to famous published authors describe my writing. Accurately count the number of times you hear the word 'brilliant' and win a framed picture of me riding a horse wearing nothing but a Speedo bathing suit (me, not the horse).

Special note not related to the above: is Danaland available to all? Of course not. What's wrong with you? No French (FTF), Japanese, Koreans, Russians, Ufxxxistans, Chinese, Eastern Europeans, or non-Thai trannies. You're a tranny from Serbo-Croatia with a mustache and a tattoo of your boyfriend's tractor? You ain't gettin' in. Standards. It's all about standards. Don't worry—my name is Dana. I won't let you down. The German issue is still in committee. Hundreds of Germans walking around in shorts wearing sandals and socks is disturbing. None of us want to see that.

Anything else? Yes, condoms. All ticket holders will be searched. You've got condoms? You are not welcome in Danaland. Come on. It's Danaland, not Condomland. Nuff said. Note: once per day around 3:00 p.m. all incoming guests caught with condoms will be stripped and chained to eyebolts on the stage floor. For a small additional fee you can shoot paint balls at these jerks. Danaland—family fun, lessons learned, and standards. And, as an opening day bonus you will receive free just for saying:

"WHO LOVES YOU? DANA DOES."

a Danaburger (patent pending). It's a sirloin charred bacon cheeseburger with lettuce, tomato, and onion plus my special sauce that tastes like a boardwalk freelancer. I dreamed it, soi dogs have tested it. and now you are going to eat it.

All hail Dana and all hail Danaland. There is paradise on earth. See you there.

Sincerely yours,
Dana

P.S.—Thoughtful people have emailed us here at Dana Central and asked us if Danaland is the precursor to destiny's child: the country of Dana. Will I someday be making a thank-you speech to the United Nations General Assembly in New York as the country of Dana flag (catapult on a blue field with the word PULL) is raised to the top of a flagpole outside? Stay tuned.

259. Struggle and Redemption in the Kingdom
2/12/2009

Greetings Dana fans, and all the girls at Superbabies:

Today a double feature: well, actually a feature called Struggle and Redemption in the Kingdom, and a non-related Introduction. Enjoy.

Introduction

Call me surprised. Call me flabbergasted (and I hate it when my flabber is gasted). Call me stunned. Call me—hey, knock me over with a feather: I just noticed in my email archive that it has been months since someone told me that:

1. I'm just a wannabe writer.
2. I have no talent.
3. I have no moral core and myself and all of my family should be killed.
4. I'm a sickening perverted piece of human junk.
5. I'm a good example of why America and all Americans stink. Death to Amerika.
6. I'm no doubt personally responsible for illness and death to thousands of innocent little mountain flowers.
7. My parents were scum.
8. I should be kept from breeding.
9. I don't know anything about HIV or Aids and I never will because I'm just stupid selfish unreflective scientifically ignorant monger trash and I should keep my mouth shut. Everything about this subject is known and any further research or reflection is a waste of time and should be illegal.
10. And of course, everyone's favorite, an email that almost 100% of the time uses the word 'Obviously' as if it was some kind of

exorcism cross pointed at the Devil—"Obviously, you don't know anything about what it takes to get a book published."

Let us stop whatever we are doing, remove our hats, turn our cell phones off, and observe a moment of silence in honor of this jackass email. I sincerely doubt if the email purveyors of this idea have ever had a happier moment in their lives than the moment when they started to type the word Obviously. I have brought so much happiness to so many. Someday I hope that I'll be able to give back. It's all about the love.

So come on guys; don't go from marching to shuffling, don't forget the thrill of the many throated war cry, don't drop the flag, don't doubt your selves—send in more of those emails. Send in those emails and do not forget to use the word Obviously. Every time we get one of those emails here at Dana Central we start hooting, and hollering, and jumping, and throwing things, and backflipping around like demented monkeys.

Party time at Dana Central Bangkok headquarters in the first floor offices of the Rajah Hotel block. I break open the company T-shirt box and hand out the nine T-shirts to the OBVIOUSLY girls. Each shirt has one letter from the word Obviously. On go the T-shirts and down come the panties. I send one of my staffers out with 40,000 baht and he buys out the drink van parked in front of the building, another staff member puts in calls for delivery pizza, Chinese food, Thai food, KFC, and mysterious furry fish balls. By now the OBVIOUSLY girls have sorted out the letters on the T-shirts and are lined up to start conga line dancing. Cue the music. Dim the lights. Never heard of this before? Well, then you obviously don't know what to do with incoming jackass emails.

Interview excerpt from Cosmology And Your Pet magazine: 2002, May 15, pp. 37-39.

Interviewer: Your name sir?

Lucien Prendergast: Lucien Prendergast PhD. Mas. LLcU. MlawCos. Phd.Ast—Einstein. MPh—NM.

Interviewer: Occupation?

L.P.—Physics, astronomical, mathematical, and cosmological genius.

Interviewer: Quick biography?

L.P.—I have a handout ...

1. Removal from school at age 5—encouraged not to mix with most humans. I.Q. 192-214.
2. Worldwide lecturing ages 6-8 on Newtonian physics.
3. Worldwide lecturing ages 9-14 on Einsteinian physics plus attendent math workshops.
4. Worldwide lecturing ages 15-20 on Quantum theory with lab, math, philosophy, and physics workshops for non-Mensa humans.
5. Worldwide lecturing age 21 (took a mental break) on past and present blunders in Physics—string theory, etc. Received United Nations passport. I travel without Immigration or border irritants. Also, received penis reduction surgery. Nobody really needs 20". It was either that or get a right hand transplant of a bigger size hand so that I could hold the thing.

Interviewer: It sounds like you made the right decision.

L.P.—I always make the right decision.

6. Ages 22-46 private consultant without moral restrictions to countries and organizations. Yearly personal brain function philanthropy to help the human race (please do not challenge me on this—I have no idea why I am wasting my time helping the human race).
7. Currently on the cusp of completing a mathematical equation that will combine all properties of dark energy and dark matter.

Interviewer: That's quite impressive. You must be, by any measure, the smartest human who has ever lived. Future projects?

L.P.—Well, astral travel, cellular time dimensions, and time-distance-photon conversion factors. I should think that would be obvious. Sigh.

Interviewer: Well, you must get some small human pleasure from knowing that you are the smartest person who has ever lived?

L.P.—Not exactly, I'm really not so sure anymore since receiving an email about eighteen months ago.

Interviewer: Really? What was the email?

L.P.—"Obviously, you don't know anything about what it takes to get a book published."

Oops, gotta go guys—the music in the office is starting, the staffer is back from spending 40,000 baht at the bar van parked in front of the building, desks have been cleared and pushed together to make a stage, and the pizza, Chinese, Thai, and KFC takeout orders have arrived. Some drunken yelling out the second floor windows got the som tam lady to come up, and girls are forming into a conga line wearing their OBVIOUSLY T-shirts. Where are the mysterious furry fish balls? Who gives a fxxx?

So come on guys out there in Internetland: don't let your selves down and don't let our selves down here at Dana Central in Bangkok. Send in more of those emails (1-10) and most especially email number 10. Because we love to party. Hey, what could be more Obvious?

But that is not really what I want to talk about today. What I really want to talk about today is a personal story of struggle and redemption in the Kingdom called: Struggle and Redemption in the Kingdom. Oops, we are all out of time. No time for the story about struggle and redemption in the Kingdom of Thailand. Sorry. Well, I'll pick this up next week and in the meantime keep those cards and letters coming.

Who Loves Ya Baby? Obviously …
Dana Does

260. Let’s Meet In Pattaya—Bangkok—Boston

TT&A Part 237 5/12/2009

When I first started making regular contributions on the net about my personal Thai experiences I started to get invitations from readers:

“Next time you are in Pattaya—let’s get together. I’ll buy you a beer.”

“Call me when you land in Bangers—I’ll be staying at the Nana Hotel.”

“Call me when you are about to arrive in Bangkok—I’ll pick you up at the airport.”

“I’ll be in Boston on business in November. Let’s get together.”

“If I am not home it is no problem. You can talk to my girlfriend.”

Etc.

Well, what could go wrong? Nice people saying nice things to me and hey, the beer is going to be free. It’s a party. Question: when I called up and the guy wasn’t home do you think his girlfriend could speak Thai? Question: do you think the guy ever showed up at the airport? Anyway, I started to say Yes and meet people. Today, except for the exceptions; I don’t do this anymore. Too many disappointments. Examples:

1. I met one gentleman at a downtown hotel in Boston. He wanted to talk about his personal relationship and woman problems both here in the States and in Thailand. I am not a psychiatrist or a counselor. I also don’t care about your personal problems. Why would I? Why should I? We were both disappointed. Can’t remember his name and never heard from him again. Time wasted.

2. I met another man several times and then stopped answering his invitations. Why? Well, for something I can not prove and am probably 100% wrong about. I have never mentioned this connected to his name publically and I never will; but when I think of him, I can’t get the word pedophilia out of my mind. OK ... forget the word pedophilia. Just saying the word makes me nervous. No, I mean it. Just forget that word. But there is something about this guy that makes me very very nervous. I just stay away. Being with this guy just makes me squirmy so I stay away. I am probably incorrect about this gentleman but sometimes you have to listen to the hairs on the back of your neck.

3. I promised to meet a guy at a certain place at a certain time. He doesn’t show. Finally, I got fed up and left. Leaving, I looked over my shoulder and I could now see him arriving. Too late. I just kept going. Time wasted.

4. I met a guy, who was a frequent Thai visitor, for dinner at the Mothership. Another broken man toy who wanted to call western women names and tell me his tale of woe. Boring. I can’t remember his name and I never heard from him again.

5. A gentleman on another dinner date called me names and was rude to me to no purpose. Excuse me—did I miss a memo on this? I thought we were supposed to be having fun.

6. I met a very nice man (one of my personal heroes) at Swenson’s Ice Cream in Pattaya. I picked the place. It was so noisy we could not hear each other talk. Another disappointment and my fault. I’m not good at picking places because I don’t drink coffee and apparently the coffee drinkers have access to special information on picking places. Lesson learned. Oh well, next time.

7. I met a man and his wife (she wanted to know about the Land of Smiles) in Cambridge (near Boston). Before the main course

was served she was being rude in an ignorant feminist way. I just kept smiling. Did you know that all single men that go to Thailand are pigs? I did not know that. I gotta tell ya. Life for me is just one learning moment after another.

8. I met a nice expat writer but made the mistake of making a negative observation about his writing. I thought the conversation was open to mature adult critical observational remarks about the craft of writing. I admit that at my age I should have known better and this was incredibly unbelievably stupid. Even saying something nice to an author about their writing can get you in trouble. Kind of the same category as saying something nice about someone's wife or someone's children. You just do not go there. He now treats me like a bucket of dirt. I never should have agreed to meet him. We'll call this one my fault but the result is the same. Disappointment.

9. One expat would always offer to meet me in Bangkok and then there would be a cancellation. A coconut fell in Puerto Rico, an igloo melted in Greenland, a drop of rain fell in Hat Yai, there is a special on ten day old durians behind Big Mike's in Pattaya, etc. All good excuses. I don't call him anymore.

10. I met a guy at the Hopf Brew restaurant in Pattaya.

"Dana, it's on me. Order anything you like—it's a privilege to meet you."

At the end of the meal he had no money. I paid for everything—and just kept smiling. Can't remember his name and never heard from him again.

11. "Dana, when you get to Bangkok call this number. My girlfriend will answer if I am not home. You can leave a message with her. She speaks English." Tried three times over a year and a half. Girlfriend does not speak one word of English. How was this supposed to work?

12. Met two English guys who wanted to talk dirty and do dirty things with dirty girls. We would all do this together. Fun huh? I have never written sexually graphic or disrespectful material about Thai women. I love Thai women. Made me wonder if they had read anything I had written. I didn’t block these guys soon enough. They managed to send me dirty pictures.

13. Sitting next to an experienced expat in a restaurant I made some interesting comments about something we could speculate about in a conversational way and I was interested in his input. He shut up like a clam. OK, lesson learned: all expats live in fear. Gee, what a great place to live.

14. I met an expat and his wife again in a restaurant. The husband could not have been more interesting and the wife was a Thai angel. Things were going great and I was really happy to make their acquaintance. Then suddenly, about two thirds of the way through the experience, somebody threw some kind of switch. Don’t ask me what happened. No idea. All of a sudden the air went out of the experience. Never heard from either of them again. Sometimes I wonder if there is something in the air, or the food, or the water in this country that … oh well, I’ll never know—and I’m not taking all of the blame. Another mystery and another disappointment and more wasted time. I tell ya, experiences like this can really spook you.

15. And lastly, I used to visit a couple once or twice a year in Thailand. Foreigner man and Thai woman. They had been together for years. Bright fun people. Worth knowing. I usually had to carry most of the conversational weight but I am used to that. Some people are pro-active and some people are reactive. Not a deal breaker. Then the gentleman made a negative comment about me and about our relationship on the Internet. What? Just no idea. Not a clue what brought this on. OK … next.

Many disappointments. So now I am not so quick to get together with guys for that ‘free beer’. Too bad. It could be a lot more fun. I have met some wonderful men in Thailand and a number of them are personal heroes of mine; but it is like throwing craps. Usually you lose. Ya know folks, I gotta tell you. Sometimes I wonder if I’m just not hip enough to live. Maybe I missed some important memos. When I agree to meet someone for dinner, or for lunch, or for a beer I do not have a single agenda except to have fun. I’m on vacation. Meeting someone isn’t going to help me earn a commission, or get a promotion, or win a contest. The only way I can possibly profit is by smiling and laughing and making a friend. I’m not selling anything and I’m not buying anything. You would think that would be enough. Well, at least that’s what I thought.

So, do I still make appointments to meet new friends? Well, not like I used to; but yes, I still do make appointments to meet new friends. I’m an incurable (stupid) optimist and pretty social. So give me a call and we’ll make an appointment to get together in Bangkok or Boston or Pattaya. But be forewarned. If you see me coming towards you with facial tics, spastic body movements, slurred speech, and shaking hands—well, I’ve had some previous experiences.

261. Soi Dog Research

TT&A Part 238 12/12/2009

Sa wa dee khraps Khun hansum mans, Dana fans, and Stickmanbangkokites:

Dana here at Dana Central on Beacon Hill with a mystery, a proposal, and a service to humanity. I know what you are thinking:

"Again?"

Yes, again—there is no OFF switch on my genius button and I have identified a mystery in Thailand (Pattaya). To wit:

From the start of Walking Street all the way north to the Thai part of the beach around Soi 2, there are no soi dogs to be seen, or to be avoided. I have visited and inhabited and trolled this piece of Kingdom real estate for years and years and years at all hours of the day and the night and have hardly ever (never?) seen a soi dog. How come? I don't know. Makes no sense. In most parts of the Kingdom you have to practice the three soi dog defensive (offensive) moves just to get from the door of your house, or your hotel, or your apartment, or your condo to the store for cigarettes:

(1) Avoidance: crossing over to the other side of the street when you see soi dogs. However, this simple solution can go from triangle geometry to quantum physics in a nanosecond. How? What if there are dogs on both sides of the street? This is how I am different. I can think of this stuff. Exactly.

(2) Proceeding down the street yelling like a wild man and swinging a mulberry bark umbrella like the turbine fans in a jet engine. Some Thais will run, some Thais will applaud. All dogs will stop and shift their dog brains back into dog neutral.

(3) This third method always works but requires a young man's strength or a crazy farang's diet of booze, cigarettes, and sulphur stenching fear. To wit: rocks. That's right Dana fans: rocks. Hundreds of them and all around the size and shape of oranges. You have a French (FTF) net shopping bag over one shoulder full of rocks, backpack and bellypack and chestpack full of rocks, rocks in your front thigh cargo pants cargo pockets, rocks in two camera bags slung around your neck, and rocks in two Indian tailor garment bags tied to your ankles and dragging behind you. As soon as you leave your hotel, or your condo, or your house, or your apartment and you spot the first evil eyed soi dog you start throwing rocks. Problem solved.

Can there be a flaw in this brilliant soi dog solution? Only one—don't forget to plan for the return trip. Once again, this is how I am different. I can think of this stuff. I'm not braggin'—I'm just sayin'. Anyway, I hate to get all Western and educated and smart here but inventory control is important. And of course the more experienced mongers reading this have already concluded that this rock routine could be equally effective against the trannies near Soi 11 on Sukhumvit in Bangkok, and the trannies near Soi 7 in Pattaya. But we must not digress. Must - Not - Think - About - Trannies ... back to the dogs. Soi dogs.

To wit and to iterate: where are they from Walking Street to North Pattaya on both sides of Beach Road? In what way has the cultural curtain of the Kingdom been rent and torn asunder? Is something going on that we need to know about? Should we be on our guard? Inquiring and paranoid monger minds want to know. We need to get to the bottom of this. There must be at least one or two or three dogs somewhere in this geography practicing stealth and knowing the answers—we just have to draw them out and interview them. But how?

Chiang Mai Kelly. That's right, Chiang Mai Kelly. We have him fitted with a custom made neck-to-ankle Velcro body suit and we attach to that suit chicken bones and chicken remains from a slaughterhouse. As he strolls from the Walking Street sign to Soi 2 all you will be able to see is his farang feet and his farang head—the rest will be bones, and blood, and feathers, and meat bits. Imagine the sight. Imagine the aroma. Hopefully, irresistible to soi dogs.

Note; when my self and my Dana Central executives made our first trip to Thailand to a chicken plucking plant to work up the Chiang Mai Kelly prototype costume we couldn't help but notice that the slaughterhouse employees were wearing T-shirts that said:

"We pluck'em so you don't have to."

It instantly reminded my self and my Dana Central Beacon Hill executives of the T-shirts we wear in Pattaya that say:

"We fxxx'em so you don't have to."

Small world. Anyway, with Chiang Mai Kelly as human chum dogs will be seen in public and dogs will be interviewed. So that's the mystery and that's the proposal. What is the service to humanity? Simple. Knowledge is power and we need every piece of Thai based knowledge we can obtain so that someday we can truly break the code and turn Thailand into Mongerland. Who is thinking of you baby? Dana, that's who.

Sincerely yours,
Dana

P.S.—Oh, one thing. If one day you happen to see a monger in a custom made Velcro body suit shuffling down the boardwalk covered in chicken parts and feathers and bloody bits and meat products don't bother him. It's Chiang Mai Kelly. It's research. And it's costing me a fortune.

P.S.S.—Thoughtful mongers and Pattaya social historians might wonder why out of all the thousands of volunteers we had here at Dana Central for this soi dog research project Chiang Mai Kelly was chosen. Well, there were good and scientific reasons. Chiang Mai Kelly knows what those reasons were, and we know what those reasons were. But that is another story. I can, however, give you one example that speaks to the man's character and the man's motivation. Preparatory to this first 'looking-for-soi-dogs' walk as a part of the LFSDRP (Looking For Soi Dogs Research Project) did Chiang Mai Kelly say:

"I am a searcher obedient to the command of truth."—Tyndall (sort of)

Or

"Knowledge must come through actions;"—Sophocles (sort of)

Or

"I love the smell of dog turds in the morning. It smells like victory."—Coppola (sort of)?

Nope, nope, and nope. What he said was:

"Just give me the fxxxing chicken suit and I'll find the fxxxing dogs."

Nuff said.

262. A Nation’s Shame

TT&A Part 239 19/12/2009

I first became interested in the fields of health, and fitness, and nutrition, and medicine forty years ago when I started reading the books of Adelle Davis in college. I was not smart enough to get into medical school but I could read.

In the following forty years an interest in medicine, health, fitness, and nutrition was one of the constant threads in my life. You can’t spend forty years trekking through the jungle without sometimes a snake crossing your path and so it was with me. With more regularity than I would have wished for the subject of massage came up.

Practitioners of massage and customers for the service say that it feels good (makes you happy), eliminates pain, and has positive medical benefits. Listen very carefully. If you believe that massage makes you feel good (it does not), and that massage eliminates pain (it does not); that is your delusionary belief and you are welcome to it. However, this becomes a serious issue when it is claimed that massage has medical benefits. All massage places in Thailand (and the world) with not one exception will tell you that it has positive medical benefits. Many times a list of these benefits is posted. Uneducated country bumpkins with no knowledge of anatomy, nerve pathways, internal organ placement, or the cardiac system pontificate about the medical benefits of massage. Then they take your money. This is a nation’s shame. Thailand is down in the gutter with this ignorant crap and will never become a great nation until they prohibit by law this conscienceless predatory behavior. The only real value and positive feature of the massage experience is when your massage lady (oh excuse me, masseuse) asks you if you want a ‘special’ massage. Add prostitution to massage and you’ve got something.

Let us further review the medical benefits issue of massage with examples and stories:

1. Rural community? Limited opportunities for hygiene? Hey, massage will eliminate head lice. Sure it will. Of course it will. Many happy customers. People exclaimed “My head lice problem just disappeared with massage. It was medically scientific. My sex with my goat improved also.” Ridiculous? You’ll have a hard time convincing millions of stupid humans that.

2. Hey, that was fun. Let’s do another. Poorly educated community? Insufficient level of nutrition and food preparation awareness? Poorly cooked pork? Trichinosis? Billboard quote—”My mysterious illness seems much relieved with daily massage of my feet. It’s all about ancient oriental pathways.”

3. A more modern example? OK, sports physician Bif Bartley says—”Recognition of time tested non-traditional treatment modalities will give a professional sports team that extra edge.” Really Bif? So if a track star keeps slamming his nuts in the 440 hurdles you massage his nuts? Do you put the professional athlete’s legs in stirrups while you roll those testicles around with your sports physician’s hands? You know Bif—oh, excuse me, Dr. Bartley; if I was having a nut massage I’d love to hear some Thai music—’cause you know, massage is so Eastern and everything.”

4. Letter from Esther Cohen, anthropologist, to Mother General Carmelita Lopez of the Sisters of Mercy, Montgomery County, Maryland, U.S.A.—Dear Sister Carmelita:

“Yesterday the witch doctor of the Big Namba tribe here in the Solomon Islands gave me a massage. During the medical procedure he got an erection (boy did he have a big namba).

Anyway, I took a lot of notes and chanted Hebrew nursery rhymes to stay calm. I have never felt so at one with nature.

Could you please have one of your sisters research the Bible for me and find out if Jesus (I'll bet he had a big namba) and that little town tramp Mary Magdalene ever benefited from the medical aspects of massage and if they were ever in Thailand? Particularly, did either one of them have any spontaneous holy emissions that released tension in the muscles?"

Virginally yours,
Esther Cohen

Yup folks, this massage thing is everywhere like the teredo worms in the planking of a ship eating away at the dignity of society and the evolution of mankind towards a more intelligent species.

5. Example: 1968 ad in Paris-Match magazine for the Mothership Massage Emporium, Bangkok, Thailand.

"I got the 'special' massage from Ling. She said it would clear my head. It not only cleared my head, it also cleaned my tubes. Ask for Ling and the Oriental scientific 'special' massage. The medical benefits are unbelievable."

Monsieur Monger Mongahelia from Minnihaha, French Mongolia

6. Ever heard of the Cobra Gold military exercises in Pattaya? Lots of young military men—lots of commercial sex. Overhead in a massage waiting room in Jomtien:

Receptionist: Yes?
Boardwalk Cruiser: Well, I just got through servicing a lot of guys off of ships and I have an aching quivering quim? Is the doctor in?
Receptionist: Well, normally Tuesdays and Thursdays are pussy massage days but I'll see if he can handle you now.

Note: My Fa makes so much money during Cobra Gold exercises that she takes two months off afterwards to visit her family. When she finally returns her pussy is so tight from post-Cobra Gold trauma we have to use Joy dishwashing soap as a lubricant and the hotel maid has to push me from behind.

8. Hey, would you like to get your veins straightened? Ah, forget it; I'm not even going to go into it. It is just too stupid.

9. OK, how about using massage to balance your chakra while you have a crystal shoved up your rear? Just asking. Not everyone is ready for alternative health care eastern medicine modalities. Note: don't worry, they knock the edges off the crystal.

10. And what about your pet? Mammals are mammals right? You say your German Shepherd dog just got a nose full of quills from a porcupine? Well, what better time to put those massage skills you learned at Adult Education night classes to work.

Step 1—pull the porcupine quills out of the dog's nose with a pair of pliers.
Step 2—exclaim to Goering, your little German Shepherd poopsie woopsie, that massage is a non-traditional health care modality as per Dr. Bif Bartley, sports physician.
Step 3—grab your dog's big black bleeding German Shepherd nose and start squeezing.

Hear those howls? That's a happy dog benefiting from the medical modalities (?) of massage.

Lastly: ever notice a cute girl studying a chart with stick figures? She just got off the bus and she is learning massage. Sure she is.

More examples? Well, I don't think that is really necessary but I did have one question for Dr. Bif Bartley:

"What's a modality? I'll bet it's a Thai massage thing right? I tell ya Doc, sometimes when I spend too much time sitting at the computer my modality hurts like hell. I think I need a modality massage from Ling at the Mothership Massage Emporium."

But why pick on Thailand? Not counting the Vatican there are approximately 188 countries and the 'massage industry' is in every country like a cancer. There is no country in the world that will not take your money (cash please) for the so-called medical benefits of massage. This makes massage possibly the largest criminal enterprise in the world. Larger than the drug business? Maybe. It's a mostly cash business—try and calculate the hundreds of billions of dollars in untaxable revenue. Think about that the next time you are lying face down on a bed in Kanchanaburi and a massage practitioner (criminal) tells you your back muscles have 'knots' in them from too much tension (stress) in your life. Bullcrap. She wouldn't know a knot if it was on the end of a rope and she got whacked in the face with it. An excellent idea by-the-way, and something I would like to see at next year's elephant roundup in Surin. And don't worry about negative repercussions to all this knot whacking—we'll just say it is medical and ancient.

In the United States we are currently engaged in a decades old war on drugs. Why? Well, it is felt that drugs accomplish nothing, encourage the wrong sort of behavior, and divert citizen energies from sixty hour weeks in mills, mines, farms, and factories. And worst of all, there is no way to tax money spent on drugs. Hence, drugs are bad. Substitute the word massage for the word drugs and little changes. The only difference is that, worldwide, money spent on massage may exceed the money spent on drugs. You have to give the massage industry credit for genius subterranean criminality on a science fiction scale. This not organized, not sophisticated, barely visible business is sucking up money like a vacuum cleaner.

Anyway, I propose that the resources currently being used and misused on the war on drugs be directed towards massage. International bribes, assassinations, money laundering, serial government lying, helicopter gunships, secret jails, unregistered weapons, slimeball agreements with foreign slimeball government leaders, crooked prosecutors, selective legislating, moronic public moralizing, hi-tech support apparatus; everything is already in place—just move the scope and put the crosshairs on massage.

If you have read this far let me present a challenge to you that you can work on instead of me. Can't quite wrap your brain around the massage industry being a revenue generator in the same category as the drug industry? OK, you do the numbers. There are 188 countries. Now multiply 188 times however many massage places you feel exist on average in each country. Now multiply that number times however much you imagine the average massage place makes in a day. Well, what's the total? And remember, you did this—not me. And do not forget that when you are looking at that number on your calculator that it is only per day. How many days are in a year? Hey, how do I sign up to get some of this lucre? Oh, I forgot—there are absolutely no requirements at all. All I have to do is say things that are not true and charge money for it.

Over the last forty years I have developed some fine tuned opinions on this subject. I believe, starting with Thailand, that all massage places of business should be destroyed (I'll drive the first bulldozer), all massage ladies should be sent back to their villages to make road kill stew, and massage customers should be neutered to keep them from breeding. Naturally, this would be a worldwide effort, but starting in Thailand would send a good message because massage in Thailand is a nation's shame.

Other than that, I don't really have any strong feelings on the subject.

263. God, Buddha, Husband

TT&A Part 240 26/12/2009

Hello. My name is Julie. I was born blind. Well, not really blind. It takes babies a while to open their eyes. I opened my eyes and I could see on schedule. A couple of days later my mother dropped me. The back of my head hit the concrete steps. When my mother picked me up I was blind. If I wanted to shoot my mother someone would have to help me aim. If I wanted to know what something looked like someone would have to word paint me a picture. I never asked for a painting of my mother. Whose schedule was I on now? Totally blind. In moments of stress I would throw out my blind arms for my father.

I don't remember being able to see, but it is impossible to forget the dark lonely despairing prison of blindness. And it gets worse, much much worse. Between the ages of fourteen and twenty-four blind girls and blind women cry themselves to sleep with thoughts of suicide. They have the same hormones and the same needs as a sighted woman, but no boy or man calls on the phone. No boy or man throws pebbles against their window. And if a boy or a man does come calling, he does not come twice. Blind girls and blind women learn to not wait for the phone to ring.

When I was twenty-five years old my father and myself and my mother took a vacation to Thailand. At the entrance to a Buddhist temple on a mountain top in Chiang Mai a man stood in front of me and said:

"Hello, my name is Bruce. What is your name?"

We stood on the second terrace of the temple grounds and he pointed out everything you could see in the valley. We talked for forty minutes. When I talked, he listened. He showed me how to ring the row of bells. At the top of the mountain, we were interviewed by a monk and had lucky strings tied around our wrists. We lit incense sticks and he showed me where to put the flowers I had brought. Fluid ran down my legs.

Five months later we got married and soon there were twin daughters. I believed God had sent Bruce to me. I believed in God, and I believed in Godly things, and I believed in miracles. Bruce's voice was my miracle. His arm around me was my connection to God. I asked him to always stand between myself and my mother. He didn't argue.

Bruce said he was an atheist. I didn't argue. Marriage isn't about winning battles or being a missionary. It is about two people looking in the same direction. In the meantime, he set up a little Buddhist place of worship in the house, and he set up a 'birdhouse' place of worship outside on a pole. I helped mix the cement so that we could plant the pole deep. I was so happy to be mixing cement with my husband that I cried. He and the girls would make new offerings of food and of drink inside the house and outside the house every day. Different ways of thinking about the unearthly future. Two different philosophy tracks but maybe the same destination. We had not married for lust, or married for love. We had mated. Sometimes at night we would talk about the destination. I never talked about God and my husband never talked of Buddha. I always thought our philosophy tracks were parallel: headed towards the same point on the same distant life horizon. We never competed or tried to convert the children. They just assumed it was all One.

When the twins were six years old Bruce was hit by a car. He died in my arms. His last words were the name of the temple in Thailand where we had met.

My father and my mother and myself had Bruce's body shipped from Seattle to the temple in Thailand. On the day of the funeral it rained. Climbing the steps we were in a line: first my father, then my two children, then myself, and last my mother behind me. Dad said he could see Bruce's teakwood coffin being slid into the furnace. Just then my mother slipped on the wet steps.

Falling backward she grabbed me. I fell and the back of my head struck the concrete steps. When she picked me up I could see. First I could see a bright white light. Then I could see a kaleidoscope of colored lights. Finally shapes and then my father. I started to gasp, and gurgle, and wheeze, and cry out:

"Dad, I can see."

I threw out my seeing arms for my father.

Smoke was now coming out of the chimney. My father put his hands on my shoulders and turned me to face the furnace.

"Look Julie—do you see the smoke? That is your God and your husband's Buddha calling him home. The smoke is showing you the way. Nothing you will see between now and your death is more important than this. When it is your turn you will know your destination and how to get there. You are on God's schedule now, but you are not alone; Bruce will be looking down on you and waiting for you. He was sent to you by your God and guided by his Buddha. When it is time, you will be together again."

Behind me I could hear my mother crying. I didn't turn around.

264. A Nation’s Shame Part Two: Final Apocalypse

TT&A Part 241 2/1/2010

“I love the smell of burning tofu in the morning. It smells like victory.”—Pattaya Gary

Preface

Billions of frogs now have mysterious tumors, undersea tectonic plates are pulling apart and oozing primordial magma, the ozone layer is expanding and admitting cancer causing radiation, birds are losing migratory navigational instincts, sexual deviancy is seen as an alternative lifestyle choice, and condoms have moved from the pharmacy shelf to the political shelf.

The center can not hold … all is entropy and the downward spiral of chaos and the denouement of simple systems and primitive creatures that have lost their way. The center can not hold … violence is increasing and happiness is decreasing and … the center can not hold. The Earth is a closed system of increasing stress with no vent … the center can not hold. And what is the locus point, the progenitor and trigger for this comprehensive breakdown of balanced nature? The spa industry.

All is entropy and hope beguiles with empty promise. In the end only Satan smiles. But you have to fight. You have to fight for dignity and you have to fight for life. That’s what men do. And what of the man creatures who are not willing to fight for dignity and not willing to fight for life? Stay tuned.

Introduction

Swedish massage, and hot stone massage, and Thai massage, and aromatherapy massage, and deep tissue massage, and Shiatsu massage, and oil massage with additional sounds and smells and potions and last day bill add-ons … oil massage can feature avocado something, cocoa butter, grapeseed oil, kukui nut oil, olive oil, sesame oil, sweet almond oil, apricot kernal oil, jojoba oil, shea butter, sunflower and coconut oil. How many people think I could sell the idea of transmission fluid massage? Thai massage can have additional essentials (?) like sandalwood something, jasmine something, green tea (?), rose and/or lavender something. and milk (?). Note: if Thais think these are ‘essentials’ they need to spend more time in the dictionary. Anyway, all are descriptions and adjectives and ‘additionals’ to give the massage product and massage service allure. Frosting on the cake. Marketing and advertising in service to fraud and in service to Mammon and the festering stink of corruption.

All bright colored bows and ribbons on a pig. The pig is the massage industry. But a pig with a pink bow around it’s neck is still a pig. A grunting squealing mud loving pig you would not allow in your house. Well, if you would not allow that pig in your house, then why do you allow it in your mind? And what has the pig given birth to? Spas. That’s right, the disgusting offspring of these beribboned and pink bowed massage pigs is spas and the spa industry—the final apocalypse of intelligent behavior in the human species. The compelling, incontrovertible, and depressing evidence of the reverse of human evolution. Spas and the spa industry. Another worldwide criminal enterprise of predatory and undignified behavior without a shred of value except for the followers of Satan and the boot lickers of Mammon. Spas take massage to the final frontier of stupidity and greed. Dialogue example follows:

Husband: Dana, my wife wants to go to a spa. It’s three days of ‘treatments’, alternative healthcare modalities (?), featured speakers with names like Princess Flowerpetal Earthwind and Dr. Positive Vibes, mudpacks, candles, chimes, choral singing to lose weight, sunrise power walks to the banks of the Chao Phraya river, yogic contemplation of universal and personal chakras while holding Bangkok gem store crystals, and purging.

Dana: Do they call the purging Colonics instead of shitting like a goose?

Husband: Yes, have you heard of this place?

Dana: Is it $3900 for these three days?

Husband: Yes—you have heard of this place.

Dana: Does the brochure show a woman buried in Thai white clay getting a Thai herbal compress while a naked albino child covered in rose petals blows on a flute shaped like a penis?

Husband: That's the place. What should I do?

Dana: Get rid of the wife and meet me on the boardwalk. My Fa, who used to work in Thai-farang spas, will tell you stories of retardation and willful resistance to intelligent behavior that you can not imagine. Most of the stories will involve how the spa employees laugh at the stupid rich foreign customers who pay money to buried in water buffalo dung and beaten on the head with bamboo flails. Anyway, after charming you with true life anecdotes from behind the curtain of the spa crime scene (oh excuse me, industry) she will help your recovery from your wife's madness by introducing you to Ling and Bing and Sing and Fing and Da and Ga and La and Wa and Pencil and Yoghurt.

Massage is the gateway drug to the world of the spa junkie. The first needle in the first vein. The abdication of pride and dignity and intelligence in favor of childlike burbling and thumb sucking. The one-two punch of massage/spas is leading to the devolvement of the human race and the poisoning of Mother Earth.

Quote from Ms. Poon Tang, Sangkhla Buri, Thailand:

"I am like so still on my like spiritual journey, but lately I have made like this too totally awesome breakthrough. I spent like six years getting spiritually fist fxxxed in Cambodian massage parlors; but then this like totally righteous hip hop happenin' dude from Sweden turned me on to colon hydrotherapy at the Dewey, Cheatem & Howe spa in Manchester, England. We set up cameras and everything so like we can life regress the totally groovin' fudge shooting moments and download our negative/positive vibes on film. Massage is so yesterday. I sent the Swedish guy a Christmas card that had a photo of the inside of my colon. I believe in giving back. It's like all about the universal love and my new life as a spa customer. Massage is so yesterday."

Unless we are careful, this is our future and these are the mothers of our children. The gateway drug massage leads to more expansive ideas in the craniums of muttonheads. Examples:

1. "Maybe I'd like to be a self-medicating urineologist (drink my own urine): I mean, if you think about it, it's organic."

2. "Maybe I should check out past life regression (talk to dead people): maybe some of my old G-Spot bar customers would send me more money."

3. "Maybe I should have little metal bells surgically attached to my penis and learn to play Hotel California by jumping around like an organ grinder's monkey on yaa baa. Hey, and if don't have a penis maybe I should get one. I'll speak to Swami Baloney and see what he says."

4. "Maybe I should get some Himalayan salt crystal lamps for the 2nd Road short-time room I share with Foomy and Dawn and Poosh. I don't think I am getting enough negative ions."

'Massage is so yesterday. I have advanced to a higher plane of stupidity and childish braying. Before I was just intellectually vapid and juvenile, but now I am a junkie for unproven ideas and the company of women so brain stem dead that their breeding is devolving the I.Q. of the human race.'

One

What is the spa world like? Be prepared to leave the world of evolved mammals behind and leave life as you know it. What can happen to you at a spa? What has the juvenile stupid entering wedge of massage visited upon this planet? Below is a partial list of services, and products, and treatments, and alternative healthcare points-of-view. Men made most of the world but they didn't think up this crap. Men have pride. Get ready to rumble. Get ready to hurl.

Spa Services:

1. Hypnotic Past-Life Regression Therapy (talk to dead people).
2. Revolutionary Healing Visualization and Meditations (?????).
3. International Holistic Health.
4. International Master Reiki Teacher.
5. Connect with your angels (is that gonna cost 500 baht or 1000 baht per angel?)
6. Rapid-Transcranial-Magnetic-Stimulations (an ex-Bangkok mamasan rubs your temples).
7. International Shamballa Master Teacher
8. Distinguish real intuition from irrational emotional reactions (does this help me understand why my teeruk is throwing things?)
9. Colon Hydrotherapy (take a dump in the whirlpool).
10. Holistic Skin Care & Facials (wait 'till you see the bill Mr. Husband—you'll be dropping a colon angel in your pants).
11. Usui-Tibetan Enhancer (when Fa was pregnant her breasts were really enhanced—I wonder if it was this Tibetan stuff?).
12. Awaken your conscience to a new pacha (OK, but I'm not paying more than a 1000 baht for Ling's new pacha).

13. Hypnosis (every time I get hypnotized I imagine I am a boardwalk hooker—a man can dream).
14. A place where time and space seem to merge, showing us different things almost simultaneously in a weaving of our inner and outer experience (I swear I did not make this up).
15. Create your own oasis (already done, A.A. Hotel, Soi 13/0, Pattaya, Thailand).
16. Soul Coaching
17. Energetic Cellular Healing (I think I need this—I rubbed some cells off of my penis last night on an Isaan pubic bone).
18. Astrological Counseling—Ex: ‘The-void-of-course Aries Moon adds to the sense of disorientation during the day but after sunset more felicitous influences take hold.’ (I guess you could make this stuff up but you do not need to).
19. Crystal Therapist (I wonder if she knows a girl named Crystal Chandelier?).
20. Aromatherapy (hey, is that aromatherapy or did you fart?).
21. Flower Essence Therapy.
22. Microchakra Psychology and Inner Tuning.
23. Facial, Tongue, and Pulse Diagnosis (???????—honestly, I did not make this up).
24. Sound Therapy (I always feel better after yelling at whores).
25. Neuro Linguistic Programming (will this teach me when to use L’s and when to use R’s when I am in the Kingdom?).
26. Free From Breathwork (isn’t this called breathing?).
27. 22-Strand Activation: Bring your divine blueprint into physical plane manifestations (hey, try and stop me).
28. Leontine H. is a trained shamanic practitioner and counselor, Usui and Karuna Reiki Master, certified therapeutic energy healer, crystal and sound therapist, plant spirit medicine practitioner, psychic channeler, and legally ordained minister (it beats working).
29. Palmistry and scrying.

30. And lastly: who can forget pyramid power, self-anesthesia, Feng Shui, and dowsing. This week’s Crap-in-a-Hat award goes to Feng Shui. You say you are a Thai-Chinese woman so you believe in ghosts and Feng Shui? See ya later honey.

What sort of people go to spas whether they are in Thailand or in other places in the world? Manly men who build bridges, or make bricks, or write adventure novels, or serve in the military? No, it is almost exclusively women. Women of zero intellectual aspect whose conscious or unconscious sworn life duty is to spend you down on useless crap until you are broke and dispirited. But wait a minute: isn’t that the definition of whores, and prostitutes, and free-lancers, and Hi-So skanks, and cruisers in Thailand? One difference: in Thailand you will be smiling. Are you smiling now looking at the brochure that shows a naked albino child covered in flower blossoms and blowing on a goddamned flute shaped like a porn star’s dick? Exactly.

What kind of women inhabit these places of pestilence? Women who have names like:

1. Silver Hawk
2. Mountain Flower
3. Little Squaw Leaping Fish
4. Ms. Flower Essence
5. Harvest Moon

Note: don’t even hope to find Miss Pussy Galore or Mrs. BJ.

6. Tinkling Bell
7. Miss Magic Fart
8. Meteor Shower
9. Spiritual Vagina
10. Petal Fingers
11. Mrs. Soybean Breath
12. Goatcheeze Breasts (yuck)

and these are not, as if I have to tell you, the names of brainiacs. You are liable to hear conversations like this:

Spa patron: Waiter?

Waiter: Yes madam?

Spa patron: Do you have any chilled whiskey tumblers?

Waiter: Yes.

Spa patron: Do you have a dehydrator?

Waiter: Yes.

Spa patron: OK, I have brought some of my own organic urine and some of my own organic poop to be used as drinks and garnish on my one lettuce leaf salad. Please serve my urine in the chilled whiskey glass with a spritz of seltzer water. Please dehydrate my poop and use it grated for salad dressing.

Waiter: As you wish. We have a special on croutons the size of an eraser on the end of a pencil. Would you like one crouton on your lettuce leaf and poop garnished salad?

Spa Patron: Yes, thank-you. Oh, and waiter?

Waiter: Yes?

Spa Patron: Could you jump up and down?

Waiter: Jump up and down madam?

Spa Patron (and probably some poor sap’s wife): Yes, I was wondering if you had any of those little metal bells attached to your penis.

Frightened? You should be. And it all started with the first needle in the first vein. The first massage.

Do you know why your wife, or your daughter, or your sister, or your mother, or your Thai teeruk is drinking her own urine and eating her own poop at the All Things Natural and Beautiful spa in the mountains of Haiti, or the outskirts of Phuket, or the birch forests of Finland, or across the Chao Phraya river from the Oriental Hotel? She is committing profitless unnatural acts because one of the spa 'teachers' told her to. His name was Swami Rotten Gums or Dr. Bob and his penis foreskin had a crescent moon tattooed on it. Why urine and poop? Hey, it's organic; and if it is organic it must be good. You know; like plutonium, or mercury, or lead.

Waitress at a spa restaurant: More lead on you salad?
Spa Customer: Yes, thank-you.

A smart man can barely communicate with a woman. A stupid man can get them to do anything. No woman wants to be a salesman or to marry a salesman, but the bigger the lie the more they buy. Pitiful.

Ever wonder what your wife, or your girlfriend (or your wife's girlfriend), and all the other wives and girlfriends are doing at the Surin spa you refused to go to? They are playing air guitar with lesbos and having the words MASSAGE RULES tattooed above the love canal. These numbskulls have swallowed the Kool-Aid and you were not at the party. Next you will have to listen to them tell you that you do not understand them. It's time to get some little Indian bells on your penis—or get out. Get out—come to us. Join the Dana Army. It's time to thin the herd. Man time.

Two: The Dana Army

My name is Dana, I am forming an army. The final contagion will be dark roiling clouds, forked lightning, and triumphant exalting testosterone voices of men—real men. Meet me on the boardwalk and I will introduce you to Fa. And she will introduce you to Ling, and Bing, and Sing, and Fing, and Da, and Ga, and

La, and Pencil and Benz (Yoghurt got bought out by an Aussie). Learn to do what manly men are supposed to do. Smile.

Bridgebuilders, and brick layers, and the writers of adventure novels, and motorcycle mechanics, and special forces military alpha males unite. We are going to organize to terrorize. Every spa in the world will be destroyed, every faggotty man in tights will be neutralized, and every foolish woman will be eliminated. It is time to hit the Delete button on parts of the human race and they have self-identified themselves. And what of the flute playing naked albino boy? He will be set free. Men against stupidity and stupid women. The final battle. I am forming an army. Meet me on the boardwalk.

Meet me on the boardwalk in Pattaya. Spas and the spa industry are the final massage evolvement frontier of stupidity, and the women who go to these places are the final enemy. Yes, the final enemy in a coming worldwide battle. As the head of Danaism I am forming an army. It’s time to thin the female herd. You are overweight? You don’t want to ‘kiss’ me there anymore? You want to spend my money to hear Daisy Frostymoon tell you that the only good hamburger is a tofuburger? Well, myself and my army are going to do some human purging that your spa’s featured speakers never mentioned. The last thing these stupid women will hear is the sound of their own screams as their ‘very own personal crystals’ are shoved up their very own personal asses.

Not sure you want to join the Dana Army? Need to think it over? Want to speak to your masseuse about future calendared massage modality opportunities, discounts on scented candles, and terrycloth robe updates? No problem: ask for the NAMEVAC special: we cut off your massage balls and suture on Chihuahua balls—that’s all you can handle.

That's it men of the world—I am forming an army. And like most military campaigns the first step is Reconnaissance. Cue Fa and her silver suited teddy bear.

Three: Fa Reconnaissance

Fa and her four tranny wingwomen hit the deck and come screaming in towards Pattaya Beach with the sun at their backs. It's an afternoon arrival and the end of a nine day photo Reconnaissance mission. Twelve new spas located in Paraguay, and Japan, and Costa Rica, and Germany.

Only one incident on the way home. Anxious to suck up time and get home quickly Fa was pushing too hard at 90,000 feet. Fourteen thousand miles per hour at 90,000 feet (new enriched uranium chili fuel mix) and the ship started to change shape. The leading edges started to elongate and compress the trailing edges, the control surfaces started to balloon, and the fuselage started to pump as it fought for harmonic structural equilibrium. The klaxon alarm jacked Fa to attention. There are still some surprises with the new planes.

The new planes in this five piece flying wedge with Fa at the front and two trailing tranny wingwomen on each side are 3/4 size stretched F117A Nighthawks with space shuttle tiles, SAM undercarriage armor for water landings, F22 Raptor style engine thrust vectoring, and reconditioned X15 engines powered by standard cold fusion nuclear reactors and uranium enriched plutonium pressurized chili quark mist fuel. The molecular fuel responses violate quantum laws of physics. Fa's photo Reconnaissance nacelle is located behind the cockpit. To take pictures she flips the plane.

After this incident: too tired to argue, or communicate with me, or reprogram navigational ideas; Fa just follows the waypoint track home. SatNav longitude and latitude numbers spun like the doctored water meter on a Bangkok apartment building as she hurtled from space down to the thicker soup of Earth air. She picks up the Gulf of Aden as a visual and just starts ripping across the Arabian Sea. By the time she hits the Indian subcontinent the leading edges and frontal surfaces of the plane are starting to glow and pulsate. Subharmonic vibrating puts a flutter in the control surfaces that the computer has to dampen. Another warning to my Fa not to push the new machine too much. The cockpit starts to house a background groan like an old man having an orgasm. Soon India is a puff of dust in her rear view mirror, and then it is the Bay of Bengal and dropping down to 13 degrees north latitude for Pattaya. In the time it takes to raise her goggles and to take off her pressure suit gloves the scattered green diamonds below and to starboard of the Mergui archipelago on the western Burma border appear and dazzle. Ko Lan as a visual will be the last navigational aid before touchdown on concrete hard water.

The five hypersonic delta wing ballistic specks announce their Pattaya arrival pulling sonic booms, super heated water, flames, and startled fish behind them. Another successful air Reconnaissance mission is coming to a close. More spas SatNav I.D.'d—more future human Serengeti plains dramas for Dana's Army.

All my Fa and her tranny wingwomen can think of is R&R. The tranny wingwomen part of the flying wedge has set down early so that they can bang, and crash, and skip skip skip skip skip skip, and bounce, and roll with the exuberance of girls who see that all four of their farang sponsors have rented gold tuktuks to pick them up on the beach. The armored undercarriages of the planes can take the abuse metered out by happy happy humans. They have contorted themselves in the cockpits and zipped off their pressure suit booties; they are now flying with six inch stiletto heels. Fa meanwhile as stuffed her flight suited teddy bear under the aileron cable and hit both nostrils with smelling salt sticks. Only miles to go and no room for errors. She knows that I can see her on the monitor and she smiles. It's a tired smile. The fastest women in the world is tired—so so tired. But she supports the mission—idiot women and idiotic spas need to be wiped out. Her effort is a gift to men and a gift to Earth. There is no one like my Fa.

Four: Maneuvers Begin

Stupid Woman: Honey?

Husband: Yes dear?

Stupid Woman: Before you come back from getting the car's oil changed could you please stop at the Department Store for Stupid Women and get me some more clarifier at the cosmetics counter? My skin needs some more clarifying.

Husband (now Stupid Husband): OK.

And we marry these women? We stand up in public and agree to a one way lifetime contract? Gentlemen—I've had great sex. Lots of it. But sex that great does not exist. Do not drink the Kool-Aid. It is sugar water going down and battery acid coming up. Anyway, it is time. Reach down inside your pants. Got any balls? Then you qualify. You are a man. And there are two wonderful things in your future.

Number One: there are no subterranean spas. They actually advertise their criminality and give you directions. They'll be easy to find whether they are in Thailand, or California, or Rio, or Mexico City, or outside Moscow. Even without directions (we operate on a referral basis only) they are easy to find. Just listen for three things:

1. the sound of the goddamned wind chimes.
2. the sound of overweight women chanting.
3. the sound of the spa owners counting money and laughing like hyenas on helium gas.

Number Two: there will not be any negotiating. The first trucks through the gates will be mercenary groups of men from west African nations. Raggedy clothes, red-eyed; black and blue and purple men with weapons or without weapons. Long blue and black and purple glistening arms, 32” waists, tire tread sandals, gold teeth, black gums, and combs stuck in their hair. Is this important from a military standpoint? Not really—but it sure is fun and sets the tone for what is to follow. No negotiating. We are not interested in female spa customers’ points-of-view. We are not going to be good listeners.

Jogging fat females and anorexics with PhD’s in massage/spa therapy will just start running.

Run Little Squaw Leaping Fish, run ...
Run Ms. Poon Tang from Sangkhla Buri, run ...
Run Miss Magic Fart, run ...
Run Feng Shui, run ... get those fat Feng Shui holistic thighs pumping ...
Run Mrs. Soybean Breath, run.

Noise? Crying? Yelling? Screaming? Not a bit of it. Those are the sounds of the still hopeful, the sounds of the still socially involved, or the self-pitying sounds of those who imagine they’ll have a story to tell later; Hi-So Thai women for example who are secretly thrilled to have a story to tell their friends at the Emporium. Well, that ain’t gonna happen. No sounds. None. Just runners and chasers. Predators and prey. The opening bugle call to arms of the advancing Dana Army. Men and women. Deadly quiet except for the sounds of rasping lungs (how’s that for

Freeform Breathwork?) and feet on earth. The final battle starts. No more men's' wallets will be tapped by stupid women and stupid ideas. No more will there be a reason for the words massage or spa in the dictionary. No more worldwide predation on men, and good sense, and the evolvement of the race. No more fraud masquerading as medical benefits, or spiritual awakening, or organic philosophy (?), or muscular awareness (??). No more overt public criminality. You think rolling cigarettes out of eucalyptus leaves and smoking them by shoving them up your nostrils is purifying and shows your superiority? Fine—but I ain't payin' and the members of Dana's Army ain't paying. We also are not playing. The final screw has turned and the final righteous apocalypse is darkening the skies. Start running.

Run Wind Chime tits, run ...
Run Neuro Linguistic Programmer, run ... asshole.
Run plant spirit medicine practitioner ... run.

And if you are a man and you are a customer of one of these spas it is already too late—just listen for the sound of chopper blades.

Ever been to Africa and seen animals running for their lives? Did you hear any squealing or crying? Not a bit of it. Goodbye ego, and goodbye social posturing. Just running for their lives. Every spa will be turned into a plains-of-Serengeti coliseum—a final drama with men the final victors. Like a said, this opening military action has little military value but sets the tone of what is to follow and it is fun. Hey Mr. Man, when is the last time you had unbridled joy? OK, repeat after me:

"Hey Tofu-for-Brains: you have been going on, and on, and on with diarrhea of the mouth about how fit you feel because of twice weekly sessions of yoga and rapid-transcranial-magnetic stimulation—OK, shows us how fit you are: run thunder thighs

… run. See if you can outrun a red-eyed man from the steamy shores of the Niger river. Hear those chopper blades? Hear his breath behind you? Run thunder thighs, run."

Sixty minutes after the long-armed men with the big feet from Nigeria and the Congo and Cameroon have arrived my army of boardwalk soldiers, Dana fans, and followers of Danaism will start to arrive. No more water buffalo mud baths, no more singing at sunrise, no more naked guy masseuses with little bells on their dicks, no more herbs and oils and pressure point lectures and weird ass Chinese gong music, and no more zither anything, and no more vegetarian anything, and no more massage testimonials from ex-nuns; and we will find and free that poor little Bolivian albino flute player.

Five: Cue the Hueys

Hear that man sound? Helicopter gunships. Part 2 of the order of battle that goes:

1. African guys in trucks
2. Helicopters
3. Tanks
4. Plows
5. Salt trucks

or, as we sometimes refer to the order of battle at Dana Enterprises Military Headquarters:

1. Run Lucy Lesbo, run …
2. Run Ms. Colon Cleaner, run …
3. Run Swami Baloney, run …
4. Run past life regression tarot card reader, run …
5. Run International Shamballa Teacher, run.

Anyway, after sixty minutes the African guys will send up a flare and Fa in her Chinook helicopter mobile communication center will cue the Hueys. Ever seen six foot tall naked trannies in heels man handling door mounted machine guns? Would you like to? Here is your clue. Two words: O.H. That’s right, in the third week of next month a spa on the Thonburi side of the Chao Phraya river in Thailand is going down. Find a place to stand at sunrise just south of the Taksin bridge and you will see 100 gunships coming up the river. One hundred flying insects of death, and two hundred door gunner trannies in heels. Pray for the Jesus nuts and grab your camera. Tranny door gunners, man sounds, spa destruction and violence. It’s great to be a man.

No rockets on these gunships, just machine guns. Heavy masonry, and rebar, and steel will be taken out by 500 Baht Walt and his Russian WWII T-34 tanks. After the helicopters go by check the bridge. One lane is a line of tanks and the other lane has been taken over by plows and salt trucks.

“We ain’t fxxxing around ...
This spa is going down.”

500 Baht Walt, El Supremo lounge lizard of the Mothership in Bangkok, will be lead tank commander. Actually, since Walt is so tall and so huge, when he is standing in the main hatch of the T-34 it looks like he is wearing the tank—-sort of a tank tutu. No matter—he has the kind of long time simmering-to-boil issues with women we need for leadership.

Only one challenge. 500 Baht Walt doesn’t like to leave the Nana Hotel lobby. His idea of a personal safari is to go to the Mini-Mart across the street from the hotel. And a trip around the corner to the Ploenchit Centre requires planning and weeks of thought after the trip is made. I don’t want to say that Walt is sedentary but the words FIRE FIRE FIRE RUN FOR YOUR LIVES are not going to get him to move. So how to get him to the various worldwide locations of spas on the hit list was at first a challenge.

We have fitted out the interior of a C-17 cargo jet to look exactly like the Nana Hotel lobby complete with his tank, Rommel goggles, and binoculars. A few shots of whiskey, load him into the C-17, and he thinks he is still in the Mothership lobby. We stuff a few of his fellow lounge lizards in the plane also. They don't give a fxxx where they are. The giant cargo jet will land on the nearest road near the spa-of-the-moment, down goes the rear ramp, and off goes Walt. Problem solved.

In the third week of next month Walt will be leading fifty tanks across the bridge south of the Oriental Hotel. Mission? To reduce all infrastructure to ground level. And what of the plows and the salt trucks? The plows will open up the ground and the salt will poison it. You knew that.

Conclusion: Review

Massage is the gateway drug that leads to spaism: a social pollutant that is lowering I.Q. worldwide as spa women breed, causing the devolvement of the human race, and torturing Mother Earth. Dana's Army is leading the visionary way with worldwide humiliation and destruction of spas, the spa industry, and spa customers. Those men not supporting Dana's Army will be the object of the NAMEVAC program and their massage balls will be replaced with Chihuahua balls. A new day is dawning and it is a day for men. Run Tossed Salad Pussy, run. Run Surin elephant camp chanters, run. Run professional Thai reflexologists, run. Run Chiang Mai spa holistic oasis teachers, run. Hear those sounds behind you—African men and helicopter gunships? Run.

Welcome to the future men ... sweet apocalypse. Sweet final apocalypse.

265. A Mystery

TT&A Part 242 9/1/2010

When I met Fa she was on the wrong side of thirty. Now she is on the wrong side of forty. It's been a long road. And never just easy. From the start it was her way or the highway and I had to hear the word NO. But she had misjudged me. My life had been failure, humiliation, and regret. You either go crazy or you dig in. I dug in at 500 baht. What would the next day bring from this tough beautiful whore?

The next morning of the next day she smiled and we crossed Beach Road to my hotel. Another 500 baht and the beginning of years and years. She never said a bad thing, and when she was pregnant she let me nurse. I don't think a younger man would have been able to handle Fa. It has taken monumental older man patience and compromise. The concept of investing is that you defer now for a bigger payoff in the future. Other women in the Kingdom were my slot machine pleasures—I invested with Fa. It was years before she would even lay beside me when we were finished making love. I wanted Fa to like me more—she didn't. I waited.

Last year after a typical morning 500 baht session she stayed next to me and asked if I would like to do 'long time'. If I had not been lying down (gasping for breath), I would have fallen down—and we had beaten the ten year mark on that one. Naturally, I said YES. Heck, maybe at this developing relationship rate I'll get a kiss on the lips at the twenty year mark. Sigh—I love Fa.

'Long time' would be at her apartment. She lives a couple of sois over from my hotel. Usually once a week. Sometimes twice. Hard not to notice the calendar on this. Just before leaving Pattaya to go to Isaan for a couple of months she would suddenly find me more appealing (needs money), and upon return she would be calling me (she was broke). Like I said, not a young man's game. But Fa near me was like Kryptonite near Superman—I had no defence.

The other day she calls and asks if I want to do 'long time' and can I come at 5:30 p.m. instead of 10:00 p.m. and can I bring my small backpack? When I knock on the door she smiles and drags me inside. No small talk and no boom-boom. First she takes off my backpack and helps me put on her babypack with the baby. Fa has a baby (no not mine). I have spent many wonderful times walking with Fa with her baby on my back. I think this should bother me. It doesn't.

Next she has me stick out my arms and she puts my small backpack on my front. Then she puts two backpacks on—front and back. Out the door. Where are we going? No idea ... well, why don't I just ask? I have known her for years right? We two mature adults (I'm 58) must be able to communicate—right? Wrong. I don't speak Thai, and the Thais are the French of South-East Asia. Get one tone incorrect and they pretend they have NO NO NO idea what you are trying to say. Thais don't want to communicate with non-Thais. Period. Does Fa speak English? Well, yes and no. When she wants to she can speak English (how many English clients has she had in twenty years) but she holds back and pretends she can't with me. Why give me anything? This old whore is tough. Like I said, not a young man's woman.

Well, it turns out that on this day of the week every week there is a local outdoor market mostly for Thais. You don't see many foreigners. It is the village from their youth that all the Thais remember—in the middle of Pattaya. Unimpressive, shabby, dirty, and low prices. Now I know why we are carrying extra backpacks. And I know why I got the call for 'long time'. Sigh. But I am happy. I am with Fa. Of course there is a lot of girl talk with her friends and a lot of baby talk with the baby but I don't mind. I can feel the sun on my shoulders and I am just unreflectively happy. And I believe the Thais believe that the baby is my baby—our baby—Fa and I. I don't mind this and Fa does not correct them. Everyone is very nice to me.

After about two hours we stagger home like beasts of burden—backpacks full of canned goods, and fruits, and vegetables (what is that?), and paper towels, and toilet paper, and a bucket, and a mop, and cleaning supplies (what is this?), and baby stuff. In addition to the baby on the my back and the backpack on my front; I am also carrying two plastic bags of stuff. Fa has the two backpacks plus the rubber bucket, and the mop, and a fist full of fashion and celebrity magazines.

Into the apartment and I strip off backpacks and fall onto the bed. Fa puts on some Thai music and there is much kissing of the baby. I hear my name. And there sprawled out on the bed I try to figure out the mystery. What mystery? Well, review the story. What didn't you read about that you expected to read about in a Thai-farang drama? What's the missing link? What did I expect to have to do over and over and over, but in fact; I never had to do once?

Fa paid for everything. She never asked me for money. Not once. She's a bone lazy whore with finely attuned user and manipulator skill sets with farang customers but she never tapped me once. I had 2000 baht in my wallet ('long time' is 1000 baht). I'd have made a contribution. I'd have helped her out. But she never asked. Which brings to mind the question:

"Hey, what is going on with this relationship?"

Stay tuned ...

266. I Can’t Go Home and I Need Help

TT&A Part 243 16/1/2010

Dana’s Log—Starship Pattaya—August 09

Dana here Dana fans, men of the world, Pattaya brothers, and mongers. Greetings and salutations. Sa wa dee khrap and … OK, I’ll just cut to the chase.

It happened like this. I went to my world famous incredibly expensive dentist in Boston’s financial district and he quoted me $7200 for two crowns and three putty knife skill level non-mercury topical composite fillings. For that amount of egregious overcharging I expect to get a naked woman and a trout stream in Scotland. I didn’t say that.

Instead, I called up Pattaya Gary and he recommended a dentist in Manila. Off to Manila. In Manila I got two crowns, three fillings, tooth cleaning, sexy dental assistants, radiant smiles at the front desk, and a titanium post artificial tooth installed for so much less than $7200 I’m not even going to tell you. You wouldn’t believe it. Let’s just put it this way—I also received as a parting gift a naked woman and a trout stream in Scotland.

It took three weeks to get all this work done because I require double novocaine shots for all dental surgery. Caution called for surgery or dental appointments every three days. Exiting the dental clinic at the end I was on antibiotics and percocet/morphine pain killers. You could have whipped me with a wet noodle, and I couldn’t have gotten a stiff dick if you used tongue depressors to make a splint

So naturally … I went to Angeles City. Not to participate in boom-boom, or yum yum, or ow ow; God knows that wasn’t going to be possible—just to be a tourist. The plan was to just check out all the bars and to check out all the girls before flying back to Bangkok. In organizations and in the military they refer to this as BUOT (Best Use Of Time). OK I just made that last bit up. Anyway, I had a plan. So what happened?

I never got to girl number two or to bar number two. Maria was a door greeter at the first bar I walked up to. I went down like a tree. My knees gave out like I had just been shot in the head with a!470 Nitro Express. Stick a fork in me—I was done.

Well ... the first short-time became a second short-time. The second short-time became a third short-time. Sunday I found my atheist self in a Catholic church with Maria singing about Jesus and flying angels. I was also wearing a motorcycle helmet in case Maria's head exploded. She looked so happy her head might explode.

Short-times became long-times. My jaw and my teeth and my mouth started to feel better and I no longer needed dick splints. Then I said:

Me: Let's go to the hotel activities director and sign up for tourist things to do in town, and outside of town, and on the island, and maybe on some other islands in the Philippines.

So we signed up for four days as traveling tourists. Maria was so happy she was babbling. I almost changed her name to Brook. I thought she might have a brain aneurysm.

At the end of three days of this 'see-the-Philippines' stuff I said:

Me: Maria, do you have a passport?
Maria: Yes, why?
Me: Let's go to Thailand instead.

Let's go to Thailand instead? Yes, well: here is what happened. I just could not warm up to the Philippines experience. The filth, and the garbage, and the damaged infrastructure, and the damaged people, and the sores on the children's legs, and the despair, and the undercurrent of potential violence was just too much for me. I'm a small almost elderly white guy. I just want to have fun.

So we flew from Manila to Thailand. Using my condo in Pattaya as a home base we did fun tourist things in Chiang Mai, and in Bangkok, and in Pattaya, and in Phuket. It was great—really one of the best times in my life. Happy people make other people happy and Maria the door greeter from Angeles City was ecstatic. She had the demeanor of a prisoner who had gone over the wall and found the sun. But it had to end. That was the plan and Maria knew about the plan. Still, on the morning of the last day she lay by my side and cried.

I'm no fool (OK, I'm not a complete fool) so I accompanied her to the airport and stood and watched her get on the plane to Manila. Case closed. Plan completed. Everyone happy. Time to move on. I'm an international person and I have successfully done an international thing.

So, what's the problem? Well ... I've known Fa for about eight years here in Pattaya and she had a temporary housing problem so I let her move in with me. She brought everything she owns including an aquarium, fish, and a parrot. Fa's been a whore for about twenty-four years and to say she is tough is to make an understatement. Imagine a cobra that shaves with barbed wire and gargles with razor blades.

So, what does this Fa housing thing have to do with Maria in Manila? MARIA IS NOT IN MANILA. I just saw her on a motorbike taxi with a backpack and a suitcase and headed for my condo. Fa is there. I am supposed to be there. If I go home Fa will be there, and I will be there, and Maria will be there. This is the part about getting dental work done in the Philippines that Pattaya Gary neglected to tell me about.

Help me. I need help. Help me. Please tell me what to do. Oh God—please help me. Email me immediately or come down to the Internet place near Soi 10 and Beach Road. Hurry. Run like people with knives are chasing you. And don’t ever, ever, ever, ever come to Thailand if you are reading this from outside the Kingdom. This place is a deathstar. A train wreck. It’s … please, I am begging you; please help me. See, here is the thing. If you have never been to the Kingdom before you might think that the two girls will fight and one will leave. You are mistaken oh innocent one. What will happen … what almost always happens, is that Fa and Maria will share stories and then join forces. Fa is tough and Maria has ideas of her own and a backbone of steel. The two of them together will meld into one angry wild-eyed estrogen bomb. Like coiled spitting cobras they wait for me to come home. Waiting for the foreign man mouse to show up. I WILL BE TORN TO PIECES.

Oh God … please help me.

267. A Published Author’s Lament: Thoughts and Review

20/1/2010

If I may make an observation regarding Mr. Rosse’s story titled A Published Author’s Lament: in my opinion, one of the wonderful and valuable things about Mr. Rosse’s story is that it puts a human face on the whole writer-publisher-editor world; a world that in my opinion takes itself too seriously.

I recently wrote a comedic-facetious story on the writer-publisher-editor world and submitted it to a website. It was rejected as not being ‘respectful’ enough. Well, that was kinda the point. Sound, and light, and make-up, and marketing are all important; but what is behind the curtain? I always opt, no exception, for having all of the cards on the table regarding social issues. One of those cards ought to be a sense-of-humor card. My experience is that people do not like this.

The reason I keep pressing my thumbs against the eyeballs of the writer-publisher-editor issues is because I demand intellectual rigor. There is no writing by any author of any kind or under any circumstances that could not be improved by an editor? None? Never? Ever? There are no historical examples? No contemporary cases can even exist? You are kidding right? Is this the unintellectual nonsense that you teach your children? No exceptions exist? There are no special circumstances? There are no special humans? Exceptions are not interesting or worth studying? Exceptions do not make the subject and the world a more interesting place?

Pol Pot tried to do this in Cambodia—eliminate every exceptional circumstance, idea, or person. What was the result? Can you imagine Mr. Pot saying there are no (NO) exceptions to the idea that an editor is always (ALWAYS) needed? I can. I can easily imagine him saying this. I try to pick better companions and more intellectually stimulating ideas with which to fill up my life. I also consciously try to make historical and contemporary times more interesting. I know exceptions exist. Every writer, no exceptions, since the dawn of writing 6000 years ago would have been improved with an editor? Every one? You simply have to be kidding. As a charity I’ll assign this idea of yours to the humor category. You can not be this stupid.

General rules make life manageable. But exceptions count also. It is all part of the equation of life. Most of post-WWII science sold a seamless universal idea that the speed of light was constant. Well, guess what? It isn’t constant. Recent measurements show that the speed of light can change based on gravitational influences. Did contemporary scientists deny the exceptions? Did they fire off frothing emails? Did they burn the new discoverers at the stake? No and no and no. They embraced the exceptions happily. New information. A more interesting world. More smiles and happiness from the equation of life. All writing no exception from the beginning of time would have benefited from a 26 year old editor graduate of Chulalongkorn University? You are kidding—right? Meet me at my deathbed with this idea. I want to smile on the way to heaven.

Wouldn’t our lives be more fun if we didn’t deny exceptions but celebrated them? Exceptions don’t negate general rules—so why are we so anxious to deny exceptions? From whence this need to homogenize? Who are the exceptional authors who did not require editing? Who are the real writers—the diamond cutters of literary history? I think considering this in a serious way and trying to make a list would be fascinating. I do not believe it has ever been done or attempted. In my particular case, I do not accept that my writing would benefit from editing. I believe that I produce diamonds. Well, there are only two possibilities here.

Either I am correct or I am incorrect. Why can't I hold this point of view? It is my life. It is my mind. Why are others so anxious to take this idea away from me? Do these individuals also make it a practice to go to other people and disabuse them of every unpopular idea they have? The fact that a writer believes that his writing could not be improved by an editor—that every time he hits the SEND button he is sending another diamond is an interesting idea. Has this idea been dealt with in an interesting way by others? You ought to see my emails.

Suppose it turns out that I am correct? Wouldn't that be really interesting and fun? Or are we no longer interested in interesting things—just interested in pulling others down in the mud we are in? You say an editor helped you (your description) get your writing from not that special to pretty good? I believe you but what does that experience have to do with me? Since when are you the measure of my life? Think.

The need for editors as a seamless literary fascist law of social physics is the current idea-de-century. Offering views on the subject that require open minded thinking brings me emails full of froth as if from rabid raccoons. Are these angry judgemental emailers upset with my views on writer-publisher-editor subjects? No, not really. They are angry because I am not marching in lock step with others. How dare I have minority points-of-view integral to my own persona and express them publically? Who the hell do I think I am? One of the lessons of the Internet for me is that many men have no interest in freedom of ideas. It isn't the opposable thumb that makes them human—it is the trigger finger. Since 1499 has even one human suggested that Michelangelo's sculpture La Pieta could have been improved with editing? No. No human is this stupid. Have you ever heard one person suggest that Picasso's painting Guernica would have been better if someone stood by him and made suggestions?

“Hey Pablo, smear in a little more burnt sienna and royal blue here.” Mozart anyone? There are exceptional acts by exceptional people. To my knowledge only the world of writing-publishing-editing is promoting the idea that exceptional acts and exceptional individuals do not exist. Silly. And some of these exceptional people are islands. Human islands do exist and it is a very good thing. God knows how many hundreds of years we might have been set back if people had messed with Newton when he was thinking thoughts and doing math.

I have read both of Mr. Rosse’s books more than once and I enjoyed them both. I highly recommend them for Mothership bathtub reading between falling in love with teeruks from the Rainbow bar. I disagree with him on trivial subjects but his writing (stories) improved my life for the time it took to read them and to reflect on them later. His strength, in my opinion, is content. Stories that are interesting stories. Required to do so, I could not describe his style or technique. Mr. Rosse is more academically knowledgeable about writing than I am. Perhaps he could tell us into what stylistic category his writing falls. I would learn something. There is little idiosyncratic branding. In other words, the things I do and get pilloried for, he has chosen not to do. Different people—different choices made. Writing effectively (the reader keeps turning the pages) without hooks of style, or passion, or technique, or branding can be difficult. The only thing left is the story compellingly presented. Mr. Rosse knows how to do this.

I recommend Mr. Rosse’s books

268. He Makes Me Sick

TT&A Part 244 23/1/2010

Greetings Stickmanbangkokites and Dana Fans:

I guess after so many years of public writing on the Internet it is time to come clean. After my third arrest for smuggling durians in my pants, my second anger management class for totally losing it at the Chonburi automobile driver's license issuing authority, and my first 'shooting-from-a-tower' incident; I finally decided to—-OK, that is not really what I want to talk about today. What I really want to talk about today is my Early-Days-in-the-Kingdom trekking guide career in a dialogue story titled:

He Makes Me Sick

Scene: A no-name crossroads village west of Bangkok and east of Burma. The kind of place you can never find on a map later and makes you wonder if you were hallucinating.

Principals: Nine members of a trekking tour—Horst, Brian, Julie, Samantha, Junabi, Einar, Maria, Zsa Zsa, and Carmen plus me.

Samantha: Girls, are you up for some gossip?

Girls: You know it. Is it about our trekking guide Dana I hope?

Samantha: Yup. Our guide Dana did not sleep alone last night.

Girls: Again?

Samantha: Yup. Saw him and his little Thai strumpet roll in here about eleven last night. She was wearing a Mickey Mouse T-shirt, a Teddy Bear backpack, and pushing a pink bicycle.

Girls: Sickening ... Jesus, he's going through women like prunes go through an old lady. He just picks them up and puts them down. And he isn't going to marry any of them. Don't men know they are on Earth to marry us and pay for us? I'll bet he can't spell the word condom either. Pig. All men are pigs. Pig.

Samantha: Remember the woman at breakfast with him at Sanglaburi? Remember the incident with the two gigglers at the elephant training camp in the jungle? Remember him picking up the Malaysian dark femme fatale on the escalator at Big Mike's in Pattaya?

Maria: Yes, I remember the escalator lady in the department store. Arms like noodles, flat as a board, and one of the sexiest women I will ever see in my lifetime. Maybe it is something in the food, or the air, or the water in this country.

Carmen: Yup. She called him Pappa. I'd have laughed but somehow it didn't seem funny. It seemed natural. I can't quite tune in to this country.

Zsa Zsa: I thought I would hurl. In my own country all men are pigs and in this country same. All men are pigs. My name is Zsa Zsa and I am from Transylvania and I ain't touchin' it unless you can smash it on a lobster at dinner and crack open the shell. I once slammed a car door on my boyfriend's and there was no damage. My sister had a fit one night and slammed the window down on her boyfriend's dick. Broke the window. So don't show me no pictures or tell me big stories. All men are pigs and scum and I'm not sittin' up and takin' notice unless you can pound tent pegs with the thing. And forget about cutting it off and feeding it to the ducks like in this lameass country. In Transylvania we'd need a chain saw and that wakes the men wake up. Now I know why the Thais invented the telescope. It's the only way they can find the penises on these little brown skinned monkeys. In Transylvania Thai mens' greased bodies would be laid on the ground and used to launch ships. What else would they be good for? I wish I wasn't on this stupid tour. I wish I was at a mountain meadow nudist resort in the Carpathian mountains and the men had cowbells on their penises. They're still scum but at least you've got something to spit at.

Samantha: Remember the van driver in Phuket?

Girls: Yeah, her van was outside his bungalow that night. She had a rockin' body, and a tattoo of Tweety Bird on her upper thigh. So goddamned dumb she probably thought Tweety Bird was a western religious figure. Her breasts were so high they were hittin' her under the chin. The women in this country are freaks.

Samantha: Sickening. How old is Dana anyway? He's got the 'beat-it-with-sticks' body of a twenty-five year old, but that can't be right.

Maria: Yeah, sickening. This guy is totally gag me with a spoon. Besides the obvious night time activities, I wonder if they spend time looking in the mirror to see who has the tightest abs. Makes me want to puke.

Julie: Speaking of abs—OK, there is no segue here: am I the only one who noticed his huge log of man meat straining to be free that day we went swimming at the Surin Thon Dam?

Zsa Zsa: Yeah, I noticed. It looked like he was smuggling a big sausage from my country.

Samantha: Remember the fruit seller in Phetchabun? And that night her little fruit wagon was in the guest house parking lot?

Girls: You don't mean?

Samantha: Yup, I heard them going at it like wildebeests in heat. Sickening. I got so sick of hearing little Miss Fruit Seller gasping and giggling I almost stopped listening and writing it all down in my diary.

Julie: Disgusting—oops, there he is with Miss Pink Bicycle. Jesus, look at her. Is there any cellulite in this stupid ass country?

Look up the word 'lickable' in the dictionary and there would be a picture of her. I wish I hadn't come here. I wish I had gone on a vacation at a spa in Poland instead.

Zsa Zsa: I hate this country and all the men are pigs. Look at him with those big hands and that tan. I wouldn't touch him. If I was back in Transylvania and he were dead and in my bed I wouldn't take any pictures of him or push that dick log around with a stick. My name is Zsa Zsa and I am from Transylvania. We have standards. Let me repeat for those present and for history: in my country if a woman wakes up with a dead man in her bed and that man has a bigus dickus el flagrante we don't have posed pictures taken of us with it a la Roosevelt on safari. Just don't. Not in our culture. We have dead-man-in-bed-big-dick standards. My name is Zsa Zsa and I am from Transylvania.

Samantha: Remember the trip we made to the Sirin Thon Dam near Laos?

Girls: What of it?

Samantha: Remember the girl weaving straw animals with her father?

Maria: Oh, say it isn't so ...! she may have been a father's daughter but she was on the wrong side of forty. Her breasts looked like divining rods and you would need spackle for the lines in her face. Not that I'm being unkind; I'm just sayin' is all.

Samantha: Yup, saw her climbing out the back window of our guesthouse at 6:00 a.m. the next morning.

Julie: Samantha, how did you see her that early? What were you doing up?

Samantha: I was getting butt pumped by an Australian expat.

Maria: Oh, no problem, at least he is white. Aussies are white aren't they? Anyway, this guide Dana is bringing us all down. I mean the guy is going to make me hurl. Gag me with a spoon. Groddy to the max.

Samantha: Horst, what are you smiling at?

Horst: Oh, come on girls—lighten up. He's OK, and admit you admire him for living life to the fullest. And I and Junabi, and Einar, and Brian have all caught you gazing at that banana in his pants.

Samantha: Sickening, disgusting, makes me want to puke. Men are pigs. They only want one thing and it ain't gettin' married.

Horst and Brian: Oh, come on. If the men of the world knew about Dana's lifestyle they would lift their eyes to heaven and say:

"Please God—please, I'm begging you—please make me a trekking guide in Thailand. I'll Never Ask For Anything Again."

Junabi: Horst and Brian speak the truth. In my country we would steal candlesticks from the temple to get enough money to get a job like Dana Guide.

All Girls: You are sickening. Men suck. Shake out your dicks so we can spit on them.

Zsa Zsa: Oops, I see Dana coming for our morning meeting. Who's he with?

Samantha: ANOTHER ONE? What happened to Miss Pink Bicycle?

Horst and Einar: I love this guy.

Girls: Hi Dana. Gee, you look really handsome this morning. Your pecs are tight, your stomach is flat, and your thighs are ripped.

Zsa Zsa: Dana, do you like my scoop neck tight peasant blouse?

Dana: You look nice Zsa Zsa.

269. Living on the Boardwalk

TT&A Part 245 30/1/2010

Finally Home: Pattaya Farang History (Past as Present with Historical Update)

Dana here monger lifestyle fans with another true story from my life. I get this email from a guy who tells me that some hotel called the Cottage hotel up near the Soi 2 dogleg and Phetdrakul Rd. (think that's it) in Pattaya is a great hotel. Normally I just delete this stuff because I am very happy at the A.A. Hotel on Soi 13/0 in Pattaya. Great location. All you have to do is walk them across the street and it is boom-boom time. But there is something about this guy's recommendation that makes me save it. It has the patina of truthfulness and I have had the idea in the back of my head for a couple of years that I would like to do about a month in the 2nd Road and east of 2nd Road area. This is a completely different scene from the boardwalk.

On the boardwalk I can stumble across women of femininity, and beauty, and exotic sexiness, and all around wonderful cuteness just hanging around holding up palm trees and waiting for me to come by and say:

"Sa wa dee khrap saldkjf adslfjdslfh sadllh dllf kuhn dd suay maak kuhness flat brown stomach 500 baht?"

OK, I still can't speak Thai but it always seems to work out. Anyway, you wouldn't think it was possible but I think I am beginning to burn out on wonderful cute Thai women. Too many petite virgin innocent mountain flowers can make you gag. Yeah, I know; it surprised me too. Anyway, the antidote to all of these Thai angel experiences would be to spend time in the 2nd Road and east of 2nd Road area where little Thai baby girls are named Skank and Up To You by their moms. Like I said, a whole different scene. And to get the low down on this scene I need to sit at the feet of Chiang Mai Kelly, a 2nd Road and east of 2nd Road expert. He knows everything. He's done everything. He can top any story you tell. I worship this man. I kiss the ground in his shadow. I also look a lot like him if I wear the same clothes he wears—hey, if the girls get confused it is not my fault.

But then I got to thinking (I'm a thinker). What if I was staying at this Cottage hotel place but I just happened to be on the boardwalk one day licking a Swenson's ice cream cone and I bumped into my future (or at least the next hour)? How would I get her to the Cottage hotel located on the backside of the moon? Astral traveling? No. Jet pack? No. Mind projection? No. I'd have to go through some tortured routine that involved walking and baht buses and all the rest of the inconvenient travel infrastructure in Pattaya to get her to the fxxxarium called the Cottage hotel. Not fun. I hate traveling with Thai women because I do not enjoy trying to converse with something that has the synapse activity of a bucket of paint, and I do not appreciate the extra cost involved, and I hate the wasted time. A problem.

It's a conundrum. Presumably, there are a whole bunch of really fantastic hotels experiences in Pattaya that I could be having but this 'I hate to travel with whores' thing just keeps getting in the way. In fact, come to think of it (I'm a thinker), I sometimes wish I could eliminate the time it takes to cross the street to the A.A. Hotel from the boardwalk. Admittedly, it is only three or four or five or six or seven or eight (Beach Road traffic) minutes; but once again—I hate traveling with whores. Then it hit me. The solution (I'm a thinker).

Living on the boardwalk. That's right. You heard me. You read the words. LIVING ON THE BOARDWALK. Yes Stickmanbangkokites, it is now time for the final step. I am going to live right on the boardwalk and eliminate all that pesky time wasting activity of traveling with Ming and Ling and Sing and King and Fing and Fang and Bang. All I need is one of those great big huge cardboard boxes that refrigerators are shipped in. I'll live (and love) in the box right on the concrete sidewalk. Don't envy me because I am so smart. This is the way God made me.

So … where to get one of those empty refrigerator cartons? Pattaya Gary. That's right, my friend Pattaya Gary will know where to get one. He buys and sells and rehabs Pattaya condos and he knows everything about this stuff. I don't want to say this guy is successful at this, but he goes through Pattaya housing condo units like prunes go through an old lady. I'll call him.

Not to digress here: but Pattaya Gary is not just a condo king but also dips his economic wick into freestanding housing estate units, raw land (ask him where you can go to shoot AK-47's at washing machines and old cars), commercial leases, bars, tapioca field speculation, shrimp farm infrastructure, ferry boat construction, Bhumi airport runway crack repair contracts, the fledgling monogrammed condom market, and the private sales of airport screening devices for perverts. Anyway, the important thing is, he'll know where to score some Rolls Royce quality empty refrigerator shipping cartons. Is everything timing? No. Is everything location? No. It is who you know. And I know Pattaya Gary.

He says to meet him at a big huge mall place. When he arrives on his motorcycle he has about 200 feet of rope. So it is Gary and myself and two motorcycles and about 200 feet of rope. We go around back and there near a loading dock we find a fantastic refrigerator carton. It is for a commercial kitchen refrigerator and it is huge. My future home. I hear birds singing, and Pattaya freelancers groaning. God I love this country.

Gary tells me to park my motorcycle parallel to his bike and about four feet away. He then ties my future home on the back of the two bikes. He explains to me that this will work if we maintain the exact same speed. Except on corners. On corners the outboard bike will have to go a little faster. It's a physics thing. Anyway, I nod my head and try to look accommodating. I'm kinda scared of this guy because he is so big and huge; but still, a little birdy in my brain is chirping:

"Are you crazy? This is not going to work."

It did not work. It did not work even down the little exit ramp. We never even made the first turn onto the highway. Look up the word BAD IDEA in the dictionary and there would be a picture of this idea. A disaster. And a water truck ran over the carton and destroyed my home. "No worries mate."—says Gary (he is currently rag doll pounding an Aussie woman). "Meet me here at the same time and place a week from now and I have a sure fire 100% absolutely can not fail idea."

Next week I arrive and in front of the mall I see Gary in a Roman chariot with two mules hooked up front, and a new refrigerator carton tied on the back. Questions ensued. It seems that the Roman chariot is a prop he borrowed from the Tiffany's tranny show, the mules are borrowed from a Burmese yaa baa pack train, and the Roman outfit that he is wearing he just happened to have in the closet. A crack of the whip from the Bangkok Eden bar and he is off. It all went without a hitch. A genius idea. Proof once again if you needed it once again that the expats in this country are the chosen ones. The only problem was that it was a windy gusty day and his Roman gladiator's skirt kept blowing up.

Soon my new home is on the boardwalk right across from the A.A. Hotel. A fantastic view of the ocean and no more time has to be spent squiring Thai women of the commercial kind to the bed across the street. The bed is right there. How do I think of these things? Genius. The only thing is that it kind of sticks out and I don't want to have it disappear one morning when the Thai trash people come around. What to do? What to do? I look down the boardwalk and I see two things.

I see a huge hole in the boardwalk full of and surrounded by pipes and planks and various kinds of construction equipment, and I see a big group of trannies. I know. I know. I had the exact same thought as you. I went down to the trannies and had a conversation with them and handed out some baht. They then went to the construction pit and hauled all of the pipes and planks and pieces of wood and big metal things down the sidewalk. Piled them on top of and all around my cardboard refrigerator home. It now looks like a Thai construction project in process. Nobody will go near it and nobody will expect it to move for at least the next five years. Like I said, genius. So if you were on the boardwalk that day and you saw me leading a bunch of trannies down the sidewalk and they were carrying construction stuff, and white plastic tubing, and steel pipes, and planks; you now know what it was all about.

So … am I going to stay in this Cottage hotel that my email friend recommended to me? No, I don't think so. The final wheel has turned and I am finally and irrevocably home. It has a black velvet door flap stolen from the Tahitian Bar across the street, a Buddha shelf for incense and candles and food offerings and flowers, a mirror, and an electric cord that runs to the base of a light pole to power my TV. Outside over the black velvet door flap there is a sign in English and in Thai that says:

"If this box is rockin'—don't come knockin'."

You might wonder how my lovers are going to be able to clean themselves before and after sex. No problem dude. I don't waste time with women like that. Anyway, tomorrow morning I will surprise Fa by telling her that we do not have to do all the pesky traveling across the street to the A.A. Hotel—we can just crawl in my box and do it on the boardwalk. I can't wait to see the expression on her face. And I can't wait to show her how I look wearing Gary's Roman gladiator skirt.

Sincerely yours,
Dana

P.S. Three Year Historical Update: the 'refrigerator carton-as-home' idea is now a fait accomplis and an idea that has matured. The following interview between myself and a Dana fan shows the ideas social maturation:

Dana Fan: Hi Dana—are you still living on the boardwalk in South Pattaya in a refrigerator carton?
Me: Yes, I am. Thank-you for inquiring.
Fan: You must save a lot of money by not renting hotel rooms.
Me: I do but that is not really the point.
Fa: Really?
Me: Yes, the point is to eliminate the travel time with whores from boardwalk to bed.
Fan: I see.
Me: Speaking strictly objectively, analytically, scientifically, and with the complete lack of emotion common to a cold fusion experiment this is one of history's greatest ideas.
Fan: I did not know that.
Me: Yes, this 'live-on-the-boardwalk-in-a-refrigerator carton-to-save-travel time-with-prostitutes' idea is on par with Einstein's E=MC2.
Fan: I wouldn't have thought of that.
Me: Yes, E=MC2 establishes the relationship between matter and energy. My refrigerator carton-as-home idea is of equal import considering the effect it will have on the world but

without the pesky need for an equation. Equations are so yesterday. Actually, my idea might be a greater idea than Mr. Einstein's. Purer, cleaner, simpler.
Fan: I gotta go—nice talking to you—I think.

Well, there you have it pussy fans. What of the current and future events in this idea arena? Good question. Glad you asked. I am now making refrigerator cartons available to interested farangs. Some day the boardwalk from Soi 2 to the Royal Garden Plaza will be littered with appliance cardboard box homes, and the moans of love. Really, it's all about the love. Did anybody every say that about Einstein? I rest my case. My mark has been made and I am now finally immortal. It's great to be me.

Again, sincerely yours,
Dana

P.S.S.—An unhappy sidenote: recently I was informed by 500 baht Walt who handles installation of refrigerator carton homes that a farang up opposite Soi 10 had cut out windows in his box so that people could look in while he was post hole digging a skank. A som tam lady had set up outside and the crazy lady with the plucked bleeding eyebrows was renting those little white plastic chairs to onlookers. This is wrong. Come on guys. All we have is our dignity and the memory we leave our children. I'm sorry I had to say that.

Addendally: the nice thing about having 500 baht Walt on the team is that with his Asian face (Japanese American) and his size (6'5" tall and 350 pounds) a lot of silly objections to our cardboard box homes just melt away. When people see 500 baht Walt coming down the boardwalk leading a troop of tranny stevedores carrying a box they just clear a path. And if a problem does develop such as

"You can't do this here. This is public land."—Pattaya Municipal Government

500 baht Walt has lounge lizard friends at the Mothership who have been coming to the Land of Smiles for forty years and they know how to dance, if you know what I mean. 500 baht Walt commands a farang multitude. He gets things done. And if I can figure out how to do it—I am going to get him fitted for one of Pattaya Gary's gladiator skirts. Bringing 500 baht Walt aboard the team as installation manager was like casting Marlon Brando in the movie Godfather. Everybody just instinctively recognized the rightness of it; and besides, everybody really knows that the boardwalk is Farangland.

And what of Pattaya Gary in the last three years? Well, more real estate deals of course; but more to the point, he and Union Hill are now making negotiation/business inquiries regarding the sidewalk on both sides of Sukhumvit in Bangkok from Soi 4 to Soi 19. Prime farang habitat and so perfectly suited for large appliance box homes for farangs that the whole thing just shouts destiny. A presentation may have to be made at the palace and we are potentially going to need all the names of supporters we can get. If you have an interest in the Sukhumvit Road project either as an individual or as a concept please register with Dana Enterprises, Rajah Hotel block, Soi 4.

Once again, sincerely yours,
Dana

270. Writing in the Kingdom

2/2/2010

Preface

“But it is difficult to write here. Dana writes in Boston. Steve Rossie does not live here. Even Marc Holt left.

I am trying to write today because I have an unexpected day off. What happens? The new GF brings some Japanese bondage porn home and starts watching it with her morning coffee.

Then the maid from the apartment comes by to sweep the hall and since the door is open notices my GF watching Japanese bondage porn. This is heavy duty stuff about an old Japanese guy who moves his young trophy bride to Paris. Maybe you’ve seen the movie.

Now I have two women in the living room watching Japanese porn and drinking my coffee and they are eyeing the Belgian chocolate I bought yesterday (after Christmas sale). It is really good chocolate, white and dark molded into seashells with a truffle filling.

How much longer do you think I am going to be able to write?”—from the Comments section

Writing in the Kingdom

Attn Comments Readers:

Mr. Chiang Mai Kelly (I call him Mr.) has made, or ricocheted off of, an interesting point. Currently much (most?) of the interesting insightful writing about Thailand is being done by people not living in Thailand. Examples abound and I have rolled these marbles around in my mind for some time. Many of the hi-profile writers we are used to seeing on current Thai-farang genre websites no longer live in the Kingdom. They left.

They are writing from memory. I am still surprised now and again when I find that a writer I thought was an expat is now back in his own country and making submissions from there. Someone should do a survey just for the fun of it.

Would I be as productive a chronicler if I lived in Thailand? No I would not be as productive a writer on Thai and personal affairs if I lived in the Kingdom. Why? Women. Thai women. Thai women are incredibly attractive to me. Like kryptonite to Superman, Thai women cause me to lose all my powers and I offer no resistance. My days are peppered with the head slap (Holy Fxxx, look at that) and the expostulation (oops, here comes another one). When I am leaving at the end of another one of my way-too-short vacations I feel like I am an astronaut being sent back to a barren world of no interest and no future. Boston.

And in Boston? What does this astronaut return to? Women in Boston are stunningly (my God she looks terrible), reliably, and depressingly unattractive. They can't walk, dress, or smile. Seduction is of no interest because all men are pigs and the courts and the government will protect them and provide for them. I do not know of (and have never known of) a single man in Boston happily having a sex life with women like he could be having in Thailand. Maybe in Fort Lauderdale, Florida where the sun shines men are having fun with women like in Thailand, or maybe in rural Texas roadhouse bars men are dancing and drinking and laughing with women like in Thailand; but that ain't Boston.

Here in Boston we don't have fun and we don't have sex. When is the last time you heard the word Boston and the word sex in the same sentence? Oh wait, you just did hear that sentence: Here in Boston we don't have fun and we don't have sex. Today it is 23 degrees. Maybe that is the difference. I have plenty of time to write about Thailand issues while I am in Boston. Instead of a Thai lady on my lap I have an electric blanket on my lap. I'm wearing a fleece sweat suit indoors and huge moosehead slippers with antlers that I bought in Salt Lake City thirty years ago.

Sexually, Boston is a pit (and I mean pit) stop between trips to Thailand. Think I am exaggerating? I spent twenty years riding around with guys in pick-up trucks on low end jobs. Landscaping, furniture delivery, trash hauling, painting crews, picking up old tires and batteries from gas (petrol) stations, picking up grease and fat drums from restaurants, emptying highway trash barrels, construction—all the jobs of the bottom of society. The talk in the trucks was about sports, politics, things, and current events. There was no talk about women in general or women in particular (girlfriends, etc.) Nobody had a sex life. Nobody even had the dream. I have no problem being a productive writer in Boston. What else is there to do?

I live in a building in Boston with 220 units in a neighborhood full of young people (lots of colleges in Boston). I'll bet almost every single man is sleeping alone tonight. And if I open the window I can not hear a single bar or a single happy sound. If I tell these lonely single men personal stories regarding times with women in Thailand they do not believe me and they do not listen. They can not process the information. I might as well be talking about Mars or Mercury or Saturn. A place on Earth populated by fashionable fit fun beautiful women who like to get naked with men and have sex? I must be deranged. A little elderly guy telling stories out of his ass. Hey, they're not that stupid. Who would believe that nonsense? Think of the reality of these mens' lives. The mind boggles.

I have plenty of time to write about Thailand in Boston. I can make two original submissions on two different websites per week and not even feel it. Painless. Like falling off a log. Hardly a challenge. What else is there to do? And there is almost no chance that I will ever meet a woman here. Too extremely dangerous. In the Park Street subway station, as an example; they have uniformed police, undercover police, and jackass employees who can not mind their own business. Presumably they are acting in concert to spot criminals, petty thieves, pickpockets, customers who need help, etc. They will also spot you if you seem to be talking to a woman you are not married to:

Police Officer: Sir?

Me: Yes?

Officer: Do you know this woman?

Me: No, but I was hoping to.

Officer: Step over here please, we want to talk to you. Stand with your back against the wall and show us your I.D.

Initiating a conversation with a woman in public is now an assumed crime in the making. Men in Boston have effectively been barred from fifty per cent of the human race unless you are giving them money (girlfriend, wife). I was once asked to leave a public park at lunchtime. I was eating a sandwich and reading a newspaper. A mother complained. The policeman rolled his eyes and told me (kinda begged me) it was just easier to leave.

Policeman: Sir, please do not tell me your rights. And please do not ask me to present your accuser to you. And please do not tell me you are innocent of inappropriate behavior—I can plainly see that. And please do not ask me my name or ask me the name of my supervisor. Honestly sir—it is really just easier to vacate the park.

Me: OK, I'm going.

If you are a single man eating lunch and reading the newspaper in a public park with mothers and children around it is now a potential crime. I did not know that. Well, I know it now and I will not forget it. Someday a woman may ask me for help. She may not get help. And children? Forget about it. I don't even smile and wave at babies in baby carriages anymore. Too dangerous—for me.

Mother: Officer?

Police Officer: Yes?

Mother: This man waved in a friendly manner and smiled in a friendly manner at my baby.

Officer: Sir?

Me: Yes?

Officer: Step over here—do you have any I.D.?

Someday a baby-child may ask for my help. They may not get any help. Too dangerous for me.

I was once asked to leave a children's section in a bookstore. I guess I could not have been a father. Or I guess ... ah, forget it. Sound familiar? It should sound familiar. In some countries women in public unaccompanied by men are considered whores. In America men unaccompanied by women are considered criminals. In Boston, if I walk up to a woman and say: "Hello. My name is Dana. What is your name?" I am one step closer to jail. Company Human Resources paperwork, policies, and 'behavior seminars' have so terrorized men that in the hallways and offices and confines of businesses this generation of men do not even speak to women. Too dangerous. And me? Stopped holding doors for women twenty years ago. Holding a door for a woman as a courtesy or as a marker of culture is a kind of contact. Contact with women carries too much risk. Open your own fxxxing door. I once had a woman criticize me because I did not hold the door properly. I have not forgotten that. I took it as a warning from someone qualified to issue warnings. I am scared all the time in Boston when I am outside my building. Women are everywhere and like wild dogs every one can hurt me.

Are there low class, mean spirited, predatory women in Thailand that would think nothing of the baseless accusation or the imperilment of my freedom? Yes there are; but at least they smile at me. My whole life teeters on a smile. It's amazing how cheaply men can be bought.

I have plenty of time to write about Thailand when I am in Boston. Hell, there is no reason to leave my apartment.

271. Tranny Memories

TT&A Part 246 6/2/2010

Greetings Stickmanbangkokites, Dana fans, and tranny aficionados:

Well, you've dreamed it and now your dream is going to come true. To wit: here at Dana Enterprises we are starting a book project called Tranny Memories: Personal Reminiscences of Dana. We are accepting ideas for the book project. If you want to be heard, and if you want to be respected, and if you want to participate; just send in your ideas to Dana Enterprises—Tranny Memories Book Project Dept.— Attn: Dana. No photos please.

The theme will be my tranny memories, but we would like the book to be fun, and diverse, and varietous (made up word). Any ideas regarding font, page design, photos, text, formatting, kinds of stories, contests, limericks, poems, nonfiction, fiction, faction, medical stuff, crime reports, fetishes, interviews, parody, camp, sex techniques, prison experiences, disappointments, modelling sessions, epiphanel moments, diseases, acts of pointless violence, marriage proposals, photo sessions, etc. will be considered. History tells us and odds are that all of your ideas will be rejected as not up to standard but give it a shot anyways. Dogs like to chase sticks.

Currently, no book like this exists. We would like to produce something so noteworthy that no one even thinks about a follow-up book or a copycat book. You know how sometimes when you see a gorgeous tranny in erectus, or when you see an astonishing specimen in a see-thru white body stocking walking up Soi 8 in Pattaya; you can't think of anything else? Just takes over your mind? That's the effect we would like this book to have on the world.

Let me give you a typical easy-to-understand example. Once Pattaya Emma sent a friend over to the A.A. Hotel to see me. No gear on this girl's special friend. When she lifted her leg and pushed down her underpants with her big toe out tumbled a snake. SNAY 'N HOW. Holy Fxxxwad boys and girls—SNAY 'N HOW. At the time I was using a tranny helper shipped to me from Figi in little brown paper wrapped packages. You got a piece of paper with eye popping directions, a vial of liquid, and a syringe. I don't want to say this hardon helper was illegal; but when you think of cutting edge medical labs and products, do you think of Figi? Exactly.

Anyway, holding the tranny's log in one hand and trying to insert the syringe in the tip of her penis with the other hand was totally engrossing. I simply would not have been able to think of anything else. My mind had been taken hostage by the moment. That is the effect I would like the book Tranny Memories: Personal Reminiscences of Dana to have on readers.

Tangentially on this subject, I am reminded of a quote by my favorite British author and master of understatement: H.W. Tilman—

"And whether the hope that one indulges of seeing something new or strange is fulfilled or not, one has the minor explorer's satisfaction of treading new ground."

Help us here at Dana Enterprises make this book an exploration of new ground for the newbie, and a happy reminder for the aficionado. Help us make this dream talisman a cult classic. Be part of literary history. You have heard of Shakespeare's play Romeo and Juliet. You have heard of the novel Moby Dick. You've heard of Milton's epic poem Paradise Lost. Now let the world hear of Tranny Memories: Personal Reminiscences of Dana.

So, if you want to be a part of history; email us your ideas. And remember, no pictures—we have children in the office.

Who Loves Ya Baby?
Dana*

*Note: Dana is a critic, editor, and author who lives in Penury. He is currently producing a private subscription tri-fold called the Dana Times. Dana (Sir Dana) can not be contacted, sons and daughters of lads and lassies, but rest assured he is looking down on all of us. He dispenses wisdom the way a St. Andrew's fairway gifts early morning fog. Example:

"Glocken fon du four wood burr caddie chunder roo barbie."

See what I mean? All hail Sir Dana, master of the self-sent Greek translated birthday card, Scottish tailor's wet dream, and all around ball whacker. When you think of Sir Dana you just naturally think of ball whacking. Greek? Yes Greek. Scotland was founded by the Greeks, one of the ten lost tribes of Israel. You can read about this in issue number 44 of the Dana Times: article titled Jews, Interest Rates, and Early Scotland. No, we do not sell archived copies to the general public. Find a subscription member and maybe his butler will let you read the text in the stable. And don't forget:

"Septotem burr bracken wooden wedge abo wombat FORE."

For those of you who are interested: the Dana Times Invitational Scottish Tranny Caddy Butt Dart Golf Tournament (DTISTCBDGT) is coming up. Of course, Invitational does not mean you. However, complete coverage will be in the Dana Times including locker room pics of caddy trannies putting on kilts, interviews of FOD's (Friend's of Dana), and of course pics of the after tournament party held in a Scottish castle. Six Thai girls of the happy kind will be flown in from Pattaya and in keeping with the golf theme of the party their Thai names Wan, Fon, Gon, Lon, Bon, and Don will be changed to Mashee, Niblick, Baffy, Brassie, Cleek, and Spoon in honor of old golf clubs used to artfully hit old golf balls back in the wonder years of no taxes and plenty of servants. At any rate those are some of the after tournament party details. We expect the results to be predictable. And of course tranny caddies will be at the party in kilts and in erectus. Oh God, oh God—I am getting stabbing pains in the backs of my eyeballs.

Ciao dear readers, and remember, if the magic words for you in the up-and-coming golf tournament were ‘butt dart’ it’s really no accident. This is Scotland, and Scotland was started by the Greeks.

272. The Thai Bargirl and How Her Brain Works
TT&A Part 247 13/2/2010

Introduction

There are mysteries. Examples:

1. Where does (did) the Universe's background radiation come from? The answer we are given is that it is left over heat from the Big Bang. But where did the Big Bang come from? If you do not believe the Big Bang theory then where does (did) the Universe's background radiation come from? A mystery.

2. Why (how) do stars and planets have almost perfect spheroidal (OK, oblate) bodies? Think how strangely perfect an almost perfect sphere is. How does that happen? Have a little sympathy for the Creationists. At least they have an answer. Scientists have no idea how all these universe tennis balls happened. Of course sometimes you have to get ten beers into them to get them to say this, but the result is the same. A mystery. Easy local examples are the moon and the sun and the Earth.

3. A more local example of mystery? Trees. There are trees that are 100' and 200' and 300' and 50' and 25' high. So how does water from the roots in contravention of the pull of gravity and internal arterial friction get to the top of the tree? High school text books have an answer—they call it capillary action (or something). Not one single scientist believes this nonsense—but they do not have a counter theory either and lying to students is apparently not a crime. No one has any idea how water from the ground gets to the leaves at the top of a tree. I've got an idea I've never heard. Centrifugal force. Want to be famous? Steal my idea. Anyway, a mystery.

But no mystery is as great as:

The Thai Bargirl And How Her Brain Works

Are you serious minded? Smart? Interested in reading, but want to have some fun? Well, then you can't beat the nonsense you will read in the written-for-the-public genre of astronomy, or astronomy/physics when they are really laying it on.

Example: In the May 23rd issue of Science News there is an article by Ron Cowen entitled: Beyond Galileo's Universe. In this very short feature article in this serious minded publication (nonprofit corporation magazine of the society for science & the public) you will read the following:

1. "... despite thousands of papers written ..."
2. "... possible existence of life ..."
3. "... potential for life."
4. "... nobody knows for sure ..."
5. "Theory predicts ..."
6. "... may have been produced ..."
7. "studies ... could provide ..."
8. "There's a very good chance ..."
9. ", a gloomier mystery remains."
10. "On the brighter side,"
11. "The most likely source ..."
12. "... give astronomers new insight ..."
13. ", astronomers must straddle ..."
14. ", seemingly the opposite of what ..."
15. "Even more surprising, "
16. "It's also possible,"
17. "... to start to really understand ..."
18. "Some evidence suggests ..."
19. "... really focuses the search."
20. "... more promising venue ..."
21. "I'm a wild-eyed optimist ..."
22. "if funding were available."

23. “determining which might be the best candidates ...”
24. “Another novel space oddity ...”
25. “The notion ...”
26. “but whether or not they correspond to something in reality remains to be seen”

In other words, nobody knows anything. You just have to laugh. All these astronomer/physicists consider themselves the alpha intellects of science. They look down upon all the other sciences such as biology, chemistry, etc: but no scientific pursuit posts more Revisions-Of-Previous-Statements as astronomy does. Don’t believe me? Start a project where you will read a major metropolitan newspaper every day for five years. Every time you read something from the astronomy community of an announcement nature, write it down. Now log the time that goes by before you see a retraction or completely different theory from the first theory. Make a game of it. It will make you smile. Nobody knows anything. They’re just getting tanked on lab distilled schnapps in the observatories and whipping these ideas out of their Uranuses.

These guys and gals all have more degrees than a thermometer factory and nobody knows anything about anything in their own field. Imagine if this short (five page) article Beyond Galileo’s Universe had been a book. A whole book of maybes. Ya gotta laugh. There is so much prideless speculation, counterfeit lab results, self-deception, overreaching, equivocation, fact deficient hyperbole (string theory—please give me a break), mentor-intern collusion, dissembling, glossing, quibbling, false propheting, make-believe, egregious evasion, unfounded intellectually spurious ... hell, you can’t remember the nouns and the direct objects in their statements. Twenty-six items of profitless prevarication in a document so brief it needs no index. These top scientists, often gorging at the taxpayer trough (do we really need another government funded 'study' of sunspots) do no better than a group of schoolyard speculators. Clearly, their big brains produce little of value in their own field. So, how can we use their cranial resources schooled in the survey and statistical sciences to help ourselves? Read on.

With all these I-Don't-Knows, if, ands, buts, maybes, We-Really-Have-No-Ideas, qualifiers, and Couched-To-Protect-My-Ass statements you have to wonder how they talk to each other. Even more to the mysterious point, how would one of these stargazer nerds talk to a hooker on the South Pattaya boardwalk? I imagine the conversation might sound something like this:

Astronomer: Hello pretty girl. Despite thousands of papers written, nobody knows for sure; but I'm a wild-eyed optimist so I was wondering if there's a very good chance you could come to the A.A. Hotel with me? Theory predicts, and there's a very good chance, that astronomer geeks like me must straddle. A gloomier mystery remains, however: to wit—how much will this cost me? On the brighter side, if funding were available and ...

Hooker: Me no like.

I have a proposal. I propose that we harness and turn loose these big giant analytic geniuses on the subject of The Thai Bargirl And How Her Brain Works. OK, I don't necessarily expect them to do any better on this subject than they have on universe stuff; but at least my prayers and their brains will be pointed in a better direction: any breakthrough would be appreciated. Who's with me on this? Let me know how you feel.

Practicalities? First of all, I'm in charge of everything and I am fronting all of the expenses. So ... if there is a big fantastic breakthrough in The Thai Bargirl And How Her Brain Works research project I will be the first one to be able to take advantage of the cracked code and it's important information. Only fair.

OK, first we will round up all astronomers worldwide, ship them to the Kingdom, tell them subject of their research (The Thai Bargirl And How Her Brain Works), and post them in Go-Go bars, bath houses, open air bars, parking lots, alleys, hotel lobbies, massage parlors, and boardwalks all over the Kingdom from Waeng in the south to Mae Sai in the north.

Number two detail? There is no number two detail. Number one detail says it all. Observe Thai bargirls and figure out how their brains work. Simple. Sure, there will be the usual astronomy dweebs and nerdy physicist undersexed dick draggers with lame ass excuses like:

1. "I haven't finished my paper on dark energy vs. dark matter yet."—BORING

2. "I haven't finished my night photos PhD. paper of possible pornographic constellations."—Nutcase

3. "I haven't finished my West Greenland shooting star numbers for the month of…!"—Nobody cares

4. "I haven't finished my paper entitled: The constellation Cassiopeia—is that a sword between your legs or are you just glad to see me?"—too bad we are not researching trannies.

5. "I'd rather stuff laminated plastic star charts up my Uranus than talk to a girl—please don't make me do this."

Etc. No worries mate. The meek may inherit the Earth but first they are going to have to participate in this important project. Mongers have needs. This is really all about humanity if you think about it. The universe is expanding at an increasing rate and it shouldn't be doing that? We don't care. We are not interested in how that stuff works. About as close to science you are going to get in the world of international mongers in

Thailand is an expat lecture at the Amari Hotel called: Homeopathic Viagra—Fact or Fiction?

Bargirl brains and how they work? Now that subject we are interested in. Riveted. Focused like an East African dung beetle staring at an emerging wildebeest turd. Anything to give the sainted men of the world a chance in the mysterious dark matter and the mysterious dark energy worlds of Thai female—farang relations.

So ... if you go into a massage place, or hit the boardwalk, or stroll through the Mothership parking lot and you see some astronomers taking notes, and conducting interviews, and operating video cameras, and getting skanks and hookers and whores and cruisers and freelancers to run a lifesize maze with an ATM machine in the center: just leave them alone. They are the world's biggest brains and they are working for me and they are working for you. If everything goes our way, and it might; remember I am in charge of everything—we may crack the code on how Thai women of the commercial kind take in data, make decisions, and then follow through. Try and imagine what a new world this would be for men. How long have we waited? Ten thousand years? Hang in there guys—better days are coming. Soon, armed with the Enigma code of the Thai skank's brain we will be able to have our way with the brown skinned cuties like panzer divisions in Poland.

Who loves you baby?
Dana does.

273. Eternity, Infinity, and Thais

TT&A Part 248 20/2/2010

Everything in your life is photonically based. When your skin and your retina and your pineal gland register light they are simply attesting to the cosmic balance between time and space. This is what is basic to your life: more basic than emotions, food, water, or sex. These trivial needs and wants can never be as basic as your absorption of time and space. Your baseline for existence is photons. The sun's heat and light make of you a measuring device. You register the universe's most basic descriptions.

Since the universe is boundless, its diameter is infinite. So the longest possible duration of time is the time required for light to traverse it. This unit of time is called eternity. This is the cosmic balance between time and space. Time and space balance and define each other without derivative or debate. To be a human and not think about these things is to ... well, dogs don't think about them. Make a choice. Anyway, when I am through in the morning surfing the net and emailing my friends at the Internet place near Soi 10 in Pattaya, I cross Beach Road and stand in a sun spot on the boardwalk. The sun striking my face is on an eternal journey of infinite distance. I am proud to be included. I feel connected.

Spotting a girl on the boardwalk it occurs to me that she got out here ahead of me so she was included in this photonic eternal journey of infinite space ahead of me. Can we play catch up at my hotel room at the A.A. Hotel? Chances are slim but oh what a 'rock-the-world' peer reviewed academic journal paper that would make. Maybe this is why Einstein accomplished so little at Princeton. He was wondering if differently applied universal constants of time and distance could be astrally synchronous in a hotel room at the A.A. Hotel in Pattaya. No wonder his hair looked the way it did.

Anyway … and to review: eternity is a fourth dimensional measure of infinity; and neither can be cleaved into parts because both are by measure unbounded and without scale. You can't measure eternity and infinity, all you can do is recognize them. I challenge anyone to come up with a more interesting idea for humans than this. No wait, cancel that. I do not challenge you to come up with more interesting cosmological constants than eternity and infinity because then I will have to read (or pretend to read) your tawdry papers full of equations. Kosmos (cosmological cognoscenti) don't communicate with equations—they use intellect. You and my self are not equal. Your mission, should you accept it, is to attract my interest. Alter my brain wave, do something interesting in my auditory canal, cause my retina to note and retain; anything counts. History tells us you will fail. Dogs bark to establish place and declare life. How are you different?

Equations? Next you'll be bragging that you can communicate with Kalahari bushmen by scratching pictographs in the sand. It's math that holds back the race. Intellectual power wasted on juggling when we should be learning to think. Thais like to say that thinking hurts the head. And like the soi dog who values every bark, they imagine that when they say such a thing that the idea has value. The idea does not have value. It is just the cultural whine of the lazy and the useless seeking ego and importance in a world they can not comprehend. But they are on to something. Even a ricocheting bullet gets credit for striking a rock.

Thinking is the arch stone of human evolution. Remove the arch stone and it is 'start over' time. This wouldn't matter to Thais who still have whiskey soaked arguments about the best way to make a slingshot; but others on this Earth are involved, and hopefully cooler heads will prevail.

Ponder how we could jumpstart our human intellectual evolution if we required tested comprehension of these ideas by high school seniors. No comprehension of life's most basic cosmic balance of space and time? Then you don't graduate. Combine set theory and cosmological math and let college bound high school seniors who are not going to major in math or engineering in college skip high school calculus.

How would we start with untutored minds to get them involved? I propose a Dana School of the Eternal and the Infinite (DSEI) to be taught at the Mothership for interested farangs. Admittedly, these Thai-specific definitions are considerably scaled down from basic cosmological definitions but it is all about physicist language baby steps. Just my way to contribute to the common good in Thailand—a kingdom that I love. All concepts will be taught with real world examples. For example: Mothership definitions of eternity and infinity.

1. Eternity: the time between you having an orgasm and hearing the door shut behind her as she leaves.

1. Infinity: the lengths your teeruk will go to get your money.

2. Eternity: You have surprised your Thai wife with a thoughtful gift. Now you will wait an eternity for a thank-you.

2. Infinity: The distance you drive beyond the last measure of distance given to you by a Thai before you arrive at your destination.

You: Excuse me, how much further to the entrance to the national park?
Thai: It is right around the corner.

You will now drive for an infinite distance after you go around the corner before you find the entrance to the national park.

3. Eternity: the time you wait in the car for your Thai wife or Thai girlfriend or Thai daughter to join you. She finally comes out of the house wearing flip flops, T shirt, and shorts. It took her an eternity to put this outfit on.

3. Infinity: distance in a Thai's mind between any starting and ending point in a personal journey. This is why they walk so slowly and non-linearly (zig zaggy). They don't actually expect to cover the distance in their lifetime so why exert a focused effort?

So, to review: eternity refers to time, and infinity refers to distance. Both are boundless measures and definitions of the Universe. Wait a minute—boundless? This is exactly how the Thais treat these concepts. Time and space mean nothing to them. Everything they do is a candidate for an eternity and they have no discernible sense of distance. Are they on to something? Spooky.

274. I Have Bought Nana Plaza

TT&A Part 249 27/2/2010

Dana Plaza

Announcement: That's right Dana fans, Stickmanbangkok readers, social historians, Thailand archivists, and all the ships at sea; I have an announcement to make. Better sit down kats and kittens because this is going to rock your world and make your knees tremble. I am going to make the announcement and then you might need to take some nitroglycerin pills. Ready?

"I HAVE BOUGHT NANA PLAZA."

That's right—I have bought Nana Plaza, aka the Nana Entertainment Plaza, across from the Mothership on Soi 4 off Sukhumvit in Bangkok. Nana Plaza is now Dana Plaza. Oh what a difference a D can make. Anyway, myself and various unregistered, undocumented, unsmiling Indians have exchanged paperwork and money. I now own lock stock and barrel without lien loan or mortgage one of the most poorly managed filthy places on the planet Earth. Ask yourself this question: how many other Earthlings can say something like that? My life is all about Dare to Dream. Makes you proud to know me, doesn't it?

Does this portend a larger future? Of course it does. You knew that. The big wheels are turning, birds are screeching, dogs are barking, lightning is forking, and the train of change is leaving the station. Nana Plaza will become Dana Plaza, Soi Nana will become Soi Dana, and the Nana Hotel will become the Dana Hotel. Staying at the Mothership on your next trip to the Kingdom? Just ask for the Dana suite at the Dana Hotel on Soi Dana across from the Dana Plaza. But today I just want to talk about the Dana Plaza.

Changes? You bet there are going to be some changes. First off, during the rainy season when business is slow the place is going to be shut down. All leases will be cancelled, or bought out; and everyone will be evicted. Naturally, I'll post the shutdown dates so that you can camp out in the Mothership parking lot across the soi to pick up human refuse, Isaan angels, and yaa baa cranked nymphos looking for a sex fix. The new Dana Plaza organization will be all about mens' needs, humanitarian gestures, and sharing the love. OK, you may have to fight me for some of those yaa baa cranked nymphos.

Anyway ... changes? You bet. First off the whole place will be steam cleaned. If you like snakes, reptiles, rodents, and insects then you want to hang out at the entrance for the tsunami wave of little beating hearts trying to escape. The cats that used to hang out on the roof in front of the Angelwitch bar will be there also. Everything is a knife fight. Next? Gut job. That's right, the whole place will be gutted. No more lame ass elevator, no more stupid rocks in the Obsessions bar, no more little Thai managed bars on the second floor, no more outside bars, and the goddamn escalator is going to be broken up with sledge hammers. The hair salon, the short-time rooms, and the Buddhist shrine will stay. The old hamburger place with the pool tables will come back and there will a top floor on-site management office to field inquiries and complaints, monitor cleaning crews, and handle vendor, contractor, and rent payment issues. The on-site office will also handle issues of security, police, city permits, daily check-ups on all heating and ventilation and air-conditioning systems, electrical and neon sign requirements, fire alarms, new elevators and escalators, maintenance issues, sewer and water needs, etc. Small stuff. Give the Indians credit. They managed to collect rent without doing any of this stuff. A kind of curry breath genius. But a new day has dawned. It's now Dana Plaza, not Nana Plaza. No more dot heads, no more turban heads; and tailors are shot on sight.

Big stuff? You bet. We are going to be punching out walls like a big Aussie drunk knocking down Thais. No more little bars. All bars will be huge with continuous shows and live music. No more D.J.'s playing Hotel California or other crap music that the girls can not dance to. Pim and her German husband and Dave the Rave will be in charge of all shows in all bars. Boss Hogg will be brought back from America to handle cash, bank runs, and legal issues. Marc Holt will return from Oz to handle all mamasans.

All stairwells will be well lit and surgically clean, escalators will run to all floors, additional elevators will be installed, hand rails on all stairs, and the bathrooms in all bars will be twice as big and there will be twice as many of them. And the coup de grace? No trannies in the mens' rooms offering to massage your neck or hold your dick. Too many complaints. Dana Plaza will be all about service and responding to customer needs. On the other hand, if you have a tranny need just come to the office and ask for me. Dana's my name, service is my game. I can have Pattaya Emma shipped up overnight. Bring a scale to weigh her log.

Remember the motorbikes and the motorcycles that used to jam the front entrance? Forget about it. No more Thai males allowed. Problem solved. Discrimination will be one of the watchwords of the Dana Plaza organization. How else can you get things done? And the unprofitable, unfun open plaza ground floor bars that I tore out? The open plaza will be just that. An open plaza. No food, no bars, no drinks. Lots of trees and benches. A meet-and-greet pick-up place of dignity. Think Mothership parking lot of the Emporium variety. Maybe it's just me but I don't see why picking up whores, and prostitutes, and skanks, and cruisers, and ex-cons, and drug addicts, and the randomly violent can't be dignified. I'm sure you agree.

Music in the open plaza? Thai music only. Man Motorgai, Namoiy Thammalangka, Surasak Donchai, Mike Piromporn, Siriporn Aumpiapong, Chawiwan Damnoen, Oh Oh Oh by the China Dolls, etc. You are in Thailand. You are being hypnotised by a Thai angel of such transporting charm and sex appeal and femininity that you can barely process the experience. An experience best augmented by Thai music. Anand Jaidee: Roop Khao Krapao Aei—another classic. Thinking of marrying a Thai and becoming an expat are you? Well, if you do not like this music then you are not going to make it. Thinking of taking Thai language classes are you? Listen to Thai music first. If you do not like the music—do not sign up for the language classes. Listen to Uncle Dana—the music is the language. And do not ever tell your teeruk that you do not like Thai music. That will be the exact moment that your relationship/marriage is over. Try and imagine the feedback your girlfriend/wife will get from her friends (the other 200 numbers on her cell phone) when she tells them that her farang lover does not like Thai music. You might as well start packing your bags.

You want to invite me to dinner, or to lunch, or for a beer and then complain about Thai music? Save your breath. I love Thai music. Whenever I take a long bus trip I hold out a 500 baht note to the bus driver and pick up a handful of his CD's. Sometimes he takes the money. Never done this? Then stop bragging about yourself in the Kingdom. Get yourself down to the new Dana Plaza. You've got stuff to learn.

More? Jieb Benjoporn from the album Aei Joo-Sao, Ekachai Srivichai from the album Standard Lukthung, Sao Somparn, Sorn Sinchai: Sai Noong San from the album Mak Kon Eon—if they were playing this on my arrival at Bhumi I would cry like a baby. Back in the Kingdom and so so happy. Another song they should play as I am walking down the long hallway to Immigration is Sao Na Song Fan.

I was once in the stadium seating at the ground floor Rainbow bar. I was transfixed by a Thai dancer of such beauty and sex appeal and physical perfection that I could barely believe the experience was real. I waved to her and she gave me a 500 watt smile. Then someone put on a Thai song and her smile became a 10,000 watt smile. I learned the lesson. At Dana Plaza some of the music we play will be Thai music. Don't come to the new Dana Plaza unless you want to see 10,000 watt smiles. Additional to the open air plaza music all bars will be required to play Thai music as well as western music. Girls will be encouraged to bring music they want to dance to.

The girls? Dana Plaza is going to make some changes and you are going to be happy that we did make some changes. First of all, no fatties. If Germans, and Danes, and New Zealanders shout Rhino Alert or Elephant Attack or Whale Crossing when they see you coming there is no job for you at the Dana Plaza. Next? Stretch marks. Oh God, I have seen way way way way too many stretch marks and prolapsed (or something) stomachs. Look, let's get this out of the way right now. No person is more family values oriented than I am family values oriented. In fact in some countries when you look up the word 'family values' in the dictionary you see a picture of me. And nobody loves babies more than I love babies. But if your naked body looks like it was clawed by a lion there is no job for you at Dana Plaza. If I can put credit cards in the grooves on your sides and they do not fall out we are not going to be able to hire you. I don't care if you bring in proof that you can suck a golf ball through a garden hose or suck the chrome off a trailer hitch—Dana Plaza is all about standards. Trannies? No little dick trannies. If you're not swinging a club—

hit the streets. Let me repeat so that there is no misunderstanding. The old days of peek-a-boo trannies are over. The only trannies we are going to hire are going to have logs you can lay on the table and stare at. We call them head slappers—as in (heel of hand slapping forehead): HOLY FXXXWAD LOOK AT THAT. And post-ops? No way.

And where will the angels be coming from? Well, first of all; the bus companies will add the Dana Plaza as a bus stop for all Isaan—Bangkok runs. Additionally, we will set up recruiting offices in the Philippines, Cambodia, Laos, Malaysia, and Vietnam. You say you are a six foot tall green eyed blonde from Sweden? You ain't gettin' in to a Dana Plaza bar as a dancer. You are second rate and we do not allow second rate angels at Dana Plaza. My personal favorites are about 4'4"— 4'9" tall and giggle. I'm adaptable on the height issue, that's why there is such a range; but the giggle is a requirement. I am going to take a personal interest in this. Hopefully, they will be like locusts. And I guarantee that not one of these Isaan wonders will have an opinion of her own. To her you will be an Earth striding colossus and "Up To You" will be all she has to say. Myself and Chiang Mai Kelly will do all 'new dancer' interviewing. Don't envy us. It's a tough damn job for Human Resource Department professionals only. But hey, we had those fxxxing assholes shot; like I said—myself and the Kellymeister are doing the interviewing.

How about the men? Get ready to clap. NO JAPS. That's right, Commander Nippon is not welcome. Some people call that discrimination. Damned straight. The classless chain smoking drunk 4-4-4's can hit the road. And here comes more discrimination. No French (FTF), Ufxxxistans, Koreans, Chinese, Indians, anybody wearing brown loafers and a shirt with an alligator on it, anybody trying to speak Thai, anybody who has ever taken a Thai cooking class, men with bangs, men with wallets in their front pockets, all IT professonals, men who want to talk about the 'culture' of Thailand, and soccer/rugby fans. Soccer/rugby fans? Dana Plaza bars are not sports bars. Get the hell out. We don't give a goddamned about sports and if we see sandals and white socks, singlets, tattoos, or bald heads with scars we are going to call the police. We don't like the way you dress, we don't like the way you act, your tattoos are boring, and … just get the hell out.

Mr. Union Hill will be in charge of going from bar to bar in the new Dana Plaza, ferreting these numbskulls out, and throwing them out. Due to a sporting enthusiast life pointed in exactly the wrong direction for many years he can spot these little jerks at a 1000 yards in a rainstorm. Standards. Ever notice that the words Dana Plaza and the word Standards each have the same number of letters? Exactly. Standards. Dana Plaza bars are about beautiful women and beautiful relationships between caring mature adults. Period. Anyway, Dana Plaza will be a whoremonger's delight that does not sacrifice dignity or let in the wrong sort of people. If you are a real man and a good guy you will love Dana Plaza. Pattaya Gary will make all final decisions regarding who we are going to serve and he can beat the crap out of anyone who disagrees with him. Discrimination in service to high standards.

On the subject of forward thinking changes: we are going to do something different at all the bars at the new Dana Plaza. You know how bars, especially on holidays, start to raise the barfines as the night goes on so that they will always have 'girls to run the business' —well, at the new Dana Plaza bars we are going to discount the barfines as the night goes on. The goal every day will be to be completely barfined out as early as possible. Then what? Then all of the waitresses will become available. Then what? Then we all go home. To our families. OK, I don't actually have a family—I'm sleeping with someone's daughter, or someone's wife, or someone's girlfriend but that is not really the point. Try and stay focused.

Sound like your kind of place? Of course it does. Come on down once the rainy season is over and we have made all of the changes. Bring plenty of money, bring jai dee, and bring a smile. Look me up and I'll give you a tour. Oh, and one more thing. You know the ground floor open plaza with trees and benches? That's where we perform weddings. You and your ignorant thieving boring whore joined in holy matrimony. Gives you the chills doesn't it? Dana Plaza—where dreams come true.

Sincerely yours,
Dana

275. A Reasonable Adult

26/3/2010

A friend of mine in Boston calls me at night to tell me he is going back to the Kingdom in October. His second trip. We talk. I mention picking up freelancers off the boardwalk in Pattaya. He says it is risky, too risky: foolish, stupid; not something any reasonable adult would consider. One trip to Thailand and he is an expert.

He mentions that he and a girl he met on the Internet are going to go to Ko Chang, an island off the eastern gulf coast of Thailand near Laem Ngop. He's never met her before, it's only his second trip to the Kingdom, and he's never been to Ko Chang. What could go wrong? No risk there.

While he is talking on the phone I reach up to my Thai reference shelf that sits over my computer and pull down Lonely Planet's guide titled Thailand's Islands & Beaches by Joe Cummings (2nd ed. - 2/2000). Ko Chang (Ko Chang National Marine Park) is listed on page 269. I read him a few facts:

Ko Chang means Elephant Island:
part of a national park
Thailand's second largest island
70% undisturbed island rainforest
scenic waterfalls
diverse wildlife
coconut plantations
nice beaches
diving and snorkeling
Burmese and reticulated pythons, king cobras

WHAT? Burmese pythons (up to 18 feet—can swallow a goat, pig, or small deer)? Reticulated pythons (up to 30 feet—King

Kong was trying to get away from one when he climbed the Empire State building)? King cobras? He's taking a Thai lady to an island with pythons and king cobras? To hike in the jungle (where is the scenic waterfall). To rent a motorbike (let's get to some place really remote and away from all the Thai tourists). To maybe sleep in a hut or a tent in the jungle. Pythons and king cobras? Hey and you know what is really neat about pythons? They can be anywhere. In the trees, in the grass, in the jungle, in the water. Everywhere. And do you know the really special thing about King Cobras? They attack without provocation. Great huh?

He says snakes are no problem. I wonder if the snakes know that. I don't think he knows anything about pythons or king cobras (not cobras, king cobras). He for sure has no idea how fast a twelve foot king cobra can move. I lose interest in the conversation. We have nothing in common. I do not think he knows anything about risk.

Tomorrow morning I'll go to the boardwalk here in Pattaya. Wildlife (women) I can handle. Risk I find acceptable. No day in life is a guarantee but at least I won't have a king cobra testing how fast my tired sixty year old legs can run. No silent, slow, heavy, fearless reticulating python will try and swallow my head while I am lying on a bench. Just Ming and Ting and Ling and Sing and Bang and Fa who have chosen smiling at foreigners over slaving in sneaker factories.

I guess the boardwalk is my own private island—Ko Boardwalk; where I feel safe and happy. I can't wait for morning to come.

276. Fa’s On The Loose

TT&A Part 250 27/3/2010

Preamble And Goodbye

Final retirement notice. And I ain’t kiddin’ folks. This 100% true story that updates my life with Fa titled: FA’S ON THE LOOSE is my final song. I’m now an official fat lady and the fat lady has sung. My Stickmanbangkok.com writing career is over. I came in as a pinwheeling homeless asteroid and that’s how I’ll go out. I’m too pooped to dribble. My race is run.

What now? Well, I have just signed a two year contract with the Pattayamail newspaper to do bi-weekly restaurant reviews. Based on my body of work they wanted to sign me to a ten year contract but I figure two years is fifty restaurants. How many fine dining experiences can there be in Pattaya? Anyway, Fa is going to go on all these restaurant review trips and help me. Wish us luck. I will order the most interesting of fine dining dishes from Thai and Japanese and Vietnamese and Indian and Korean and Philippine and Irish and English and Dutch and German and Swiss and French and Italian and American and Tex-Mex places and she will order fried crickets and Isaan ‘soup’ (roadkill plus dishwater plus chillies) in every goddamned place.

I have also purchased as a post Stickmanbangkok.com writing career project an Immigration checkpoint on the Thai-Cambodia border. I did this because Pattaya Gary told me it would be a good investment. Hard not to notice, however, that he just bought a condo in Angeles City. Not too sure about all of this. I’m kinda lost when I’m not writing.

And what has the final tally been after two hundred and fifty stories and essays under the Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes banner?

Writing prizes awarded—zero
Money earned—zero
Friends made—fingers and toes
Lessons learned—a couple
Respect from other writers—highway smear
Need for Viagra—no change
Carpel tunnel syndrome—getting closer
Hemorrhoids—getting closer
Lower back pain—a new friend
Increased knowledge of how to use the computer—zilch
Improvement in writing—a lot.

I've got another twenty stories all ready written and pinned up on the storyboard but 250 seems like a nice retirement number. Don't know what I'll do with the left over stories. I suppose I could sell them to other submissions writers with writer's block. One thousand dollars per story would be at least twenty thousand dollars and that would equal approximately 1428 five hundred baht boom booms. Just thinking. I'm a thinker.

Anyway, good luck to all of us. See ya 'round the boardwalk. And remember:

Who loves ya?
Dana Does

P.S.—If I can just share something from my heart: there is a woman of Isaan background named Fon. She is not a human but an angel that has been sent down from heaven to give me hope. I am not worthy to crawl in her shadow, but I am going to try and meet her. It may be time to graduate from Fa to Fon. Tears are almost bursting from eyes as I write this but such is life. She (Fon) has a stupid husband but I am sure he will recognize my greater need. It's all about the love. As the following story FA'S

ON THE LOOSE shows, it may be (well, I'll say it again) time to graduate from Fa to Fon. Let me know what your instincts are on this.

If Fon and I do hook up that may trigger another 250 submissions. Love does that. Ideally submission number 500 would be all about our wedding. Her stupid husband; Mr. Stupidhead, El Stupido, The Stupid One, Kuhn Mr. Stoop, would be the best man and Dean Barrett's archived photos of Fon on his website (and in his extensive private collection) would be made into wedding invitations. It's all cookies and cream in my future—but first she has to open her arms and smile at me. My future, and possibly submissions 251-500, teeter on Fon. Wish me luck. Wish us luck. And tell her husband what he needs to do. It's all about the love.

No more pigs
And chickens for Fon.
We'll live on Mount Everest.
Her old life gone.

We'll live in an ice palace
Made of diamonds, and emeralds, and pearls—
I'll be her farang husband.
She'll be my Isaan girl.

No more pounding rice—
No more buffalos for Fon.
I'll throw rose petals at her feet—
Her every woe gone.

Her first husband was nice.
An honorable gent.
But my name is Dana—
I'm the main event.

It's Destiny crying
For respect and review.
Fon and I loving,
First husband adieu.

One word from this Thai angel and I would pound nails into my knees. Would her husband (Commander Buffalo Poop) do this for her? I think everyone reading this knows the answer.

Fate never stumbles
Or drops to one knee.
The future expects
Fon and me.

So stay tuned—
All I need is a smile,
And I'll be writing more stories
For a long long while.

So help me, and help Fon, and help Destiny, and help Fate. Write to her husband (aka Mr. Kuhn Maak Stupidhead) and tell him what he must do. And don't use any big words. I've seen pictures of this guy and believe me; well, don't use any big words is all. Anyway:

He'll be at the wedding.
He'll be the best man.
That's all I can do.
That's the end of his plan.

I can hear Fon calling—
A sweet mountain flower.
My future a slave—
To her Thai love power.

Don’t envy my fate—
It’s all God’s plan.
Happy woman—
Happy happy man.

And now? Submission #250 titled:

Fa’s On The Loose

Dark night,
Slashing rain—
I’m headed for Krung Thep ...
My gut a cold pain.

Two road graders side by side in front of me with cut down aircraft engines and chained beach buggy tires. My Jaguar XJ12 body on a Hummer chassis behind with custom axles and double deep groove rain radials. Four sticky slicks on the back tied down with water buffalo sisal rope. Ninety-four miles per hour. Ninety-four miles per hour in dark slashing rain headed down Highway 1. From Phann to Mae Chai, Ngao to Lampang, and then on to Sop Prap we are kicking out the jams. The intravenous bottle of double hydrogen peroxide and calcium is chattering on the ceiling hook behind my head, my toes are about to catch fire from the delicious intravenous pain, Insane Clown Posse is amping my drums, and the road graders are leaving busted and burning hulks on both sides of the road. Out of the way Somchai. We are Fa bound.

Fa is on the loose—
The word is out.
She’s left the South Pattaya boardwalk—
Doing a sing and shout.

Singin' for freedom—
Shoutin' for fun.
Thinks I won't find her.
On the run.

After Tak, it's the 104 connector with black-and-white lightning x-ray skies, and gusts of 50-70 miles per hour from behind lifting the wheels. The road graders are dropping heated sand, and I kill the tunes. Then bursting out of a line squall like quail from a burning barn we hit highway 1 again from Wang Chao to Nakhon Sawan. The temperature drops and there is hail but the sky is clearing and we crank up to one hundred and twenty miles per hour from Nakhon Sawan to the Highway 340 handoff. Dropping now. Dropping down to Bangkok and running a race. Will I get to the Rainbow bar before that girl of mine gets called out? Highway 340 finally gets too congested outside Pak K so the giant road graders pull over and so do I.

Four minutes later the radials are gone and I'm ridin' sticky slicks and dropping my own heated sand on the way into west Bangkok. It's a navigation nightmare now so at a prearranged place I throw open the passenger door and Tammy the tranny gets in with GPS, headlamp, maps, and a bag of fried calamari candy. Before her Obsessions Bar career she was a London taxi driver. This tranny can navigate.

South on nine—
East on three eighty-eight ...
Fa's dancin' at the Rainbow—
Don't want to be late.

Crossing the Chao Phraya river I ditch the intravenous bottle and tubes and slap an amphetamine patch over the punctured vein. Next the glove box. Down comes the lid and in goes my hand. Final check. A love letter and a gun.

I leave the car in the Rajah car park, Tammy bails for the Obsessions bar, and I pull Fa off the stage at the Rainbow bar on the ground floor of the N.E.P. across from the Mothership. I show her the love letter. I show her the gun.

Down to Pattaya
My Fa and I ...
She laughing ...
Me crying "Why? Why?"

My Fa's going back to the boardwalk,
And if she tries to run—
I'll show her the love letter,
And I'll show her the gun.

277. Worldwide Testicle Boils—A Survey

3/4/2010

Introduction

From the 'Historical-Moment-Too-Horrible-to-Even-Contemplate' department:

Dateline—July 17th, 1943: 8:07 p.m.

Chartwell House, Churchill's estate in England—

Churchill is in his bath penning some timeless thoughts of significance and lyrical English prose. All about on the floor next to the tub and on the writing table are journals to be updated, and thoughts on English history, and notes for Bomber Group, and recommendations for fall plantings for the gardeners, and house accounts from the wife, and a list of landscape paintings to be tried once the new brickwork is finished. He has a whiskey glass balanced on one knee and a cigar sitting on the window sill. He has just finished composing some limericks he finds quite amusing but now he is back to penning thoughts of philosophy, and history in a style that speaks to ego, and self, and the genius of hubris.

Outside in the hot full English night air the black swans are quiet, clouds of minute and not so minute insects hover and fly over the lawn, and the summer moon speaks of hope and happiness and life renewed. A meadowlark has flown in the open bathroom window and landed on the sink. At this moment, and in this time, and of this season in England the melding of man and nature is complete and serendipitous as if all of nature, both man and beast, recognized perfection and harmony and beauty.

Suddenly the door to the bath opens and a local deranged fish-and-chips shop owner named Farthington Beaglehole walks in. He is naked and a startled Prime Minister jostles the whiskey glass off of his knee. Farthington strides to the bathtub and starts to lift a leg over:

"Hey Winston—need any help with editing or rewrites?"

Worldwide Testicle Boils—A Survey

Me: Hello?

Big Time Published Author: Hi Dana—how are you doing? I'm just calling because I can't stand to watch one more Thai game show on TV.

Me: I'm doing fine Jim, and before we go on, let me just say that I thought your twenty-seventh book with the title 100 Ways to Grate a Carrot was fantastic. I never knew you could have so much fun with a bottle of gin, a carrot grater, a carrot, and a tranny.

Jim: Thanks—my editor did most of the work after I outlined the concept but that's what editors are for right? Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha.

Me: Listen Jim—I've got great news. I just had one of my manuscripts accepted by a New York publisher and it is going to be edited by Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis.

Jim: Isn't she dead?

Me: Maybe she is dead and maybe she is not dead—I don't pretend to know everything about the publishing game. But hey, it's all good news and I am not going to argue. I'm so excited.

Jim: Ya know, Dana—Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis may not be the best editor for you.

Me: No? Aren't all editors the same? Literary professionals with ice water in their veins who can make stone cold objective decisions without regard to anything else?

Jim: No, all editors are not the same and just as an aside between really good friends: I can't believe you are so retarded and so bloody stupid. People a lot smarter than you will ever be have been trying to teach you about this stuff on the Internet for years and years and you don't seemed to have learned anything.

Me: Just lucky I guess.

Jim: Anyway, Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis (dead or alive) may not be the best editor for your writing.

Me: Why is that?

Jim: Well, your writing has a certain idiosyncratic quality, passion. and content that she may not be able to identify with. She had class and education and style and breeding—then there is you.

Me: Oh.

Jim: You see Dana, this is how it really works in the publishing industry. Every big time publisher has an in-house and/or stringer group of editors from which they can make a selection. Naturally, they match up the most appropriate editor to the writer; some person who will appreciate the writer's idiosyncrasies, passion, content, and writing style.

Me: So what you are saying is that Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis is not going to be down with essays on how to pick up South Pattaya whores?

Jim: Look Dana, just try and stay on track here. I am trying to help you. And you might want to re-examine this whole Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis editor thing—especially since I believe she is dead.

Me: Thanks Jim. I always enjoy a learning moment. Mixing with alphas such as yourself is always a pleasure.

Jim: No ploblum dude.

Dana: So let me see if I understand what you have just said. What you have just said is that I can pretty much pick a publisher at random and they will have an editor or access to an editor qualified to edit my style, personality, content, literary uniqueness, and idiosyncratic branding.

Jim: Well … I didn't exactly say that … not all publishers are guaranteed to have an appropriate editor.

Me: I see. OK, how will I know which publisher to choose then?

Jim: Well … OK, that's not really the point.

Me: What is the point?

Jim: The point is that my agent (something you do not have) has just notified me that my latest book 100 Ways to Grate a Carrot is going to be translated into west Greenland Danish for the Eskimo market and my wife and myself are pretty excited about that. And Mr. Smarti-pants, I could not have done this without Farthington Beaglehole II, my agent. He tells me his father, Farthington Beaglehole, once worked with Winston Churchill. Get with the program jerkwad.

Me: Jim?

Jim: Yes?

Me: Have the west Greenland Eskimos even seen a carrot?

Jim: Jerkwad.

Me: Jim, let's share a mutual learning moment by engaging in iteration of something you already know about writing and about editing as a general subject.

Jim: OK …

Me: Editing cookbooks, and exercise books, and How-to-Lose Weight books, and personal financial management books, and daily aphorism books, and fashion advice books, and home improvement project books, and 100 Ways to Grate a Vegetable books is not the same as editing literature. It is possible for literature to break all the rules of writing including so-called iron clad rules for spelling, punctuation, and grammar. Spelling and punctuation and grammar are not always the strict purview of proofreaders—with literature all the boundary lines can get pretty creatively wavy and only a savvy editor is qualified to even take the field let alone make re-write suggestions. You know that— right Jim? With literature the normally strict demarcation line between proofreading and editing can make additional demands on whoever is in creative alliance with the author. Additionally, even if proofreading is not an issue; editing literature requires more knowledge than editing a safety manual for a golfball. Editing literature is where the rubber meets the road for editors. Like in almost everything else—most editors are not qualified for the task.

Jim: Yeah ... I guess so. I'm not really sure. I gotta tell ya man. I don't know how you can have so many goddamned opinions when you haven't even published a book. When I get together with other published writers they never talk like this.

Me: So maybe with literature the most appropriate first step would be to print what the author wrote. The 2nd edition could handle changes.

Jim: Well ... I never heard of that ... most books aren't really written anymore. They are kinda constructed—like a ham sandwich. I try to be modern. In fact, to tell you the truth: I'm not even real sure what the difference is between an author and a writer.

Me: Oops. Jim I'd love to continue this fascinating learning moment with you but I've just got a call coming in on my Published Writer's Hotline (PWH). Goodbye and let me know how that Eskimo translation project goes. You can't make too much money.

Jim: Ya know Dana, I'm almost sorry I called. Maybe I'll go back to watching Thai TV shows where they make fun of fat people and they make fun of dark skinned citizens from Isaan. At least I understand that. I mean—half of the time I'm not sure what you are saying. What is iterate? I thought it was reiterate. Even if the correct word is iterate I pretty much guarantee that 99% of the people in this world think the correct word would have been reiterate. Why don't you talk normal for Christ's sake?

And my book 100 Ways to Grate a Carrot has nothing to do with gin or with trannies. Where did that come from? Were you trying to be funny or literate or something? Sometimes I just don't get you. I think you've had too much gin and you've got trannies on the brain. 100 Ways to Grate a Carrot is a serious contribution to the literature (your word) of food preparation. My wife and myself grated so many carrots as part of research our fingers turned orange. I hate to think what color your fingers turned when you wrote that Mickey Mouse Underpants: A Research Project report/story/essay (whatever). And the book 100 Ways to Grate a Carrot has six appendixes (or appendici if you are some kind of goddamned smart pants). Appendix VI has tips for medical attention. The carrot graters are dangerous and lethal in the hands of the wrong person. My wife and myself can both attest that grated carrots and blood tastes good. Anyway, how many appendixes did your stupid Mickey Mouse Underpants: A Research Project have? I think I have made my point.

Me: Jim I have someone on hold who is a published author and who needs help.

Jim: Too bad. I'm not done yet. I mean who the hell do you think you are anyway? I just published my twenty-seventh book: 100 Ways to Grate a Carrot. I should be asking you questions instead of dancing like a Russian bear in a circus every time you go off on one of your 'writing' rants.

Hey, Mr. Hotshot—I've got news for you. Nobody cares. Nobody gives a flying rat's ass about writing, or the craft of writing (whatever that is), or the boring world of publishers, or the stone dead boring subjects of editors et al, or personal ethics (whatever that is), or literature (whatever that is), or historical literary references (BORING), or almost everything else concerning books including in almost all cases reading them. That's why my wife and myself wrote 100 Ways to Grate a Carrot. It's practical. It has universal appeal. It's a page turner. And it will make money Commander Jerkwad.

Feel that puddle water being sprayed on you five years from now? That's us going by you in a gold Rolls Royce automobile. We plan to follow up 100 Ways to Grate a Carrot with 100 Ways to Grate a Cabbage, and 100 Ways to Grate a Bean, and 100 Ways to Grate a Potato, and 100 Ways to Grate Celery, and 100 Ways to Grate a Chunder (Aussie I think), and 100 Ways to Grate a Chocolate Éclair (see, you are not the only witty one).

What's your plan? More stories about Fa piloting a super fast jet with her teddy bear in the cockpit. BORING. That ain't writin' champ. That's just a crazy person sittin' in the sand on Ko Larn talking to himself. You think you are so special but you are an embarrassment. That's your future you talentless big mouth. Staggering up and down the beach with a basket of overpriced sea shells you shove at tourists. No publisher, no agent, no plan, no talent, no future. You're so brain stem challenged you couldn't even conceive of a brilliant idea like 100 Ways to Grate a Carrot. And I say that as a friend.

Me: Jim you sound upset.

Jim: I'm not upset … it's just that; I mean how big is the shovel you use to shovel this crap of yours? There's no Published Writer's Hotline. What a load. What published writer in his right mind (or his wrong mind) would call you up and ask about anything? What a ridiculous idea. Honestly, you are starting to display the signs of a South Pattaya boulevard bloody eyebrow plucker. You're probably sitting all alone in some shabby east of Third Road Pattaya room in dirty underpants and moose antler slippers imagining that the phone is ringing, and imagining that published writers are calling you up and asking for writing advice, and having imaginary conversations. Pathetic. And I say that with love and support. I've given myself to Jesus and it's all about the love. I love you man.

Me: Well, Jim—thanks for calling and lending me support regarding my manuscript acceptance by a major big time publisher. I'll let you know whether Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis is dead or alive, and good luck selling carrot grating books to Eskimos who have never seen a carrot. I've heard of your agent Farthington Beaglehole before and I think I can say without fear of contention that anyone who can go through life with a name like Beaglehole must be … oh Jim, gotta go—my Published Writer's Hotline is ringing again.

Jim: Wait a minute … I've got something else on my mind. I mean, what is all this delusionary crap about the cult of Dana? The Dana Fan Club, and the Church of Dana, and Danaism, and—what is wrong with you? You know what? I think you don't know what respect and getting respect is all about so you have invented this whole crazyass world of yours. I don't want to grind you down in the mortar-and-pestle of my life of success but I think you might benefit from perusing just a brief list of my twenty seven successful books. Maybe a whiff of the heady elixir of my success and talent would be good for you. To wit:

1. The History of Lugnuts
2. Illustrated Hitler's Love Letters
3. Bird's Nests and How to Boil Them
4. Fashion Tips for Your Own Suicide
5. Worldwide Testicle Boils—A Survey
6. Slingshot Shooting Techniques for People with No Arms
7. Masturbating for Dummies—Vol. 1
8. 10,000 Uses for Plywood
9. Masturbating for Dummies—Vol. 2
10. Shoelace Tourniquet Techniques for the Penis

There Mr. Smartpants are ten illustrations of the kind of success you can have if you have an agent like Farthington Beaglehole II (his father helped Winston Churchill) and a publisher that knows what's what. I get respect. I am a somebody. People know who I am. I am going to be giving a lecture and a demonstration at Henry J. Bean's in Pattaya to the Greater Pattaya Expat Society on carrot grating. Have you ever been invited by them to give a lecture and a demonstration on Mickey Mouse Underpants: A Research Project? I think not. That's the difference between you and myself. I'm respected and you are just a joke. When people want to know all about Masturbating for Dummies do they call you? No Commander Jerkwad, they call me; a published author.

Me: Jim, I've got to go. Don't be a stranger. I value my learning moments with you and I value our friendship.

Jim: Jerkwad

278. Sick and Tired

17/5/2010

I'm sick and tired of hearing the word spiritual: as in 'He is very spiritual' or 'They are a spiritual people' or 'This is a spiritual place' etc, blah blah blah. I stopped using the word about ten years ago because I don't know what it means, and I don't think anyone else knows what it means either. It is a word without meaning used by people who do not have the intellectual integrity to ask themselves if they know what they are talking about. Intellectual cocktail party academic suburban shrub mulcher nonsense from the New Agers, young girls still writing poems about their cats, out of work Mohawk Indian steel walkers, and ignorant suit-and-tie people substituting acceptable societal mantras for linguistic precision.

Typical conversation with French (American, New Zealander, Norwegian, German, etc) girl with backpack at the foot of the steps to the Buddhist temple Doi Suthep outside of Chiang Mai, Thailand:

Me: How was your trip to the mountaintop?
Girl: Totally awesome.
Me: Anything in particular impress you?
Girl: Yeah, the monks were so spiritual.
Me: Really? What was so spiritual about them?
Girl: Well, you know—they were just totally spiritual.
Me: Sounds like it. First trip to Thailand?
Girl: Yes.
Me: Anything in particular about the behavior of the monks, individually or as a group, that made them stand out in a spiritual way?
Girl: Where are you from?
Me: America.

Girl: Why don't you go back to Amerika and get blown.
Amerika sucks, you suck, and Obama sucks.

The word spiritual (spiritualism, spiritualize, spirit) doesn't seem to lend itself to linguistic precision. And if you challenge someone on the use of the word they get angry. Spiritual and many other words are used by people without any kind of precision and they expect to get away with it. Basically, they want carte blanche to just eject words out of their mouths without regard to anything. This is the way children speak. When children misuse the language we call it charming. When adults do it we call it irritating, boring, and time wasting.

I am especially sick and tired of hearing about ignoramuses described as spiritual. It seems that the more destitute and pitiful a people are the more inclined we are to give them this western gift. They have nothing else, and history tells us that it is extremely unlikely that they will be able to get up out of the mud and the sand in the future; so let us give them this gift. Let us say they are spiritual. The same PC correct westerners who would be affronted if accused of paternalism and colonialism and westernism do this all the time. We give a useless gift to people who may not understand it or deserve it because it makes us feel good to do so. "OK, they are sitting in mud eating bugs—but they are so spiritual." Really?

Example:

1. The aborigines of Australia were 'spiritual' because they made colored hand prints on rocks, jumped around in the firelight with painted faces, and told untrue stories for generations about natural events? Spiritual? No, they were not spiritual. They may have been many wonderful things—but if I can not trust an Abo to paint my barn without spilling the paint pot, laying the brushes in the dirt, and getting paint on the windows he is not

spiritual. The bar simply has to be higher for this concept than ignorant-unreliable-town drunk-stupid.

Hey, I've got an idea. My name is Dana and I have been leaving the house for about fifty years, and I think about a lot of stuff, and I have some ideas, and once in a while I tilt my head back and look at the stars. I say I am spiritual. In fact, I say I am just as spiritual as any Australian outback or coastal stick thrower that ever lived. Prove me wrong. I mean it just stands to reason: I'm broke, I've never accomplished anything, no one is going to remember me, and sometimes I look at the stars in a dreamy kind of way. I must be spiritual. From now on I require everyone to call me Spiritual Dana.

Are you offended by this? Really? OK, let's test your belief mettle. How many of these spiritual people would you allow to babysit your children? Gee ... it's quiet in here. Life's a bitch when you have to behave in an intellectually competitive way isn't it? What's the matter: don't you want any of these spiritual people to be airline pilots, or surgeons, or food inspectors? Me either. Hey, we agree on something. Spooky huh?

Want to have some fun? OK, call up three of your friends and invite them over. Tell them to bring beer, and whiskey, and vodka, and gin, and seltzer water, and fifty condoms, and a bucket of rice, and black marking pens. When they arrive start drinking. There aren't any bosses, or village elders, or women to fear or to impress: just start drinking. Pee out the windows, take a dump on the carpet, and use your underpants as toilet paper.

After a while it will occur to you that blowing up the condoms into big balloons, using the black marking pen to write witty filthy things on them, and then throwing them out the window would be fun. After blowing up fifty condoms you'll be so winded you'll hardly be able to stand—or sit. It's OK, have some more whiskey.

That was just the prelude. Now the real fun starts. Get a dictionary. I used Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary c1980. OK, let's look up the word(s) spiritual. To wit:

A. Spiritual—of, relating to, or consisting of spirit.

(Wait a minute, isn't this kind of lame—using the word to describe the word?)

—things of a spiritual nature.

(Once again, aren't we using the word to define the word? Spiritual means things of a spiritual nature? OK … but wait, there is more fun ahead.)

B. Spiritualism—a movement comprising … spiritualism.

(What? Spiritualism = Spiritualism? Hey, makes these dictionaries look easy to write.)

C. Spirituality—the quality of or state of being spiritual

(Get the boots, the bullxxxx is rising.)

D. Spiritualize—

1. to make spiritual

(Well, thanks for that—no furrowed brow now. I mean really, who thinks we need the word spiritualize?)

2. to give a spiritual meaning to or understand in a spiritual sense.

OK, let's see what we have learned from Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary. To spiritualize is to give a spiritual meaning to or understand in a spiritual sense. What? Hey, I'm university educated and all I can come up with is What?

Now, wasn't perusing Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary a lot more fun than pissing out windows and writing rude things on condom balloons? Don't laugh—I know you have been drinking, but this was mighty serious stuff to religious and political leaders who ordered humiliation, torture, and death to simple people who couldn't turn language into high sounding nonsense. Words like spiritual and spiritualism and spiritualize are relics of the priests and salesman who grabbed and held power using words as weapons.

And what after using Webster's dictionary as a linguistic tool does the word spiritual mean? After all, if we are going to say a person, or a tribe, or an experience is spiritual it is pretty important to use the word correctly. I don't know. I don't know what the word spiritual means and I don't think Webster did either. I think he and his friends just got good and drunk when they got to the word and slogged through until they could get back to easier dictionary words like rock and pussy. Just bullxxxx creek rising.

Hey, does this mumbo jumbo silliness remind you of anything? You know—the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost? The what? The who? The Holy Ghost? What ... hold on there: the what? The who? Beats me, I could never figure it out either. We make fun of the Thais and their 'primitiveness' because they believe in ghosts and we here in the West invented one of the biggest ghost stories in human history. Don't ask me to explain it. Maybe the easy to understand story of Buddha kept the Thais from going off the rails and getting all mixed up in this spirit stuff. You know, there was a guy a long time ago, and he lead a good life, and he became the Buddha, and the Buddha looks like this and ... simple story. Maybe the Buddha story kept the Thais from wasting time going down other dead end philosophy roads. Buddha, whiskey, girls. What else do you need?

And this spiritual assumption is a many headed hydra of hipness. “Hey man, these spiritual dudes are like more centered man, and totally down with the whole Zen thang man, you dig? And they are totally environmentally tuned in man—that’s why they be sleeping in mud, and covered with fleas, and eating bugs and worms and such. Gods walk amongst us and they be pickin’ their noses with prawn claws and using their own feces (recycling man) to make paint for handprints on rocks.”

OK, you can take a breath now. Ridiculous? Not everyone thinks so. Some people think we would be better off studying these jerks than the playwrights and the mathematicians of ancient Greece. Of course the Thais in their bone lazy third world southeast Asian wisdom have opted out of all of this. They aren’t studyin’ nuthin’. “Thinking hurts my head.” I used to belittle this juvenile nonsense but thinking (or trying to puzzle out) the Holy Ghost hurts my head also.

So, what does this diatribe regarding the word spiritual have to do with a Thai-centric website? Well, it occurs to me quite by accident that I have never heard the word spiritual in the Kingdom. I have never heard an expat describe his girlfriend, or his Thai wife, or any of his Thai wife’s family as spiritual in any way. Not even a little bit. Except for the muttonheaded humanoids like the French girl at the beginning of this essay, I don’t remember hearing or reading regarding any visitor to the Kingdom describing their time in the Kingdom as spiritual in any way. Not ever. Not once. I like people and I like tourists and I make an easy sounding board or brain dump for tourists. I listen. They never use the word spiritual describing their Thai experience. If they have just come from India and they are getting their hair braided on Khao San Road the word keeps popping up like black footed ferrets on the prairie, but not in the Kingdom. I don’t remember seeing the word in any English language Thai newspaper used with the same meaning as we expect in the West. But most especially, I have never one time heard or heard of Thais using the word spiritual. If I found out that the words spiritual, spiritualism, spirituality, and spiritualize were not even in the Thai dictionary I think my response would be: "Good for them." It's as if the world's greatest liars, dissemblers, obfuscators, and linguistic ignoramuses instinctively realize the word spiritual is nonsense. I kind of respect them for that.

I don't feel that I am being unfair here or setting an unreasonably high bar for someone who is spiritual, full of spirit, in touch with spirituality, and a part of the whole spiritualism Zen thing man. If a high end resort Phuket beach boy tells me he is spiritual I don't expect him to be able to discourse on String Theory, the Big Bang, quantum conundrums, the silver cord of consciousness, astral travel, or mind-body connections. But I do expect him to be able to count towels. Four towels minus two towels equals ... the answer is two towels Mr. Spiritual Man. He should be able to discourse in some way and with enough language specificity to render his ideas open to debate or reflection. Saying it does not make it so. Feeling something is personal, not necessarily factual. Once you open your mouth and disgorge yourself in a public forum you have to expect response, be able to defend, and respect the fact that to others emotion is not enough. Big ideas can absorb this.

Fifty thousand years in Australia and no silverware yet? I'm sorry, I'm not going to do a head snap when Mr. Aborigine walks in either. For language to have value it needs more than precision although that is about ninety per cent of it. Words must also carry weight. Words that don't actually mean anything or do not make a meaningful contribution (spiritualism?) are just a waste of time. You are spiritual? Prove it. You think someone else is spiritual, or an experience is spiritual, or a place is spiritual?

Evidence please. OK, if it is not calculus provable, just some evidence. Something. Otherwise we may be treated to me walking around and telling everyone I meet that I am spiritual. There is a thought. Imagine me as a door greeter at the Mothership:

"Hello and welcome to the Mothership—the best whore hotel in the world. My name is Dana and I am spiritual."

But pinning the badge of spirituality on people(s) is something we can't seem to break ourselves of in the West. How about this for a brain freeze … I have even seen the appellation of spiritual applied to people who practise cannibalism. OK, all together now … What? Is cannibalism the only outrage in this hypocrisy festival? No, how about people and individuals practising infanticide and genocide and every abuse and humiliation that you can imagine (or not imagine). Spiritual? Stop it. Just shut up. Burying people alive? Sure, why not? Cutting off the genitalia of men and stuffing them in their mouths? Sounds great. How much time have you got? It's a long list.

Hey, I've got an idea. Let's raid the tribe in the next valley. Why? No reason really—just bored. And we'll string cords through the heads of babies and smash them on rocks. Fun huh? Then we'll go back to our village and tell the stupid sexless white woman made up stories and watch her write them down. She thinks if we stare at the sky for five minutes, look disoriented, murmur at meals, and get tattoos on our ass we are spiritual. We don't even believe that crap. Stupid.

So, what's the test? How can you tell if someone is spiritual or not? Well, maybe it is something you have to back into. Here is an onsite lab test I find appealing. Pick your tribe (nation, group, etc.) of interest. Now pick the family of someone the tribe thinks is special in some way. The next two steps will test your research mettle. Number one you must attain one hundred per cent spoken literacy. Number two you must spend five years living with that family. If after five years of hearing them fart, watching them fight, avoiding inter-family violence, negotiating juvenile behavior, fending off unsolicited aggression, enduring stupidity, and having every one of your treasured possessions stolen you think there is a member of the family that is spiritual give me a call. I want to meet that person. I want to believe.

More examples ...

2. The Kalahari bushmen of Africa. Years and years and years and years of swatting flying insects in the sand and they are spiritual? Stop it.

3. The Pygmies of Africa. They now use tribal hunting drives to force little jungle animals into long nets. They then trade these sources of protein to outside tribe blacksmiths for little metal arrowheads. Barter. This is the big advance in the last fifty years. Spiritual? Stop it.

4. Nomads of Africa with or without camels or herds of animals. Staving off starvation is their all consuming job. Spiritual? Stop it.

5. Etc. Examples too numerous to mention. Few parts of the Earth have escaped this Western nomenclature nonsense. There are (thankfully) some exceptions. Usually these exceptions apply where not even the most well intentioned liberal use of language could turn lotus eaters into cosmologists, coughers and spitters into people of interest, or people whose only interest is not freezing to death into photon travelers amongst the aurora borealis. To wit:

Example One: The Eskimos from Nome, Alaska across the top of the world to the north and western shore of Greenland. Nobody has ever called these people anything special in this category including themselves. Just too fxxxing cold for word gamesmanship and linguistic nonsense. The fat wife keeps you warm until morning and then you have to go find another stupid seal to eat.

Example Two: The Yaghan people of Tierra del Fuego on the extreme southern tip of South America. So primitive and so disgusting and so pitiful (or beyond pity) that nobody wasted anyone else's time pinning fancy words on their horrible lives. Lives lived without clothes in rain or wind or hail or snow or cold or sleet or hailstones or all of those things at once. Food: mussels. Lives so without human expectations that they made the lives of the Aborigines in Australia look like a vacation in Las Vegas. I guess it is hard to be spiritual when you are depressed, suicidal, wet, cold, and coughing.

Example Three: Most of the Pacific: Polynesian, Micronesia, and Melanesia. I have been reading this literature for forty years and do not remember outsiders blathering on and on about the spiritualism of the natives. These brown skinned raven haired sons and daughters of Adam and Eve were mostly eating fish, doing what comes naturally, and drying copra for the next arrival of the trading schooner. No big thoughts. No big ideas. Oh sure, there were the stories to explain natural things they did not understand but no one was discovering quantum mechanics, levitation, or the Tibetan Book of the Dead while holding a conch shell to his ear. Spiritual and spiritualism and spiritualize are big big words. Ideas that are bigger than singing fish, and dancing trees, and angry vengeful dead family members with seaweed for hair and urchin spines for fingers. There has to be something. There is no evidence that pre-Einsteins ever inhabited the Pacific and copulated with the daughters of pre-Indian Yogis.

French Oceaniaophiles will chirp like featherless hatchlings about religions and priests in that part of the Pacific basin's history. But religions and priests have nothing to do with spirituality. Spiritual is a whole different kettle of copra. It doesn't mean religious. In Sunday school we drew pictures of Pontius Pilate in his airplane. Religious? Maybe. Spiritual? No.

So there are exceptions but in many parts of the world this idea that primitive people are very likely to be spiritual and in tune with the environment is a myth that you can not kill with a stake to the heart of Reason. It seems to be an idea with tremendous appeal. Well, how about me? I say I am spiritual. How come I am not getting any attention? And it seems that the more backward and the more destitute the people, the more inclined we are to pin the badge of spiritual on them as if it is a gift that will benefit them and make us feel good for being the gift giver. And there is an intellectual logic to this also that clutters up the academic journals and the minds of teenage girls. The subliminal or not so subliminal idea that their lives sucked so much for so many thousands of years that they must have been spiritual—how else could they have staggered from day to day without philosophy? The gift givers logic of the paternalistic West just makes us look stupid but we won't stop. You simply can not drive a stake into the idea that simple people are 'spiritual'. We can not even agree on what the word means but we will not stop using it. With this logic the homeless people of Boston and the wretched wretches of the streets of Boston are spiritual and spiritualistic and a part of spiritualism. I have some personal knowledge of the homeless people and the street people of Boston. They are not remotely any of these things.

Very recently a new tribe has been discovered in South America. They are so primitive they do not even have (get ready for this) past or future tenses in their language. Sound familiar? Sound like animals? Pick any category of knowledge, or thought process, or data and they do not know it. They live by robbing honey from bee colonies in trees, and tipping over logs and rocks looking for grubs and worms. This is how animals live. Thousands of years stumbling around in the jungle and they are barely discernible from animals. I am now marking the calendar until Psychology Today magazine, or some French anthropologist, or some knuckleheads at Harvard University, or Smithsonian magazine, or some funded project through National Geographic proclaims them to be spiritual ... and more in touch with extrasensory and/or environmental and/or starshine lit and/or alternative to science and reason modes of thought than modern man. Prove it. I don't believe it. Make it a contest. I'll be the modern man. Bring them on. And if I win—guess what; hey, I must be spiritual. Kinda rocks you back on your heels, doesn't it.

This is why the Thai culture is refreshing. They don't waste any of their shallow unintellectual nonreflective time on spiritual anything. They know what's what, and they know the fix is in, and they are on their knees with their lips wrapped around the tailpipe of modernity and sucking in the pollution of our times as fast as possible. Spiritual? My ass. You say there is going to be a festival at the local Buddhist temple, or in front of the temple property, or across the street from the temple grounds and you want to go there to observe Thais so that you can write a college paper when you get back home? Hey, I can save you the trip. This is what you will see. First the Thais will buy flowers and incense and pray. Then they will make a donation to the temple This is called the begging and the bribe. Then they will stroll down to where the speakers are being installed and the stage is being built.

Are they hoping to hear the tingling soft complex sounds of Siam played on Ranat Eks (xylophones with wood bars), or two string So-U's, or khongs (gongs), or the Pi (double reed wind instrument), or the Khlui (flute), or the Chakhe (zither), or Chings (small cymbals), or the Poeng Mong Khaek (tuned drums)? Get serious. Screw that. Lets tune the electric guitars, stack the speakers, and bring on the sixteen year old village girls dancing like whores and calling it modern music. Spiritual? Don't be stupid.

The Thais come from an agrarian background of poor nutrition and/or low calorie count and/or semi-starvation over a very long period of time. In addition, Buddhism came out of India and splurged East eventually driving into Siam. You would think this was fertile ground for the West to have pinned the spiritual label on these people but somehow it never happened. At least we got that right, and the Thais have never fallen for the easy label either. Was there room for a non productive concept like spirituality in a primitive desperate agrarian economy like Siam's? Is the fourteen year old girl bent double in a rice field thinking big thoughts about big ideas or is she more likely to be thinking these thoughts:

* I'm not sure but I think I just stepped on a snake.

* My back is killing me.

* I'll marry any punk or old man who can get me out of this rice paddy.

If you could time travel backwards and you could walk up to her five hundred years ago and tell her in your French accented anthropologist voice that she is spiritual she would not have any idea what you were talking about. I used to be morally repulsed by women who use their sex to escape unpleasant life circumstances but no more. I have grown up. I wouldn't want to be wondering if I just stepped on a snake either. Buddha get me outa here and don’t be givin’ me no spiritual jive.

So at least we do not have to listen to taxi drivers in Bangkok, and old women pounding mulberry bark in an umbrella ‘factory’ outside of Chiang Mai tell us they are spiritual. Thank somebody for that. That would cause me to roll my eyes back so much I might end up blind. I am not against this happening if it is true but fraud is boring. If somebody tells me that there is a Yogi (someone that knows that the entire cosmos is saturated within his body) in northern India who everyone agrees is spiritual and in touch with big ideas in a big way I am interested. I would like to believe. If further research shows that he spent twenty years in a Yogi school, ten years hanging upside down with bats in a cave, he can stop his heart, he pisses urine in rainbow colors, he can yodel Pali chants out his ass, and he cut his legs off with a hacksaw blade as an exercise in mind control; I am interested. I want to meet this guy. I want to believe in spirituality as practised by spiritual people. I’m a player. Show me. Convince me. I have an open mind.

I am not going to meet this guy in Thailand and everyone knows it including the Thais and there is no pretending going on. Just start playing the electric guitars, somebody tell me who brought the cups and the ice and the whiskey, and bring out the little village whore dancers. At least you have to respect the Thais for not lugging that nonsense around on top of the train. Maybe in the past when Thailand was Siam there was something spiritual about the culture, or about the people, or about some of the monks. I’ll never know. I would like to believe that Siam was a simpler more special time and place. It is probably a good thing that I will never know anything about Siam. We need our dreams.

Spiritual this and spiritual that, and spiritualism this and spiritualism that is really all about big ideas that exist outside of ourselves and inside of ourselves at the same time. Sort of a theory of everything invented by humans. This makes the best candidates for spirituality the physicists and the astronomers. They are the people we should be regarding and watching and listening to. They are the highly focused, long term, big idea people. How many of these people are in Thailand? About zero. It's OK. Thailand is what it is and one of the charms of the Thai people today and of Thai culture today is that they are not investing themselves in any big ideas to no purpose, or telling us they are spiritual. Where's the whiskey and do we have enough of these elephant T shirts to sell to fat tourists? Works for me.

279. I’m Rooting For Them

16/6/2010

I should be used to it by now but I am not used to it even after forty years.

What is IT? Einstein. In the May 8, 2010 issue of Science News in an article titled Inventing the Light Fantastic about lasers it is noted that Einstein did work that presaged laser theory and subsequent technology in 1917. Quote:

> *“1917—Albert Einstein publishes work predicting that an electron tickled by a photon could drop to a lower energy level and release additional radiation, later dubbed stimulated emission, the “se” in laser.”*

I mean, how smart was this guy? How abnormal was his brain? In 1917, few people even knew what photons and electrons were and he was predicting accurately their interactions using math and his brain. So, was Al (I call him Al) one hundred times smarter than I am smart? One thousand times smarter than I am smart? What? And his appearance on Earth seemed so random. Did anybody check for grass burns from flying saucers? He just popped up.

So … sometimes I look around at the Thais in my little world: the children selling flowers, the shoe repair guy on the corner of Soi 4 and Sukhumvit, the taxi drivers, etc. Is one of them the next Einstein? It’s possible. First came Newton, then Einstein. Is Somchai or Wan next? Will a rice farmer’s son or a rice farmer’s daughter be able at age nineteen to tell us how to travel at the speed of light in an altered state of consciousness and without regard to matter? How about traveling at greater-than-the-speed-of-light speed? It’s possible. Anything is possible if you consider the impossibility of Albert Einstein.

What came after Einstein’s early work? Quantum mechanics. But quantum mechanics is all about minutia and measurement and prediction and physics matching reality on mostly a small scale. Quantum mechanics won’t allow the grandchildren of Thais to travel among the stars. For that we need the next Thai Einstein, Somchai or Wan, to tell us how to slip the bounds of gravity and space and time and finally be free.

I think about stuff nobody else thinks about. Sometimes it is kind of lonely. But I think and I feel that it would be great if the next Einstein was a Thai. Why? Because it fits into Why Not? The reality of Einstein didn’t make any sense so why not a Thai to solve the infinite Rubik’s Cube of reality? I’m rooting for them.

280. Spiritual Addenda

4/7/2010

OK, no person on this third rock from the Sun is more attracted to the idea of self-improvement than I am. It's like a scientific fact dude. Especially, in the whole spirit/spirituality/spiritualism dept. Don't even talk about it. I want to be hip and I want to be popular and some friends and some non-friends of mine have taken time out of their busy days to tell me that I might think about ramping the whole spiritual component of my life up.

Anyway, as I said; the fires of yearning for self-improvement burn in me unquenchably. With that in mind I have just signed up to attend the 2011 (Thursday, April 28-Sunday, May 1) INTENSIVE to be held in Essex, Vermont in the United States: a nation internationally respected for totally righteous spiritual stuff.

The INTENSIVE is titled: Stones of the New Consciousness: Healing, Awakening and Co-creating with Crystals Minerals and Gems. I quote from Robert Simmons—session leader and stone spiritual guru:

"After several decades in its initial stages, I feel our work with stones is ready to be taken to a new level. Now we are prepared to meet the Stone Beings, and to work with them in co-creative partnership for the good of the world. In my own research, I have realized that there is more to the energies of crystals and minerals than helping us to 'get' what we want or need. We are called in this time to awaken to a higher vision, of the stones, of ourselves and of our potential. We are invited to enter, with the help of the stones, into a New Consciousness, a new way of being for which we have been preparing for a very long time. Within this, we will find new modes of healing, new ways of sensing, new insights into our purpose and new ways to participate in bringing forth a better world."

Mr. Simmons has a lot more to say but I believe you get the general spiritual drift. Oh wait, just one more:

"The New Consciousness is a heart-centered way of being. It involves the practise of constant self-giving into the coming moment, whatever it may be. In the New Consciousness, we learn to love and trust the unknown, the Soul of the World, who is never static, but is always coming into being. In this new co-creating consciousness, we generate through generosity. By giving ourselves, we bring abundance into the world."

Well, of course—who could argue with that. I can't wait to be in Essex, Vermont next year to be in this guy's aura. Kind of makes me lightheaded to think about but I figure that's a good thing. Learning can hurt your head but I have learned in the Kingdom to just go with it. Anyway, in May of 2011 when I graduate from the INTENSIVE I plan to open a spiritual bar in Pattaya totally attuned to the very special almost-impossible-to-understand Thai mind called:

DANA'S SPIRITUAL BAR AND
MASSAGE CHAKRA EMPORIUM

Spiritual? Don't even talk about it. We are going to have Thai spiritual stuff up the naked pole dancers ying yangs. And chakra stuff? Our special chakra spiritual massage ladies will ...

Special Note: all Dana's Spiritual Bar massage ladies will have patented Stone Being powder put on their chakras. When they rub (oh excuse me: meditate) against you in the dark sparks will fly. Honk if you love sparkin' spiritual pussy.

Anyway, be there or be square. Opening July 2011 in the Carnival Bar location next to Superbabies in Soi Diamond. Free

Mystic Merlinite massage wands to the first 100 customers. Raffle every night at midnight. Winner gets a private meditation session with Ling as she meditates in her Copper Meditation Pyramid. Cameras allowed.

Spiritualism, naked dancers, alcohol, music, light shows, totally bitchin' Thai sensitivity, and massage with spiritual stones. Example:

"Azeztulite fills the body with Spiritual Light, transmuting old patterns of contraction, and awakening the cells to the Light of the Great Central Sun."—Robert Simmons.

Ask yourself this question: when was the last time you were transmutated? Exactly. Plus all massage ladies can chant and drink whiskey in a very rural Third World way. Spiritual baby—spiritual all the way.

Who loves ya spiritually?
Dana Does

No Need To Check Your Pulse

Dana here rockin' cats & kittens with another hip hop happenin' dispatch from the Land of Smiles. No need to check your pulse, you haven't died and gone to heaven. It's me and you Poindexter with an announcement that will turn you from a dribbler to a shooter. To wit: I am forming a tranny rock band called Snay 'n How.

Snay 'n How as you know is Thai slang for Snake in House. And if I have to draw you a picture so that you can make the connection ... OK, just forget it. Anyway, as you know; sometimes when you take your Obsessions Bar cutie back to the Mothership (aka Nana Hotel) you get peek-a-boo and jiblets, other times when the pants come down you are staring at Snay 'n How. Sweet Jesus on a cracker. I'm a Snay 'n How man. Big plum ended heavy dark logs you can hold up with a stick. The only thing peek-a-boo and jiblets is good for is fast and furious soap action with her wrists tied to the shower nozzle. Screaming and double blindfolds are also fun but that is not really the point. The point is Snay 'n How and if you can spend a long slow afternoon with a log and the sun coming in the open hotel drapes you will wonder where the time went.

Remember the old Robert Plant and Honeydrippers revue where he would sing in front of a lineup of long legged dancers? OK, now imagine the lead singer has hair to her ass and legs to her armpits. Her voice is a combination of Sade from the 90's and Chaka Khan in the 70's. She's got bruises under her chin from her breasts and you could beat her whippet body with a stick. And that 12" she's wavin' around? It ain't the microphone.

Behind her? Eight Bangkok tranny honey drippers. Six playing saxophone and two back up singers with breathy French cabaret sounds. Everyone wearing crotchless pantyhose and cowboy boots. You ain't dribblin' now Poindexter—it's a shootin' festival. Welcome to the rest of your life. Who loves you? Dana does.

So, the tranny rock band Snay 'n How is forming. If you see me and Pattaya Emma in Bangkok just follow us. We know where the action is, Emma is going through men like prunes though an old lady, and we are conducting afternoon auditions now on the long center stage at the G-Spot bar in the Nana Entertainment Plaza. First new band tryouts will be in a secret Thonburi warehouse and then we will be making appearances at other big stage venues and private parties from Rangoon to Bangkok to Saigon.

Like rock 'n roll music? Like choreographed staged presentations? Get all giggly and squirmy at women's' legs going into the tops of cowboy boots? Mesmerized by heavy swinging log action? Snay ‘n How. It’s time has come. Contact this website for ticket and appearance date information.

Sincerely
Dana

P.S. Pattaya Emma available for private appearances. You knew that.

P.S.S. Please, no pictures with ticket requests. It’s not a contest and the pictures make the office dogs bark.

281. Whence Does The Future Come?

14/9/2010

"How to predict which seed will grow? Sometimes only hindsight tells you what you want to know."—I.D.H.

Year: 1968. My girlfriend, Esther Shapiro, is taking a class called Female Asian Studies (or something) at the University of Michigan. I go to pick her up at class. I see her, she sees me; we smile and wave at each other.

I was brought up in an all white, dry (no alcohol sold), mostly Republican, Christian values town outside of Boston. We had no minorities—none. If it were not for the television set I would have thought the whole world was white like we were white. Everyone did their homework after school. No sports programs to speak of, no fights or bad language in the twelve years of my public school experience, and the High School prom my graduating year had to be cancelled for lack of interest—not intellectual enough I guess. Everyone went to college. We had a few students in our high school graduating class of 600 that took courses involving cars (autobody something). Everyone just assumed they were retarded and no one corrected us.

Imagine my surprise (more like continual stunment) my first days on campus at college to witness people from all over the world. College as zoo experience. And some of the bewildering exotica were Jewish princesses with jewelry up to their elbows, fashionable clothing, grown up lady makeup, adult women hair salon hairstyles, accents, and attitude. Send a scope up their rectums and you would not even see poop.

Hence my girlfriend Esther Shapiro. Not only is she Jewish (what's that), but she is a New York Jew (no idea), and a New York Jew from Queens (just clueless) who spends her summers on a kibbutz (what's that) in Israel (where) picking peaches; and she has a father who wears one of those flying saucers on his head (just no flippin' idea what that is all about). I thought I had maxed out on exotica. And those were not donuts that she brought home—they were bagels. What?

Then I went to pick her up at her Women's' Studies Asian Something class. And standing in the doorway waiting for the class to end what did I see? Japanese females, Chinese females. Malaysians and women from Singapore and Bali? Sure, possibly. A Thai woman? Could have happened. Vietnamese female? Maybe. The odd Khmer, or Laotian, or Bhutanese, or Nepalese, or Burmese? Maybe. Who knows? I didn't know anything about what I was witnessing. A sea of dark skin, high cheekbones, blazing white smiles, perfect bodies, and either almond shaped eyes or slit eyes. Black straight shining hair.

I was transfixed. If Esther had suddenly burst into flame I would not have noticed. Everything is relative and suddenly my exotic New York Jewess from Queens was invisible. Trumped and stomped into oblivion by higher powers of sexuality and beauty. I can remember this from forty years ago as if it happened yesterday.

Was that the start? The start of yellow fever. Was that the first needle in the vein? Were the faces of those Asian women in that classroom at the University of Michigan forty years ago the seeds that led to my life in Thailand? I sometimes wonder and of course I will never know. With the knowledge regarding Thailand and the women of Asia and yellow fever that I have now I think it would be instructive to travel back in time and see some of those faces again. A fun thing.

282. God Bless Photography

2/6/2010

I'm staying at the Vientai hotel in Thailand and I want to go to the Oriental hotel. Geographically speaking they are very near each other. The Oriental is world famous, and Thai famous, and Bangkok famous. And any taxi driver will recognize the word Oriental now matter how badly mangled by a Dane, or a German, or an Aussie, or me. This will be easy. Who said that? No, this won't be easy. It will be a tourist nightmare. I start out flagging down taxis in front of the Vientai hotel. What could be easier? Complete incomprehension. You would think I was asking to be taken to a crater on the back side of the moon. No, even that is too easy. You would think I was asking to be taken to the planet Zebron in the Fimgali galaxy.

So I walk two blocks over to where there is a round-a-bout with a lot of traffic. This should increase my odds. Nada. Goose Egg. Nothing. Bupkus. Zero. I could probably walk to the Oriental hotel if I knew what I was doing but no one in the taxi business ever heard of one of the world's most famous hotels in their neighborhood. Then I get an idea.

I go back to the Vientai hotel and have one of the nice girls behind the front desk write Oriental hotel in Thai on a piece of paper. At least that is what I think they wrote. They might have written:

"Beware of this crazy tourist."

At least I am trying. Back to the round-a-bout. I show the paper with the words Oriental hotel, and I show the paper with the words Oriental hotel, and I show the paper with the words Oriental hotel written in Thai to taxi drivers. You'd think I was asking a dog to decipher the Rosetta Stone. None of the taxi drivers read Thai …! Then I get another idea so clever that I should receive the Nobel Prize for tourists. I go to a pharmacy and I buy a postcard that has a picture of the Oriental hotel. The very first taxi driver takes me there.

God bless postcards. God bless photography.

283. Looking for Winners

TT&A Part 251 14/8/2010

Attn: Stickmanites, worshippers of Danaism, and dribblers:

Stickmanbangkok.com has a rule that all submissions must be at least 800 words long. This story called Looking for Winners comes in a little short of 800 words. I emailed Stick and asked him if I could get a one time reprieve on this 800 word limit rule and his reply follows:

“I can’t believe you would have the ignorant unmitigated gall to even take up my very valuable time with a bonehead stupid request like this. I have been carrying you and your lameass submissions for years and this is the thanks I get for practically rescuing you from the gutter and giving you a chance (most of which you have squandered) at human dignity. Talk about an ingrate. I’ve spit on soi dogs smarter than you, and NO you can not get a one submission reprieve on the minimum 800 word rule. You always did think you were special which everyone knows is just a big joke. Anyway, I hope you burn and twist in the fires of Hell for eternity.

You are the original King of Krazy Krap for a website administrator. I don’t think you are playing with a full deck in the brain department. Special scheduling requests, goofy font requests, stupid mistakes you want me to fix, loony spacing issues, and margin issues too boring for words. I’ve had it with you up to the tops of my eyeballs and you are not getting any special treatment. None. Bupkus. Zero. Forget about it tourist pest. Zippo. Ain’t never gonna happen. In your dreams and you can stick this request where the sun don’t shine. Just mail in your latest pile of mud and I’ll throw it against the wall and see if any of it sticks. Oh, and my latest application to the Dana Fan Club which has once again been denied? Ask me if I care. Dickhead”

OK, I'm not the brightest light bulb in the hallway but I guess that Stick response is maybe a Yes and maybe a No. Hard to tell. I hate to get all involved in human relationships (unless she has short wide brown feet) but maybe this would be a good time to remind the great Stickmeister that I introduced him to Boom-Boom in the parking lot of the Mothership, turned him on to my tailor so that he could dress like me, never mentioned his hanging nose booger at lunch one day, acted as a character reference for some little computer club he wanted to join, personally delivered the news to him that he would not be accepted into the Dana Fan Club, and lent him 2 satang so that he could tip a waitress at an embassy event.

In addition, I have never brought up the fact that he had cosmetic surgery to look like me, cuts holes in his socks to look like me, wears a Bondi Beach yellow lifeguard wig to look like me, and often uses the same words in his writing as I use in my writing. Words like 'and', 'or', 'but', 'however', 'Sweet', 'Jesus', 'on', 'a', and 'cracker'. Some people would call this plagiarism. I never brought it up. That's the kind of guy I am.

And further additionally, over the years I have received a lot of emails from Stickmanbangkokites asking me to provide personal information about Stick. Never, not once; have I mentioned the incidents of 2003, the indiscretions of 2004, the embarrassments of 2007; and most especially, the massive issues of 2009—it is improper and I won't do it. I know from your emails to Dana Central that many of you in 2009 heard Stick's name mentioned in sentences that involved words and phrases like military options, currency fluctuations, collateral damage, United Nations sanctions, monogrammed condoms, and 50 caliber ammo. Believe me when I tell you: I know in detail and document and testimony what all this stuff means. But I'm not talking. It is improper and I won't do it.

Like I said I don't want to bring this stuff up and lean on the guy and his 800 word limit rule—that's just not me. But it's hard not to notice that with this introduction I am now going to be over 800 words. So kiss my butt Stickboy, and for the rest of you loyal Stickmanites here is a story called:

Looking For Winners

When not pursuing his personal/sabbatical highly focused, scientifically based, academically formatted bargirl checklist research (see TT&A Part 220—Porno Playing Cards); Korski can usually be found bent double over municipal trash cans on the Pattaya boardwalk looking for winning lottery tickets that have been mistakenly thrown away. He's a tall man who by bending at the waist and tucking his belt buckle over the lip of the trash receptacle can get his head and arms right to the bottom of the trash cans. He's easy to spot. Just look for the bottom half of a professor on sabbatical/vacation.

Anyway, I had an important question to ask him so I went looking. Spotted his lower half with his attendant little red research wagon (again, see TT&A Part 220—Porno Playing Cards) which is always by his side right away. Most professors have legions of slavishly devoted PhD students or post-doc students as research assistants. Korski has his wagon. Anyway, a few taps on the can and up he comes like a deep sea diver wearing a miner's head lamp, surgical gloves, elbow pads, Japanese pollution face mask, and eye surgeon magnifying spectacles.

Me: Find any winning tickets yet?

Korski: Nope.

Me: How long have you been looking?

Korski: Nine years.

Me: How many of these cans are there?

Korski: About thirty.

Me: What is your frequency of investigation?

Korski: Twice a day times thirty cans times thirty days per year times nine years.

Me. So, 2 x 30 x 30 x 9 has so far yielded zero?

Korski: Yes, but that is not the point.

Me: What is the point?

Korski: Well, it has to do with the theory of large numbers. Since I am a full professor with more degrees than a thermometer factory and you are short you probably couldn't grasp the theory of large numbers.

Me: Try me.

Korski: Well, I haven't got the time to explain the mathematical wonders of the universe to a frog but basically it means that the more I look the greater my chances of finding a winning lottery ticket that some Thai threw away.

Me: I don't think that is even remotely the theory of large numbers professor. Perhaps you should consult your little red wagon.

Korski: For instance, look here. This ticket number is only off the winning number by nine digits. And this lottery ticket number is only off the winning number by four digits. And this number is only off by two digits. I'm saving that one—you never know.

Me: Know what?

Korski: Look, I'm kinda busy, and get your foot off my wagon.

I moved on. I had completely forgotten the important question I was going to ask Professor Korski and I was beginning to think he was off by more than two digits.

Lessons learned? No big ones really. Just that it is easy to find a full professor on sabbatical/vacation on the boardwalk in Pattaya, don't ask him about the theory of large numbers, and don't put your foot on his wagon.

284. Facemasks of Dana

TT&A Part 252 21/8/2010

Introduction

> *"Would it be too bold to imagine, that in the great length of time since the earth began to exist, perhaps millions of ages before the commencement of the history of mankind, would it be too bold to imagine, that all warm-blooded animals had arisen from one living filament, which the first great cause endowed with animality, with the powers of acquiring new parts, attented with new propensities, directed by irritations, sensations, volitions, and associations; and thus possessing the faculty of continuing to improve by its own inherent activity, and of delivering down these improvements by generation to its posterity, world without end?"*—Erasmus Darwin (grandfather of Charles Darwin), treatise Zoonomia, published 1794.

This is clear enough on the first reading but a few supplementary readings with different speeds and different measures of alertness can give you the chills. Whence do ideas come from? Ever heard of Charles Darwin? Ever heard of his grandfather Erasmus? Whence do ideas come from?

Here is Charles Darwin many years later:

> *"Finally, then, I conclude that the greater variability of specific characters, or those which distinguish species from species, than of generic characters, or those which are possessed by all species; that the frequent extreme variability of any part which is developed in a species in an extraordinary manner in comparison with the same part in it's congeners; and the slight degree of variability in a part, however extraordinarily it may be developed, if it be common to a whole group of species; that the great variability of secondary sexual characters, and their*

> *great difference in closely allied species; that the secondary sexual and ordinary specific differences are generally displayed in the same part of the organization—are all principles closely connected together."*

Whew. I'm exhausted. Rock on Charlie. But I gotta tell ya, Grandpa was in the Great Ideas Sweepstakes before you bought a ticket. One hundred twenty three words and thirteen punctuation marks in one sentence. And I'll make a deal with you: if you do not ask me what this means I will return the favor and not ask you what this means. But I almost digress. See a resemblance: between grandfather Erasmus and young Charley? OK, neither one of these guys is a party animal but they do bring up the speculatory brain waves of:

From Whence Do Ideas Come?

OK, young ubernerd Charley (Charles Darwin) takes a boat trip and stumbles after butterflies, and barnacles, and birds, and bees, and bears, and beavers, and beetles, and barracudas, and bats, and beaks, and beets, and biters, and baleens, and bivalves, and bloodsuckers, and blowing whales, and boas, and bonefish, and boobies, and botflies, and budgies, and bananas, and bamboos, and balapagoes burtles, and new ideas. New ideas? Really? Sorry, Charley; your grandfather was way way ahead of you and he even wrote it down and published it.

They say imitation is the sincerest form of flattery and I guess imitating grandpa is not a bad thing; but still, some imitation can be irritating. To wit:

Facemasks Of Dana

Cognoscenti, Dana Fan Club members, and heavy management hitters here at Dana Central headquarters on Beacon Hill in Boston have recently been notified that people (evil people), without business courtesy or conscience, are now selling Dana costumes on the Internet. I'm not going to dignify this ethical black hole by publishing the website address but it is now possible to purchase Dana costumes on the Internet. I know. I know. Believe me I know. I am as upset about this as you are. Yes, you can now look like me in four ways. I quote from the website:

Table of Contents—Dana Costume Offerings

1. Beacon Hill Dana—blue pin striped Singapore banker suit with sparkle flecked white satin shirt, silk tie, velvet vest, and matching vest pocket handkerchief and socks. Custom made crocodile shoes with laminated soles and heels. Let your clothes lie for you. What girl isn't going to smile for a billionaire? Be all you can be. Be Dana.

2. Schoolteacher Dana—black peg leg pants, cheap brown shoes, wrinkled white shirt, plaid tie, no socks. Large front pants pocket for wallet. Coffee and ketchup stains on shirt. Cigarette burn holes in tie. Let your clothes lie for you. What Thai girl doesn't yearn for the face earned by having sex with an ajarn? Be all you can be. Be Dana.

3. Backpacker Dana—purple drawstring beach pants with turquoise elephants, white Indian cotton shirt, black foam Nike sandals, silver bracelets to the elbow, bleached hair wig, necklaces including imitation coral, Mardi Gras beads, and penis amulets. Let your clothes lie for you. What Thai woman doesn't dream about a foreigner with a yaa baa pipeline? Be all you can be. Be Dana.

4. Retired Elderly Dana—fish scale cranberry colored crocodile shoes, six pleat black silk flared disco pants, cranberry colored leather fish scale print open collar shirt made from shoe scraps. The crocodile leather shirt is a little hot but there is an air

conditioning system of Freon tubes attached. The Freon compressor pack is worn under the pants.

'Hey honey, is that a battery powered Freon compressor pack in your pants, or are you just glad to see me?'

Two toupees and three girdles for that Adonis look. The first toupee covers up scale pustules (too many bleach treatments). And of course a woven gold nugget belt that matches a gold nugget watch. The ostrich ascot matches the ostrich spats. You knew that.

In addition: the Retired Elderly Dana costume includes an accessorized aluminum walker with lucky string tied around the left aluminum leg, yellow paint with blue flames and pinstriping, rear view mirror, fringed leather side bags, tape deck, turn signals, two-tone horn, rubber grips, and an elephant tail flashing red light that you strap to your ass. A bucket of fried roaches and locusts and scorpions is sent with a clamp for strapping to the right leg.

What Thai woman does not dream of posing for hotel room pictures with an accessoried walker and an ancient farang? Be all you can be. Be Dana.

And of course, on the website, all these Dana outfits come with a mask that looks exactly like me. It is not a death mask (thank God), but it looks exactly like me. What can I say? This is so wrong. Do not patronize these people just for the thrill of being me. Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery but it is a slippery slope and you would not want to become another Charles Darwin taking credit for ideas that belonged to others. Whence do ideas come? Well, in my case I am still alive and the notion that I would go into the Windmill Bar on Soi Diamond in South Pattaya and see another me with my face buried in Poom's crotch is a pretty disturbing idea. I think we can all agree on that. Information here at Dana Central headquarters in Boston is that millions of men all over the world want to be me. Point taken. But do not sacrifice personal dignity and contribute to world wide downward spiraling by ordering these Dana outfits. Do not give in to tawdry personal emotional needs, overpowering psychic desires, and embarrassing temptations and buy these Dana costumes. Be strong.

Imagine if these Dana masks and costumes had been available in Charles Darwin's day and he had been stumbling around on the Galapagos Islands dressed as Backpacker Dana. Imagine. I think I have made my point.

I know what you are thinking. You could buy one of these Dana costumes but not leave the house. Just walk around in the house dressed like me, maybe invite some girls over to have sex with me, etc. Private pleasures. No, I am sorry. I am an ethical giant on this subject. That is and would be wrong. And in some cases scary. For example: 500 Baht Walt of the Nana Hotel Lounge Lizards is about 6'2' tall and 350 pounds. I don't think any of us want to see me that big.

I don't want to say that 500 Baht Walt is big but there are Renaissance paintings of Biblical characters on life rafts using his underpants for a sail.

I don't want to say that 500 Baht Walt is big but when he takes a girl to his room at the Mothership all you hear is screaming. The girl just screams and screams and screams.

I don't want to say that 500 Baht Walt is big but if you ask him to count to four he'll paw the ground with one of his huge feet like a demented Scottish dairy farmer.

I don't want to say this Mothership lounge lizard is big but—OK, you get the point: nobody wants to see this guy wearing a Dana mask and a Dana costume.

There is only one Dana.

285. Twice in Sixty Minutes

24/9/2010

The wheel turns. That's right baby—the wheel turns. The wheel of life turns and there is nothing you can do about it. When I was young (in my 20's) I looked young for my age. Perhaps a nice omen for the future but not great news at the time. Girls don't dream of spending time with guys who look they should be waterboys on a girls Olympic Knitting team.

In my 30's I fell into weightlifting and spent the next seven and a half years lifting weights every 2-3 days. My nutrition improved, I received coaching on proper form, attended some weightlifting contests, read all of the lifting magazines, and became accepted in gyms. Result? I totally remade my body. Musculature and proportions changed. I started to look and feel more like the man I wanted to be. Confidence went up. Being naked was no longer an issue. Women issues improved. I still looked younger than my age but now it worked for me. In my late forties and my early fifties in Thailand women would guess my age as 38 or 39. Worked for me.

After my heart attack I stopped lifting. If you have a myocardial infarction on the posterior, occluded arteries, sub-normal ejection fraction, and malignant hypertension (etiology unknown) that tends to occupy your mind when you are doing a standing military press and you can feel the pressure in the backs of your eyes. You remember the fear in the back of the ambulance on the way to the hospital. You remember the promise you made to yourself to never end up in the back of an ambulance again. You remember the second trip in the ambulance because you tried to cut down on your medication. You lower the bar and you leave the gym. I took up rollerblading. Times change.

After I quit lifting my muscles continued to grow for about six months and I felt better than I had ever felt. An amazing phenomenon and proof that I would have made more progress if I had lifted less and given more time to my body for regrouping and repairing. If you do not have God given genetics for muscle production, and if you are not on steroids; lifting every two days is too often. Lifting every three days is also too often but no man under the age of forty is going to listen to you so you might as well just shut up.

Except for the incandescent anger and self-pity over my heart damaged body; I looked good, and I felt OK. And I looked young for my age. But the wheel turns. A couple of years ago (I am now 60) I was coming out of the Superbabies Bar in Pattaya when I heard a commotion behind me. Some yelling. Then the door guys surrounded me and told me I had to pay for my drink. I had paid for my drink and I said so. More commotion behind me. One of those wonderful waitresses in the traditional red silk Thai dresses was motioning to me. She had my glasses in her hand. It wasn't a drink issue—I had forgotten my glasses and she was trying to stop me and return them to me.

"Pappa, you forgot your glasses."

Pappa? Pappa? Pappa? What the ... pappa? What is this? I have never been called pappa before. Never. Not once. Never not once has a Thai lady or any other lady called me pappa. Pappa? I was in shock. Pappa means old. Old. Not young. Not going to ever be young again. No one is even pretending anymore old. Too old for young girls old. Pappa? I stood still surrounded by the now smiling and apologizing front door Thai guys and swayed a little as if there was a little wind blowing. Pappa?

I went across Walking Street to another favorite bar of mine where they have table top dancers. I needed to regroup. After all, I was probably making too much of this. The waitress surely didn't mean it. She was just working hard, and trying to do the right thing, and the word slipped out. Doesn't mean a thing. I'm in a new bar and 'pappa' is history. Time to smile and regroup and relax and move on.

I love this bar and I love the table top dancers. Closest thing to perversion you can get and still keep your dignity. As my own personal table top dancer (dreaming here) is getting down I put a baht bill tip between her pussy lips. And she says ...

"Thanks Pappa."

THANKS PAPPA? Sweet Jesus on a cracker—now the mirror of my life is cracked. And you can never put a cracked mirror back together. I leave the bar and walk home on the boardwalk. I have been pappa'd twice in sixty minutes. Numerous smilers holding up palm trees smile at me as I trundle home to the A.A. Hotel. But I don't stop. Pappa's tired. Pappa is going home. The wheel turns.

286. Korski Souvenirs

TT&A Part 253 28/8/2010

Introduction: Cultural Imperialism

Dana here kats and kittens with a brief thought on cultural imperialism. I don't think this subject gets enough careful thought. I wish it would be thrashed and trashed so that we could all learn something about the words we use and the world we live in. For the interested writer there is a 10,000 word essay here.

OK, let me see if I understand this whole cultural imperialism thing because I want to be hip and I want to be popular. Cultural imperialism is when one country/culture imposes its values on another country or culture to the detriment of that other country. Is that about it?

Like, for example, when KFC (Kentucky Fried Chicken) or McDonald's opens one of their eating establishments in a country other than the U.S.— that's automatically cultural imperialism. Only one problem: for KFC or McDonald's or Starbucks, etc. to operate in another country they have to be invited in the form of granted permits, pay taxes and fees, establish contracts and contacts and relationships with local vendors, join and participate in national and local business organizations, and have reliable relationships with local bankers. Gee, it seems as if everyone is in on cultural imperialism—especially every aspect of the native country from the government on down to the customers.

The customers? Gosh, sometimes we are so full of ourselves being morally and culturally superior that we forget about the customers (read: other human beings). Let's try an experiment. Put a handful of fried crickets and scorpions and cockroaches on a plate. Now on a second plate put a cheeseburger with lettuce and tomato and onions and mustard and a toasted bun. Tell a randomly chosen Thai that you will pay him/her 100 baht to eat one of these items but they can only choose one.

If the Thai picks up the cheeseburger does that mean he or she has been seduced or demeaned by cultural imperialism? Am I supposed to feel guilty every time I see a Thai eating western food, or wearing western clothes, or using western words, or considering western ideas, or listening to western music? No to the above. It means the customer made a choice. Choice is everything—it represents freedom and dignity. Denying people choices because you believe it would be better for them (and their country and the world, etc.) is the ultimate kind of imperialism and paternalism and demeanment. I do not believe those who shout and scream about the evils of cultural imperialism know what they are talking about. I wish they would shut up.

But that is not really what I want to talk about today. What I really want to talk about today is:

Korski Souvenirs

Good and happy and fantastic news to the total hipsters of Stickmanbangkok.comland. Get ready to smile kuhns and kuhnesses. Due to the worldwide excitement over my submission of a couple of weeks ago titled Looking for Winners (Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes—Part 251) that highlighted the sabbatical/vacation activities of Professor Korski on the boardwalk of Pattaya the website Stickmanbangkok.com Enterprises (pharmaceuticals, movie production, yaa baa mule train rentals, monogrammed condoms) has decided to make Looking for Winners souvenirs, keepsakes, and gifts available. I know. I know. Sometimes God just smiles on you. Anyway, a list follows from the Stickmanbangkok Korski Souvenir Catalogue (SKSC).

1. Framed Thai lottery ticket that is only two digits off the winning number.

2. T-shirt that says: Get Your Foot Off My Wagon.

3. Little Red Wagon (LRW): available empty or kitted out as in Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes—Part 220 (Porno Playing Cards), plus the trash can diving kit. Note: no, Korski can not autograph the wagons. Some legal thing.

4. Pattaya Municipal trash can diving kit: a large brass Thai belt buckle for hooking over the edge of a trash receptacle, miner's headlamp, elbow pads, eye surgeon magnifying spectacles, Japanese pollution face mask, smelling salts, tongs, gloves, anti-bacterial spray, snake bite kit, scorpion alarm system, duct tape for glove-to-shirt cuff seal, and illustrated instruction booklet.

5. Video showing Professor Korski trash receptacle diving and hunting techniques. Person in the video is not Professor Korski but my Fa dressed in blinding white jeans, sandals, and a red silk top.

6. Video showing Professor Korski lecture on the Theory of Large Numbers. Laugh with your math literate friends.

7. Photos of Korski on site and in action. Dress up your home or office with these large glossy pics. Suitable for matting or framing. Wallet size included at no extra charge. All photos taken from the rear and only show him from the waist down.

Note: if the photos only show Korski from behind and from the waist down how can you be sure it is him? Oh come on. Haven't you ever seen these professors at conventions, in labs, or on campus? What they wear is practically a uniform of nerdness. Grey lace up shoes, brown polyester pants, and the multi-colored

Indian bead belt they made in summer camp in 1964. A pocket protector in one back pocket for additional mechanical pencils and pens, plus arcane measuring instruments (tire inflation gauge, scissor leg compass, folding protractor, star chart) and nothing in the other back pocket. His wallet is in his left front pocket. This two pound monster contains theater ticket stubs from 1975 and a Brownsville, Texas department store Christmas display model railroad viewing coupon. You never know when that might come in handy. Believe me, it's Korski. And then, of course, there is the sewn-on rear end patch from his PhD. fieldwork days in the 70's that says:

"If you don't want my peaches, don't shake my tree."

in Spanish. Believe me, these photos are of uberhipster Korski.

8. Application form to join the LRW (Little Red Wagon) club: be part of a worldwide organization dedicated to Looking for Winners. Share emotions and stories.

9. Video of two elderly Thai lady lottery ticket sellers describing rules of the lottery, systems for winning, best way to participate, personal anecdotes of people who bought tickets from them and were big winners, etc. Warning: this is complete incomprehensible gibberish but very entertaining. Imagine what your young sexy Thai girlfriend will look and talk like in thirty years.

10. Video of myself complete with rockin' music and boardwalk cutie friends as I give a tour of the boardwalk trash can by trash can. Who knows—maybe we will bump into Professor Korski in this video and hear him say: "Get your foot off my wagon."

Or we might bump into my Fa in this video. I know what you are thinking and I do not judge you for it. It would have occurred to anyone. Fa and Korski? No, that won't happen.

So, that's about it: Stickmanbangkok.com Enterprises (pharmaceuticals, movie production, yaa baa mule train rental, monogrammed condoms) is responding to worldwide tsunami wave interest in the submission Looking for Winners (Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes—Part 251) and making available souvenirs, keepsakes, and gifts. Contact Stickmanbangkok—Attn: Korski Gifts Dept. (KGD) for pricing and shipping information.

Dana

P.S.—Complete orders (all ten gift items) will receive a complimentary video of Mothership lounge lizard 500 Baht Walt trying to heave his 350 pound Japanese body over the edge of a municipal trash can and dive for winning lottery tickets thrown away by careless Thais. Laugh with your Thai girlfriend as she screeches:

Nippon Velly Funny

287. Dana T-shirts

TT&A Part 254 4/9/2010

Dana here with an update on my life in the Kingdom. I am going to start selling Dana specific T-shirts. You heard me. I am going to mix commerce and my love for my fellow farang and start selling T-shirts with Dana specific sayings printed on them. Stop pinching yourself, it is true; and it can happen for you. Good things happen to good people. I am going to set up in front of the Jenny Bar just past the big tree halfway down on the right on Walking Street in South Pattaya.

The sign on the booth will say:

Thai Corn 20 Baht—Chinese Corn 40 Baht

Since there isn't any source or qualitative difference between Thai corn-on-the-cob at 20 baht and Chinese corn-on-the-cob for 40 baht I will use this puzzling-to-Westerners conundrum to attract attention to the booth. Once tourists get up to the booth they will see the Dana T-shirts hanging on hangers, and hanging off nails stuck in the tree, and pictured in catalogues, and cunningly displayed on eighty pound Hello girls.

Examples:

1. I Have Never Once Won A Connect 4 Game With A Bargirl.

2. No I Do Not Need These Phone Books For Doggie Sex—I Carry Them For Fitness.

3. Two Hundred Baht

Note: This T-shirt is a 'two for' ... it says Three Hundred Baht on the back. I call this the 'easy negotiator' shirt. No need to torture yourself trying to communicate with Ling, or Sing, or Wing, or Bang, or Sang, or Dang, or Lum, or Tum, or Wan. Just stand in front of them and point at the shirt. If two hundred baht is not enough—turn around.

4. There Is Always Time For Fashion

Note: Don't worry, none of these shirts will be sold to Germans in white socks and sandals. Although, now that I think of it: this shirt works either way, fashion hip or fashion challenged.

5. No Condoms

Note: Actually, the T-shirt looks like a junkie stabbed someone thirty seven times. I went a little nuts with the stencil at the factory and it says No Condoms thirty seven times front and back. Some times it is hard when you feel things deeply.

6. Ask Me How Marc Holt Got Scabs On His Nose

Note: This T-shirt is part of my ultimate hipster collection of 'Ask Me' T-shirts. Others are:

a. Ask Me About Union Hill
b. Ask Me About Chuckwoww
c. Ask Me About Chiang Mai Kelly

Many other names in the works as soon as I clear up a few lawsuit issues. What a bunch of babies.

7. Trample The Weak, Hurtle The Dead (Meet Me At The Windmill Bar).

8. Sores, Pimples, Rashes, Scabs? Ask Me About Penis Makeup.

9. Yes, Mr. Immigration Man—I Am Here To Date Your Daughter.

Note: A years supply of Chinese corn-on-the-cob to anyone who can provide photo evidence of wearing this shirt in the Immigration line at Bhumi.

10. Meet Me At The A.A. Hotel

11. I'm Not Short—It's Bad Tailoring

12. Fxxx Your Cellphone And The iPod It Rode In On

Note: part of the 'Fxxx' line of T-shirts. Examples:
a. Fxxx The French
b. Fxxx Your Email
c. Fxxx Turban Heads
d. Fxxx Dot Heads

Note: c & d sold separately or as a 'two for' with separate sayings front and back. Let them know how you feel coming and going.

e. Fxxx Thai Women Who Dye Their Hair Blonde
f. Fxxx All Indian Tailors Everywhere In This Solar System And Beyond

Note: You might have to learn to fight if you wear this shirt—people are going to want to steal it from you—just experience talking.

g. Fxxx Tall Men

13. Can Measure 10" Snowfall With One Of My Body parts

14. Ask Me What It Is Like To Be Humble And Shy

15. I'm On The Road To Poona

Well folks, that's it for now. Stay tuned for updates. I am going to start selling Dana T-shirts. Wearing these Dana specific T-shirts will attract the right sort of attention to yourself. Explaining how the T-shirt relates to me and how the T-shirt you are wearing relates to you will scoop you out of the trough of mediocrity you have been wallowing around in and elevate you to insider ultimate hipster cognoscenti status. Imagine the greatness by association you will garner in your bar, or on the boardwalk, or up and down your soi as you explain myself and yourself and the message on the T-shirt. Small, brown, petite, high cheek-boned, smiling, raven haired Isaan wonders will listen to you wide-eyed with respect and adulation and all of your personal days will be paved with gold. I guarantee it.

So join the party. I'm here, you're here; and now Dana T-shirts are here. Volume discounts of one satang per one hundred shirts are available, cash only, all sizes available except XLONG (Fxxx Tall Men), and for an extra fee one of my Hello girls will come to your cheap crappy hotel room (oh, excuse me—condohotel long-term apartment) beyond Third Road and model it for you. Since these are young Thai girls in the 4'10" eighty pound range they will also bring two mangos to put under the shirts for better photo opportunities. We ship worldwide.

If you have Dana specific T-shirt ideas you would like me to print up just email your ideas to this website c/o the Stickmeister, or leave your ideas at the sales booth on Walking Street, or leave them with the trannies at the Jenny Bar, or leave them with Anna the Activities Director or Jo the front desk girl at the A.A. Hotel. I know you want to leave your Dana T- shirt ideas with me personally—but please, what are you thinking?

Dana T-shirts: they come in grey, blue, black, yellow, red, green, and purple. OK, look—they only come in white and they are 1200 baht each. So get yourself down to the big tree on Walking Street and look for the Thai-Chinese corn-on-the-cob sign. You'll be glad you did.

Wait a minute ... a little more nuanced figuring here: OK, that makes more sense—the shirts are 4000 baht each. Don't know where the 1200 baht number came from. I've got expenses. I have them made in Laos by out of work one legged drug mules and then brought over the border on refurbished Ho Chi Minh Trail bicycles. Expenses.

Autographs? You bet and no extra charge. I'm not really in this for the money. I'm really all about reaching out to the farangs of the world and doing good. OK, a little confession here—my Dana T-shirt booth is located next to the tranny bar. I'll let you draw your own conclusions. Anyway, if you want me to autograph your shirts; no problem and no charge. Who loves you baby?

Chok dee to the max dude
Dana

288. Great Idea

TT&A Part 255 11/9/2010

Introduction

Hello and Where You Go fellow cult-of-Dana cognoscenti, sycophants, scratch-my-tummy fans, and Pattaya boardwalk hipsters. Dana here from Danaland and another part of the universe beyond your keening. Don't envy me because I am tall, and young, and strong, and charming, and more successful than you'll ever be. With ink black hair, emerald green eyes, a face carved out of mahogany, and the silent footfalls of a panther I pull women on Walking Street like a magnet attracts iron filings. But it's not all naked Thai women bursting out of birthday cakes.

Let me give you some personal domestic examples. Two months ago my manservant Rodney was eaten by lions on our African safari. Apparently, he had made some impolitic comments to some lions: manes (not combed), and their breath (really really bad). Mistake. A real loss. Rodney was a fantastic butler, houseboy, and manservant. Once the heat went out during a big blizzard here on Beacon Hill. Know what he did? That's right, he got into my bed and hugged me all night. He did not have to be told. He just knew.

Anyway, the Hong Kong agency overlooking the faux junks of the harbor has sent me a new personal servant named Rikkee Rukkuu. She is a Japanese female. So far—up and down. In the morning she kneels by my bed waiting for me to open my eyes. When my eyes open she says:

"I have been inexpressibly lonely while you were away. The sun has been under a cloud. The hours were dark."

What a difference. All Rodney ever said in the morning was:

"There are your clothes for today jackass—put them on."

It was all about tough servant love with Rodney but he was dead reliable (now just dead) and you could take him out. Not sure about Rikkee Rukkuu.

Example:

The first (and last) time Rikkee used a revolving door was at the Banzai Hotel in northern Thailand. Somehow her custom made Mandarin style mulberry bark Hong Kong parasol got caught and was torn to pieces. One of her wood Geta style Japanese flip-flop clogs was crushed, and her kimono was pinched and pulled against her hip in an almost interesting way.

"Bad door. Bad bad door. Velly bad door."

Only time will tell if she knows what to do during a Boston blizzard if the heat goes off. It isn't easy being me. But that is not what I want to talk about today. What I want to talk about today is a:

Great Idea

Dana here with another in my Great Idea series. You did not know there was a Great Idea series? All of my ideas are great ideas. Anyway, and to wit: it was a dark and stormy night. OK, it wasn't a dark and stormy night—I have just always wanted to start a story that way.

Where was I? Oh yes, another one of my great ideas. I think it would be fun for Stickmanbangkok.com writers and readers to describe their best moment or time in Thailand. Totally happy times and totally happy stories about those times that served as personal touchstones of Kingdom bliss for ever after.

There wouldn't be any prizes. It is not a contest. Just a way to share your life with other farangs and with Thais and with the Kingdom. A way to show your humanity, and your class, and your style, and your education, and your breeding, and your sensitivity to the culture of Thais and Thailand. I'll go first.

It was 3:30 p.m. on a hot and sultry day on Soi 6 in Pattaya. Herds of whores were sitting out in front of bars like wildebeest at a waterhole. Too tired to drink, too dispirited to run. Then they saw me. Alpha male alert. Suddenly they started to breath and to sit up. Like lions spotting a three legged gazelle on the horizon their predatory instincts were kicking into gear. One girl sitting on a white plastic chair pulled up her dress and started staring at her crotch as if she had lost a contact lens and it might be in there.

Too late. I had already made the turn and was headed for my favorite place. I had a roast chicken under one arm, a miner's lamp on my head, and I was headed for the Sluts-R-Us bar. All the way to the end of the bar and I sat down in a booth. Pitch black but I had the miner's lamp on my head. And the roast chicken.

Want to make yourself popular with Thai girls? Go into a bar looking stupid, and rich, and carrying a roast chicken. Just experience talkin'. Anyway, Fem and Bam and Benz followed me to the end of the bar and brought their lunches. The four of us sat in the back in the dark with only the small pool of light from my headlamp and ate, and had sex, and played Connect 4. My pants were off in a flash. Bam rode me like a demented yaa baa addict, Benz fed me some of her grapes, and I played Connect 4 with Fem. Best time of my life in the Kingdom.

Why? Tearing apart the greasy roast chicken and wiping my hands on naked Bam's breasts? No. Being fed grapes by Benz as if I was some kind of farang potentate? No. Public sex while a fat German in sandals and white socks watched? No. It was not any of these things that made it the best day of my life in the Kingdom.

So what was it about this time in the Sluts-R-Us bar on Soi 6 that made it so memorable? It was the first time that I ever won a game of Connect 4 with a Thai bargirl. That was what made it so special. Sure the other stuff counted, but beating Fem at Connect 4 was the top of my life in the Kingdom. Didn't think it would ever happen. An emotional Mount Everest. Probably never to be repeated although I have gone through many miner's lamp batteries and many roast chickens in many bars since then trying to repeat the experience.

So Stickmanbangkokites, what was your best moment in the Kingdom? Write it up and send it in. Maybe we can get the Stickmeister to create a 'Best Of' section on the website that just throws off positive vibes. Should be fun.

Sincerely yours,
Dana

289. The Way It Used To Be

TT&A Part 256 18/9/2010

Greetings Dana fans: just throw up your arms, and throw out your legs, and throw your self on the ground. Give in to the coincidence of cosmic serendipity—you and myself, star crossed and rubbing against each other like two Thai girl scouts on a camping trip at Ko Pussee. You and myself; beyond gender, beyond sex, beyond ego or pride. You and you-know-who sharing a fourth dimensional pinprick of smiles, and heat, and hope in the universe. And me asking you the question:

Ever wonder about what you read? I find the older I get, and so the more exposed to ideas expressed in words, the more critical I am. Sometimes I find myself rejecting something I might have mindlessly accepted, or drifted over, twenty-five years ago.

Example:

> *"The good traveller doesn't know where he is going. The great traveller doesn't know where he has been."*—Chuang Tzu

In other words (my words), the good traveller doesn't know he is on his way to Thailand? What? What? And the great traveller does not know he was just in Thailand? What? What? Remind me not to use Chuang Tzu as a travel agent.

Let me be perfectly clear, perhaps more clear than Chuang Tzu. I think this is nonsense. Once in a while I used to express an opinion like this to an email associate and his response would sometimes be that:

"I didn't get it."

Listen very carefully. I do get it. And what I get is that this quote by Mr. Tzu is just stupid. You can judge what you read and not everything you read is a diamond. Remember, you can only find a diamond by sifting dirt.

But that is not really what I want to talk about today. What I want to talk about today is:

The Way It Used To Be

"Follow my spoor for Yellow Fever."

I lost my home computer in an electrical storm (a lightning bolt exploded over my building like an atomic bomb) years ago. No money, so no new computer. To make submissions publishing date commitments is a nightmare of scheduling between the main public library in Copley Square, a branch library on Cambridge Street, and a computer place on Winter street in downtown Boston. There are limits on how much computer time you can get at the libraries, and of course the computer place costs money. A nightmare.

The Winter street location is so terrible that only the desperate (me) would use it, but it does have one interesting feature. The computers are on the second floor. The first floor of the business is a retail store that sells stuff to high school age kids and tourists. All of the staff are Asian girls (Chinese, Nepalese, etc.). About twenty of them ages 18-25. All young, all Asian; and some of them are heart stoppers. Some of them are just—well, you know.

Today (Saturday) was the beginning of the Labor Day three day weekend in Boston. I haven't got any money so I won't be going anywhere, and I won't be doing anything of a holiday nature. So, a day like any other day, and a gloriously beautiful day. At 9:00 a.m. I am in line at the new addition of the Boston Public Library in Copley Square. As soon as the guard waves us in I am through the revolving door and running, vaulting up three floors of stairs (go Dana go), and dodging and weaving through the stacks. One old guy in a track suit is right on my tail. It's a race to the computer room and doubly so because out of sixty computers only one (#58) is unfiltered and will allow me access to Bangkok web addressed material. Another reason to hit the computer room at 9:00 a.m. is that there is sometimes a Chinatown Chinese lady as the library clerk. Dumb as a bucket of paint but gorgeous. Every Saturday I have a conversation with her about how to use the printer so that I can be within three feet of her. There is never a pupil dilation's worth of spark that she remembers last week's identical conversation. But I almost digress.

Sixty minutes later my free computer time is up so I head downtown to catch more computer time at the computer place on Winter street. I'd give the exact location of this place but it is run by Austrian and Israeli mafia and I don't want any trouble. I talk briefly to Nepal (from Nepal) and May (Chinese) and then go upstairs. An hour later ($6.00) I am done again.

Now it is time to go to Macy's Department store to use their bathroom. When you do this you always want to make a detour through the women's' cosmetic counter area to check out gorgeous Vietnamese retail clerks. Sharks, but beautiful. Exiting Macy's I then check out the hot dog ($2.00) wagon run by the young girl from South America. Young, dark skin, high cheekbones, Asian face—you know. I must have bought 100 hot dogs (burned dog please with relish and mustard) from her by now. Not one word of English (possibly illegal), so I just stare and smile like an idiot. In the winter she wears about fifty pounds of clothes, but in the summer you can see her figure. Peasant all the way and I bet she'd make a great mother. My kind of dream. But today a disaster. None of those burnt dogs I like—just huge gross looking sausages. I stagger away.

Well, time to go home. Walk down Washington street towards Beacon Hill. Then I see her. Across the street an Asian woman is setting up inventory on a new sidewalk display wagon I have never seen before. Scarves and purses and other items we have all seen in Thailand a hundred times. But she doesn't really look Thai. Dark skin, and black hair, and a Thai figure; but a very ethnic face. I ask her if she is Khmer. "Yes" she smiles—"Cambodian". And then it happens: I say

"Sa wa dee khrap."

and instantly she weis, and smiles, and says:

"Sa wa dee ka."

The way it used to be. The way it used to be in the Siam and the Southeast Asia I never got to visit. And the way it used to be in pre and post WWII Thailand. And the way it used to be in the stores and the hotels when I first started going to the Kingdom.

A smile, hands together like a temple, head bowed and:

"Sa wa dee ka."

Simple, unpolluted, sincere, still in touch with her culture. The way it used to be and the way I wish it still was.

I smiled all the way home.

290. Dana’s Costumes

TT&A Part 257 25/9/2010

Greetings FOD’s (Friends Of Dana) and all of you who have received turn downs on application to the Dana Fan Club. I feel your pain. So maybe a philosophic detour would be helpful. To wit: the idea that excellence is only achievable through trauma or with attendant trauma is silly. What’s that word that I am searching for in my mind? Oh, that’s right—talent. The field of writing is particularly attracted to the idea that great writers must go through great stress to produce great writing. Stupid.

If you do not have talent or if you can not appreciate or recognize talent in others; that does not leave you with a philosophy, or a point-of-view; you are simply not qualified to participate in the discussion.

It’s not a bad thing to be limited. Dogs can’t fly and earthworms can’t sing opera; but the Earth keeps turning. Be happy with who you are, and be happy with who you are not. You are another example of Evolution’s faltering step. Do you know why Shakespeare stuck to plays and poems—never writing short stories? He knew I was coming along. He knew his limits.

But that is not really what I want to talk about today. What I want to talk about today is:

Dana’s Costumes

Recently, I had occasion to want to apply to a city program here in Boston. Part of the application process required that I send in four weeks pay stubs. So I had to get a job. I got hired by a local university bookstore to help during Rush. Rush is that part of September where school starts again and suddenly in a three week period 14,000 students come into the bookstore to get books for their classes. Half of these students are women. Seven thousand women mostly between ages 18-25.

I worked in the textbook stacks helping these women find their books. I nearly had 100 heart attacks. To help them examine their class schedules you have to stand hip-to-hip, shoulder-to-shoulder, and heaving partly naked bosom to my manly chest. And because I am short I nearly got my eye poked out by great erect nipples that you could use for golf tees. People think it must be fantastic to be short but it’s no fun to get your eye poked at in crowded stacks aisles filled with hormone filled women. Hey, I’m not asking for sympathy—just sayin’ is all. Nearly fainted at least five times per day by women of perfect complexion, perfect teeth, perfect bodies, tan skin, not an ounce of fat, no stretch marks, happy dispositions, and partly naked heaving bosoms (did that get mentioned) that gave me stabbing needle-like pains in the tops of my eyeballs. One accented, tall, Asian bombshell (and I mean BOMBSHELL) told me she was Russian. Russian? OK honey, if you say so. Jesus, no wonder the men in Minsk drink. Hair she could sit on and attitude.

It got me to thinking (obsessing) that I would love to take studio quality photos of many of these examples of female sexual perfection. A way to worship anatomy and femininity without improvement. It made me remember that sometimes in the Kingdom I will have the same thought. I will see a woman of such staggering visual impression that my first thought is not a coupling thought but a photo thought. Years ago I met a man from Chicago named Jim in the lobby of the Mothership. He had a condo in Brazil, a photo studio set up in his room in Bangkok, and was leasing a house in Cambodia. He was on the road eleven months of the year worshipping women. Sometimes studio quality pictures he had taken in Bangkok would then be converted to paintings in Pattaya and he would have those paintings shipped to his condo in Brazil. Women who say men are not paying attention are not; well, they are the ones not paying attention. Anyway, Jim appreciated women and he appreciated beauty and he followed up on it. I have thought of him often over the years.

Once I barfined a nice lady in the Carousel Bar at the Nana Entertainment Plaza in Bangkok. While I was waiting for her to change into street clothes one of the most beautiful women I had ever seen came over to pose and display herself in front of me. She did not know that I was already waiting for one of her friends. Young, brown, tight, black hair, sculpted in marble body, perfect proportions, beautiful face, and of course that indefinable ‘something’ that separates some women from other women. Staggering. And my thought was not a coupling thought but a photo thought. My God, I thought; what a pleasure and what a privilege it would be to be able to take professional studio quality photos of this goddess.

Well, once you start to consider a photo studio set-up so that you can take pictures of women eventually the subject of props and costumes comes up. Personally, I get dizzy at the sight of young naked legs going into the tops of cowboy boots. Just me. Stick a finger in my butt and I’d fire like a howitzer. I once saw this costume idea done in Playboy magazine. Obviously, I never forgot it. So for me the ideal costume experience would be to hand a naked Thai lady a pair of cowboy boots, a pair of six shooter guns in holsters, a pair of leather gauntlet fringed gloves, and a cowboy hat. Consider what she is not wearing. Oh my God, I am getting dizzy. So what I am talking about here are photo studio costumes. I’d like to start making available (selling) Dana Costumes to farangs who want to augment the photo worshipping experience with props and clothes.

My favorite costume would be the cowboy-cowgirl costume. What would be your favorite costume idea or ideas: French maid, slutty waitress, something military, Catholic nun, teacher wearing glasses, tranny wearing a ballet tutu and a black dildo? Send your ideas into this website attn: Dana Costumes and we will work out a catalogue of photo studio costumes you can order through Stickman. Stickman has already bought some extra used office furniture and hired someone to handle this project. And, as always; no naked pics of yourself doing anything—they make the office dogs bark.

Who loves ya,
Dana

P.S. Pictures of Emma the tranny in cowgirl outfit available free to the first one hundred orders of the Dana Costumes catalogue. You knew that.

291. This is Going to be Great

TT&A Part 258 2/10/2010

(From the Another Diamond series):

Since God (the Christian God—ya know, the best one) made everything and knows everything you wouldn't think he'd be having any trouble with the subway automatic cash-ticket machines in Boston. But they are a challenge to puzzle out in the beginning. Another goddamned modern thing we have to learn or else. Anyway, I helped him. God that is.

So, through the turnstiles and waiting for the B train. I was going to the library to pick up some 19th century books on Siam I had ordered, and God was on his way to a bedding store in Allston to look at vibrating beds. He was certain that he had created them (Eve had a bad back 'cause Adam wouldn't stop pounding her like a hammer at a nail convention) but he just couldn't remember. After he made all the beetles he kind of zoned out for a while.

He had just gotten back from Thailand and he had stories and pictures. Starting at Sam Tom, and traveling clockwise, he had visited Na Long, Wang Saphung, Kok So, Nong Bua, Loei Wang Sai, Sila, Pong Chi, Khok Ngam, the Tad San Falls, Phu Rua, and the Phu Luang national park. At each stop he would make trips to the interior of this geographic circle. In this way he could get a good review of the flora-fauna-landscape Siam he had created many years ago. He said it still looked pretty much like the original drawings.

I asked him if he had any design items regarding Thailand that he would rework if he had it to do over again. Yes, he said; there were two things. The whole language issue with the R's and the L's was a mistake. He wasn't sure but he might have also been working on different kinds of birds that day and the whole language thing got away from him. I smiled. The other thing was Thai banks. Not being able to use Thai banks without worrying about your money disappearing was a design flaw. Really regrettable. He didn't mean to offer any excuses but:

"Do you have any idea how many kinds of goddamned birds there are? Don't know what I was thinking. And don't even get me started on earthworms or different kinds of sand."

Anyway, as the subway train started to pull into Copley station I started to get up to get off. He also got up to get off.

Me: God, what are you doing? You've go to stay on until you get to the University Central stop in Allston.

God: Well, Dana: I want to talk to you. Most people when they see me assume I am a homeless person, or deranged, or not fit for children, or a wino, or an eccentric, or a drunk. Not you. You've got jai dee. So I propose that we meet at this time one week from now in front of the Copley branch of the Boston Public Library and I will grant you any wish:

Eternal life.
Eternal health.
Limitless money.
Your own writer's website.
A dick that won't quit and testosterone weeping through your pores.
A gold shop in Nong Khai staffed by Khmer nymphos.
Your body (sorry about that) replaced with Pattaya Gary's body.
Mae Kuang Dam area snake farm concession.

Anything. I'm God. I can do anything. Just name it in one week.

One week later in front of the Copley Square branch of the Boston Public Library:

God: Well Dana, what's it going to be?

Me: God, this is what I want. I want to go in the library with you by my side and we will go into the general circulation stacks in the fiction area. We will cruise up and down the stacks and you will look at the titles and the author names on the spines of the books. I want you to pull off the shelves all the works of literature created solely by the writers, unpolluted by editors or outside influences. Before I die I want to know who to respect.

God: No ploblum dude. Easy. And then I'll treat you (all I have to do is sign for it) to lunch at the Thai restaurant down the street.

Me: Great—this is going to be great.

God: Be fun for me too, believe me when I tell you; I didn't create editors. That was a mutation. Lost my concentration—too many fxxxing birds.

Me: Speaking of Thai food God—the whole chilli thing?

God: Yeah, another mistake. Sorry. Really really sorry. I spent most of my time on my most recent trip to the Kingdom having cashew chicken and those little yogurts you can buy in the Mini-Marts. Chillies was a huge mistake. And please do me a favor and don't even bring up the subject of fermented fish sauce. Embarrassing.

Me: It isn't easy being God is it?

God: Well, I don't want to sound like a complainer but not everyday is peaches and cream. Wished I never came up with that Darwin guy. Who needed that whole problem? And not to put too fine a point on it, but do you have any idea how many stupid lameass kinds of goddamned birds there are?

OK, here we are in fiction. Speaking of fiction, I quite like the contemporary American author Annie Proulx. I can't include her in your list of editorless geniuses, but I really wish I could. She deserves respect. Her novel Postcards is a fiction triumph.

Me: Oh, I agree. I believe if she could transfer her knowledge and sensitivity regarding 19th and 20th century American experience poverty, and hopelessness, and limited options to the Thai scene she could make a real contribution to Thai literary history. I believe it would be a good example. There is too often something bland, and baking hot room boring about Thai writing.

God: Right on brother. OK, let's get started. What do you say we start with the 16th and 17th century. Ya know: Cervantes, Spencer, Bacon, Marlowe, Shakespeare, Donne, Milton, and that lot. Believe me, I know stuff. I know all these guys and I know all these books. I've read everything. Everything. And I know everything. Everything. Who produced unpolluted literary diamonds? Who in the crowd is up on top of Everest looking down on everyone else? Get ready to rumble.

Me: This is going to be great.

God: Then we'll finish up today with American 20th and 21st century fiction for mostly laughs and giggles. Ya know, Korski and Union Hill and Marc Holt and ... Jesus (oops), what an embarrassment that century was.

Me: I'm in. And then can we boogie down to the Thai restaurant on Boylston street—right?

God: Yeah, no problem. All I have to do is sign for it. Oh, by-the-way; I did create those vibrating beds with the optional heat and massage. Forgot. Too many fxxxing birds.

292. Why Do I Want To Move To Thailand?

TT&A Part 259 9/10/2010

Recently, while stumbling around in Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary I turned a page and ran headlong into: Taylor's series. Or for the more pedestrian non-dictionary readers amongst us—Taylor's series. Oh brother, what a dictionary entry this is.

It's a noun that describes a mathematical power series (?) developed by Brook Taylor (in 1731?). Here is part of the definition:

"a *power series that gives the expansion of a function f (x) in the neighborhood of a point 'a' provided all derivatives exist and the series converges and that has the form: { long incomprehensible equation that takes up the entire width of the text column} where f {n} (a) is the derivative of nth order of f (x) evaluated at 'a'—called also Taylor series."*

Called also? How about called ridiculous? Or called incomprehensible?

Anyway, this is one of the reasons I would like to move to Thailand. This math kat Brook Taylor was living three hundred years ago and was so much smarter than I am smart that it is depressing. Really depressing. Discouraging. Humiliating. I wouldn't be qualified to deliver a pail of milk to his front steps every morning. I'm like a bug compared to this guy. I just have no idea what this mathematical formula means and am suspicious of my ability to even be taught it's meaning. Result? I'm not as smart as people who lived three hundred years ago. I am just so depressed by that dictionary definition sentence. I am not as smart as people who lived three hundred years ago and for sure did not even have toilet paper.

This is where Thailand comes in. In Thailand, I can't speak Thai; and most Thais can not speak English. Mutual language comprehension impasse. Nobody can understand me. Result? The Thais will never really know how dumb I am. I can continue the bluff and bluster of my sordidly common life and mostly get away with it. Ego nirvana for the intellectually limited. Goodbye America and the Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary and Brook (smarty pants) Taylor—hello Thailand.

Don't you just love it when a plan comes together?

But that is not really what I want to talk about today. What I want to talk about today is:

Unbridled Joy

Ever heard a barnfull of English meadowlarks in the Spring? Trilling and singing? They have made it through the winter, insects and worms and grubs are everywhere, and the female meadowlarks are reaching behind with their wings and pulling up their tail feathers. Sweet Jesus on a meadow; unlimited food and unlimited bird pussy. So when you hear a barnfull of English meadowlarks in the Spring, do you know what you hear? Unbridled joy.

That's right human monger meadowlarks: unbridled joy—and in keeping with this theme my newest enterprise is called Dana's Unbridled Joy Sex Tours (DUJST). That's right, you've dreamed it and now you've read it. Oh happy day. And hey, you don't have to eat any grubs or worms or insects. Anyway, I am going to be leading sex tours in Thailand. I'll take you where I go, and I'll teach you what I know. Newbies only, no weaklings; and no you won't be able to meet Fa. FIM (Fa is mine).

In keeping with this up-and-coming new chapter in your life I encourage you to read this Shakespearian quote and paraquote.

King Henry speaking to the troops before battle:

"We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition;
And gentlemen in England now abed
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap while any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day."

—William Shakespeare, Henry V, Act IV, iii

Dana speaking to the mongers before Walking Street day:

"We few, we happy few, we band of mongers;
For he to-day that sheds his semen with me
Shall be my brother; no matter elsewhere reviled,
This day shall reveal to him Danaism;
And mongers worldwide now abed
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap while any tell stories
That mongered with us upon Walking Street."

—Dana

Details? Yes, prawn baskets full of them. Not now, but in a follow-up notice on this website there will be everything you need to know about rules, regulations, policies, procedures, paperwork, documents, travel and transportation and housing arrangements, currency exchange banking and ATM issues, etc.

What won't you receive in the follow-up Dana's Unbridled Joy Sex Tours fact and factoid submission? Information on condoms and STDs. Remember, no weaklings. If the ladies at the Windmill Bar have been replaced with drugged German Shepherd dogs I expect you to be on stage drillin' like a Texas wildcatter on speed.

Pictures? Yes, pictures will be taken of you and those disgusting life affirming wonderful pictures will be sent to your family, and sent to your employer, and sent to your friends. Fxxx your friends and fxxx your employer and fxxx your family. Remember, no weaklings. This is Dana's Unbridled Joy Sex Tour. Men only. Do you think the meadowlarks in the English barns care if anyone sees them cornponing Miss Meadowlark?

So stay tuned to this website for details and start shaving your crotch.

Sincerely yours,
Dana
CEO Dana Enterprises
Director Dana's Unbridled Joy Sex Tours (DUJST)

P.S.—And yes, we will be touring some Boyztown places in Pattaya. Some of my happiest times have been spent in gay bars in Pattaya. A room full of liquored up homos far from home is a guaranteed good time. Great sound systems, great music, great sex shows, everyone's waving their wing wangs, and so many hands in your pants it looks like you are smuggling a sack full of cats. Note: I usually wear drawstring big waist beach pants, suspenders, and no underwear on these nights. You can't buy suspenders in the Kingdom so I will provide them.

Worried about things moving too fast? Don't worry. On Dana's Unbridled Joy Sex Tours we don't push. Just because fellow tour mates from Perth and Paris and Phoenix and Poland and the Philippines are takin' it up the poopchute doesn't mean you have to. We'll just give you a tub of lube and make you the greaser at the head of the conga line.

My name is Dana. I don't push. Unless you want me to ....

293. On Translations

TT&A Part 260 16/10/2010

Greetings Dana Fans and all the monger ships at sea:

I currently have four books in print and available for purchase. The titles are Snakeskulls and Silver Suited Teddy Bears, Fa Chronicles, Boardwalk Follies, and Mai Bagwan—Jai Dee.

Just to repeat:

1. Snakeskulls and Silver Suited Teddy Bears
2. Fa Chronicles
3. Boardwalk Follies
4. Mai Bagwan—Jai Dee

All are distributed by the Sons and Daughters of Beelzebub Publishing Co., an imprint (publisher industry talk) of Bend Over Writer Enterprises (BOWE); located in beautiful and literate Swampmuck, Florida.

These four titles (publisher industry talk—they sell titles and people buy books) are being distributed (more publishing talk—they mean sold) in:

Canada
United States
Virgin Islands
Guam
All U.S. and United Kingdom military base PX's—the Queen of England ordered Boardwalk Follies.
England
Scotland
Bahamas
Ireland
Wales
Iceland

Singapore
Thailand
Bermuda
India
Costa Rica
South Africa
Australia
New Zealand
Tasmania (Sir—your taxidermist is here for the dead platypus)
Philippines
U.S. overseas possessions, protectorates, and territories
Barbados
Antigua
Puerto Rico
Falkland Islands
McMurdo Sound, Antarctica and Nana Plaza research bases
Kenya
Seychelles
Bali
Israel
Fiji
Tonga
Cayman Islands

… and various coralic bits and pieces in the Polynesian, Micronesian, and Melanesian wastelands of leprosy, elephantiasis, and broken dreams.

Looks like a big list doesn't it? Actually, it's not spit. Not counting the Vatican, there are approximately 188 countries. So, how come the Sons and Daughters of Beelzebub Publishing Co. is not selling (oh excuse me, distributing) my books in all the other countries? Standards.

That's right—I've got standards. I do not want my books sold in countries where a translation would be necessary. I only speak English so there would be no way for me to verify the accuracy of the translations. So my four books are only offered where the potential readers speak and read some kind of English and Englishese (New Zealand).

Oh, I know. I know. Believe me when I tell you—I know. I know how much money I am losing by not accessing the West Greenland Danish Eskimo market, and the Upper Amazonian Yana Indian book readers, and the Yammerschoonerites of the channels of Tierra Del Fuego, and the Muslim Malaysian terrorists of South Thailand; but I am adamantine on this subject: no translations. I am all about standards.

Except for one exception. To wit: due to my unique hipness, my United States urban black ghetto friends do not refer to my as Whitey but as a light-skinned black (LSB).

"Hey yo, LSB; what you be doin' man?"

Like that. Except, of course, that none of us super shaft black hipsters use punctuation. Anyway, I can moon dance between the toilet and the shower with my whippy dick and make my tub whale black mammy from Alabamy laugh with joy. I can do, think, write, speak, and read United States urban Blackese. Basically (and understandably) I spit on white people. Take your average white person and what have you got: someone who knows how to walk, and talk, and dress, and show up on time for appointments, and take a telephone message, and plan ahead, and think of others. Scum. And really, candidly; what have white people done for the world? Sure there is germ theory, and pain killing drugs, and nose hair clippers, and surgical techniques, and pornography, and electricity, and laws of physics, and planes that can fly to Bangkok, and the printing press, and non-stick pans and stuff: but my people figured out how to make peanuts into peanut butter. Like I said, I'm a light skinned black. Lesson learned? White people vs. Black people. Sure, a three hundred foot tall acetylene torch headed for the white peoples' moon makes the ground shake and the tourists gape—but it ain't no peanut butter sandwich bro.

So … I am open to translations of my four books Snakeskulls and Silver Suited Teddy Bears, Fa Chronicles, Boardwalk Follies, and Mai Bagwan—Jai Dee into the spearchucker muse (aka Eubonics). Naturally, I would do the translations myself. And of course the litmus test for translating is how sensitive you are to the culture. There are of course, in all languages, often many ways to say something. The best translations are keyed to the best interpretations of verbal and cultural context. First comes interpretation and sensitivity, next comes accurate translation. Below is an example of sensitive interpretation of the Buddha myth using urban United States Blackese:

"According to traditional folklore, Buddha once entered into a long period of meditation (he was sleeping, man) to discover the Truths of Life (the truth is he was going to be late for his motherfxxxing job man). During his arduous ordeal (more sleeping, man), he was subjected to a series of temptations (now he's dreaming dude) by an evil goddess named Mara (she be the mamasan, man) and her company of sensual dancing ladies (bargirls, dude). Buddha refused to submit to the onslaught of hedonistic temptations (he knew he was too drunk to get it up) and continued his meditations (bargirl groping). His trials and tribulations (who be complaining, man) were closely watched by an earth goddess known as Torani (bitch known in the Hood as ex-girlfriend), who was so impressed with his moral fortitude (white people talkin' now—got no idea) that she decided to honor his courageous acts (I hope this includes a BJ). Torani aided the Buddha by wringing out her long hair (what happened to the BJ, man) which unleashed a tidal wave (no idea) that destroyed Mara and her wicked cohorts (bitch ex-girlfriend wipes out perfectly good bar, mamasan, and bargirls). This extremely popular legend is retold endlessly (Thais have short memories) in murals and statues (bars too—who you be kiddin', man) throughout Thailand."

Like I said—Standards.

So, go on consumer alert for my four books titled Snakeskulls and Silver Suited Teddy Bears, Fa Chronicles, Boardwalk Follies, and Mai Bagwan—Jai Dee: and oh, sweet Jesus on a cracker, I almost forgot; right now myself and my people at Dana Enterprises are reviewing galley proofs for a fifth book titled Trannies. It is not out yet, but soon it will also be gracing the shelves of bookstores (oh excuse me, distribution points) worldwide. Trannies will be a book all about trannies. It will make you laugh and it will make you cry. An entertainment and infotainment book that will tell you things you did not know.

For instance, do you know what trannies' favorite colors are? It's in the book. How was this information gathered? Tranny underpants. It is a scientific fact that women always wear underpants in their favorite color. I did this research myself. People assume because Dana Enterprises is now a worldwide juggernaut that I am no longer on the front lines. Not true. When there is tranny underpants research to be done don't block the door. You knew that. My life is all about journalistic integrity. If I say that that trannies' favorite colors are Japanese flower blossom yellow, and bus undercarriage luggage bin grey—you can bank on it. You knew that.

Do you know what boy and girl names trannies would name their children if they could have children? It's all in the book

Trannies. How was this information gathered? Cell phone nicknames. The Sons and Daughters of Beelzebub Publishing Co. of Swampmuck, Florida refused to accept the book Trannies. They said the content did not match their corporate vision statement. Apparently, sharing love and respecting people is not a big thing in Swampmuck. They are currently getting ready for the Hamburg, Germany book publisher's convention where they are going to feature their next coffee table sized book titled: The History of South Florida Strip Mall Lapdancers 1989-2009, but my next book Trannies was too challenging. Go figure. Anyway, I managed to find the We'll Do Anything For Money Publishing Co., an imprint of Murder Inc. in Bayonne, New Jersey and they are going to publish my book titled Trannies. One door closes and another door opens.

So that's it for now Dana Fans and all the monger ships at sea: books, and standards, and interesting bits on the subject of translating. Keep an eye out for my books Snakeskulls and Silver Suited Teddy Bears, Fa Chronicles, Boardwalk Follies, and Mai Bagwan—Jai Dee in English or translated into Blackese. And never forget:

Who Translates You Baby?
Dana Does

294. Like Moses in the Desert

TT&A Part 261 23/10/2010

Greetings flip-floppers and Dana fans:

All things come to an end and this story is the end of my Korski reporting. Someone else will have to pick up the lance, scoop up the flag, gird their loins, and keep an eye on Korski. God speed. I'm not sayin' that reporting on Korski isn't important. It is important. Someday when a unified field theory of the universe ties together quantum mechanics and Einsteinian physics Korski will be part of the equation. It all counts. Is Korski the long looked for and hoped for dark matter that holds the universe together? I don't think so but he does count. It all counts. Really, it's just a matter of time. I just don't have the time to run an international Korski spotting and reporting organization. I'm on my own monger mission from God which, like a Chinese farmer spreading night soil on crop land, includes me spreading my love to as many women as possible. So many women, so little time.

Anyway, the following story is about my last sighting of the great man and it is titled:

Like Moses In The Desert

My sister (aka my stupid sister) and her husband (aka goofball husband) were in town so I booked the tickets with Anna the activities director at the A.A. Hotel on Soi 13/0 in Pattaya and took them on the all day beach-and-boating trip to Ko Larn. It's a sure fire fun time for expats and tourists alike. Four different boat trips, beautiful weather, parasailing from an offshore barge, lunch, beach walking, swimming in cleaner clearer water, shopping for the ladies etc. I told them where to meet me near the beach Buddha shrine because I wanted to do some computer work at the Soi 10 computer place first.

An Hour Later: so, computer stuff done; I am walkin' down the boardwalk in the early morning and what do my eyes see but the LRW (Little Red Wagon) of Korski's (aka Professor Korski). It's all kitted up and loaded with bargirl survey sheets, clipboards, tripod camera, tape recording devices, wire cage and green hanging Pendaflex folders as well as Manila folders and transparent file label holders, visorcam safari hat, etc.

But the Little Red Wagon (LRW) has gone upscale since the last time I saw it on South Road. It is now pulled by a little red tricycle with multi-colored plastic tassels coming out of the handlebars, and a size large mulberry bark umbrella lashed to the bike's frame. Apparently, Professor Korski no longer walks (and pulls), he now rides. Korskian evolution in action. But where was he? His spoor was everywhere but I did not see him. Anyway, he must be around somewhere workin' up the middle-aged man nerve to ask Ling, or Ping, or Sing, or Ming, or Bam, or Sam, or Fam out with his survey routine; but I just didn't see him.

Then I saw four Thai boys shooting at something with their surgical tubing and bicycle inner tube slingshots. It's Korski on the beach. Bare feet, pant legs rolled up, shirtless, hands and arms held straight out: he is walking into the sea. Far be it from me to judge the great man but ... well, Professor Korski may be a world famous lecturer on evolution but his knowledge of astronomy is a bit shakey. Marching into the sea on that bright early boardwalk morning muttering incantations to the sun-God Ra: he was going west. The sun comes up in the east. Kinda makes you wonder what might have happened on Darwin's trip around the world if Captain FitzRoy of the HMS Beagle had made Korski the navigator. The ship might have ended up in Pattaya Bay with Darwin pounding girls like a hammer at a nail convention. Goodbye theory of evolution, hello Victorian private parts held together with duct tape.

Anyway, Korski's muttering and marching into the water is suicide writ large and the next ten minutes of my life I could have done without. Believe me when I tell you that I never thought I'd hear myself say these words that I said. But that incident and those words are not really the point. I am out of time and what I really want to talk about is:

Well, just one more detail. My sister and her husband wanted to know why I showed up at the beach-and-boating trip rendezvous point riding a little red tricycle and pulling a little red wagon. Some things are hard to explain to tourists. Anyway, what I really want to talk about today is:

OK, a little more detail before we get back to the beach-and-boating trip with my sister and her husband. The little red tricycle that pulls the little red survey wagon has a fart collector for turbo power assist, chromed rack for automobile batteries, inclinometer for curve/speed diagnosis, turn signals, rear view mirrors, flashing lights. balloon tires with deep anti-hydroplaning treads (you learn a few things during the rainy season), road kill refrigerator, elevated tricycle seat (the Professor is a tall man), air horn that plays Isaan music, Las Vegas style poolside misting machine for the hot season, refrigerator for bargirl treats, sheepskin cover for seat, lobsterman gloves forall-weather posigrip, Polaroid Land Camera (Thai ladies love to have their picture taken), brass temple bells hanging from the edge of the umbrella, and elephant sized around-a-palm-tree anti-theft lock and chain. Oh, and yes; you guessed correctly—for night research work his vehicle can throw purple cones of light into the sky and his license plate says K-MAN. And, of course, lucky Thai ladies who participate in the Professor's clipboard survey sheet 'research' can win a T-shirt that says:

"I Got Researched By K-MAN."

You knew that? Good guess. And do I hear you whispering the words ‘franchise opportunity’ ? Yes, you figured that out also. Meetings have been held, power point lunches presented, international bankers engaged, and manufacturing bid protocols started. Soon Korski research vehicles will be available worldwide for men who need extra help meeting and charming women. Naturally, Professor Korski will be available for consultation and training. And naturally, no franchise research vehicles will be made available to the French (FTF), Russians, Koreans, Japs, Ufxxxistans, West Africans, Indians, or Lesbians. Some things just aren’t right.

Korski attracts attention to his research vehicle and I am told he is successful now in meeting Thai ladies of the friendly kind. Apparently, he is going through Thai ladies like prunes go through an old lady and he now smiles so much he has had caps and whitening applied to his teeth. Ditto for hair plugs, rhinoplasty, wart removal, dermabrasion, fake dragon tattoos, lidectomy, bagectomy, testicle scrotum sack lift, and buttocks silicone enhancement. He has even learned to say:

“Prot bawk chan wa khoon tawing-kan sak thao-rai pheua wa rao ja dai tok-long kan sia kawn.”

Professor Korski’s annual research results are published yearly in a gold embossed, vellum paged, Moroccan leather book that includes research anecdotes, bar charts, pie charts, and pictures of volunteer unpaid research subjects (note: some of these unpaid research subjects are hotter than a broken steam pipe in a submarine). Also available in Braille, disc, DVD, and talking edition. Each yearly research volume also has up-to-date progress information on the MacArthur genius grant application. Tear-out pages are available for those who want to send in testimonials and references to the MacArthur genius grant headquarters.

And yes, yes, oh God yes; the inside cover of the annual research report has a 4-color high resolution holographic picture of Professor Korski with hand painted pointillistic pupils that appear to follow you. Prop up the book in your home, or apartment, or condo, or hotel room and get the same disturbing creepy feeling that Thai ladies get as Professor Korski's eyes follow you around the room. Ask yourself this question: when is the last time you saw Oracle's or Microsoft's annual report with this feature?

Exactly. When is the last time the CEO of Oracle or Bill Gates appeared to be following you around the room? It may be time to get on board the Korski train. He may, weirdly and disturbingly, be the future. The world is full of lonely, inept horny men in Phuket, and Trang, and Na Thawi, and Ranong, and Thap Sakae, and Bo Rai, and Na Yia, and Wanon Niwat, and Chom Thong, and Hat, and Pong, and Sai Yok, and Pattaya, and Bangkok who can not walk up to a Thai lady of the very friendly kind and say:

"Boom Boom?"

Professor Korski may, like Moses in the desert, be showing the way. If he stops wearing shorts and a T-shirt and changes to a robe and a staff, the transmutation and incarnation will be complete. Think about what I am saying. Some day you may spot a stooped, aging figure on the boardwalk with a robe, long white beard. long white hair, leather sandals, and a walking staff. Could be the K-MAN. On the other hand, it could also be one of my aging tranny lovers. God, I hope I'm not on the game then. There's a monger shock I don't need. Anyway, I will notify you if I spot this. But I can't carry the whole Korski load. You can notify me here at Dana Central if you spot this apparition. Korski spotting requires collaboration between hyper alert mongers. He keeps no schedule and is liable, like a meerkat in Africa, to pop up anywhere and anytime.

God, makes you think doesn't it? Someday we might not be able to tell the difference between Korski and an aging tranny.

Reminds me of the words of the Chinese philosopher One Hung Low who said:

"? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?"

OK, I forgot what he said. Just be careful is all. You don't want to be thinkin' about tranny love, tap a boardwalk cruiser on the shoulder, and have Korski turn around and stare at you. Maybe that's just me. You might be different. In my case, I already have a damaged heart; an experience like that could kill me.

So, enough updates on the K-MAN. What I really wanted to talk about today was the all day beach-and-boating trip to Ko Larn with my stupid sister and her goofball husband. God, what a fiasco. The first horrible thing that happened was … oops, all out of time. See you next week.

Maeng-Ka-Phroon! Ra-Wang!
Dana

295. Eagle Feathers To Her Ass

TT&A Part 262 30/10/2010

Greetings: Paper fans, Bamboo fans, Electric fans, Stickman fans, and Dana fans.

Today you get two for the price of one, and naturally the Stickmeister sends me two checks instead of one. Enjoy.

Musings

Sometimes I get emails like this:

"Sa wa dee khrap kuhn Dana man. You are one hip hop happen' literary dude and I am totally down with your writing mojo. You put the personal shake in your own brand of Shakespeare, but I sometimes wonder if you might be aiming too low with your talent. Maybe you should aim a little higher regarding class of woman and subsequent writing content.

Your friend, fan, and student:
Stevarino Rossaslotsky"

OK, I am nothing if not open to new ideas. Let's try this idea. To wit:

Here is a quote from Stephanie Pace Marshall:

> *"Our students live and learn in a digital world of global networks, intelligent machines, immersive technologies, and multiuser virtual environments. In this world learning is experiential, purposeful, self-directed and on-demand. Expertise is multigenerational; problem-solving is collaborative; knowledge is coconstructed; boundaries are often blurred; and learning social relationships and play converge."*—(Science News, 1-2-10, p. 36)

Wow, is this what you mean Stevarino Rossaslotsky by aiming higher? I wonder what kind of fee I would have to pay to date this alpha female? But wait, there is more. Here is some information on Stephanie.

> *"Stephanie Pace Marshall is founding President and President Emerita, Illinois Mathematics and Science Academy and the founding President of the National Consortium for Specialized Secondary Schools of Mathematics, Science and Technology. She also serves on the Society for Science & the Public's Board of Trustees."*—(Science News, 1-2-10)

Wow, and I really mean that. Wow. I'll bet she can fix a live toaster with a fork and not get shocked. And the beauty of aiming a little higher is that when I am on a date with a woman like this she could correct everything I said and never be wrong. Wow. And I really mean that.

Now, Mr. Stevarino Rossaslotsky; let us consider another kind of woman.

Here is a quote from a South Pattaya woman named Ling:

> *"I like puppies. You want go Boom-Boom?"*

But wait, there is more. Here is some information on Ling from the latest edition of the Boardwalk Cruisers Newsletter (1/2010):

> *"Ling has no education, accomplishments, hobbies, interests, natural curiosity, ideas, enthusiasms, or honorariums. She is a humping, scratching, panting machine in bed, a giggling companion in the shower, and scorching hot to look at."*

Well, Stevarino Rossaslotsky; in the spirit of open inquiry and personal advancement I have considered your email advice about aiming higher in life for reasons of character, best use of talent, and writing content. Results?

I have decided to marry Ling. Your invitation is in the mail.

Sincerely yours,
Dana

P.S.—But that is not really what I want to talk about today. What I really want to talk about today is:

Eagle Feathers To Her Ass

Ring ... Ring ... Ring ... Ring ... Ring.

Me: Hello?

Toby: Hey, Danaman; what's happenin' dude?

Me: Well, I was just sittin' here thinking that mass is a variable universe constant without measure, whereas weight is a derivative of local planetary gravity; but the most relevant thing to my own ex-pat life here in the Kingdom is that the Isaan wonders are starting to run to fat. Some of them you'd have to roll in dough and look for the wet spot to locate the love tunnel. Not exactly a part of Einstein's theory of the elastic influences of gravity, but still enough to consider.

Toby: OK, Danster—that's kool bro but I was more wonderin' if you had any new info for mongers.

Me: Yes Toby I do. There is a new monger bar and pleasure emporium east of 3rd Road called the Lake Gitche Gumee Bar and the star attraction is a dancer named Minnehaha. She's totally nude except for Go-Go boots and an Indian headdress that has eagle feathers cascading down her back to her ass.

Toby: Kool dude—tell me more.

Me: Well, from about 2:00 a.m. to 5:00 a.m. bar patrons can enter the Ding Dong Dildo raffle.

Toby: And?

Me: Well, whoever wins the raffle gets to get up on stage, strap on a dildo, and do her.

Toby: Holy Jesus Christ—where is the exact location of this place?

Me: The best thing to do is to get in touch with Chiang Mai Kelly—he'll help you with geography, door passwords, weapons advice, and a source for #54 condoms. It's a big dildo.

Toby: Big dildo? Minnehaha isn't huge and fat is she?

Me: No man—4'8" tall and eighty-two pounds but she knows how to relax and smile if you get my meaning. A waist you can put your watch strap around, a stomach you can bounce ten baht coins off of, and a body you can beat with sticks. Just like the old days.

Toby: Thanks Dana.

296. Dancing Against the Moon

TT&A Part 263 6/11/2010

Dateline: 10-20-2010

On Saturday the 16th of October, 2010; the four platoons plus headquarters of Company D, 262nd Regiment, 66th Monger Division of the Dana's Unbridled Joy Sex Tours made their inaugural assault on South Pattaya in Thailand. Chiang Mai Kelly and Union Hill directed two landing craft that disgorged on the beach just to the south of the Julie Complex, Pattaya Gary and specialist scuba mongers emerged from the ocean onto the beach opposite the Royal Cruise Hotel, and 500 Baht Walt of the Nana Hotel Lounge Lizards (NHLL) brought his contingent of Dana's Unbridled Joy Sex Tour mates onto the fourth floor pool terrace of the A.A. Hotel at Soi 13/0 by parachute. Unfortunately, 500 Baht Walt and his 350 pounds (plus 75 pounds of equipment) splonged into the little hotel pool and the resulting tsunami washed the Thai girlfriends of two Germans right off the roof. Sorry. And oh yes, Korski and his team were to meet in the maritime park.

Note: squad leaders Chiang Mai Kelly, Pattaya Gary, 500 Baht Walt, and Union Hill all dressed exactly like me on this mission. They weren't directed to, they just wanted to. At first I was kinda flattered by this until I saw 500 Baht Walt dressed exactly like me. The huge black haired Japanese from Hawaii had even peroxided his hair yellow. You don't see that every day.

As the leader of this inaugural meeting of the Dana's Unbridled Joy Sex Tour I had been stationed on the fourth floor pool terrace of the A.A. Hotel to watch the 350 pound Nana Hotel lounge lizard come parachuting in with his communications equipment and his men. Looking up I saw him belting towards me out of the night sky wearing size 16 black foam Nike sandals, beads and bangles and bracelets and necklaces, red beach pants with turquoise elephants, white Indian cotton shirt, and red suspenders. It looked like I had swallowed a helium canister and blown up. Not something, I noted; that I wanted to see twice. I made a mental note to issue a DUJST (Dana's Unbridled Joy Sex Tour) fashion directive.

A little more about the inaugural assault plan: 500 Baht Walt and his men were to set up a communications center in the 6th floor ocean facing suite of the hotel. Pattaya Gary and his frog men were to rendezvous at the 2nd Road entrance of Soi Diamond, while Union Hill and Chiang Mai Kelly were to bring their tour mates down Walking Street and form up at the entrance to Soi Diamond. Professor Korski was to lead his men from the maritime park lighthouse location to the head of Walking Street where their job was to neutralize the Tourist Police.

Mission? To take over the Superbabies Bar; throw out the Japs, throw out the bartenders, throw out the door men, throw out the mamasan, throw out the cashiers, and convene the first meeting of the Dana's Unbridled Joy Sex Tour.

Note: Before we go any further, this might be a good opportunity to replace rumors with facts regarding the unfortunate events that took place near the lighthouse in the maritime park.

A group of tour members came ashore by British commando rubber boats and were met by Professor Korski who was supposed to be the team leader. Unfortunately, team leader Korski met his men riding a little red tricycle with multi-colored plastic streamers coming out of the handle bars, and a large mulberry bark umbrella lashed to the bike frame. The umbrella had tinkling temple bells around it's perimeter. Major leadership problems ensued and regrettably the Tourist Police were never taken out of the military sex tour equation as per plan. Lesson learned? Never send a professor on a tricycle to lead men. Nuff said.

Some of you want to know in extremis detailium what happened on the rip-rap edge of the maritime park that inaugural night as Korski and his squad was supposed to be conjoining, coalescing, and cooperating in a military and fun way. Either for general interest, legal, psychological, military study, or archival academic reasons: it is my duty to tell you that all records have been expunged. Officially it's like it never happened, especially the part where a deranged Korski was playing Greensleeves by tapping the brass temple bells hanging from the edge of his bike umbrella. I could perhaps send out emails to interested mongers but other than that no text descriptions of Internet or traditional publishing will exist. So, if you want to know what happened that night as the Pattaya Bay restaurant barge lights, and the stars, and the ice-a-cleem vendor, and the strolling couples watched; just send me an email and I may return a full confidential account to you. Or not.

I know what some of you are thinking and saying to each other because I am already getting email bounceback. You are saying/thinking:

"Oh, come on Dana—how bad could it be? Just give us the facts man and let us decide. Just lay the cards down on the table face up."

I really don't think I should. Example: when the squad rubberboated ashore and saw Korski; shock turned to confusion, confusion turned to anger, anger precipitated mutiny, and mutiny turned to destruction of the social order and assault. Korski's pants were pulled off and two of his tinkling brass temple bells were ripped off his umbrella. They were then tied to his dangling private parts and he was forced to run up the hillside stone stairs and dance against the moon. Then … OK, I think we can all agree that we do not want to hear any more about this. This is the kind of thing you don't even want in your head. I may send out reports to DUJST (Dana's Unbridled Joy Sex Tour) mates and certain other very special email requesters but that's it. There will not be any publishing of this episode on what was otherwise a wonderful first meeting of the Tour.

How can it all have gone so wrong so quickly? Well, I wasn't there but there were numerous witnesses and they all agree … apparently, the contrast between the Tour mates who had just paddled in from an offshore military barge and their squad leader Korski who presented himself to them was startling. Very startling. Plank in the face 'holy fxxx' startling.

The Tour members charged with taking out the Tourist Police were wearing face paint camouflage, ghillie suits, pepper spray canisters, disappearing ink faux passports, Harley doo rags, surgical gloves, paratrooper jump boots, mouthpieces, stun guns, smoke bombs, bean bag shotguns, metal detector wands, blindfolds, ball gags, inflatable Kevlar shields, body armor, night vision goggles, spring-loaded telescoping batons, tropical freon tube coolant helmets, and GPS systems for locating the Superbabies Bar on Soi Diamond. They were, in the words of George Keenan:

> *"… not a very formidable force in point of numbers, not a very remarkable one in point of experience, but strong in hope, self-reliance, and enthusiasm."*

Then they saw Korski. And how was Dana's Unbridled Joy Sex Tour squad leader Korski outfitted to meet and inspire his men? Pink flip flops with little teddy bears on the toe straps, six silver neck rings, four pastel colored Swatch watches on each wrist, a Hello Kitty T-shirt, faggotty white tennis shorts, forehead tattoo that said ‘Darwin’s Houseboy’, hair weave ringlets tumbling to his waist ending with pink elephant and pink whale hair clips, and a watermelon rind helmet held on with a string.

It was a standoff: disbelief and anger vs. weirdness and stupidity. Highly focused, superbly trained, physically fit, goal setting DUJST members vs. well, a man riding a tricycle.

Note: A reasonable person might have questioned why I made Korski a squad leader in the first place. By what perversion of the natural order did that happen? I can’t go into that right now. Maybe later.

Anyway, the squad handpicked by me to move on Walking Street and neutralize the Tourist Police stood and stared. Time’s linear march to oblivion temporarily coughed. It seemed as if a breeze suddenly came up but it was just the planet Earth pausing and wondering if there was any reason to go on spinning. Consternation was cosmic. The restaurant lights on the water, and the stars overhead, and the ice-a-cleem salesman, and the strolling couples all stopped and stared. Time stood still and waited. Was a chrysalis about to become a butterfly? Was a galactic giant on the cusp of making a decision between implosion and explosion? Was a developmental choice between male or female being made in a woman’s body? Well ... not exactly.

The rest, to repeat, was a downward spiraling of civilized values and civilized behavior until all we were left with was the image of Korski in his pink flip-flops and his watermelon rind helmet dancing against the moon accompanied by the far off faint sounds of those goddamned testicle banging tinkling temple bells. Now that you have the facts I think we can all bond in agreement that this is not the kind of thing that the outer space people need to hear about when they come to Earth. Hence the Internet and text freeze on the entire subject. I'm the leader, it's a leader's decision: don't even ask me about it.

Sincerely yours,
Dana, Commander Dana's Unbridled Joy Sex Tours

P.S. Yesterday (10-28-10) Korski was demoted as Squad leader in the Dana's Unbridled Joy Sex Tour and dismissed from the organization. A sad note? No, evolution and the thinning of the herd in action. After the leadership debacle at the lighthouse a decision had to be made. So do not expect to see him on future sex tours. We are changing the paperwork, contracts, insurance premiums, marketing materials, photos, videos, pop-up books, T-shirts, personal appearances, and brochures as you read this. However, if you would like to meet him he can be found every Tuesday at the southern end of Walking Street in front of the Chinese convenience store where he sets up a lifesize plywood silhouette of himself with his full size photo image laminated on it. People can put their arm around the plywood 'Korski' and have their picture taken. The plywood 'Korski' weighs a ton and has to be transported with the tricycle and wagon. When I asked him if it would not be easier to dispense with the heavy plywood silhouette plus the bike plus the wagon and just have people put their arm around him to have their picture taken—he just looked blank. Anyway; it's 100 baht per pic. Ask him if Dana takes his calls and watch him froth at the mouth.

So, the first meeting of the Dana's Unbridled Joy Sex Tour was up and down. I'll provide full details later on in PART TWO if I receive enough requests. Contact this website for follow-up details. At least worldwide history was made—a military leadership debacle is now known as a 'Korski'. I wouldn't be surprised if you could Google it. Lessons learned? Many: social, organizational, and military. Last impression? They say you never get a second chance to make a first impression. A first impression can be a seed, a trigger, an influencer. The happy smile that can be the entering wedge into a new part of your life. But it is the last impression that sometimes eviscerates, and burns, and scalds, and frightens, and scars. If you are ever in the maritime park some hot, humid, still Pattaya night pray that you don't see Korski ... dancing against the moon.

297. The Pictures On The Table

TT&A Part 264 13/11/2010

Greetings lickers and moaners, drinkers and stoners, mongers and fongers (OK, nothing rhymes with mongers)—a dedication and a story. Enjoy.

This story dedicated to H.W. Tilman: personal hero, courageous World War One and World War Two soldier, alpha intellectual, wonderful writer, adventurer, sailor, climber, raconteur, and 20th century yogin. Tilman traveling in Thailand would have been witty, trenchant, and hilarious in his dry wit way. Our loss that the Kingdom had no mountains worth climbing.

The Pictures On The Table

The Bell Travel van drops me off at the Mothership in Bangkok like a sack of cement. Too tired to carry my backpack and my carry-on bag I just drag them inside and up to the check-in counter. Fifteen minutes later it is give the porter a tip, slide the lock into the brass security channel on the inside of the door, and sleep. I don't even make it to the bed.

I wake up on the carpet in a puddle of drool around 10 p.m. I can hear the boom-boom sounds of the bars across the street, but I am too tired to even leave my room. After three weeks in Pattaya cycling on and off Viagra, and nitric acid, and Horny Goat Weed; falling in love two or three times per day; and almost no REM sleep: I'm a wreck. My private parts are held together with duct tape. My plane back to the States leaves at 6:20 a.m. and all I am going to do is sleep. At least that was Plan A.

An hour later I'm at the front door of the hotel and headed across the street. It won't hurt to just look. Plan B. I'll have a Coke at the Rainbow bar and then come back and crash. Yeah, that's right; that's what I'll do. I've got a plan. Plan B. Halfway down the parking lot I spy a goddess. About 4'10" tall, dark skin, black hair to her waist, almond eyes, big lips, and a body you would see in a comic book. We talk. She is from Phuket but visiting Bangkok. It's nice to have a portable profession. Her English is excellent. She is intelligent and quick and fun. I leave her.

I what? I leave her? Just too tired. Working Plan B. An hour later I am returning from the bars and she is still on display. Ten minutes later and we are in my room. I guess I am now on Plan C. Whatever. Anyway, I have a Polaroid camera and several film packs. I move the table and the chairs and have her pose in front of the white wall. She relaxes. We laugh and have fun. She examines each picture as it develops and makes suggestions. Soon there are thirty pictures on the table top. A messy happy example of two adults connecting and bonding and smiling. And what did these pictures show? A happy, smiling, confident woman at the height of her sexual and mental and physical powers. An alpha human. Her choice of profession might not have gotten her invited to all of the best parties but I'd pick her for any team.

Picture time over, she stands in front of the TV and strips. Naked in ten seconds. Breathtaking. A goddess making a living the easy way. But she made a mistake. While the clothes came off something else came on. She turned the television set on. Mistake. Take my word for this fellas, once you push through the 100 girl mark you have learned a few things: turning on the TV is a deal breaker. She doesn't want to make me smile, she just wants to watch TV and get paid for it. That's not my plan.

I turn off the television and I say:

"Sorry honey—I'm only looking for players."

and then I start to dress her. Underpants, high heels, pleated skirt, etc.—she gets the message and finishes dressing herself.

There is steam coming out of her ears and she is infuriated with me but she stays in control. She's tough. She's experienced and she isn't gonna let me see her sweat. I try to give her some 'taxi money' but she waves it away. Her contempt for a man who can not be manipulated is complete.

She grabs her purse and heads for the door. Half-way to the door she wheels around, opens her purse, goes to the table, and sweeps every photo into her purse. So much for two human beings bonding and connecting. That's going with her. She'll leave me nothing. No eye contact, no remarks, no histrionics, no loss of control, no smile, and no photos. The door slams.

There I am. No naked woman and no photos. I start to pack. My plane leaves Boomi at 6:20 a.m. I'll have to leave the hotel around 3:30 a.m. It's been another great vacation in the Kingdom. I'm walking like a bow-legged duck because of genital abuse but I'll heal.

So, what do I miss the most: the beautiful naked woman, or the photos? I kinda wish I still had the pictures. God bless photography.

298. People Ask Me

TT&A Part 265 20/11/2010

A Caravan Production: The Dogs Bark But The Caravan Moves On.

Greetings Stickman fans and Dana fans. Today we offer two essayettes for your reading pleasure. Enjoy.

People Ask Me

People ask me. They say:

“Where do you get your ideas for your stories Dana?”

or they say:

“How do you find the time for all that writing Dana?”

These are the questions of non-writers. People always ask questions about what is on their mind. If a Thai lady says:

“Do you have any condoms?”—you can pretty well guess what is on her mind. If a Thai child says:

“Farang, why do you wear socks?”—it is pretty simple to guess what is on his/her mind. The question is the answer.

Writers ask different questions of other writers. Not ‘Where do you get your ideas?’ or ‘How do you find the time?’ A writer might ask another writer something like:

“How do you handle all the beginnings for stories you never seem to get to? You know, the one or two or ten great sentences that just need another 800-3000 words. How do you keep these fish swimming around in your head without going crazy?

I’ll give you two examples of story starts I have a feeling that I am never going to get to and finish.

You can have them—just add another 1000-2400 words.

Example 1:

“Sometimes neutrinos have mass and sometimes neutrinos do not have mass. A mystery. When I opened my front door it bumped into a dead Thai woman. A mystery. One Thailand. One farang. Two mysteries.”

Now you finish it. I figure in this case about 2400 words will do.

Example 2:

“Nom and I go to visit her parents in Isaan. She tells me their names are Somchai and Fim. When we get to the village she seems unsure of which house she grew up in. Two elderly people wave at us from a porch. Nom says they are her parents and their names are Gorm and Loom.

What happened to Somchai and Fim? I spend three days smiling like a baboon with gas. On the bus back to Bangkok I turn to Nom and I say:”

Now you finish the story. You probably need another 1000 words. This set up should resolve itself quickly. And thanks for taking two swimming fish out of my head. They were driving me crazy.

But that is not really what I want to talk about today. What I want to talk about today is:

The Fix Is In Land

The story The Old Man and the Sea by Ernest Hemingway was a reworking of a story by Zane Grey. Hemingway received the Pulitzer prize. Zane Grey received nothing. Zane Grey never complained. Zane Grey had class. He invited Hemingway on a fishing trip. Hemingway refused the gift of friendship.

Both Hemingway and Grey were B class writers lucky enough to make a living as writers and attract a lot of attention to themselves. One had more class than the other. But the fix was in. Hemingway got the historical nod.

Joe DiMaggio and Ted Williams were both great hitters in baseball. If you equalized the ball parks they played in Joe DiMaggio was a greater hitter than Ted Williams. The baseball writers knew it, the players knew it, and the owners knew it. Joe DiMaggio knew it, and Ted Williams knew it. But the fix was in. Williams got the historical nod and didn't have enough class to say:

"No, it's not me."

Be careful when the fix is in. There is nothing you can do about it. Ask the Jews about this. Once you are socially marked for good or for ill there is nothing you can do about it. Especially if you are a foreigner. Foreign face? Foreign voice? Foreign clothes? Foreign way of thinking? Always know where your passport is—you never know when it will be time to leave. Don't think of Thailand as the Land of Smiles. Think of Thailand as The Fix Is In Land. Opinions of your own? Interested in human dignity? Believe we are really all equal under the skin? Anxious to be accepted as a part of the family of man? Open to new ideas? All worthy dreams and good intentions. All possibilities—unless, the fix is in.

I had a friend from the States visiting me in Pattaya. So I took him on the obligatory walk down Walking Street one night. Every time I saw a Thai policeman or a volunteer policeman I would turn my back, or go into a store, or dodge up a soi. My friend made fun of me. Said I was needlessly paranoid. No. I just wanted to be invisible. Who knows—maybe I had been given the foreigner's historical nod and the fix was in. All they had to do was find me. Sound silly? I repeat, who knows? We have many prisoners in the United States that are innocent. It is reasonable to assume that the same thing happens in Thailand. Why tempt fate?

Years ago I was standing around with the expats that gather every morning outside of the Starbucks on Beach Road in Pattaya. Pattaya Gary was there, the retired Canadian airline pilot was there, Gary's rich American friend was there, etc. A Thai beggar woman came by and was pestering and pestering and pestering for money. She had clearly used up all of her social charity chips and anyone would have been in their rights to tell her to go away. No one did. None of these alpha male foreigners told her to buzz off. Made them look like wimps. Took me a while to figure it out. They just wanted to be invisible. Who knows how karma works? Maybe one of them was already marked by history and the fix was in. All Thailand had to do was find that person. Why take a chance?

I no longer enthuse about Thailand in the States. It is a private pleasure and when I am in the Kingdom it is a private fear. I am scared all the time in the Kingdom. I don't respect people who are not afraid in the Kingdom. I regard this state of fear as a marker of intelligence. I know where I am. I am in The Fix Is In Land. And it is only a matter of time. Landing at Bhumi and walking down the long hall to Immigration I am so happy my feet barely touch the floor. But every coin has two sides. Leaving Thailand on the plane I can feel a great whoosh as the fear washes out of me. I have beat the odds and I have beat the historical nod again. The fix is in. It is always in. But I managed to avoid the tap on the shoulder. This time.

299. Speaking Thai

TT&A Part 266 27/11/2010

Greetings Dana fans, elitists, and mongers with hanging nose boogers and toilet paper stuck to your shoe. Dana's army looks beyond mere surface stuff and we know you have jai dee up the ying yang. Today two things to think about. Who loves you baby? Dana does.

Speaking Thai

Last night I was lying in bed reading The New Industrial State by John Kenneth Galbraith. Not John Galbraith or J. Galbraith or even JKG, but John Kenneth Galbraith; the full author name treatment. Hey, I think this guy might be onto something with this big name thing. If I ever publish a book maybe I'll list my name as Dana Kenneth Danabraith. Looks more important.

Anyway, last night I was lyin' in bed trying to hold up The New Industrial State. I had cut off the front and the back covers to reduce weight, and torn the binding into two pieces to further reduce weight, but it is still a heavy book. And you know one thing: if I was in bed trying to read this book there was no girl around and no porno around either. It was either this book, or suicide by ennui.

This book is like wrestling with a mountain lion that is on amphetamines. You know you are not going to win. Example this:

> *"The accepted sequence also raises barriers against a wide range of social action which, though in fact inconvenient to organization, specifically to the technostructure, is held by the theory to be inimical to this maximization of satisfaction by the individual."*

OK, Stickmanites, Dana fans, elitists, and mongers: Two questions:

1. Do I want to meet any human who can comprehend this at first go without having to reread and re-reread?

2. And—a woman married this guy?

But wait, there is more (less). Try this puppy out:

> *"Again none of these contentions survive the revised sequence. There is no case for subordinating the lesser liberty of the organization man to the greater liberty of the consumer unless that latter liberty exists. If that has already been subordinated to organization, the argument lapses."*

A woman married this guy? OK, that's her problem. Anyway, about this time (3:08 a.m.) I began to think John (I call him John) was no party animal. I may be as slow as a seventy year old monger dribbler but eventually I catch on. Harvard University paid him to say things like this and Harvard students wrote these things down. No wonder I am happy to be me. But then he surprised me with the kind of thing that makes you wonder if one of you has popped too many Quaaludes and seen too many surfer films. To wit (dude):

> *"Since all the relevant groups affirm the importance of free markets in principle, while needing control in practice, the solution has been to impose control in practice while affirming the commitment to free markets in principle."*

OK, time out. No matter how many times I deconstructed and then reconstructed this sentence I just could not be 100% sure John (I call him John) was not having us on. Finally, I just ended up laughing. Now he had me. But I also had him. This guy was a party animal disguised as an economist. And sure enough, the party animal proof came on page one of Chapter XXII—The Control of the Wage-Price Spiral when he said:

> *"Men of conservative temperament have long suspected that one thing leads to another."*

Now this is just fall down funny. And it is also in my opinion an example of excellent writing because in one short sentence he has managed to include irony, humor, cynicism, social observation, cutting remark, bone marrow snobbery, and a clever baiting lead in to his chapter The Control of the Wage-Price Spiral. My theory is that by this time in the book he realized it was in for a penny—in for a pound, and he was getting tired of eating the sandwich. Mental crisis can lead to funny stuff.

So now I have a goal in learning to speak, and in learning to read Thai. Someday I want to be able to read Thai so fluently that gems like this will not slip through my farang fingers as I sift through tonal and R/L sands. I believe there are some Thais this funny and this smart. I would like to read them and I would like to meet them. Come on Thailand, don't let me down. Show me your John Kenneth Galbraiths.

Men of monger temperament have long suspected that one thing leads to another.

Dana Kenneth Danabraith

But this is not really what I want to talk about today. What I really want to talk about today is a:

Mystery

And now for something completely different Dana fans, and word mavens. To wit: from the Around the Campfire Lectures, vol. III, article IX, paragraph VI—by Dana.

Much is made of learning new words to increase erudition. If you want to shag the girl with the glasses and the lisp at the teaching fellows end-of-semester party you better have some kick ass fancy words on the tip of your tongue. Hey, I'm just tellin' what I know and if there is one thing I know it is the rarified world of the useless wimps with more degrees than a thermometer factory. But (prepared to be amazed) I never hear anyone suggest that time could also be profitably spent identifying words of no use that should be cut out of the wildebeestian word herd.

Example: recently, while perusing (white people talking) the WordSmart Genius Edition by The Princeton Review c1995 (Random House) I stepped into the ridiculous and totally not needed literary cowplop of Absquatulate, as in (abz KWACH uh layt) or (ab SKACH uh layt)—to decamp. In other words the word means to decamp (sort of). Read on.

> *"This Americanism, a combination of the root "abs" (off, away from), "squat" (to sit in, slang), and "ulate" (like in speculate of gratulate), is a humorous way of saying to break camp, to unsquat (so to speak). It is slang, but an effective way of expressing a deliberate exit—as in: Disturbed by our shouting, the enormous buffalo sleepily raised its head and began to 'absquatulate' into the wilderness."*

Which brings to mind: are some of these word dweebs on crack? Humorous? I don't care how many Isaan buffalo stories you hear you are never going to hear the word absquatulate. There isn't enough whiskey in Isaan for this to happen. Anyway, I nominate the above as an example of a word that our language (or any other language) does not need. In fact, I doubt if I will ever see this word in the rest of my reading life.

Perhaps it would be instructively fun on the Thai story website to once per month nominate three silly words that by conservatively reductive attention would improve the language by their leaving same.

There is sometimes no accounting for reality. For example: in the self-same WordSmart Genius Edition by Random House (How To Build An Erudite Vocabulary) I see no entry for:

Danafy: v. (DAY nuh fie)—to deify a small white monger.

Like a feather singed thrush exiting a burning barn you would think some things would just call attention to themselves and Danafy would be in the book on words that would be handy to know if you want to bag and shag girls with glasses.

Mystery.

What's that ringing sound? Oh, it's the phone. Just a second.

OK, back now—Dean Barrett was calling to ask for help with a personal problem. Anyway, he suggested that the words:

Honestbargirl — Excitingstarfish — Impossibletofeelcondom

could also be eliminated from the English language. I concurred (more white people talkin'). Why these totally silly and unnecessary words are still drifting like untethered astronauts through the ether of the language is a Mystery.

Still, not on board for this? OK, let's consider the word:

EFFLUGIANE n. or adn. (eh FLU gee in)—viscous alcoholic potion made from wheat, barley, maize, corn, tapioca, bamboo, rubber flip-flops, or rice. Example of use: Dana dipped his turgid member in efflugiane and let Wan lick it off.

OK, I just made this word up but I like the way it looks. Heck, all words were made up; I am just continuing a tradition.

Anyway, word mavens: to summarize this essay —

I hear the phone ringing again: probably Dean Barrett with another personal problem. How he gets through his days is a

Mystery.

300. The Four Worst Words

TT&A Part 267 4/12/2010

Greetings Stickmanites and Dana Fans:

Today a shocking introduction not suitable for children followed by an essay that is a sign of our monger times. Adult material all and not suitable for the weak. Perhaps this would be a good time for some of you to exit out of the site and go to a Thailand web address that has family value stories about visiting a temple and talking to a monk and getting a lucky string tied around your wrist and handing out gum to cute little village kids and having insightful conversations with feminists here to release Thai women from male slavery. Nah, what am I thinking: just give this a read and I'll see you on the boardwalk.

Introduction

"Though small on the map, the beautiful islands of Fiji at the time of white contact two centuries ago were a garden of barbarity and warfare that it would be difficult to equal. The old were strangled. The sick were buried alive. War canoes launched over living bodies returned from coastal raids flying victory banners called 'birds of the sail'—bodies of children hanging by the feet. Human sacrifice was common, the flesh consumed on behalf of the gods. A special plant was grown near temples so its leaves could be used to wrap human flesh for baking, and its tomato-like fruit were made into sauce to reduce the meal's constipating effect."—from The South Seas Dream by John Dyson.

Comments:

1. At last, someone has said it; I hate the constipation I get from eating human flesh.

2. And we complain about Thailand? Maybe we should all carry a reduced laminated card in our wallets with the above quote printed on them. The next time we are irritated by tuk-tuk driver thieves, bar girl mood changes, currency exchange booth nonsense, and poor restaurant service; we can just reflect:

'Well, at least they are not going to eat me, or launch a canoe over my body, or hang my children upside down by their feet, or strangle me because I am sixty-one years old, or bury me alive if I get sick.'

And further reflect:

'Hey, all things considered the Thais are pretty great and this country and culture is pretty fantastic.'

But that is not really what I want to talk about today. What I really want to talk about today is an essay/story called:

The Four Worst Words

We start with me talking to a class of writing students. Enjoy.

Greetings Students—

My name is Dana and I am going to be your instructor in this creative writing class. As a first day exercise we will start with a basic reading comprehension exercise. Please read the following excerpt from a book called the Bible and, in your own words, write what it means.

"And when they were come to Capernaum, they that received tribute money came to Peter, and said, Doth not your master pay tribute?

He saith, Yes. And when he was come into the house, Jesus prevented him, saying, What thinkest thou, Simon? of whom do the kings of the earth take custom or tribute? of their children, or of strangers?

Peter saith unto him, Of strangers. Jesus saith unto him, Then are the children free."—Matthew 17:24—26

Don't worry class, you'll all get A's. Just someone please tell me what this means. I've got no idea.

Do you ever wish you could be granted omnipotent powers to edit? I do. My life is full of 'accepted' and 'classic' and 'traditional' and 'genius' and 'unassailable' writing that is incomprehensible. No person reads it, and no one understands it, and it does not make anyone smile, and everyone is lying to everyone else about this writing. Literary fraud as intellectual napalm you can't get rid of.

A good example? The poet Ezra Pound. Unless you are a classics scholar you are not going to get the references. And it is necessary to get the references to get the poetry. Poetry is not something you can skim. You have to read and understand every word of every line. Even then it may be long odds if the poet was really just talking to himself.

Another good example? Some of Shakespeare's plays. Once again, unless you are a scholar of the references you are not going to understand what you are reading. Taking Junior High School and High School students to see Shakespeare's plays is a waste of time and by the way shows how ignorant the teachers are. In fact, it might have the opposite of the intended effect. Plays are dynamic uses of the language, not literary talismans.

Another example of literary ignorance sold as cultural something? Mark Twain's two books Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn. Librarians put these monsters in the children's section of the library. These are not children's books. Don't believe me? You're an adult. You try to read one.

Right now Thailand is not really a reading/literary culture. If it ever happens that the Kingdom does become a reading/literary culture, and I hope it does happen; I hope they leave behind pretension and literary foolishness so common in the West. For example: only teach what students can read, do not teach classics first and references second, and be kind to people who do not understand what you think is important. The Bible? Ulysses? Shakespeare? Milton? Homer? You've read and understood and enjoyed these books and authors?

No and no and no. Stop lying and try to think of ways to help next year's students. Words are important. And speaking of words, the meat of this story/essay is called:

The Four Worst Words

Are you like me? Has your writing inspired plays, poems, documentaries, suicides, movies, stamps, children's stories, diarrhea, comic books, T shirts, mime schools, criminal enterprises, ballads, stage plays, graphic novels, writing schools, and death threats?

Of course you are. Of course you are like me. Everyone has contributed to death threats, suicides, and diarrhea with their wordsmithing. Glad to know you. But to iterate, that is not really my main thrust today. (Note: my main thrust today will be with Fa.)

Anyway, what I want to note is: from almost the beginning of settled stockaded communities the four worst words you could hear were: Enemy At The Gate. No other group of words got more attention. Enemy At The Gate. ENEMY AT THE GATE.

Well, now that women of the commercial kind in the Kingdom are being trained to only have sex with condoms the new four worst words one can hear are:

'We Must Be Safe'

I heard these words once from Wan, a woman I had been spending time with for years. They were the last words I heard her say. Goodbye Wan.

Goodbye ‘Enemy At The Gate’ and hello ‘We Must Be Safe’. Like water down the drain, your life spirals downward.

WE MUST BE SAFE

301. Finally Free

TT&A Part 268 11/12/2010

Introduction

Greetings, sa wa dii khraps, and 'how-the-fxxx-are-yous' to all Dana fans and Stickmanbangkok aficionados this holiday season. The holiday season is a time to think universally and globally and in a loving way towards fellow mongers. With that in mind I offer up a twofer—two main courses instead of just one. Think of today's submission as an Eden Club literary event: two story girls instead of just one. Who loves you baby? Dana does. The first literary event is a Dana Enterprises gift announcement, and the second literary event is a bit of philosophic autobiography. Kool and then kool again. Double kool. Enjoy.

Pink Stepladders

Dana here with a Christmas gift announcement available for the first time (2010) from Dana Enterprises (Boston—Bangkok). Remember, it is more blessed to give than to receive. Give the gift that keeps on giving and make another monger male happy. Note: not available to monger females, and not available to the French (FTF). And don't even get me started on monger lesbian French (FTF) females.

Anyway, at 5'3" tall I am a man of average height. So, like you; I sometimes have trouble talking to and mixing with (wink wink) trannies. Trannies, as you know, come in three heights: tall, taller, and 'holy fxxx she's tall'. Hence the holiday season 2010 Dana Enterprises (Boston—Bangkok) gift: a stepladder. That's right men-of-the-world: I am now manufacturing and selling specially designed tranny stepladders. I know that's a head-slapper but there it is. All aluminum construction, fold up feature, 25" tall (you'll need all of it), backpack straps, three steps, non-marking feet, non-skid treads, four hundred pound tested, and three shades of pink available. Note: I tried to get the famous Mothership lounge lizard 500 baht Walt to test these ladders but he demurred. No trannies for him.

Be a giver. Change the life of a monger. Give him a tranny stepladder from Dana Enterprises (Boston—Bangkok) and watch his love life open up like the rectum on a gay platypus (OK, maybe I've said too much). Anyway, place your tranny stepladder orders early. All stepladders are shipped in plain brown unmarked packages complete with instruction booklet, warranty, certificate of authenticity, safety hints, and a photo of me and Pattaya Emma.

Jesus Christ sacrificed his life for all of mankind and I am sacrificing some of my Christmas season time to mail out stepladders to tranny loving mongers of the average height kind. Me and Christ: hey, it's almost like we are twins. Anyway, it's all about the love. Ever been to the 2nd floor of the N.E.P. across from the Mothership in Bangkok? Holy fxxxwad Batman, some of those trannies are tall. Anyway, multiple stepladder discount pricing available as well as personal name monogramming. Be all you can be. Be just like me: headed out with a pink stepladder on my back, a Viagra stick in my pants, and joy in my heart. Holy flyin' squirrel shit some of them are tall But now? No ploblum dude.

Allow 2-3 weeks for shipping. No returns.

Sincerely yours,
Dana

P.S. Are there any other special features connected with the pink backpack tranny stepladder? Yes there are. If you have one of these puppies on your back it will mark you and brand you. Trannies will spot you and pursue you. After a while you'll have to hold your private parts together with duct tape. And fellow tranny mongers will also spot you. You will make many new friends of the international class and sophistication kind.

But that is not really what I want to talk about today. What I really want to talk about today is:

Why I Enjoy Vacationing In Thailand

Recently, I was reading (or trying to read) a story in the New Yorker magazine called No Secrets (June 7, 2010).

The author's name was Khatchadourian. In the story there is a volcano called Eyjafjallajokull (no, I am not making that up). There is talk of WikiLeaks, an international organization at the time of reading that I had never heard of and I leave the house every day. A politician's is named Danial arap Moi. Why is the middle name spelled that way? A person appears named Rop Gonggrijp. Mr. Sang appears. Dandenong Ranges National Park appears on stage and Buddhism pops up. The surname Solzhenitsyn appears to remind you why you will never take a novel class in Russian literature with impossible to pronounce or spell Russian names. Al Jazeera (the organization, not a guy name Al) competes for my attention.

The final straw on the camel's back that buckles his knees also releases him from struggle and performance guilt. Finally he can rest. It was all so silly to try and carry that much straw. We all have limits. Like the camel, this article in the New Yorker magazine reminds me with finality that globalism and the future has left me behind. Finally I can take a breath. The unequal struggle with the future and with the present is over. Finally free, free to be me.

I think this is why I enjoy vacationing in Pattaya, Thailand. My world is 90% from Soi 10 to Soi 16, I no longer even try to speak

Thai, and the girls I meet seem to all have one syllable names (Ling, Ping, Ding, Dang, Bang, Sang, Wan, Fon, Lon, Benz, Fa, etc.). Not a volcano or a Thai lady named Eyjafjallajokull in sight. Nobody tries to speak to me in a global way, I'm not required to struggle with spellings and names and ideas beyond my comfort level, and no one arrives to arrest me because I am not trying, trying, trying. Trying to improve myself, trying to fit in, trying to understand, trying to smile, trying to speak a foreign language, trying to be twenty-five years old when I am really sixty years old. Thailand for me is like a hyperbaric oxygen chamber for overextended divers. Overextended humans. Nobody knows my name nobody cares about me. OK, right back at you. I'm here to recover from all the pointless social global deep diving that postures as modernity and the craved-for future.

It's morning and I can see the parasails in the pale blue sky from my hotel window. There is a slight breeze in the tops of the palm trees on the boardwalk. Soon I'll be sitting in the sun on the boardwalk, talking to the girls, and smiling It's enough.

302. Tattoos Are So Yesterday

TT&A Part 269 18/12/2010

Holiday Greetings to Dana fans and Stickman fans:

It's the Christmas season, and so in honor of Christmas; I place three presents under your reading tree with this submission. These are Thai-farang genre non-denominational stories: in other words, I do not care if you are a monger or if you are not a monger. It is the season of love and we are all one.

1. a 'Christmas-in-Thailand' personal story.

2. an announcement regarding a new Dana Enterprises (Boston-Bangkok) gift that will be available next (2011) Christmas.

3. and finally the main event—a story of 100% personal aspect that combines photography, a one-eyed femme fatale, and my sphincter so tight you couldn't hammer in a chop stick with a coconut. Enjoy.

Christmas Memories

Sometimes it is hard to know what you are going to see in life. It's around 1995 and it is the Holiday season in Thailand and I believe I was in the G-Spot bar (maybe another bar—not real sure). Around midnight the lights go out and there is an announcement followed by a spotlight on the girl's dressing room door. The song Here Comes Santa Claus starts playing and out comes a conga line of girls dressed in Santa hats, aluminum foil antlers, and shaking bells. Riveting. Around the floor of the bar and then up on the stage. God I love Christmas. Nothing says Christmas like dancing Thai ladies with flashing white teeth, and Santa outfits.

Later that night I was in a tranny bar. Same scene-same show; except the girls were about nine feet tall, sexier, and covered with the kind of red balls you hung on your Christmas tree as kids. A tranny danced over to me and said:

"Want to kiss my balls?"

Ah Christmas, the most wonderful time of the year.

Dana Enterprises Fan Note

I am having Dana portrait medals cast in gilt bronze. These beautiful commemorative objects of aesthetic and adulational aspect will return many times their acquisitional cost in estate and emotional value. The medals have either my face in boom-boom reverie or contemplative writer visage on the obverse, and notationals on the reverse. Please contact this website for information.

And what can you do with these Dana gilt bronze medallions besides veneration and the interior coal-like glow that comes from the knowledge that you are one of the few people on Earth to have one? Well, carry one around in your front pant's pocket for that 'Close-to-Dana' feeling all day. Or, hang one from the inside rear view mirror of your car. Throw a party and pass one around. Your face and your arms will flush red with excitement as friends and family admire me and admire you. Etc. Be all you can be. Join yourself to me with a Dana medallion. Order either the Boom-Boom medallion or the Contemplative Writer medallion. Frame one and hang it on the wall. Drape one over the shower nozzle. Etc. Order now.

Requests for these cast gilt bronze Dana medallions first started coming in to Dana Central offices in Bangkok and Beacon Hill many years ago and finally now we are getting to it (so many trannies, so little time). Although I spend seven days a week writing, proofing, editing, and researching Thai-farang issues; my real interest is pet turtles. I have over four thousand pet turtles in my one bedroom apartment and they take up a lot of time.

Note: actually, I'm not really 100% sure about the exact number of turtles. Murial died last Thursday, Fin is missing, Conan is missing, Brenda is missing, Wan is missing, Somchai is upside down and not moving. It could be that Somchai's little legs are not moving because he is dead, or it could be that Somchai's legs are not moving because he has had one too many whiskey drinks in his water cup. Isaan turtles are like that. Hard to know. Anyway, it's an inventory nightmare. There's a fxxx of a lot of turtles and that's one of the reasons it has taken me so long to get to these Dana medallions.

There are seven turtles who have eaten their name tags so I can't tell who is who, I can hear scratching under the bedroom dresser—probably a turtle there, there is a turtle in my sheets on the bed that needs to be identified, and a there are fourteen escapes from their little turtle bowls piled up in back of the television set because it is warm there. Additionally, my girlfriend Lhadt has found a turtle in the shower, a turtle in the toilet, a turtle in her underwater drawer (happy turtle, unhappy Lhadt), two turtles fighting to get into a tampon box, and various happy turtles in the dirty laundry bag. Ever seen a turtle with a pair of my old underpants over his head? Happy turtle. We had a turtle named Mr. Gorm in the aquarium but he has gone missing. The aquarium had a lid held down with a rock. A mystery. Makes me wonder what is happening in turtle land at night when I am sleeping. Nobody is talking. The other day I heard a scream from the kitchen. Lhadt had opened the silverware drawer and a turtle head popped out.

OK, forget the goddamn turtles. That's my problem, not yours. Contact this website regarding Dana portrait medals for information about pricing, shipping, insuring, discounting, and monogramming. The time has come and the medals are nigh.

Tattoos Are So Yesterday

Part One of the Dana, Black Candy, Photography series:

I'm checking into the Right Spot Hotel in the alley office just before Soi 16 off of Walking Street in Pattaya and the woman who is checking me in has only one eye right in the middle, one nostril, and one lip. Not sure about her teeth but I think about it. Her off center shiny black braid tickles the floor, I could put my watch strap around her waist, and her stomach is so flat and so hard you could bounce ten baht coins off of it. Flat tight brown stomachs make me dizzy.

But I can not be seduced right now. I have a backpack full of Leica Fotografie International magazines and the agenda is to just chill out on the Thai style platform bed, play in the huge spa style bathtub, and engage in some R&R with Ling and Ting and Fong and Fang and Tum and Lum and Da and Fa and Won and Fon. Then I make a life changing mistake. I sign the guest book.

Miss One Eye says:

"DANA—I have been waiting for you and you are right on time. Earthlings are so punctual. Trivial but useful. Your own Albert Einstein, many years ago on a slow day at the patent office in Bern, predicted your arrival. He was a pedestrian physicist but good at predicting things. I mean—the Theory of Relativity and the Theory of Everything? Give me a break. Universal knowledge is not about theories, it is all about riding the photonic lip or shooting the time tube. Al was no surfer.

Anyway, my name is Black Candy and I am from the planet Zebron in the fourth spiral of the Torndule galaxy in wormhole FX7. I have been sent to recruit you and you will be branded tonight. Go to your room and swim like a seal in the spa tub and I will be there in an hour. Oh, and by-the-way; I have a mouthful of perfect little white teeth and I know what to do with them."

Me: Jeez, I don't know …

Black Candy: It isn't your job to know. Go to your room and do as you are told.

Me: Oh Christ, I'm not sure …

Black Candy: We are not having a conversation Earthling.

Me: Okay. I guess.

An hour later and Black Candy shows up and strips naked. She shaves me from the crotch to the neck, bleaches me, dermabrades me, and then:

"Dana I am going to transfer an image of my naked body to your body via my laptop using quantum mechanical data travel, holographic photo pointillism, Torndulean reduction, and plutonium based—OK, the point is it will look like a tattoo to Earthlings but it will really be a photograph of me on you. We will be bonded and you will be branded. You will never be one of us but you will take direction from us. Tattoos are so yesterday."

And then it started. My toe dipping into photographic present and future beyond my ability to process. Most of it passed in an Earthling blur as Black Candy imprinted a photo of herself into my startled skin. I do remember one thing from that night of photo branding and recruitment, however; Black Candy had two breasts instead of one. And oh God, sweet Jesus on the cross, oh God what teeth.

When the morning sun started pushing through the drapes I—oops, all out of time. See you next week fellas and we will continue the annals of Dana and Black Candy and photography. Oh, and one more thing; if someone ever comes up to you and says they have a message from Black Candy—run, run like the wind.

Merry Christmas and Happy Holidays Everybody

303. Jump and Dance

29/12/2010

I'm at the age now where when I take a leak: no matter how much I jump and dance, the last few drops go down my pants. I'm also at the age now whereby I can read for pleasure astronomer Roger Penrose's theory that the universe may have existed forever. No Big Bang. No beginning. In other words, almost every macro thing we presume about the universe is false.

Hold it. Information overload for this staring-at-elderly man. And so, thank God for the boardwalk in Pattaya. Pale blue sky, waving palms, ocean, beach, parasails, old ladies with baskets full of mystery food, and smiling girls. If there is antimatter, than there can surely also for humans be antidote. The boardwalk is antidote for mongers leaking life sparks of no consequence.

The first time I saw Fa she was headed home to Soi 10. Then she saw me sitting on a concrete boardwalk bench. She stopped, stared, and displayed. No smile. Stopped, stared, and displayed. I was so intimidated by her sexuality that I did nothing. Green. Many years ago. The next time I saw Fa words came out of my mouth and words came out of her mouth. She propositioned. I demurred—"Not enough time." I said.

She replied, "I can be very fast."

That was over ten years ago and that was the longest conversation we have had. It may be that cosmic background radiation shows concentric circle evidence of universe equivalents starting and stopping in a cosmic miasma of foreverness. But I'm losing my grip. The boardwalk is my local antidote now. Fa is not antimatter, otherwise our coupling would produce zero; but it is close. She gives almost nothing and the little that I receive makes me happy.

Anyway, I'll see Fa again tomorrow morning and I'll be happy again tomorrow morning. She doesn't know anything about astronomy and I don't know anything about her. It's enough. The universe is coming? The universe is going? What difference does it make? I'll see my Fa tomorrow at 9:15 in the morning. Someday it will be—'kick the tires and light the fire—I'm going home'—the redneck death rattle squeak that makes of even the last moment a macho display; but I'll never forget my non-smiling, non-giving Fa.

Does this seem hard to figure? Well, gravity is the most pervasive force in the universe. It is the force that holds everything together. It is the force that influences everything and we have no idea what gravity is. So why should we expect to understand a woman named Fa on the boardwalk? Just go with it. Go to the boardwalk. Your Fa may be there waiting for you. And she won't care if no matter how much you jump and dance, the last few drops go down your pants. She won't care about anything. At last, bliss.

304. We Are Not Doing So Well In America Either

TT&A Part 270 1/1/2011

Greetings Stickmanites and Dana Fans:

Today is Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes—Part 270. I vaguely remember way back in the mists of ancient Stickmanbangkok time retiring at #77 and now I am up to 270. I don't know if it is too much medication or not enough medication. Oh well, enjoy. The following literary musing includes the words skanks, snots, heroin, addicts, and Devil. Try to find that in the New York Times Book Review section!

So, what do I do when I am not in the Kingdom clattering down the marble steps of Pattaya's A.A. Hotel on Soi 13/0 at 7:30 in the morning? I cruise libraries. I'm a library hound. The Boston Public Library can bring in books about Thailand from all over the United States through their reciprocal agreements with hundreds of other libraries. The program is called the Inter-Library Loan Program (ILLP). It's a free, efficient, and fantastic program. The only restrictions are they won't take requests on books from Alaska and Hawaii (shipping costs), and they discourage requests on books held at the Harvard University Library (bunch of snots). Anyway, the other day, just cruising the stacks, I grabbed a book on writing. Here is my report titled:

We Are Not Doing So Well In America Either

I'm in the West End branch of the Boston Public Library just cruising. I want to take something home but I don't want to spend too much time looking. There is an oboe and piano concert with free food in the Community Room and I want to check that out.

I grab On Writing Well: The Classic Guide to Writing Nonfiction (30th anniversary edition) by William Zinsser. Later that night I am reclining on the bed and idly thumbing through the pages. I come across (p.99):

> *"The important distinction is between good writing and bad writing. Good writing is good writing, whatever form it takes and whatever we call it."*

Really? Sounds like David Koresh preaching to the Branch Davidians in Waco, Texas. So, help me out here author William Zinsser, what is the 'distinction' you are talking about? Any clues for the readers of your book? And I hate to be a crank reader, but when is the last time you looked up the words good and bad in the dictionary? How about skillful writing instead of good writing? The title of your book is On Writing Well. What happened to On Writing Good?

The dictionary? Good is not such a problem when used alone, but good as a part of good and bad? Now we have a problem. Words are not about personally ascribed saintly virtues or evil thoughts and deeds. Attaching moral imperatives to words is not skillful writing Mr. Zinsser. This is how the uneducated think and speak and write. I question your credentials. Although examples can be found whereby common usage of 'good' and 'bad' words and 'good' and 'bad' writing is accepted—it should not be the behavior of someone advising others on how to write.

Sigh. I put the book down. Maybe because I am an author who 'publishes' on the Internet I lack the brains for this kind of advice on how to write good writing good, in like, you know, a good way.

An hour later, I pick up the book again and the pages fall open to p.37 which starts with:

> *"All this talk about good words and bad words ..."*

Sigh. I put the book down again.

In the middle of the night I switch on the light and pick up the book. On p.34 Mr. Zinsser says:

> *"Also get in the habit of using dictionaries."*

Good idea.

1. Why don't you start by looking up the words good and bad.
2. Give some thought to the fact that you started a new paragraph with 'Also'.
3. Try using the word into for in. Example: 'Also get into the habit ...'

I put the book down again and shut off the light.

When the morning comes I pick up the book again. In a chapter called Bits & Pieces Mr. Zinsser talks about punctuation: the period, the exclamation point, the semi-colon, the dash, the colon, and the period. No mention made of commas and no listing for comma in the Index. Commas are commonly overused and misused. I am reminded of William Safire's incisive and interesting and funny book on language and writing entitled Quoth The Raven in which he has eight page references to commas. As of 1993 he had published ten similar books. Giddy and presumptive multiplication presents us with a possible eighty page references on commas.

Mr. Zinsser, who is offering a 'what-to-do' and a 'what-not-to-do' writing manual has nothing to say about commas. I put the book down. I don't trust him as my teacher. Anyone want to take bets on his saying negative things about so-called writers 'publishing' on the Internet? But I almost digress. Here is a comma example from a book by a professional author (paid to write) named Liz Smith in her memoir titled Natural Blonde:

> *"As for Ivana, I liked her, too, but never knew what she was saying."*

That's OK Liz—I have no idea what you are doing with commas either.

More on commas …

> *"From my point of view, however, Greenland is the ideal objective, combining remoteness, difficulty of access, the grandest scenery, an inexhaustible number of mountainous fjords each with its own character, and on the whole a region still sufficiently unfrequented for a man in a small boat to feel very remotely akin to the early seamen-explorers and to their successors the old whaling men from Hull, Leith, Dundee; and should he chance to find himself in difficulties among ice, to share in a much milder way their harsh experiences."*— Triumph and Tribulation by H.W. Tilman

At the time of this writing H.W. Tilman was a living legend. Living legends get away with stuff when they submit manuscripts. Immoderate use of commas to punctuate, even when technically correct, is not laziness so much as it is ignorance. The above passage is marginally OK, but comma usage like this is a punctuation gateway drug to more and more commas, run-on sentences, and probably heroin usage. In the Dana lexicon of proofing/editing this is known as 'shotgunning commas'. The writer fills up a page with text and then fires a shotgun shell full of commas at the page. No semi-colons or colons or hyphens or maybe a capital letter to start a new sentence—just commas. This is so common that many readers accept this as skillful or appropriate punctuation.

I know of a respected and prolific Thai-farang genre Internet writer who loves commas and who loves run-on sentences; a literary combo similar to picking up two skanks at once on the

Pattaya boardwalk. Fun but risky—people will talk. Not sure about him and heroin. I respect the Internet protocols of confidentiality too much to reveal his name but I have broached the subjects of too many commas and too many run-on sentences with this unnamed author and it is like staring into the eyes of the Devil—no progress is possible. Writers are often like happy addicts. It can be difficult to get them to try a different vein.

Anyway, I wonder what the results would be if the graduate level advanced creative writing students in colleges and universities were asked to produce eight hundred words of story or essay with no sentence having more than one comma. Hopefully, more time spent considering declarative sentences, direct objects, and comma editing.

So let us review:

1. "The important distinction is between good writing and bad writing. Good writing is good writing, whatever form it takes and whatever we call it." Attention: Mr. Zinsser—this is not skillful writing.

2. I think I'll just keep on being me and keep on writing for and publishing on the Internet. I'm pretty comfortable with that. Some of the poor writing by 'published writers' seems to almost suck the life force right out of me. Examples: Thai-farang novels. I have developed the scientific opinion that excellence in novel writing can be measured by administering the bathtub-at-the-Nana Hotel test. In other words: if I start out reading the farang written Thai content novel titled Pet from Phuket in the bathtub and wake up later with the book floating in the water; the writing was not idiosyncratic, hilarious, original, narrative interesting, character riveting, or wordsmithing skilled enough. The book put me to sleep and that is not the reason I purchased the book at Bookazine. Somebody got my money, and somebody received a

royalty; but when I woke up, the novel was floating in the water. I'm talkin' science here folks.

3. And, just an idea here: the next time you decide to denigrate the Thais for substandard reading and writing skills remember Mr. Zinsser and his book entitled: On Writing Well: The Classic Guide to Writing Nonfiction. We are not doing so well in America either.

305. Matters of Language and Language Learning

TT&A Part 271 8/1/2011

Sections:

1. Greeting
2. Preface
3. Introduction
4. Clouds of Foreboding
5. Conclusion
6. Denouement
7. Invitation

One: Greeting

Tourists and expats, newbies and dreamers: today we have a report from my life and my mind regarding matters of language, and matters of learning languages. Enjoy.

“The truth is that the vocabulary and syntax are not difficult to grasp and dedicated students can learn to speak some Thai within a few weeks.”— from Bangkok Handbook, Carl Parkes, Third Edition, p. 273.

OK, here is my question: Is Carl Parkes on crack? No, seriously: I think we can legitimately ask ourselves sometimes if public pronouncers are drug addled. Read on:

I have a theory that a lot of Thais can’t speak Thai. I know this is kind of silly but I can’t help it. Ever listen to them on buses substituting generic grunts and head nods for grammatically correct words, phrases, and precise definitions? How do you know what language or what non-language they are really speaking? Are these the people you are going to communicate with after you learn to “... speak some Thai within a few weeks.” ?

Do you think they are teaching this Thai language in your Learn-to-Speak Thai classes? Do you think it is absurd to even postulate that people would not be able to speak their own language? OK, read on:

Years ago I worked in a shipyard on the island of St. John in the U. S. Virgin Islands in the Caribbean. Myself plus another Continental (white guy from the States) named Allen. Allen's father was a transplant from America—Allen had been brought up on the island. Anyway, it was myself and Allen at the shipyard; the rest all natives. One day it occurred to me that about every tenth or fifteenth word the natives used when talking to one another was "What?"

"What?" "What?" "What?" "What?" "What?"

Me: Allen, about every tenth or fifteenth word the natives use when talking with one another is the word 'What?'.

Allen: That's because they can't speak their own language, and they can't understand each other.

Me: How is that even possible? It's pidgin Caribbean English, a language they made up themselves starting a long time ago: language can not get simpler than that.

Allen: They are stupid.

Me: There must be something more involved.

Allen: What's your theory?

So, according to Mr. Carl Parkes of the Bangkok Handbook; a dedicated (watch for provisos and back pedaling) student can learn to speak some (what is 'some') Thai in a few (how many is a 'few') weeks. I'll bet Carl places himself in that category. OK, here is a test Mr. Parkes. Say this in Thai:

"Honey, please go to the refrigerator and see if there is any cottage cheese. If there isn't any cottage cheese (the chive flavor that I like), then please bring me some of those ten day old seedless grapes we got at Foodland just before the Royal Ploughing Ceremony pageant in May."

Do you think this is an unfair example because it is long? Look again: I wrote it to be easy. No clever wording or uses of language such as metaphors, similes, puns, parody, cultural word play, abbreviations, slogans, satire, etc. No science, politics, philosophy, or jokes. If you can speak Thai it gets much more difficult than this. I'll bet Carl Parkes can't say this sentence intelligibly to Thais. I'll bet he could never say this. Not after a few dedicated student weeks: not after a year of homework, private tone tutoring, and bewildering classroom sessions.

What? You don't think the word 'chive' was really fair? Listen to yourself. What do you think speaking another language means? Bye-the-way: Mr. Parkes' Internet moniker is FriscoDude; presumably because he is from Frisco, and presumably because he is a dude. It's good to be hip and it's good to be different. I have to say, if I can be candid; that Carl Parkes replacing his name with an Internet moniker of FriscoDude is inspirational. I am considering replacing my name Dana with an Internet moniker of Commander Platypus Lips. Imagine the two of us at Doi Suthep being interviewed by a monk. My friend from San Francisco in the correct Buddhist yoga position. I am trying to hold in a fart. We would have to tell the monk our names were FriscoDude and Commander Platypus Lips. Makes you think, doesn't it? But I almost digress.

The Thai language is not binary code. It is tones, and exceptions, and nuances, and culture, and exposure, and straight memorization at a minimum. You are going to learn to speak some of FriscoDude's Thai language in a few weeks? If you got the teacher truth-serumed with five whiskeys and five beers what do you think he would say to this assertion? This assertion is what I call travel industry and travel promotion 'speak'. The same nonsense you hear about how everyone in Thailand speaks some English so book that vacation now.

How boneheaded can this be? Examples:

"... you can speak some meaningful Thai YOUR VERY FIRST DAY IN THAILAND."—p. 3 (note: the capital letters in the above quote belong to the author of the quote. I guess he thought the idea was really important and he wanted it to get attention.)

and

"You do not have to understand the tone rules in order to be able to speak ... Thai."—p. 3

from Gordon H. Allison's book Easy Spoken Thai, copyright: Chalermnit Bookshop (no copyright year).

OK, here is my linguistic language learning question regarding these quotes by Gordon Allison. What he be smokin' dude?

Note: ever notice that you never see this guy Gordon H. Allison and Carl Parkes in the same room at the same time? Kinda makes you wonder if they are the same guy doesn't it? I mean, what are the odds that there are two humans this dumb?

Mr. Gordon H. Allison is no longer alive but if he were still alive I would have to spend the rest of my life carrying a chair around in the Kingdom. Why the chair? Because if I ever met Mr. Allison I would tie him in the chair and slap him until all of his teeth flew out. It's a tonal language Mr. Allison. But hey, that's just me: Commander Platypus Lips.

And if I could just offer some personal experience using tones (incorrectly) in Thailand—I once asked a retail clerk in Robinson's department store on Sukhumvit in Bangkok:

"Horng narm yoo tee nai?" (Where are the toilets?)

I must have gotten one of the tones wrong because she fled. An expat witnessed this and offered to teach me what to say and how to say it. When the next clerk offered to help I thought I asked about the bathrooms again but apparently I said:

"Maeng-ka-phroon! Ra-wang!" (Jellyfish! Be careful!)

I must have gotten a tone incorrect again.

Two days later I was in a big bar complex in Pattaya and I had to take a leak. A really friendly Aussie told me to stand up on a barstool, point at my crotch, and say:

"Ra-wang! Rot fai kam-lang ma!" which turns out to have nothing to do with bathrooms but means:

"Look out! The train is coming!"

Of course I found out what everyone was laughing about later. Some people were of the opinion that the Aussie guy was just using me as a figure of fun, but I find that hard to believe. He didn't even know me and he offered me an investment opportunity in a cement deal he was putting together. I mean, how friendly can you get? Still, I guess this example is not strictly about tones.

Anyway, tones are important in speaking Thai. I was once in an entertainment emporium called the Windmill Bar in Pattaya and I said: "Horng narm yoo tee nai?" (Where are the toilets?) perfectly except for some of those tones that Gordon H. Allison doesn't think are so necessary. It turns out that what I actually said to the mamasan while pointing at my crotch was:

“Ra-wang! Man kam-lang ja ra-buht!” (Watch out! It’s going to explode!).

I’d like to be a fly on the wall when Mr. Gordon H. Allison is in a bar, needs to take a leak, points to his pants, and says to a bargirl: Where is the toilet? But he gets his tones incorrect and it comes out:

“Prot sa-daeng hai phom doo wa phom khun ja tham yang-sai.” (Please show me what I should do.)

Maybe that’s kinda mean, but tones are important in speaking the Thai language. Don’t become another one of those tourists or new expats walking down the boardwalk in Pattaya, pointing at your pants, and saying:

“Maeng-ka-phroon! Ra-wang!” (Jellyfish! Be careful!)

Two: Preface

My adult life as a mixer has been one of stages. First I had to go through the running stage in which everybody lied about how many miles they had run that day. Then I had to go through the tennis stage in which I had to listen to how good they were at tennis. Then I had to listen to how much money they were making ‘investing’ in the stock market. And now I have to listen to fools telling me they are Thai ‘fluent’. Funny thing though. They are always telling me this. I never see them talking to a Thai. You are Thai fluent? Of course you are. No really, I believe you. Thai is similar to Chinese and the completely unlearnable clicking languages in difficulty and you are Thai fluent after two years taking Thai language classes? It took an eighteen year old Thai eighteen years of 100% immersion to learn to speak Thai but you did it in two years? Sure, I believe that. No really: I believe you. And if I were you I wouldn’t keep an accomplishment like that to yourself. Tell everyone.

Please do not get me wrong. I'm not one of those fools who thinks it is a sign of intelligence to be negative. I understand that some people have brains and abilities that other people do not have. Leonardo Vintini, an Epoch Times (7/2-7/15/09) writer did a nice overview of polyglotism in an article called The World's Polyglots. In the article he reports that:

1. Sebastian Heine could speak 35 languages by the time he was 22 years old.
2. Jorge Fernandez, a Peruvian, could speak 12 languages by age 18 (including Mandarin).
3. Ziad Youssef Fazah holds a basic understanding (definition please) of 60 languages.
4. Cardinal Giuseppe Caspar Mezzofanti (born: 9/17/1774) was fluent in 38 languages and 100 dialects.

Impressed? Wait, there is more ...

5. John Bowring was fluent (definition again please) in 100 languages.
6. Kenneth Locke Hale mastered (what else) 50 distinct (what else) languages.

Wow, impressive huh? Only thing is, I mean I really hate to be Suzie Skeptic here, but maybe some definitions would help me swallow some of this self-serving polyglot hyperbole. For instance: what does 'fluent' or 'mastered' really mean? Some language thoughtful people opine that you are not fluent in a language unless you can trade political jokes with a native speaker. In Thai you would be able to make jokes with 'inverted word construction' perhaps. I think this is too high a bar, but the point is made. Jorge Fernandez can speak Mandarin? Really? Mandarin is a Chinese language. He is Peruvian. If he wasn't in China surrounded by Mandarin speaking Chinese people how exactly did he learn to speak Mandarin fluently? Now it is your turn. How?

Other examples:

Ziad Youssef Fazah holds a basic understanding of sixty languages? This includes Icelandic, Korean, Mandarin (boy those Mandarins were everywhere), Thai, Vietnamese, and Wu Chinese. Is this like a virgin who has a 'basic understanding' of sex? Can he speak those languages on any subject to native speakers or not? If not, then why does the list get inflated? I don't think he can speak all of these languages fluently with native speakers. I think someone is lying to me. Sixty languages?

And my all time favorite: John Bowring. Mr. Bowring was supposedly fluent in 100 languages. Who said so? Mr. Bowring. Really? OK, let's calculate that it takes a minimum of one year on-site for a genius to learn a language. Less than that amount of time and I am afraid I am not going to be a good listener. That is 100 years right there to learn 100 languages. And let's additionally say that it takes approximately one month to travel between each new language learning center. Elapsed time for travel equals eight years. So the total time to learn one hundred languages is 108 years. Question: how long did John Bowring live? Think I am being unfair? OK, you do the numbers and get back to me.

So, how can this 108 years become a smaller number? Simple, it doesn't take John Bowring (or Sebastian or Jorge or Kenneth or the Cardinal) one year to become fluent in a language. William James Sidis could supposedly learn a language in a day but I am not going to dignify this with attention. Anyway, apparently our linguistic wonders only have to be landed on the shores of Bombay, or Iceland, or Fiji and by spending three days wandering around the bazaar they have magically and osmotically 'learned' the language. Do you believe this? I don't. OK, William James Sidis was really smart but pay attention everyone: you can barely test someone's knowledge of a language in one day. Yes, that is my opinion. You can disagree if you want to, but remember; the key word is fluency. Don't these multilingual prodigies have any pride? This is just ridiculous. They mock themselves and demean their profession with this childish lying.

Is this example too exotic for you because they are faraway places? OK, let's play with the Mediterranean basin. Starting from Spain and traveling clockwise right around to Morocco there are approximately eleven languages (forget the bragging about dialects). Am I to believe one of these guys could take a summer cruise and learn all eleven languages by getting on and off the boat eleven times? How about Cardinal Caspar Mezzofanti who was fluent in 38 languages? My friend Caspar (I call him Caspar) lived in the 18th and the 19th centuries. Travel was by foot, horse, oxcart, boat, and stagecoach. No jet planes. How did he get to 38 countries?

Three: Introduction

Typical email addressed to me on this subject:

"On Dana, you're such a reactive moron. You don't actually have to live in countries and converse with native speakers to become fluent in a language."

Really? Well knock me over with a feather. Really, I mean that; get a feather and knock me over. You mean the Peruvian Jorge Fernandez who speaks Mandarin for example? How was this done exactly? Did they shove a Mandarin textbook up his Peruvian rectum? Was it a séance with Chinese outer space people? You tell me. How? Let me be perfectly clear about this. I don't think you can learn to speak a language fluently from a location remote from the culture and the native speakers.

What if your Thai teacher speaks with idiosyncratic “ah-ah-ahs”, random pauses, arrhythmic rhythms, and staccato bursts? How are you going to know? What about musical speech components such as pitch, pulse, rhythm, tempo, volume, dynamics, and timbre being used correctly? How are you going to know if you are not on-site in the country surrounded by native speakers? How? I am willing to be convinced if I am mistaken, but right now I just do not believe it. I think it is just bragging that people never challenge. Many of these language polyglots are big mouths who nobody ever tells to shut up.

Consider what this means on a global scale if I am correct. That is: consider the proposition that you can not learn to speak a language fluently from a location remote from the country of the native speakers. What does this really mean? What is the full import of this? It means all those non-geographically native Learn-to-Speak schools are a fraud. The Learn-to-Speak Russian school in Edmonton, Canada, and the Learn-to-Speak Croatian school in Recife, Brazil, and the Learn-to-Speak French school in Paraguay, and the Learn-to-Speak Basque school in Sydney, Australia, and the Learn-to-Speak Icelandic school in Figi, and the Learn-to-Speak Cantonese school in Juneau, Alaska, and the Learn-to-Speak Sudanese school in India, and the Learn-to-Speak Bhutanese school in Bermuda, and the Learn-to-Speak Japanese school in Tasmania, and the Learn-to-Speak Thai school in Ethiopia: all frauds.

But they are not just frauds in concept. You are paying them. They are taking your money knowing in advance they can not deliver a fluent product. Premeditated crime. What is the size of this criminal activity in money on a world wide scale? And why shouldn’t all these criminals be rounded up and put in jail? Why do these international liars and thieves get to sit in the sun while criminals of lesser crimes are doing heavy time? OK, your turn.

Why? If someone came into your home and stole from you and lied to you what would be your response? Well, apparently; if you are a language teacher or a language school it is OK to do this. Business as usual. And so it goes, wolves in sheep's' clothing shamming as purveyors of consumer need while their easy smarmy smiles and flinty eyes give away their predator greed. Tones, you don't need no tones—-and you can learn to speak basic Thai in a couple of weeks. Pay by installments. Have no fear. Just sign the contract: here and here and here. Flashy talk about being a professional language teacher and custom business cards.

If someone opens up a school in Godthab, Greenland and the promotional literature (printed in Danish) says: Learn to speak Thai fluently; what should your first thought be? Well, it should not be that you are going to learn to speak the Thai language fluently in Godthab, Greenland. The country of Thailand and the native speakers of Thailand are a long ways away. How about if the promotional literature for a school said:

'Learn-to-Become-a-Great Lover '

but there were no women to practice with? Seems kind of silly doesn't it? I call it fraud and I call the school owners and the teachers criminals. I suggest the United Nations, and the World Bank, and Interpol, and the governments of all one hundred and eighty-eight countries work together to float bonds to build prisons to house this trash. Maybe we could put Carl Parkes in charge.

Think I am being a hardass? OK, consider this: in America cigarette packages now have dramatic language suggesting that smoking cigarettes as a lifestyle may not be good for your health. This is not new information: in the twenties and in the thirties cigarettes were called cancer sticks. But now it is a part of the advertising for the product to satisfy full disclosure consumer protection laws. Wouldn't it be great if in the advertisements for language schools you saw consumer information statements like:

"You may acquire 10% fluency in two years."
or
"You may attain 15% fluency in three-five years."
or
"We make no guarantees of any kind regarding students attaining fluency of any percentage in any amount of time."

Do you think you will ever see statements like those in Thai language school advertisements and marketing materials? I guess I'm a hard ass because I would like to be treated like an adult regarding consumer protection statements. You want me to go to school in Boston to learn the language of the South American Tierra del Fuegian Yammerschoonerites and you promise 100% fluency? I'm not paying.

Let's imagine that you and I are sailing a small boat west of Nanomea in the Pacific and we are struck and sunk by a whale. Weeks later our dingy is rolled over in the surf of a reef off one of the Solomon Islands. As we are stumbling ashore I point to a far away mountain ridge obscured by clouds and I say to you:

"Just over that mountain is a school that teaches you to speak Thai fluently."

If your response is not:

"You have got to be kidding me."

you're no friend of mine.

Raise your hand up if you've heard this story: Brenda from America spent 4 years in high school, and 4 years in college studying French. She majored in French. She wrote papers on the French language, and French language issues, and she read

French books, and she belonged to a French club. She just loved it. When she finally made that anxiously awaited trip to France no one could understand her, and she could not understand them, and nobody could communicate with anybody. Why? It's a combination of speed, accent, sound, tones, local colloquialisms, and regional dialects. You never had a chance Brenda. People took your money and wasted your time. You have to be on-site to learn a language.

It's absurd and boring enough that I have to listen to non-Thais tell me they are Thai fluent when I know they are not Thai fluent. Is it only a matter of time before I run into someone at Bhumi airport who tells me he is fluent in Thai and two dialects and he Just Got Here? He is from Lapland. He was out herding reindeer one day and it suddenly just occurred to him that he was fluent in a Southeast Asian language and two northern tribe dialects. Thought he'd stop by. See the place. He'll be here six weeks. Probably also become fluent in Burmese, and Malaysian (going to spend three days in Hat Yai), and Chinese (Mandarin probably), and Cambodian, and Laotian while he is here. You know, because learning languages is easy for him which means it must be easy for everyone else. Heck, according to Carl Parkes "... dedicated students can learn to speak some Thai within a few weeks."

OK, how about a show of hands? Who believes this nonsense? I don't. Still not on board because big braggers in a field you have never really given any critical thought to have more currency with you than I have currency with you? OK, let's return to our friend Bowring who 'understood' 200 languages and was fluent in about 100. He was born in 1792. A 19th century language prodigy during his adult years. How was he coming in contact with native speakers? How did he know that the native speakers were speaking the language correctly? Was it from books? There were no books. Oops. And tones, or clicking sounds, or standard strange throat noises? From books? Oh, that's right—there were no books. Maybe he played language tapes before he went to bed and just automatically learned the languages while he was sleeping. I'll let you figure that one out—hint: he lived in the 1800's. OK, maybe he found a special bunch of books in a remote forest guarded by elves. Only one problem—you don't learn to speak a language from books. Language is goofy that way. Sorry Bowring, I'm not buying what you are selling and nobody else should either.

Bowring is everybody's bragging favorite in the field because his numbers are so big, but my all time favorite is my good friend Giuseppe: you know, the Cardinal. Get ready. In addition to being fluent in 38 languages he was also fluent in nearly 100 (a very popular number) dialects. Question: how does anybody know this? Do you know what you never read about in the world of prodigy polyglotism? Challenging. That's right, no one ever challenges these guys. You can speak almost 100 dialects (what is the real number—can't you count)? My name is Dana and I am challenging your statement. I'll get the tape recorders and the native speakers and we'll all spend a summer in a chalet in Switzerland listening to you talk. Oh, by-the-way: when I am making love in the most basic primal copulatory way with a woman in Pattaya I can go 18 continuous pumping hours without orgasm. No need to challenge me on this: stating it makes it so. My friend Giuseppe was supposedly fluent in Chinese and Algonquin. Algonquin? Let's do that again. Algonquin? And again: Algonquin? Last time I checked Algonquin was an Indian language of North America spoken from Labrador to Carolina and westward to the Great Plains. All together now: Algonquin? These language fools don't even lie well.

More on the important concept of challenging. This should be one of the most important parts of International Polyglotism (multi-lingual speakers of the prodigy kind); yet strangely, all you get in the literature is a black hole. If I call up the Guinness Book of World Records people and inform them that I have just broken the record for eating Khao San Road banana crepes in eight minutes while chanting Wat Po novice Pali: the guaranteed first thing they are going to say is—WHO SAYS? In other words: we can't take your word for it. What sanctioned, or 'recognized-by-us' third party disinterested witnessing body or accredited individual will attest to what you are saying?

Life on a professional level can't be a liar's festival. There have to be some standards: examples—pilots, surgeons, food inspectors. Most people are pretty disinterested in this subject (hey man, I'm busy). We tend to let absurd statements slide—opting instead for social harmony. Example of absurd statement:

'I have just finished reading (or I have read) Darwin's book titled: On The Origin Of Species.'

Really? You have? You read Darwin's book On The Origin Of Species? Here is a sample from Mr. Darwin's book:

"Finally, then, I conclude that the greater variability of specific characters, or those which distinguish species from species, than of generic characters, or those which are possessed by all the species; that the frequent extreme variability of any part which is developed in a species in an extraordinary manner in comparison with the same part in it's congeners; and the slight degree of variability in a part, however extraordinarily it may be developed, if it be common to a whole group of species; that the great variability of secondary sexual characters, and their great difference in closely allied species; that the secondary sexual and ordinary specific differences are generally displayed in the same part of the organization—are all principles closely connected together."

Whew. I'm exhausted. One hundred twenty three words and fourteen punctuation marks in one sentence. And hey—I'll make a deal with you: if you don't ask me what this means I will return the favor and not ask you what this means. But we almost digress.

You read this book? Really? Look, Uncle Dana is going to help you here. No, you did not. You did not read this book. You took the book out of the library, you read the notes you took when the professor was talking, you read everything between the covers except the main text (index, glossary, edition notes, essay introductions, etc.) but you did not read this book. Did you try to read the book? Yes you did. But you did not read the book. For 21st century readers this style of writing is unintelligible. Latin used to be a required high school level course. Latin and Greek used to be required at the college level. No more. You did not read this book because it exceeded your abilities. Next you'll be telling me you read Shakespeare on your summer vacation. Stop lying.

So, you could speak (fluently—what else) thirty five languages by the time you were twenty two years old? Who says? You? You say? Sorry, we can't just take your word for it. The world can't work that way. Anyway, it's a fair question. Convince me. Convert me. I want to play. But there have to be some rules and some verifiable adult behavior.

Note: By-the-way, referencing the previous parenthesis that highlights the word 'fluent', this essay on Matters of Language and Language Learning is expected to clock in around 18,000 words. If I dealt in detail with the word/concept of 'fluent' it would require another 5,000 words. I am not going to do that, so you can see that this essay is just a truncated version of what can happen when considering Matters of Language and Language Learning. Just spit on a dusty road. The word/concept of 'fluent' (what is fluent) is not used thoughtfully by thoughtful people or by people who are not thoughtful but have opinions about Matters of Language and Language Learning. Maybe I'll attend to the subject of fluency in Matters of Language and Language Learning next week. Stay tuned. Do you think you are 100% fluent in your own language? Are you ready to be challenged?

Sometimes in the fields of sales, or communication; a persuasive technique called 'reduce-to-the-ridiculous' is used to more dramatically spotlight the situation. In language multi-lingualism the bragging is always all about speaking to adults. How about speaking to children? You never hear about that. Should be much easier, right? Fewer words to know, easier phrasing, no sophisticated word play, etc. And yet we never hear about this as a test for fluency.

Let's take Mr. William James Sidis to a remote village on the shore of Sanglaburi reservoir in western Thailand and have him talk to an eight year old Thai child. Will she be able to talk back to him? Will she understand him? What do you think? Well, I hate to break the bad news to you Bill (I call him Bill), but if that child can not understand you: you CAN'T SPEAK THAI.

Another example: when Daniel Everett was first trying to puzzle out the language of the Piraha people of the upper upper Amazon his first goal was to be able to speak the language as well as a three year old. In years and years of on-site work with the Piraha people was he able to achieve this goal? Read his book.

Understanding these big numbers (35 languages, 12 languages, 60 languages, 38 languages, 100 languages, and 50 languages) and how they relate to time is important.

"Gee Dana, what are you going on about now?"

Just this: language fluency is not static, it is dynamic. You have to keep at it. Fluency in a language such as Tagalog, Swedish, or Thai is not like a blood type. You are not born with it, you can not buy it or steal it, and no one can give it to you. First you have to acquire it, and then you have to keep at it. Staying fluent in a foreign language requires continuous activity. You have not made love to a woman in eleven years and you are going to be just as skilled the next time as the last time? You are making a joke right? Is this how all of your friends think and talk? Staying fluent in a foreign language requires continuous productive cumulative activity. No exceptions. If at one time you were fluent in the language of the Kingdom (Central Bangkok Thai) but you do not use the language constantly, your fluency starts to degrade immediately. Always, no exceptions. After a while, it would be dishonest to say you are fluent.

But that is not how polyglots behave. If they were ever fluent in a language (for ten minutes once eighteen years ago) they now put that on their resume forever. A little intelligence and a little pride on their part would give away this transparent silliness. Who has enough time to be constantly using 11, 35, 40, or 100 languages? Answer? Nobody.

The next time someone tells you they are 100% (what else) fluent in a bunch of languages ask them how many hours are in each one of their days. If the answer they give you is twenty-four hours, same as you; they simply do not have enough time to use and reuse, and learn and relearn a big bunch of languages. Can't be done. By practising and practising, and relearning and learning and relearning; can a person attain fluency in the piano or in the violin? Yes, they can. But what if they told you they were fluent in the piano, violin, drums, piccolo, trumpet, cymbals, nose flute, fart whistle, kazoo, bow saw, oboe, clarinet, saxophone, wash board, castanets, ankle bells, gourd rattles, tuba, viola, Ranat Ek (xylophone with wood bars), Pi Nai (wind instrument), khongs (gongs), So-Sam-Sai (bow stringed instruments), Khlui (flute), Chakhe (zither), blocks of wood (horse galloping sounds) and tambourine? They had 100% fluency expertise as musicians in all of those instruments. Would you believe them? Would you believe them for even a second? Have you ever heard such nonsense?

Well, this is what polyglots ask us to believe when they give us a big number for languages they are fluent in. The next time some language bragger tells you they are fluent in 17, or 21, or 14, or 9 languages do what I did once. Tell them you think they are lying. You can do this. If they are going to use us for their disrespectful fish stink unintellectual juvenile bragging we can fight back. I said 'I don't believe you.' and 'I think you are lying.' once to a woman on a bus who had a big language story and it was hilarious. Probably for the first time in her life she had nothing to say. Little Miss Polyglot was speechless. She could not respond to being challenged. It's a good thing there were empty seats on the bus so that she could get up and move away from me. I was no fun.

I have a Bangkok acquaintance who claims 100% Thai fluency. I do not have any problem with this. I respect him for this, and I envy him his skill. He is a ten year expat, married to a Thai, and teaches in a Thai school. The claim is believable. For him foreign language proficiency is not static, it is dynamic. He keeps at it every day. But what if he told me he was fluent in 38 languages like our friend Cardinal Giuseppe Caspar Mezzofanti? Now we would have a problem. He'd still be my friend, but he'd be a 'lying out his ass' friend.

Find this all a little exhausting do you? Maybe I'm just a crank with a barely developed brain stem that can't learn languages? Maybe you are right.

Four: Clouds of Foreboding

I once spent two years in a university language program to satisfy graduation requirements. In two years of tutoring, perfect class attendance, and 100% homework completion I did not receive a sufficient number of passing grades on blackboard assignments, classroom exercises, or exams. Luckily I was in a civilized environment surrounded by civilized people. People were nice about it. Asking me to apply myself to a 'language matter' was like asking a dog to look up the meaning of a word in the dictionary while playing Scrabble:

Classmates: Look, he's turning the pages of the French dictionary with his doggy nose. Other classmates: Don't say anything.

At the end of this program my teacher suggested that I transfer to the 'other' language—the language even morons could learn: Spanish. She told me this with bright kind eyes. After a half semester of horrific humiliation and 100% incomprehension my Spanish teacher who was a very nice lady went to the university and suggested that I be given a passing language requirement grade based on effort. I admit this looks like temporary derangement on her part but she probably just did not want to witness any more suffering.

There followed for thirty years an on again, and off again, and on again interest in how the brain works, and language, and linguistics, and learning. Ever ask someone how they learned something? I have asked this question many times. They never know. This is how I think my brain works with regard to learning languages. I believe my brain works the same as a spam filtering program in a computer. It identifies all strange sounding words and phrases as not relevant to my internal language base (English) and communication needs. These strange sounding words, and sounds, and accents, and phrases, and sentence structures, are not allowed entry. My retention rate with languages is about zero. In other course work in my life it has always been A's and B's.

Don't believe me? OK, consider this. Let us imagine that you are walking down the sidewalk and two dogs are barking at each other. The dogs are making eye contact with each other and engaged in the ping pong activity of language. First one dog barks something that he wants to communicate, and then the other dog replies. They are communicating with one another in dog language; not Spanish, or French, or Thai; dog language. Their dog language is barks, and woofs, and growls. After passing them do you think you could repeat the barks back? No you couldn't. And it is not because you are not a dog. It is because your brain identified the dog noises of communication as not relevant to your communication needs and automatically screened them out. Those barks are not even stored in your brain. You can't retrieve them for a test. Think this is silly. Wait a minute: weren't you just telling everyone how learning languages is easy for you so it should be easy for others? To me sitting in a French class, or a Spanish class or a Thai class; all the sounds my brain hears are barking dogs.

The three criticisms leveled at people who have trouble learning languages are 'hard work', 'character', and 'attitude'. People love the 'attitude' criticism. Often these people have bookshelves with books with titles that have words like 'self-actualization' and 'yoga' in them. If I could just change my attitude, than I could change my brain. Gee, I never thought of that. Not more than ten times! Just can't do it. So the next time you are in the same room as someone who says he or she (almost never) has a hard time learning languages why don't you just be quiet. My university experience taught me a few things. It taught me that there are some good caring language teachers, and it taught me that other humans can be kind when you can't keep up.

Unfortunately, it didn't teach me to speak one sentence in a foreign language.

Back to 'hard work' and 'character' and 'attitude'. If a person had no arms most people would say that his chances of learning to play basketball were zero. But that is not what a person who can learn other languages would say because it is not how they think or identify their social hierarchy persona. Their knee jerk instantaneous response is always that the guy with no arms didn't work hard enough. And then they always link this ridiculous assertion to the notion that since he did not work hard enough it must be because he lacks character. Now the language proficient has crafted a world where he has permission to call the unskillful names. The gentleman we are using in this example did not lack character. He lacked arms.

If the language learning proficient would take time to learn a little about human beings they might be astounded to learn that everyone is not the same. Most humans assume that everyone is like them. There are differences between humans and they rarely have to do with character or hard work. Ever heard someone who can sing say that everyone can sing? Have you ever heard someone who can swim say that everyone can learn to swim? I guess all those non-singers and those drowners lacked character right? Ridiculous. I am bright enough to know that attempting to learn Thai is not, and can never be, a good use of my time. I don't feel great about this; but I am not going to lie about it either. Your average farang Thai literate wunderkind can't get a taxi driver to take him to Chatuchak Weekend Market after he (Mr. Thai Fluent) has had two beers and can't control his lips. The reason is because the taxi driver doesn't understand what he is saying. He is not 'singing' correctly. You sing Thai. It is tonal. Don't believe me?

Get someone to finance a prime time Thai TV show that features self-appointed Thai literate farangs speaking Thai. It will be the top comedy show in Thailand by the third week. Thais will have to be admitted to surgery for broken ribs from laughing. Thais will lose control of their bladders in public from laughing. You of course will be impressed by the farangs 'intelligence' as they display their 'character' and their 'hard work' and their 'attitude'. More Thai laughing. The joke's on you.

Learning a language makes communicating with the locals easier. It has few other qualities. It is mechanical; not moral, or philosophical. Learning a language is a difficult thing to do. If you have learned a language you get credit for having learned to do a difficult thing. And that's the end of it. You don't get credit for anything else. This simple concept eludes many language acquirers. They imagine that their skill has imparted a superiority to them and they want credit for it. In fact, you can't shut them up about their newfound and hard earned superiority. Suddenly they are philosophers, and the center pieces at parties, and international playboys, and instant experts about the 'real' culture of the culture. All nonsense. There are millions of people that are bilingual, or trilingual, or quadlingual. The notion that they are superior in some moral, or philosophical, or behavioral, or instinctive, or social way is maybe an attractive idea; but a hard to prove idea. Get over your bad selves language literates and leave those of us who have to pay prostitutes to make phone calls for us alone. We've got enough problems.

Learning a language is a skill hard one and easily lost. You get credit for what you have done. That's it. Good on you. You learned a language. Now you can speak to the locals. Tell me something. Was it worth it? No, really: forget everyone else who you think is listening and handing out little gold stars on your report card. Just ask yourself this question in the quiet part of the night: was it worth it, learning to speak to dumbasses who believe in ghosts, and lottery ticket winning systems, and xenophobia as patriotism?

Learned a language have you? Then you have done a difficult thing. But, chill baby chill: that is all you have done. And all that it is mostly good for is simple communication with the locals in a country called Thailand. Need to pick up some pink bubble bath soap for the girlfriend or wife (OK-yourself)? Have you found in the past that standing in Boots pharmacy trying to pantomime bubble bath soap, and using bubble bath soap, just scared the retail clerks and caused them to run away? I certainly have. Especially the part where I am taking off all of my clothes, lowering myself into the mountain of pink tingly bubbles, and—OK, maybe I have said too much.

Well, then; your ten years of classroom instruction, tutoring, tones practice, and homework; not to mention stress, and money, and time will have come to something. You will be able to walk right into a pharmacy and make your wife happy.

You: One bottle of pink bubble bath soap please (in Thai). Thai Clerk: Certainly sir (in Thai).

This seems kind of silly doesn't it. Maybe it is time to be honest with yourself. One of the earliest social skills that children learn is lying. Lying to others is a useful tool. But lying to yourself is less useful. So don't lie to yourself. Why do you want to learn Thai? To be able to buy pink bath bubble soap? No, that's not it. Can't be. Not enough return for the time, and money, and trouble involved in learning to bark like a dog. I think I might know why.

You want to learn to speak the Thai language because you have a secret personal dream. You imagine that if you can learn the language you will be able to fall through a mirror of reality and go to a place where everything is better and more interesting, including you: you are better and more interesting. Boy-oh-boy do you need to rethink this. We take ourselves with us wherever we go and Thailand is not necessarily better or more interesting once you know the language. Everything is the same as it was before only in higher relief and in more detail; and understanding more of something is not always desirable. Be careful with your dreams. Your personal fog makes navigation difficult and you can make mistakes. Do you really want to know everything about your wife? Do you want to view the images on the rectum camera her proctologist used?

Learning to speak Thai for many farangs is a last dying shot at ego and immortality. Your kids don't write or even want to come and visit you, your ex-wife misspelled your name in her last letter, no one from your life's work of nine jobs remembers you, and your love life is chemically assisted. But if you could learn to speak Thai you could be credited with doing a difficult thing. Displaying maturity and focus and stamina. Man stuff. Western man stuff. You are still a winner. You are still a player. You are somebody. And you did it so that you could connect with the Thais, and be more alert to and sensitive to Thai culture. You are a good person. Your kids, and your ex-wife, and your long forgotten work associates may have forgotten that you are a good person; but not you, you have not forgotten that you are a good person. And learning to speak the Thai language proves it. Being able to order pink bubble bath soap in fluent Thai is not so trivial after all. It is a symbol of your value. Or something.

Deluded ex-pat talking to himself:

"Jeffrey from Canada is coming over tonight to watch a taped football game. He's a good guy and a good storyteller. I'll figure out some way to work the Thai word for 'obtuse' into the conversation. Just learned it—the Thai word for obtuse."

But let us get back to dumbasses. Hey, don't misunderstand me. I'm not really against interacting with Thais, I'm just cautious about how I spend my time. If you want to spend time plumbing the intellectual depths of dumbasses there is no reason to torture yourself learning to speak Thai. Just get on a plane and come to America. This stupid country is full of millions of dumbasses who believe in ghosts, and believe they have winning lottery ticket systems, and confuse xenophobia for patriotism. No need to learn Thai if you want to have meaningless conversations with stupid people: just come to America. We have some of the stupidest dumbasses in the world. Believe me when I tell you this: I'm an American. No need to spend years learning Thai so that you can interact with jerks, and fools, and criminals, and humanoids; just come to America.

The coming battles of the 21st century will be over food, water, oil, territory, and whether or not you are a skilled language acquirer. Not being a natural language learner held me back for forty years, and now in the last twenty years of my life I have to engage in an unequal battle with the computer. I pity many humans of the future who will be consigned to dead-end lives over language learning.

Me: But how did you know to punch your keyboard keys seventeen times in that sequence?

Computer Literate: I don't know—I just knew.

Me: Yes, but that seemingly random group of seventeen key punches leads to another seemingly random group of eleven keyboard strikes. How did you know that?

Computer Literate: I don't know what I know—I just know Daddy.

Welcome to the future folks. If you are not a natural language acquirer you will be consigned by society to the same place we put Amazon Indians who have no use to us and attract no interest from us (more on them later).

I find farang chatter about learning and speaking Thai (and for the truly delusional, reading and writing Thai) to be endlessly amusing. Sort of like wandering around on the grounds of an insane asylum and listening to the nonsense from the patients. Few farangs can learn to speak, read, or write Thai. Period. All else and any other conclusion is delusion and ignorance combined with the males need to dominate by bragging at farang gatherings and embassy parties that he can speak, or read, or write the Thai language.

Checkmate to him in the Kingdom social one-upmanship game and maybe he gets to take home the wide-eyed Israeli backpacker who is impressed by this nonsense. But he is not literate in Thai. Example: If a retail clerk in Big Mike's department store in Pattaya says: "How can I help you?" it is possible he might respond in Thai with "Tham-Mai Rao Jeung Dai Thook Tam-Ruat Jap?" (Why have we been arrested?). That is not what he thought he said but that is what she heard. It's a silly example but it IS a tonal language. For most foreigners, speaking Thai is basically a crap shoot. You just open your mouth and throw the dice. For years I used to thoughtfully say goodbye to my lady love in the morning by saying: "La Kawn". Only thing is, I had a tone or pronunciation thing wrong or something; so the net result is that for years I was not saying goodbye. Just gibberish. It would be fun if some bargirl would write an anecdotal recounting of the gibberish she has heard from foreigners. I have a sense of humor. I would laugh all the way through.

Thai is not a language, it is a song. It is a tonal verbal brain bomb. You can't easily learn to speak Thai because you don't speak Thai: you sing Thai. It is tonal. It is easiest if you start singing from the day you were born. Few foreigners can do this. The

Vietnamese language has six tones. Makes you wonder how many whiskeys they consumed inventing it. The Vietnamese government should just post big huge billboard signs at the border that say:

"Attention Foreigners: Abandon All Hope Ye Who Enter Here.
You Will Never Learn To Speak This Stupid Language.
Hell, Lots of Us Can Not Speak It.
And Do Not Forget Mr. Foreigner: The Fix Is In.
If We Make A Mistake Speaking Our Own Language
We Call It A Regional Issue, Or A Special Accent,
Or A Colloquialism, Or Evidence Of A 'Developing' Language;
But If You Make A Mistake Speaking Our Language
We Call You Stupid."

Six tones? Five tones (Thailand)? Hey, I've got a Dana idea. Are these languages with a lot of rules, or are these languages that had almost no rules: you just made it up as you talked and nobody objected. You are going to learn to speak basic Thai in a couple of weeks? What kind of person would say something like this and take your money?

Is the obverse of this nonsense true? You are paying to send your Thai girlfriend to 'Learn-To-Speak-English' class. Do you expect her to speak basic English (or German, or Spanish, or Icelandic, or Japanese, or Norwegian) in a couple of weeks? No you do not expect her to learn to speak your language in a couple of weeks. The idea never entered your brain. OK, now think of the obverse of that. Think about what Carl Parkes tells people. How reasonable is that?

OK, let's have some fun with Stephanie, an alert reader who has been emailing me. My instincts are that Stephanie hasn't got the brains of a beagle dog but that she can crush a mango between her thighs. I always enjoy hearing from her.

Stephanie: Oh Dana, you're just making a mountain out of a mole hill with all this language stuff. All I know is that FriscoDude (aka Carl Parkes) is probably taller than you, younger than you, better looking than you, and he's for sure written more guide books than you: so if he says I can learn to speak basic Thai in a few weeks I believe him. And that Gordon Allison hunk? I'll bet he was English, and rich, and had a bitchin' kool accent. So if he says:

"You do not have to understand the tone rules in order to be able to speak … Thai."

I believe him. You're just jealous 'cause you are a little jackass nerd and these are real men. Not to put too fine a point on it Commander Jerkwad, but you're not a man I am going to put on make-up for, and you are not a man I am going to take off make-up for; if you get my meaning.

Me: Point taken Stephanie, and it is always nice to get feedback from a reader interested in Matters of Language and Language Learning. So, just for fun; are you familiar with the concept of visual logic in languages?

Stephanie: No, and I bet no one else is either Mr. Limp Dick.

Me: Visual logic is when the foreign word translated into English looks like and/or sounds like approximately what you would expect it to look like or to sound like. In other words, the twenty six letters of the English language have not just been chosen at random, thrown in a basket, and then shaken.

Stephanie: Boring. Listen up Mr. Couldn't Get A Date In High School, the only thing you need to know in any language is how to order a pizza, and you can do that by shouting PIZZA.

Me: OK Stephanie, let me give three examples of non-visual logic in languages. In Vietnamese the surname Nguyen is pronounced variously in English as 'win' or 'wen' or 'nuwen'. No English language speaker is going to be able to make that instinctive leap. In Japanese the word Tsukiji is pronounced Squeegee. No apparent connection between the native word and the English pronunciation. And in Chinese the word Xu is pronounced … oh, forget it. Can you see Steph how a lack of visual logic in transliteration could make learning a language more difficult?

Stephanie: Boring … PIZZA.

Me: For a fun Thai example of this have someone who is English-Thai 100% fluent (speaking, reading, and writing) take you around Bangkok and point out road signs.

Stephanie: Boring … have you ever had sex with a woman?

Me: OK, Steph (if I can call you Steph); just one more fun thing. Do you know what the 19th century eastern non-reindeer tribe Siberians known as the Kamchatkan Koraks used for the word 'fifty-six'?

Stephanie: No, and no one else does either A-hole. And you can call me Steph but just don't call me at home or I am going to cough up a furball.

Me: The word for fifty-six was/is:

NEE-AKH—KHLEEP-KIN-MEEN-YE-GEET-KHIN-PAR-OL-IN-NIN-MIL-LI-GIN (Tent Life in Siberia, c1870, Keenan).

And I repeat:

NEE-AKH-KHLEEP-KIN-MEEN-YE-GEET-KHIN-PAR-OL—IN-NIN-MIL-LI-GIN

Stephanie: You are a liar. That's impossible. You could never discuss over the phone all the routing numbers on your airline ticket to Ibiza with a language like that.

Me: Kinda my point. So Steph can you see how with just these two examples of Matters of Language and Language Learning subjects how it might pay to be alert and critical the next time someone tells you that you can learn the basics of a language in a few weeks? Do you think you could learn basic 19th century Kamchatkan Korak in a couple of weeks or that all languages are basically the same? Steph? Stephanie? Steph? Stephanie?

Stephanie: PIZZA

Anyway, I consider the tonal languages to be little more than Babel. If some farang can truly learn these languages I respect them for it, but I do not feel diminished because their accomplishment is way outside the bounds of what any reasonable person would call normal. Classifying them as savants seems a bit over the top in most cases, and they like to correspond with me and assure me that they are not super intelligent. Both could be true because brain research in the last twenty years has shown that people can be remarkably different. Some people have a facility for learning languages and other people do not. This is irrespective of any ideas people may have formed about how easy or reasonable learning the language is. The notion that hard work will plug in the gaps for someone whose brain is simply not wired for language acquiring is simply ignorant.

Language and the subject of learning languages is an interesting field that not many people know anything about or really have an interest in. The cover page of the Wiley website is a good example of this:

> *"Language Learning is a scientific journal dedicated to the understanding of language learning broadly defined. It publishes research articles that systematically apply methods of inquiry from disciplines including psychology, linguistics, cognitive science, educational inquiry, neuroscience,*

> *ethnography, sociolinguistics, sociology, and semiotics. It is concerned with fundamental theoretical issues in language learning such as child, second, and foreign language acquisition, language education, bilingualism, literacy, language representation in mind and brain, culture, cognition, pragmatics, and intergroup relations."*

Language, matters of language, and the subject of learning languages is really all about communicating between members of our species. What could be more interesting? At any rate, as this website introduction shows: the subject does not admit of superficiality or self-promoting frauds. Bye-the-way: I am fluent in 296 languages and 96 dialects (including Algonquin) and my dog barks in Mandarin.

With sloth-like claws these academic aficionados climb and hang and rip and tear at the linguistic material in service to the idea of fun and knowledge for knowledge's sake. But the fact that some person can learn another language does not qualify them as knowledgeable about other peoples' ability to learn languages. It does not even qualify them to be insightful about how they acquire language knowledge. I am somewhat (there is always someone smarter) lay person knowledgeable about the subject of languages and how we learn. I got interested in these ideas because in spite of evidence that I have at least average intelligence, trying to learn a language is not a good use of my time. I shouldn't be pilloried for this by the lucky (they will bleat 'hardworking') people who can learn languages.

I well remember many years ago a woman who was in my French class at the University of Michigan. She was by any brain power measure stupid. Intelligence of a dog. Maybe a terrier dog, maybe a labrador retriever dog; hard to know. She got 100% on every part and particle including accent of the French class. Easy. Simple. Didn't really have to study—didn't really have to try hard. We are not all the same. An incredible body. Sweet Jesus on a cracker what a body.

But I almost digress. Don't see a touchpoint in this discussion of languages and learning for yourself? OK, how have you been doing in the last fifteen years learning computer languages? Can you write code? Oh, you can't write code but you can do file transfers and make your modem yodel at the same time? The twenty-first century will see an acceleration of the separating out between the people who can learn computer languages and the people who can't. It is an important issue. Whether or not you can learn the Thai language is just a pimple on a larger issue that is going to impact many people. Get ready to rumble because the world is going to go to the language learners. If you have children and you believe in God start praying that your children are easy language acquirers. Non-computer literates need not apply for life in the future.

OK, time out. Now you are absolutely exhausted and all you really wanted to read about was where are the beers, and how much do they cost; and where are the girls, and how much do they cost? OK, let's kick back and just have some fun with some language miscellanea:

> *"He wore a battered white straw hat and a thin poly-cotton western shirt in the cold wind. His legs were long and bandy and there were spurs on his boots. My language school in Guanajuato had left me completely un-prepared for his accent, which was slurred and grunted and composed almost entirely of gutturals. The letters s, t, d, n, b, and v were all gone from the alphabet. Buenos dais, for example, sounded like we-oh eel-ah. This was the accent of the northern Sierra Madre, as I came to discover, and I still wonder if it stems from generations of toothlessness."*—from Richard Grant's

> book God's Middle Finger—Into The Lawless Heart of the Sierra Madre.

An incomprehensible language possibly influenced by generations of toothlessness? How much do you want to bet some western language expert would have labeled this a dialect and our friend Carl Parkes if writing a guidebook on the Sierra Madre would have pronounced this language learnable in a reasonable length of time?

The absurdity of the situation does bring up a language learning category of miscellanea that is important however. Namely, what I will call; for want of a better academic term, goofy stuff. To wit:

1. ends of words chopped off
2. lazy speech patterns
3. whispering (see Haitian Creole)
4. no separation between words
5. gutturals
6. slurring
7. grunting
8. yelling
9. wheezing
10. glottal stops
11. choking sounds
12. spitting and spraying
13. a language that is not really a language
14. clicking sounds
15. tone
16. accents
17. dialects
18. differently weighted syllables
19. purposeful obfuscation when confronted by a foreigner
20. whistling
21. humming

22. sung words
23. weird nasal sounds (see Pech Indians)
24. intonation
25. male and female prefixes to words
26. different number of sounds (phonemes) for men and women (and you thought tonal was insane)
27. variation among consonants
28. slang (see Aussie)

Note: do you think there is somewhere on Earth a language that incorporates all of these things? Possible. Africa has hundreds of languages and dialects. If you find such a language please tell me where it is so that I can make sure to never go there. I don't even want to fly over this place at 30,000 feet. Please, I am begging you; tell me where this linguistic train wreck is.

Tell me something, did they teach and test for some of these Thai fluency necessities in Learn-To-Speak-Thai-In-A-Short-Period-Of-Time school? They did? No, they did not. You are lying to me again. Did they cover standard and exceptional issues of transliteration, phonetics, and pronunciation to a teaching standard of 100% class comprehension? Did they cover:

1. A Thai vowel sound may be unwritten (but it will be the same as one of the written vowel sounds).
2. Certain Thai consonants may have one sound at the beginning of a syllable but another one at the end.

Don't even answer: I'll get the booze, you get the girls.

And how about the wacky subject of languages that are missing stuff. What? Missing stuff … ? Read on:

> *"Once-noble Tahitian does not use the following consonants: b, c, d, g, j, k, l, q, s, w, x, y, z—nearby Ruruto also drops f and h, thus having the most meager alphabet known—replacing them by glottal stops between vowels, so that the*

> *language sounds like a series of grunts."*—from Return to Paradise by James A. Michener

Reader: Hey, Dana: wouldn't this make the language even easier to learn? Me: What do you think?

Hey, and what do you do when there isn't enough of the language for a language: when glottal stops, dancing eyebrows, pantomime, choking sounds, and a few words aren't enough? Once again from Michener's excellent and now forgotten book Return to Paradise:

> *"In Tahitian oe has four different pronunciations, depending upon the glottal stops: 'oe was once koe—you; 'o'e was once koke—sword; o'e was once onge—famine; plain oe—ball."*

Does this remind you a little of the built in possibilities of a tonal language like Thai: rising, falling, high, low, and neutral? Five Tones. Go into a dog pound and a flea is going to land on you. Guaranteed. Make an observation or critical remark about matters of language or language learning and language apologists will pop up like meerkat sentinels in Africa and inform you that this bewildering complexity is wonderful. Really? Well, if that is correct then why not have a language that consists of only one word that can be said 90,000 different ways? So, still think you can "learn to speak some Thai within a few weeks."—(Carl Parkes)? You do? Alright, do think any Thais will understand you? How about that eight year old girl flying her kite in Lumpini Park? Think she will understand you?

Foreigner: Hello little girl. I used to fly a kite when I was your age. Does your kite have a name? Little Girl: ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

Here is a language idea dribblers and shooters. Was this ancient noble-Tahitian language a language? When is a language a language, and when is a language not a language? You are never going to hear that idea asked from the politically correct. I think the definition partly fulcrums around ideas of specificity and quantity. Quantity? Yes. A language with words for only six things: yes, no, woman, man, death, and food can not be a language. It does not meet the quantity test. And please, do not say it is a language if the speakers think it is a language. That is just western 60's era political correctness that does not get us anywhere. We are all 21st century people now. We ought to be able to think and form ideas rigorously. We ought to be expectant and happy to insist on a higher intellectual bar.

The idea of specificity should also be something easy to agree on. If a language can not express specific ideas (26 birds, not a lot of birds) than it may not meet the 'language' test. Monkeys can grunt but can they count and then verbally communicate that number? Ever try to get directions from a Thai? You'll find the idea of specificity in language interesting then I'll warrant. What is the demarcation line between animals and humans, and between language and not-a-language? All the mutterings we hear from bipedal humanoids can not be classified as languages, that makes a mockery of the notion of evolution. Languages do not fall from the politically correct sky, they develop; and they all start from zero.

I don't think this ancient noble-Tahitian language was really a language. Granted, I wasn't there—but that is where I am putting my politically incorrect bet. Prove me wrong. Specificity has to be part of the standard for a language and having such an incomplete alphabet makes the notion that this is a language a challenging idea. Choices have to be made.

Some of the extremely remote tribes in the upper Amazon had no concepts expressed in verbal language for time, counting, yesterday, tomorrow, quantity, measure, colors, emotions, geography, family, seasons, sky events, flora, fauna, sex, nursing, conception, birth, child development, or—hey, are these people human? In what way? How would you prove it? You can't do it with their language. They do not have one. Sorry. Sorry, not enough. I know you have gotten along for the last ten thousand years by eating grubs and spearing fish but that is not enough. Call me when you have a language and we will welcome you to the family of Man.

The politically correct language apologists say that the reasons these humanoids have no words for these things and these concepts is because they have no reason to have language for these things and these concepts. Baloney. Review the sky knowledge of the Incas and the Aztecs. We are not all equal and not all muttering is a language. When you start your Learn-To-Speak-Thai language classes because Carl Parkes leads you to believe that it is an easily achievable goal; how deep a well are you going to be required to tumble down? Beware and be careful. And you might also give some thought to whether the language you are learning is even a language. Just signed up to learn the language of an upper Amazonian Indian tribe have you? Good luck.

Think I am engaging in hyperbole for argument's sake? OK, you might also ask yourself if the language is static enough to learn. In other words, have the natives agreed on the language? Example: I have a map of Thailand (Bangkok's Map—No. 3950) where they spell the name of a park differently on each side of the map: Lumpini Park and Lumpinee Park. Same map. The language is either evolving or devolving but you do not care; all you care about is that this is going to be one bitchin' hard language to master. Ever looked up the word 'obtuse' in two Thai dictionaries? Chok dee to the maak tourist dude.

I realize some of the things and ideas enumerated above could be blown off by anthropological elitists and language apologists as too self-evident to need verbal descriptors of specificity, but my instincts are that it is not a point-of-view that has legs. Hominid history is around one million years old and human (humanoid) history of a more interesting kind is approximately ten thousand years old and you STILL don't have a language of specificity, or adjectives, or reflection, or quantity in the year 2010? I think we are permitted to judge you. The mortar and pestle of time grinds fine and it has ground up all of your sympathy chips.

You and your tribal family are barely human. Uninteresting. Beneath the value of a time allotment from advanced members of your species. You can't talk to each other, and you can't talk to anyone else: you make Australian aborigines look like Shakespearian scholars. Go away: I'm not interested in you. My interest level bar that uses language as a measure is something you can only crawl under.

Not all individuals or tribes are worth knowing. There is not enough return on the effort required. Since the dawn of Man first connecting the dots of Hunger-Aggression-and a Thrown Projectile; thousands of tribes, and groups, and countries have come and gone. Losers in the history sweepstakes. Who lived in Thailand before the Thais? Who before them? And before them? Know why you do not know about these people? Because they didn't write anything down and leave it for us to read. Learning to speak Thai does not have value because you can then get to know the real Thailand. The real Thailand is not that interesting. It is a mostly empty vessel. And learning to speak Thai does not have value because you can get to know the real Thai people. They aren't that interesting either: empty vessels locked in a march towards historical oblivion. Thailand is a country by courtesy only: it is really just a boring geography of torpor and ennui that hasn't made much noteworthy progress since the rule of King Ramkhamhaeng (1278-1318). A geographic outline on the World map that will someday disappear and be forgotten.

I mean, let’s be fair. Thailand is in the developing nation category which could also by extrapolation mean that Thais are in the developing human category. How much can they offer in intellectual ferment? A Thai knows a number of different words for rice. OK, but how important, or novel, or homosapiens insightful can this be? The Thais as a group of cultural people look with disdain on all of their contiguous geographic neighbors plus further away Vietnamese and assorted foreigners. OK, true; but again, how interesting is this and how interesting can this be? This is just standard territorial jingoism found worldwide. So far no compelling reason to learn the language to plumb the depths of a familiar and mostly empty well.

This doesn’t make Thailand special or unique; there are 188 countries and many of them are ‘Thailands’. But it doesn’t make the Kingdom interesting either. If expats in Tierra del Fuego, or a remote mountain valley in New Guinea told you they were learning the local language to better understand the culture and to better communicate with the natives would you make a mental note regarding their greater civility; or would you smile indulgently because a foolish person had said a foolish thing?

There may be a good reason to learn another language but only a fool would not measure work vs. rewards before embarking on the journey. I have a Mothership lounge lizard friend who spends a lot of time in Thailand and has been doing so for years. When I asked him if he had taken ‘learn-to-speak-Thai’ classes he said ‘no’. Waste of time. Objectively speaking there was more return on effort in learning Spanish. His objective response can not be faulted on logic. This makes the ‘learn-to-speak-Thai’ people hobbyists. Got a hobby do you? Learning to speak Thai? Good for you: hobbies are fun. I have a friend who collects doorknobs (hint: do not invite him to your house). But it's only a hobby. If you start to think less personally and less locally, and more objectively and more globally; learning to speak Thai starts to look silly.

Hobbyist: Yes, but I want to know what the Thais are really all about. Me: How are they treating you now? That is what they are really all about.

Let me ask you a question. Have you ever even once in your life heard someone say that they wanted to learn the language of children so that they could sit around with children and babble the incoherent incomprehensible gibberish of immature minds? No, you have never heard anyone say this; not once. Instinctively, people do not want their time wasted by going backwards.

One of the elephants in the room that no one ever acknowledges is the dream that if you are fluent you will be respected by the Thais. This silent yearning flies in the face of the fact that if you are not a member of a tribe, you will never be a member of the tribe. The most you can hope for or receive is that you will be treated as a foreigner (outsider) who can do tricks (speak the language). This isn't an observation or a criticism to be directed at Thais exclusively—-all tribes behave this way. It is hardwired into us to reject people not like us. Survival demands that we identify enemies or potential enemies, and take the appropriate steps to reduce risk. You will never belong, ever. Enjoy your hobby.

When I lived in the Caribbean it was never hard on any island to find some elderly, leathery white guy who had spent decades interacting with the local natives: helping them with their homes and businesses and families, playing with them in the Friday night baseball game, going to the Saturday night fish fry picnic, loaning money, going to churches on Saturday and Sunday, learning the local pidgin language, teaching their children in school, etc. Result? Zero. No respect. If you are not a member of a tribe, you will never be a member of the tribe. Good intentions and good actions mean little in the face of instinctive tribalism.

And what are we to make of the expat in Thailand who has lived in Thailand for ten years, learned the language, married a local, taught Thai children in schools; and yet, only has zero, or one, or two, or possibly three Thai friends? Is this person a misanthrope? Is there something socially wrong with him that all the Thais instinctively see? No, he is not socially defective, or misanthropic, or boring. He is simply a non-tribal member. He will never be included no matter how skillfully he can sing Thai at village or company karaoke events. Want to learn to speak Thai do you? OK, good luck with your hobby; but do not expect it to mean anything or produce anything, including respect from the populace.

Five: Conclusion

If you are an expat is there a good reason to learn Thai other than buying pink bubble bath soap, gossiping with neighbors about a new neighborhood three-legged dog, or trying to teach Thai children about the history of World War II when they can't even locate Europe on a World map? Yes there is. The reason becoming fluent in Thai has intellectual value is because foreigners could write something down about Thailand. Leaving a written record is the Thais only hope of being remembered. It is the foreigners that the Thais should be hoping and praying to for immortality. Fluent farangs could act as witnesses and leave a record of a people and a culture and a country that will eventually be a loser in the history sweepstakes. Thailand has nothing of value and contributes nothing of value but every beating heart wants to be remembered. Thai fluent foreigners are it's only hope for unearned remembrance. Linguistic charity from Thai fluent foreigners is more than Thais deserve, but it's a guarantee they aren't going to do anything themselves. They are too busy looking for the whiskey, and the bucket, and the ice.

So, don't tell me you are going to spend the next ten years learning to speak, and learning to read, and learning to write the Thai language so that you can get to know the real Thais and the real Thailand. You aren't going to believe it when you say it; and this is not an expressed idea that is going to earn my respect. You are treating me like an unreflective fool.

Tell me instead that you are going to spend the next ten years learning complete Thai language fluency so that you can spend the following ten years writing (recording) about a tribe that is going to disappear. You have decided to serve as a witness and to sacrifice your life in charity to a people and a record that does not deserve it. I don't think this is a particularly good use of your time on Earth, but the notion does have intellectual charm and attracts consideration through argument not usually heard regarding language awareness and language learning. And learn from history. The Egyptians might have had an Internet also, but what we have left to read is what was cut into stone.

The inscribed stone slabs you and other witnessing Thai fluent farangs leave behind may someday be as lonely as the spooky sentinels of Easter Island, but at least there will be something to read and ponder about a people long gone. If history and witnessing is left to the Thais, there will be nothing. Pride-of-place and xenophobia are the sandcastles of the historical losers. The only hope for Thailand is foreigners learning Thai and taking action out of intellectual commitment, not love of too much spice and too much fish paste on everything. Long odds. Tonal languages are not built for survival. So if an expat tells you he is learning Thai so that he can memorialize the Thais and

Thai culture and the country of Thailand listen to him. He may be worth endorsing, and encouraging, and respecting.

Six: Denouement

Between the challenges of tonal, glottal stop, clicking, and often disgusting throat sounds of many languages you would think so-called language prodigies would be a little more conservative in their self-serving statements. Not a bit of it. A group of greater interested braggers it would be hard to find. Example:

‘I can speak fluently 35 languages and 12 dialects.’

Really? Who says so? Where is the documentation? Who made the determination? Who was qualified to attest to this—another bragger? Google Mr. John Bowring for some opinions different than his own on his level of language mastery.

Example again:

‘I can learn a language in one day (week, month, year).’

Really? This isn’t worth my time. Ridiculous. Ask yourself this question. Can you think of one other activity of humans in which we have this undocumented, unchallenged bragging?

Doctor: I learned orthopedic surgery in 14 hours. Airline Pilot: I learned to fly 747’s in 2 days.

We are sometimes asked to accept or believe an awful lot from the language literates community. Example: Jessie Little Doe Baird of the United States just received (9/2010) a $500,000 MacArthur Foundation ‘genius’ grant for her work in reinvigorating the Wampanoag Indian language of Massachusetts. Part of this project will include a school where Wampanoag children will be able to be taught in their own language. Only one problem: Wampanoag has not been spoken since the late 19th century. Boy, Jessie Little Doe Baird must be a genius.

I'd like to be a fly on the wall as the teachers teach (make up) issues of speed, intonation, tones, throat sounds, stopping and starting behaviors, connectors, ends of words chopped off (or not), lazy (or not) speech patterns, gutturals, slurring, grunting, wheezing, glottal stops, clicking sounds, differently weighted syllables, whistling, humming, variations among consonants, etc. Let me make myself clear. I don't think you can teach someone to speak a dead language. What is your standard? Who does the grading? Etc. I believe this 'genius' grant is a case of too much money and too much political correctness chasing a chimera: in the words of Webster; an illusion, a fabrication of the mind, an unrealizable dream.

Suppose the Thai language had not been spoken since the late 19th century and someone opened a Learn-to-Speak Thai school in 2011? What would you think? Sometimes the language literates of the polyglot kind ask us to accept an awful lot. It's as if there is no internal gauntlet of logic that they run their ideas through before they make statements.

They also often make statements as if they have never had to defend their statements. This is how children behave. Jessie Little Doe Baird is going to teach 21st century Indian children how to speak Wampanoag? No she is not. This part of the grant should not have been approved, and she should not have accepted money for this part of the grant. But that is the world of languages folks; where grandiose statements, hyperbole, lying, and chimera chasing trump pride and dignity.

If Carl Parkes (aka FriscoDude) told you that 'dedicated students can learn to speak some (dead) Thai within a few weeks.' would this sound reasonable? Think I am picking on Mr. Parkes? I don't think so. I believe it is acceptable to use him as an example of a larger problem. The matters of language and language learning forest seems to be full of little boneheaded elves popping up and saying stupid things. They make targets of themselves. More to the point: is a person handing out inaccurate advice and encouragement on how easy it is to learn to speak Thai? I'll let you decide: but I would counsel you to use the brains you were gifted with, and apply the balm of logic to the problem before handing over your money to a Learn-to-Speak program. Every time money leaves your hands your heart is involved. Don't break your heart.

Seven: Invitation

OK, now I'm exhausted. Anyway, like to meet up and share a few beers and talk about matters of language and learning languages? OK, see you at the Polyglot Bar, 100 Liar Lane, Pattaya. Look me up, introduce yourself, and I'll buy you a drink. How will you recognize me? Easy. I'll be telling people about how last week I picked up a mother named Language and her daughter named Dialect off the boardwalk and satisfied them both sexually at the A. A. Hotel for two days without stopping. Sure I did. How do you know? Because I say so. By-the-way, Stephanie will be there. We'll set her up on the bar and she'll show us how she can crush a mango between her thighs. Then we'll give her a pizza.

And hey, maybe you will meet Carl Parkes. I hear he's got a new Learn-to-Speak-Thai course he is promoting. Only takes three days. The first day you learn the words, phrases, sentence structures. The second day you learn all the tones. The third day is lab; you know, practicing out loud. Admission to these classes is limited. Students can only be admitted if they display 'hard work', 'character', and 'attitude'. You knew that.

Khawp Khoon Maak Khrap Dana

306. Lately I Have Been Reading

TT&A Part 272 15/1/2011

Lately, I have been reading (just finished) a book called My Consulate In Samoa—A Record Of Four Years Sojourn In The Navigator Islands, with Personal Experiences Of King Malieto Laupepa, His Country, And His Men. Whew, what a title. There'll be a quiz tomorrow. This fun read was written by William B. Churchward and published in 1887. A few things:

1. I always read all of the addenda to the main stuff first when I have a new book in my hands. You know, the Chapters page, and the Index, and the Glossary, and the Introduction, and all the other stuff that surrounds the main text. I like to be prepared and then to kind of sneak up on a book. This book surprised me with a page right in the beginning I have rarely seen before. It was in real small type and headlined CORRIGENDA. This is from corrigendum: an error in a printed work discovered after printing and shown with its correction on a separate sheet bound with the original (Webster's).

In other words, it is page in which the publisher and the author list all of their mistakes. How refreshing. Why haven't I seen something like this at least one thousand times in my reading career? How honest. It turns out there are eighteen of them. Two Examples:

1. Page 2, line 24, for 'Mahetoa' read Malietoa.
2. Page 345, line 19, for 'Thinking' read 'Hinting'.

Try and imagine what some of these CORRIGENDA pages would look like in some of the Thai-farang novels and 'true life' anecdote books that can now be pulled off the shelf at Bookazine in the Kingdom. Smiles of Deceit by Jim Cornick might have a CORRIGENDA that equaled the length of the book. At least it would be honest, and show some caring. But why pick on Cornick? An awful lot of these literary repasts stocked in Thai bookstores for foreigners are replete with stupid errors of indifference and incompetence. And no one has the decency to apologize for anything. Hey, it's marketing. Get with the program Dana.

And what is the program? Well, in 1887, the program was to write intelligently and treat the reader with respect. By page 192 (out of 402 pages) in the book My Consulate in Samoa I had already stumbled across:

1. Emolument
2. Impecunious
3. Verdure
4. Amethystine
5. Maunderings
6. Masherdom
7. Airgette
8. Miasmatic
9. Matutinal
10. Assentient
11. Dissentient
12. Effluxion
13. Post-prandial
14. Aesculapius

I'm sure the list expanded from page 193 to the end of the book but I had dropped my note taking pencil behind the couch. We think we are so smart and it is always easy to make fun of the past, but how many of your friends would (could) write with this vocabulary? And do not forget the Latin words I just skipped over because I am not as well educated as someone from 124 years ago. It has been 124 years since this book was written and I do not think I have a friend smarter than this author William Churchward.

So what of the Thais that are writing today? Is any Thai writing by Thais being done today that will stand the test of 124 years? In the year 2135 will Thais be able to go back 124 years and find writing by their people in their language that is of this high standard? I don't think so but I would like to be mistaken. William B. Churchward of the last part of the 19th century was all English empire to the bone and frank about his prejudices; but today some of those prejudices are starting to look more and more like facts; and there is no denying that highly educated high class Englishmen were often smart, observant, and literarily competent.

Mr. Churchward never postures as a writer but his extensive English empire education combined with his native intelligence serves him well. Good writing is not just genes. Education counts. His descriptions of South Seas terra firma verdure on Samoa is the best descriptive writing of flowers and plants and shrubs and trees in 'paradise' I have ever read. Mix in the larger and additional categories of shore, beach, sky, rivers, mosquitoes and you feel like you are there. Does any contemporary Thai writer (or foreign writer) do that today in describing Thai landscapes and Thai seascapes?

Northern Thailand is about landscape and landscapes: plants, flowers, shrubs, trees, and water features. Parts of southern Thailand are known for seascapes, maritime vistas, and beautiful islands. Isaan is a plateau and a region of specific landscape features. All are under the pressure of increasing population, pollution, and change. In 124 years will there be a Thai or foreign authored book that beautifully and accurately describes what these geographic parts of Thailand looked like so that it will at least be in a text archive? I hope so. Don't you wish someone had written beautifully about the way Siam's Bangkok looked like before all the klongs were filled in? Who is the Thai or foreign William B. Churchward who will do this job like he did his job for Samoa and the surrounding islands and islanders as of the late 19th century?

Mr. Churchward's job as consul of Samoa was basically a made-up job. Various members of the British empire would write introductory letters and send out likely specimens to monitor new nations or territories; to help them learn the ways of English government protocols, and to help them down the Christian path. Basically, these rich mens' sons would wade ashore with a fancy, stamped, wax sealed, heavy parchment, beribboned letter; introduce themselves to the King or tribal leader, and proclaim that from henceforth a whole lot of stuff had to go through them. Pity the locals. The opportunity for prudery and snobbism and abuse was huge but Mr. Churchward was no fool and learned to like and respect the locals. Some of his descriptions are in the Now I Have Heard Everything dept. For instance:

Alcohol was very popular in the islands. It was used for currency, barter, gifts, influence peddling, and stunning orgies. But not everyone had the money required. So ...

> *"It was a common thing in the evening to see the ladies one after another coming out of the dancing dens when a sailors' ball was going on, with their mouths full of spirits, which they would eject into the mouths of their relations expectantly waiting outside."*

Gee, I know Thai culture is a family loving culture where the girls do what they can for poor relations and boyfriends, but I have never seen this. Heck, on my own I never would have thought of this—hence the joy and the value of reading. With my luck I would receive a spit gift from a local girl who had just filled up her mouth out of a seltzer water bottle. I guess it always pays to remember that it is the thought that counts.

Anyway, what I learned from this book is that 124 years ago there were people as smart as and many times smarter than people today and those people like William B. Churchward reflect well on their culture and on human beings. I hope 124 years from now that that there will be Thai writers or foreign writers that have done as much for Thailand.

307. Theme Night

TT&A Part 273 22/1/2011

Greetings expats, hepcats, Dana fans, and newbies:

Dana here on the fourth floor pool terrace at the A. A. Hotel in Pattaya pounding out an essay. Oh my God: hold it. I see Wan on the boardwalk looking up at me. OK, look fellas: there will be a little delay here as I grab my semaphore flags that are leaning against the chair and send an important message to Wan. Just talk amongst yourselves for a minute.

OK, I'm back. Using the Dana Teeruk Signalling System (DTSS) I was able to communicate my needs and price to Wan. Of course she is not cruising the boardwalk with semaphore flags of her own but that is not a problem. Since I am the highly educated westerner I do most of the talking. All my girls on the boardwalk have to do is give me a 'yes' or a 'no'. If they point at their crotch and smile that means yes (don't you just love cross cultural learning?), and if they turn around with their backs to me that means no. In the beginning when the DTSS was new this 'back to me means no' signal had me a little confused and there were some awkward misunderstandings in the hotel room. But we got that all worked out. Now everyone knows the signals on both sides and I understand this Dana Teeruk Signaling System is being taught in parts of Isaan before the girls get on the bus.

Anyway, Boom Boom with Wan is in my future. Now normally this would mean that she would be dodging traffic on Beach Road right now and soon be bursting out of the fourth floor elevator like a flushed pheasant on the moors of Scotland. But this morning I used two identical flags in each hand which of course communicates that I want two girls. So there'll be a little delay while she hunts up her friend (also called Wan—go figure).

So what this means, dear reader, is that we have enough time to finish this edifying essay titled:

Theme Night

What is Theme Night? Theme Night is something some tourists to the red light districts of the Kingdom and many expats already know about and practise. To wit: some nights you are just too tired to go out and meet a nice Thai lady and bring her back for Boom Boom, but you are going to go out anyway. Sort of like a soi dog that is too pooped to eat a steak, but he is still going to follow the meat wagon. What to do? Well, that is when your western upbringing kicks in. Now, before I go into the details of Theme Night let me just pause to answer a question that I know is on all of your minds regarding me specifically. To quote paraphrase:

“Danaman—I’ve seen you. You are fifty nine going on nineteen years old, a face that looks like it was carved from a block of mahogany, coathanger shoulders, emerald (OK jade) green eyes, hands the size of pie plates, and pants that look like you are smuggling a security officer’s flashlight. In short, you are a lean mean testosterone machine with a six pack in front and a Christmas tree (consult Caveman for meaning) on the back. And I’ve seen your glutimus maximus (Caveman again) trick. You know, the trick where you stuff a satang and a chunk of copper between your butt cheeks and squeeze out a ten baht coin. So dude, Danameister, how could you ever be too tired to go Boom Boom or Yum Yum or Ow Ow?

Good question oh loyal reader, and remember; we are talking exceptions here. Usually I’ve got the strength of ten men and of course I don’t sap my strength by carrying condoms, or a translating machine, or deodorant, or a smile. But don’t forget, it is not just physical stress that can wear you down but also mental stress. Let me give you an example from my life. As I am typing this surrounded by bloated pink Germans and pool splashing teeruks acting like demented seals it is Monday morning. That means yesterday was Sunday. And what happens every Sunday? That's right: the Church of Dana congregation and celebration in the maritime park. There were about eight thousand worshippers there. So where is the stress point in this happy gathering? Well, somebody did not check and double check the wind direction yesterday at fifteen thousand feet. So when the one hundred Church of Dana trannies parachuted there was a problem. What was supposed to happen was that one hundred trannies in pink lycra body suits and pink high heeled paratrooper boots under pink parachutes and trailing pink smoke bombs were supposed to do some fancy maneuvers on the way down, and then land right next to me on the stage as eight thousand Church of Dana parishioners cheered. Routine. Done hundreds of times.

Not this time. This time all one hundred parachuting trannies drifted to the right and slammed into the giant PATTAYA letters like thrown dice in a craps game. Others just got hung up and dangled like limp dicks. You get the picture.

But I got the stress. Mental stress. Between the Dana Fan Club, the Church of Dana, Dana: The Movie, Dana: The Book, the Dana Bar, and the website All Dana All The Time (ADATT) I've got a lot of opportunities in my life for mental stress. It isn't easy being me. Sure I look like a lean mean alpha machine but stuff happens and sometimes it happens to me. Some nights I'm just too tired to go Boom Boom and deal with the fake smiles, and the linguistic torture. But I'm going out anyway (remember the soi dog and the meat wagon?).

Well, if you are going out anyway but you are too tired to Boom Boom and you are too tired to Yum Yum, and you are too tired to Ow Ow then that is when you need to establish some parameters (white guy talkin'). Set some goals that will keep you from being seduced by temptation and ending up with yet another giggling naked Thai female in your arms (I hate when that happens—not). In short, the night and your behavior on that night has to have some kind of theme that you will stick to, and that will keep you focused, and that will give your western mind a goal to shoot for. Let me give you some examples:

Example One: I have a friend in Bangkok who I respect too much to give away on the net but let us just say that his name rhymes with Union Hill. On nights when he is too tired to Boom Boom or on nights when he has made a promise to the wife (go figure) his Theme Night is what he calls Underpants Night. On Underpants Night he goes from bar to bar and tries to buy the underpants off of waitresses. Sometimes hilarity ensues. By sticking to the script he keeps himself out of trouble but he is still on the field.

Example Two: Another friend of mine has what he calls Escalator Night. He starts at Big Mike's department store and ends up at the Royal Garden department store. A couple of hours are spent watching Thai women come down on the escalators. No harm, no foul; and nothing but net in the pleasure department. Finally a slow stroll home on the boardwalk and a good night's sleep. I have to say I have also done this and more pleasure than watching Thai females come down at you on escalators in air conditioned department stores can not be imagined. One night years ago I watched a Malaysian looking woman with dark dark skin and a body that dressed out at about twenty nine pounds descend. Her cheekbones were so high they were above her eyes, and her arms looked like noodles. Sweet Jesus on a cracker. Well, you get the idea.

Example Three: Another expat friend of mine at least once every other year has Pretend To Buy Eyeglasses Theme Night. He goes to the eye glasses store inside the front door at Big Mike's department store. What? Haven't been there have you? You're too busy scoping out the high school girls while sitting on a bench on the second floor of the Big C? Well, listen up. This place sells eye glasses but that is where everything that is normal stops. First thing are the smiles you will get from a bevy of beautiful girls. And I do not mean bevy of beautiful girls in the same category as the high school angels that work at Swenson's Ice Cream. These eye glass girls are full fledged woman machines that can do some damage. One of them will offer you an orange juice and a cookie on a little tray. So simple but lethal. As soon as you take the orange juice and eat the cookie you are dead meat. All of them are wearing what look like Fxxx Me nurses uniforms with very short skirts, white nylons, and high heels. And I can tell you from experience that some of these professional retail career eyeglass sales ladies are not wearing any underpants. How do I know? She showed me.

Want to buy some eyeglasses now? I did. Anyway, this is another example of going out and sticking to a plan that does not include Boom Boom. It is your own personal theme night that gives pleasure without physical entanglements that your pooped body and pooped mind just can not handle. Just like the soi dog you can chase the meat wagon, you just can not eat the steak. In Bangkok you can line up about five eyeglasses shops easily and you can do the same in Pattaya.

Example Four: Same same for watches. High line watch retailers in Bangkok have retail women that will hit you like a German 88 shell. In Pattaya you can easily spend the night going from watch retailer to watch retailer pretending to be looking to buy a watch.

I tell you, when some of these watch retail girls put the watch on my wrist, I nearly faint.

So there you go guys: some examples of Theme Nights. Underpants, Escalators, Pretend To Buy Eyeglasses, and Pretend To Buy Watches. Activities that keep you focused and allow you to go out in the full and certain knowledge that you are not going to be doing Boom Boom but it is OK. It is part of the plan.

Example Five: Now let's have some fun. Let's go back in time and follow me out on a Theme Night and you guess what the theme of the night is. We'll make it a riddle. First stop is the Polo Lounge halfway down Walking Street on the right. Big room, big stage, big crowd and my favorite show is starting. About twenty girls come out on stage wearing see through dresses that come down to their knees. After a little dancing around they leave the stage, come out into the crowd, and stand up on the cocktail tables. The girl standing in front of me on my table is young and gorgeous. I stand up and she puts her dress over my head. She is naked underneath. Or, for those worshippers of Danaism: sweet Jesus on a cracker she puts her dress over my head and she is NAKED UNDERNEATH. Honk if you love sampling other cultures. I grab her hips and start licking. She's shaved and clean and smells of perfume.

My hands on her hips have become prehensile claws, the backs of my legs are bar tight, and I am licking as if it is the last pussy on earth. Honey of the gods and this farang honey bear could take a shot to the head right now and die happy. But it is not the last pussy on earth.

Next stop is the Electric Blue bar and a little known pleasure. If you cut left as soon as you enter there is a big stairway and then another stairway. And there way high up are a few stools and four girls dancing. Naked. Give them a smile and they will step forward so that you can lick them. Ah, nectar of the gods. I know men who have been married ten years who have not dined like this. To keep the smile train running it is best here to keep your hands to yourself but you can learn this. My tongue is positively athletic. Eventually I feel a tongue cramp coming on so it is time to leave. There is still one more place to go on this Theme Night and the best is saved for last.

Destination: Windmill Bar. The Windmill Bar on Soi Diamond has the kind of sleaze that concentrates my mind like a house bound cat starring at a canary video. Naked women and you can do deeds right in the bar. Pull down your zipper? No problem. Ride you on the couch? No problem. If you don't love this place I have to wonder what you came to the Kingdom for. In short this is the kind of place where you wonder which Mafia is in charge.

My favorite dancer is on stage when I enter and she recognizes me. No fake smiles and no silly talk about lady drinks. As soon as I am at the edge of the stage she lays on her back and pulls her legs back to her ears. She knows me. I wedge my hands under her hips and bury my face. Sweet Jesus there is a reason for living. I'll bet no bridge jumpers every dined like this. Staggering out of the Windmill Bar twenty minutes later I have broken skin on my nose, a cramp in my tongue, and a smile on my face. It's been a great theme night in the world of Dana. I kept to the plan, did not get distracted, and am not taking any girls home for Boom Boom. The kind of mental and physical break I needed. A quick trip down Second Road to Soi 13/0, pick up some brazed chicken, dodge the freelancers hanging out in front of the A. A. Hotel, duck into the elevator, punch the button, and in a minute I will be in my sixth floor ocean facing suite: mentally and physically relaxed and looking forward to spending the night alone.

Well, can you guess what my theme was on this night? Did you solve the riddle? Did you read carefully and figure out what all my bar experiences had in common? That's right. You guessed it. I didn't tip anyone. I managed to have a great time in three great bars, avoid human entanglements of the hotel room Boom Boom kind, give my self a rest but still take the field, and not tip anyone. The girl with her dress over my head at the Polo? No tip. The four girls in the Electric Blue Bar? No tips. The premier dining experience at the Windmill Bar. No tip.

So what should we call this Theme Night? How about No Tipping Night? Try it sometime. I guarantee putting this edge to the monger experience will give you a memorable evening. Is this a great country or what? See you around the boardwalk.

Sincerely yours, Dana

P. S.—Oh God, I almost forgot one of the best theme nights of them all. I call it Looking for Da.

Example Six: You grab a picture of one of your ex-girlfriends (Da or Min or Ting or Wan) and you go into bars and show the picture to mamasans and waitresses and dancers and say you are looking for her (Da or Min or Ting or Wan). Sometimes I ball up my fists and rub them in my eyes as if I am crying. Beautiful women will gather around you to look at the picture and to look at you. They will talk amongst themselves. Sometimes they will give you completely inaccurate information about where that girl can be found. No money spent, and a different kind of fun experience mixing with Thais and standing shoulder to shoulder with lovely Thai ladies. You should be able to do fifteen bars before you stagger home on the Looking for Da Theme Night. Good luck.

308. Camera Auctions

28/1/2011

OK, Uncle Dana (aka Commander Pinhole) here with a question for you. You don't have to answer now on a public forum: just think about it.

Question: do you secretly like it when other people start to talk about photography because you know that whatever they say and whatever story they tell you can top it?

And the reason you can do this is because you know everything about photography. Everything. Really? You know everything? OK, what is an Isographe, c.1944? How about an Enofilm, 1930? Tell me about a Biflex 35, 1950. What does it look like? What color is it? About how wide is an Ermanox 2,0, 1922? What is at the 2:00 o'clock position on the front of the 1928 Cent Vues? Who was Heinrich Hoffman?

Describe an 1890 Photosphere. What's a Homeos set? How about a Belle Gamine, c.1905? Do you own any Daguerreotype & Wet Plate cameras, c. 1840-1850? No? I thought you knew everything about cameras. Let's see: you aren't a machinist who knows how cameras are tooled, you are not a designer who knows the design and engineering parameters for camera manufacture, and you are not a chemist responsible for film development. You wrote a check in a camera store. Relax. It's a nice hobby and an interesting profession, and you are a nice person and maybe and interesting professional photographer; but you do not know everything about cameras. Get over it. Get over yourself. How about a replica of one of these Daguerreotype & Wet Plate cameras? Have you built a replica for your 'I've Got Everything Collection'? Never heard of that? Well, you've heard of it now big boy. You couldn't reasonably build a replica of a

Leica 111a, 1935 camera but you could build a replica of one of those old fashioned box and plate image collectors.

Tell me what a Phenakistiscope is. No, you don't have to spell it—just describe it. What's a mutoscope? How about a Megalethoscope viewer, 1861? No, it does not have anything to do with dinosaurs. Never heard of it, have you? You know if I am listening to someone talk about photography who has been an avid enthusiast for ten years and I find out that they have never been to a camera auction I have to wonder if they are players or talkers. Maybe that is just me.

All of the above mentioned items and hundreds more were on display and available for purchase September 26 & 27 in Cologne, Germany at the Photographica & Film & Classic Collector's Camera auction of 2008. If you live in the United States have you ever attended one of the Tamarken Photographica bi-annual rare camera auctions? In 2008 it was held June 22 in Woodbridge, Connecticut. Remember the November 17th, 2007 auction held in Vienna that featured Leica rarities? Oh, you weren't there? OK, did you order the catalogue at least?

Hey, I've got an idea; maybe you don't know everything about cameras and photography. Do you know who knows more than you about cameras and photography, and most probably knows more about cameras and photography than a machinist working for a camera manufacturer, or virtually all amateurs, and many retail camera store people? Curators. That's right, the curators and assemblers who put together these auctions. If they start talking, just listen. You are not going to be able to top their stories.

Years ago I had a girlfriend at college whose father owned liquor stores and parking lots in Manhattan. He died and Esther inherited a lot of money. Thank-you Daddy. When summer came and school was out she went to a travel agent in Manhattan and said: "Book me for the next two months on a tour of Europe according to the greatest four star restaurants. I don't care about anything else. I don't even care what country I am in. I just want to spend two months eating at the greatest restaurants in Europe."

It was a theme vacation and I thought a clever idea. I would also like to do something like Esther did. To wit: a travel tour based on a theme. The theme would be camera auctions. I think it would be fun to spend a couple of months touring the world according to the greatest camera auctions. Spain, Iceland, Honduras, Monaco, Dubai, Romania, Turkey, Brazil, Taiwan, Mexico, South Africa, Greenland, United Arab Emirates, Canada, South Korea, United States, Japan, Austria, Germany, Switzerland, etc. If you could line up thirty international auctions it would be fun. Maybe life changing in some way.

You say you just took a great picture of a duck in a park? In fact, in your humble opinion; it is the greatest 'duck-in-a-park' picture ever captured on film? Good on you. I just got back from a camera auction in Japan where the information booth girls were more knowledgeable about matters of photography than anyone I have ever met.

Just ramblin' ... what do you think? Has anyone ever done this? Traveled the world according to camera auctions. Has anyone ever written about this? Let me know what you think. Consider sending in your experiences regarding camera auctions to this wonderful website.

OK, you have never attended a domestic or international camera auction but you have a huge collection of camera auction catalogues? OK, start writing. It all counts.

And remember: God bless photography

309. Do You Wonder?

TT&A Part 274 29/1/2011

Greetings Dana fans and Stickman fans: today an introduction about a subject that I find interesting followed by a non-fiction part of my brain and my life. Enjoy.

Introduction

From the 'How's-This-For-A-Screwed-Up-Culture' Dept.

I just love it when women tell men that they (the women) are more maternal than men. Really? Any proof? Check this bit of social anthropology out:

In Polynesia a woman's first baby was proof that she could make babies and had value to the eligible men in the village. So the first baby was a 'give-a-way'. She would get pregnant at a young age, give birth, give the baby away; and then pursue husband hunting.

Yup, sign me up for one of those maternal babes. Gosh I just hope I can meet her standards for loving and nurturing children. Course me being a man and all, I realize it's long odds. Hey Dana fans and Stickmanites: I hate to be an ignorant, insensitive, colonialist, imperialist, cultural boob but I think this stinks. Go ahead, notify all of the politically correct boneheads in the world that Dana has an opinion and he is expressing it. I don't think it is unfair to judge individuals and groups of individuals by how they treat other individuals and groups of individuals: especially how they treat babies and children. I think this is a fair litmus test for judging. Don't agree with me? Would you let one of these ladies babysit your children? Humans have been doing this 'judging' for the last 10,000 years so I am pretty sure I have the numbers on my side. Anyway, pity these poor thrown away babies. And it gets worse. Pitifully worse. Child rearing in Polynesia involved (and still does involve) constant slapping and hitting of children. Do you think it was even worse for these unwanted ‘first babies’? No wonder there are so many damaged adults. These childhoods involved terror, pain, loneliness, confusion, and abandonment.

If I could live forever I would make a calendar note to be a spectator to Family Court proceedings in Thailand in fifty years. Hopefully, by then the concepts of human dignity for children would have become legally interesting to Thais. I wonder how many times child abuse by parents and community would be blamed on ‘foreign influences’. Oh, that’s probably unfair—by then Thailand will be a modern nation taking responsibility for their own lives. Sure it will.

Reminds me of a letter I saw published in the Community section of the Thai language Pattaya Pontificator newspaper (All The News That’s Fit To Be Blamed on Farangs):

“Dear Diary—

It’s been a busy week. Tuesday we had the monks over to bless the new pick-up truck and Thursday my boyfriend slapped my daughter so hard she now has a detached retina and we had to go to the doctor for that. Busy busy busy.

Signed Pattaya Housewife”

I wish for more than this for Thailand and the children of the Kingdom. That’s my foreign desire and my foreign influence. The desire for better Thai parenting and happier kids. See you in Family Court in fifty years.

But that is not really what I want to talk about today. What I really want to talk about today is:

Do You Wonder?

Do you wonder about certain things before you fall asleep? I do. Some examples:

1. How many murderers do I pass on the sidewalks of the Kingdom in a week/month/year? How many child abusers? How many Thai doctors who believe Thai blood and farang blood are not the same? How many Kingdomites who do not know we have landed on the moon?

2. If I got thrown into a Thai prison like Bang Kwang or any other horrific regional prison how many of my ex-pat friends would help me? How many would come and visit me? How many would put some money in my store account so that I could buy regular food? Everybody is too scared to be within a mile of these places. Sorry Dana.

3. Does even one single pay-for-play Thai woman from my past remember me? Again, the answer is probably zero. Makes me sad. I remember many of them and I remember them fondly. I remember sincerely and thankfully. So far, prostitutes have been the best women in my life. I mentioned this to a friend and he said that I should probably not think about or talk about this too much. Really? Why not? I'm thankful for every smile I have gotten from a member of my species.

4. Where does an ex-pat acquaintance of mine hide his gun in his SUV? I figure it is a 45 caliber Glock with tritium sight and silencer. Has to be in the driver's side door panel, or in the overhead, or somehow under the dash. Hidden release button and a hinged door. Has to be so cleverly hidden that Thai police will not find it unless they disassemble the car.

So, why don't I just ask him where he hides the gun in his car? Because he would not tell me, that's why. He would say he does not have a secret gun in a secret place. Now we are playing games.

His alpha maleness is irritating and off putting, but if it was me I wouldn't tell anyone either. Anyway, I wonder where he has the gun hidden in his car.

5. Another thing that constantly needles me just before I drop off to sleep in the Kingdom: did I replace money used for sex that I keep hidden in the hem of the curtain? I never pay for sex out of a wallet. They never see my wallet. I keep a 500 baht note and a 1000 baht note in the hem of the window curtain. Either one, or the other one, or both covers all contingencies. When they go to the bathroom I get the money. But this system only works flawlessly if the money is always there. In other words:

"Jesus, I can't remember 150%—did I put another 500 baht note in the hem of the curtain after she left? Am I topped off for the next girl?"

It isn't easy to be me.

6. And now the big one. I am currently involved in mutually beneficial behavior with an ex-pat. When I have got what I want then I may contact a police cold case squad in a certain city in the United States about a murder that happened about thirty-five years ago. I have the exact date in a file with other facts possibly interesting to the police. I think I know something. I think I may know who committed the murder.

If I am correct then I will have done the right thing. If I am incorrect, well there goes another ex-pat relationship. I admit this gives me the chills, but if I am correct; I really have no choice. I'll just give the file to the police and let them chase it around. Spend enough time in Thailand and stuff sticks to you. It is not a Teflon experience.

What do you think of just before you fall asleep in Thailand?

Sincerely yours, Dana

310. I’m No Cheetah

TT&A Part 275 5/2/2011

A friend of mine was a lifetime birder. A person who likes to look at birds. An obsessional wall that nothing could penetrate. Birds. Bird calls. Bird watching. Bird lists. Women? Marriage? Children? Career? Forget about it. Birds.

As he grew older and more financially able he started taking African bird photo safaris. One day a fellow birder alerted him to a telephoto lens drama. A cheetah was stalking a Thompson’s gazelle. With the pre-ordained action narrative of unfair evolution cards being dealt; the cheetah was able to accelerate to unbeatable speed, reach out, trip the gazelle, and … lunch.

Watching the telephoto lens drama was an epiphany for my friend. The cheetah’s athleticism had penetrated my friend’s obsessional bird wall. He was taken out of himself. That night he replayed the incident over and over in his mind as if rewinding and rewatching a peep show movie in a porno store. Why? Excellence. The excellence of the cheetah’s athleticism and time on Earth was something pure and beyond debate. It was also beyond my friend’s ability to fully cognify. But knowing that made the pleasure of the experience even more delicious. Sometimes confronting something beyond ourselves is a good thing. The differential is so great that we are not ego challenged and we can just surrender to the experience and the display. The athletic, evolutionary, and focused purity of unpolluted excellence. Something that draws attention to itself without comparison, or referential, or anecdotally addenda definitions. Excellence that thrills and sets a standard to be admired without loss of ego.

Societies and cultures and countries and tribes with God(s) as part of their belief tapestries know this. Worshipping God, something you can never be, does not demean you by comparison; it gives you a spiritual touchstone that gives your life meaning. Worshipping excellence is a good thing. A human thing. Knowing you can never be a God, or a cheetah, or a Shakespeare is just part of the definition of your self. To thine own self be true, and be happy about it.

A nice presentation could show that potential energy equals kinetic energy but you can't convince lay people. Kinetic energy gets things done and looks sexy. My birder friend realized laying in the tent trying to ignore the grunts and barks of the lions on the other side of the tent wall that his bird hobby had been mostly potential energy. Looking at birds mostly sitting and standing. Looking at pictures of birds in books or magazines. Digital collections of birds on the computer. Holding binoculars. Writing things down. Suddenly it wasn't enough. He wanted more in his life. He wanted some kinetic action before he went up to Saint Peter with his bird list in one hand and his pathetic resume in his other hand. He wanted some cheetah action in his life and he wanted to never forget that being confronted by something beyond ourselves is a good thing. Even when excellence can not be attained, it can always be appreciated. Yes, that's it: he wanted to pick a woman up and throw her down on the bed. Things were changing for my birder friend. He temporarily forgot the lions' barks on the other side of the tent wall.

An example of appreciating excellence for me is a book titled The Irresponsible Self: On Laughter and the Novel by James Wood. Mr. Wood is a literary critic and he performs that function twenty-two times in as many chapters. Chapters with titles like:

Hysterical Realism
Dostoyevsky's God
How Shakespeare's "Irresponsibility" Saved Coleridge

and
Saltykov-Shecdrui’s Subversion of Hypocrisy

You get the idea. This guy Wood is really smart. Really really smart. God, this guy is so so smart. This guy James Wood is the cheetah to my gazelle in the brains department.

Reading the book did not effect my ego in a negative way because the differential between his academic literary criticism knowledge and my knowledge is so large that it actually trivializes the measure. I am not equal to Mr. Wood but reading this book was fun. I had no idea what he was talking about most of the time but he wrote so engagingly that I kept turning the pages and mainlining his superiority and total dominance over my inferior brain.

He wrote things like:

> *“It needs to be said again and again, since Rushdie’s style of exuberance has been so influential, that such vividness is not vivacious, that in fact it encodes a fear of true vivacity, a kind of awkwardness or embarrassment in the face of the lifelike.”*

Well, of course—I think. There are 312 pages of this and eventually I just ended up smiling and sometimes laughing. I wonder if the Thompson’s gazelle was smiling or laughing just before the cheetah reached out and tripped him. Probably not but it does make me wonder if there is an ice cold beer in the fridge. Drinking and reading this book would go well together. Anyway, I sometimes wonder if learning the Thai language is a little like this. Let’s imagine that I emigrated to the Kingdom at age 25 and by age 35 I could read and write and speak Thai. In theory I would now have the tools necessary to penetrate the wall of Thai culture and sample the wonders of a people that process incoming data, emotions, and social situations differently than I do.

This sounds great but remember the intellectual differential between me and the literary critic James Wood? Tools are never enough—you also need high intelligence. If I was able to read and write and speak Thai fluently would I be any more intelligent? Would I be able to see behind the Kingdom curtain and happily splash around in the different culture water? I doubt it. I know my limits and reading books like The Irresponsible Self: On Laughter and the Novel reminds me of those limits.

I have a Thai friend who is about my age (60). She came to the United States forty years ago on academic scholarship and then proceeded (in English) to get two Masters degrees, have a thirty year career in the Boston Public Library, and marry an American. She never returned to Thailand except for vacations. And yet, in spite of all of this, she struggles often with English comprehension when you speak to her. Particularly and obviously if you ask her a question. The question format in the English language just temporarily freezes her brain. Technically, in terms of tools, this should not be so. But there it is—she struggles. She has limits and those limits make it impossible for her to jump the gap easily even after forty intense other culture—other language years. The first hardwiring of the brain always predominates.

If I was fluent in Thai as a speaker, reader, and writer would I be able to penetrate the Thai culture curtain and sample knowledgeably the mysterious delights of Thai differentness? Would I be able to jump the gap dragging my tiny brain behind me? I do not think so. I have limits. I’m no cheetah.

311. Hyperbole?

TT&A Part 276 12/2/2011

Come with us now as we meander up and down the highways and the byways of the hyperbole essayist's thoughts. To wit: there is always time to throw stones and I guess I make an easy target. I get accused sometimes of writing with too much hyperbole (exaggeration)—as if this is a bad thing that should be pointed out and levied against me. Most readers do not really know what this thing called hyperbole means but the accusation sounds like a fun thing—so yeah, that Dana kat writes with too much hyperbole and that is a bad thing.

Really? Here is a quote from John D. MacDonald's novel One Monday We Killed Them All:

> *"Step by step, Dwight McAran built a wall of vicious hate around himself.*
>
> *It was easy. He was a man who could slap one woman to death because she loved him, and hum a love song to another while he raped her.*
>
> *Sure, he did some time in jail. He sat in a cell and simmered for five long years until his hate hardened to a core of white hot evil, a core of stark, steaming evil designed to explode in a fury of vengeance.*
>
> *Revenge was all he craved—and a plan was what he had—a plan just cruel enough to please him, just crazy enough to work."*

Ever read anything of mine that makes language sales this way? I don't think so. OK, maybe and maybe not. One reader's hyperbole is another reader's reality. You know what is interesting, nobody ever accused Mr. MacDonald of hyperbole: the only sound you heard was the ka-ching of the cash registers as thousands of people bought his books. His writing, and his word choices, and his images, and his titles and front covers, and his books were fun. Maybe hyperbole means fun. Maybe hyperbole is a good thing.

Here are some John D. MacDonald titles:

April Evil
All The Condemned
The Beach Girls
A Bullet For Cinderella
Border Town Girl
Cry Hard, Cry Fast
The Girl In The Plain Brown Wrapper
The Damned
Deadly Welcome
Murder For The Bride
The Executioners
The Price of Murder
Cinnamon Skin

Hyperbole? Maybe—maybe not. How do you feel about a book titled: The Holy Bible? How do you think you would feel if you were an atheist? Anyway, have you seen titles of mine that looked like this? Are you sure now what hyperbole means? These titles and the above quote are exciting and interesting and fun. How can this be a bad thing? How can this kind of writing become an accusation? Do readers really think they would be more satisfied if all text read like a washing machine repair manual? Think you know a lot about Thailand do you? OK, then you must know about 20th century Thai literature. Of course you do. Can you think of any Thai titles or writing this exciting, and interesting, and fun? Me either. Maybe at Chulalongkorn University they should teach hyperbolic writing in the creative writing classes. Maybe we could all be smiling more. I've read this book, One Monday We Killed Them All, by John D. MacDonald. It's a crime novel involving bad people doing bad things. Hyperbole? I'm not so sure. But if this is hyperbole I'm votin' for it. A fun book. Consider this drama:

Me to Pulitzer Prize Committee for Literature: Ya know what this book The Old Man and the Sea by Hemingway needs?

Pulitzer Prize Committee: What?

Me: Hyperbole and lots of it.

Pulitzer Prize Committee: Really?

Me: Yes. This book should get a special Pulitzer Prize for Literature: Most Boring Book Ever Written. I happen to know that right now while we are considering whether to award this year's prize for literature to this novella that in Russian surgeries outside of Minsk they are using it as a substitute for anaesthesia. After the anaesthesiologist reads a couple of pages of this snoozer out loud the patient lapses into a coma.

Pulitzer Prize Committee: Really?

Me: Yup, and it is not as simple as it sounds. Russian anaesthesiologists require special training.

Pulitzer Prize Committee: Special training?

Me: Yes, if they read from Hemingway's The Old Man and the Sea for too long it can actually kill the patient. The patients flat line from boredom. The brain loses the will to live.

Pulitzer Prize Committee: I guess great literature in the wrongs hands can kill.

Me: Tell me something I don't know. The Old Man and the Sea. Snoozerville. How about The Perverted Old Man and the Lady Lust Tranny Sea? Now that would be a book deserving of consideration.

Pulitzer Prize Committee: Thank-you for your input.

Me: I'm just sayin' is all. By a show of hands here who could get more than ten pages into this thing? Exactly. But with a little skillful use of hyperbole as a followup to a title like: The Perverted Old Man and the Lady Lust Tranny Sea, readers would be skippin' ahead to get to the good parts.

Pulitzer Prize Committee: Fascinating ...

Me: I ask you—have you ever one time heard any reader skipping ahead to get to the good parts in The Old Man and the Sea? Hyperbole, international ladies and gentlemen—a writer's gift to the reader.

Ever gone to a Thai museum? Not always, but sometimes, they are hot hot hot and dry dry dry. No airconditioning, no ventilation, no fans, too many electric lights. Like I said—hot hot hot hot and dry dry dry dry. So, what's my point? My point is that how I feel in these museums is how I feel usually when reading Thai and often Thai-farang literature. Hot and dry. Slow, dead, boring. Maybe what I am accused of, hyperbole; is exactly what we all need once in a while to have a little more fun. How about these titles of some of my stories:

Fa's On The Loose
Tranny Sheep—The Final Frontier
Emerald Eyes
Scuttlin' Like A Crab
Transvestite And Midget
Stormtroopers Of Love
Fifty Baht Trannies
Powder Never Lies
Flip Flops And Flak Jackets
Bags Of Blood
Mongerism
Dana Tranny Auctions International
Spawn Of The Devil
Cut Off The Braids

Devil's Temptation
Bad Bad Bangkok Girl
Gutter Licker
Katoey Dick Seeker
I Have Aids
Kryptonite In White
Mukluk Freelancers

Hyperbole? Well, maybe yes and maybe no; but I wouldn't take offence if the accusation was leveled at me. So the next time you feel like throwing the hyperbole stone at someone maybe you should regroup and rethink. How about:

"Hey, I wish this Thai guy or this farang guy wrote with more hyperbole"—I'm smiling and I like it. You can never have too much fun."

How fabulous can titles be and not be hyperbole? How legitimately can we be tested as readers? In 1890 Kate Marsden traveled to Yakutsk (remember, it is 1890) in northeast Siberia to give help to a colony of lepers. Her title?

ON SLEDGE AND HORSEBACK TO
OUTCAST SIBERIAN LEPERS

If that title does not make you pull the book off the bookshelf then you are dead. But what else would the title be? She would, no doubt, deny any attempt to market the book in 1892 via hyperbolic title. At most it is headline journalism. Still, you've just got to love the title and the idea of using words to get attention and sell ideas. So sometimes when people throw the hyperbole rocks at me I don't even try to dodge them. I guess it depends on my mood. Accusing me of hyperbole are you? OK, tell something; when is the last time you had fun and gave pleasure just by using words? Think it is easy because other people do it? Try it.

The title of mine Bags of Blood is about bags of blood. Hyperbole or description? Transvestite and Midget is about something I saw and reflected on. Mongerism is an essay about—that's right, you guessed it. Mukluk Freelancers is a speculation piece on the future of Pattaya. Are we not allowed to speculate? Katoey Dick Seeker describes a tool. I sometimes wonder if the people who throw the hyperbole stones are people whose lives and minds are so dull they can not imagine anything other than involuntary muscular reactions. Slugs you find under rocks. I once had a workmate in the Accounting office (yes really) of a company I worked at say:

"Dana, why are you always talking about Thailand?"

I replied: "Well, that way at least one of us is saying something interesting."

I was fired the next day but I stand on my point. One person's hyperbole is another person's reality. Hyperbole? Maybe it is time to redo the math. How many times are you going to get to live?

Say it loud
And say it proud.
Please God lift me up
Out of this crowd.

Fish slap me with a title,
Hyperbolize my loins.
Show me the big bills,
Forget the coins.

Take me to bed,
Help me to see,
The wonder in my arms
Is Hyperbole.

312. Labels

17/2/2011

On the subject of labeling text presentations fiction, faction, non-fiction, essay, etc.; I have been thinking about this for about five years and I remain unconvinced that the labels are necessary. I am talking about the arenas of Thai-farang websites here; not military, or governmental, or health, or legal, etc. issues. If you take the subject seriously and add labels like biography, autobiography, confession, memoir, diary entries, testimony, drug induced, coerced statement, insane babbling, faulty memory, paranoia, science fiction, juvenilia, chick lit., humor, and academic twaddle the subject increases in complexity but the question remains basically the same: why label?

But let's just stick to fiction, faction, non-fiction, and essay in the Thai-farang website writing arena. If I write a story that has me as a ship captain picking up a load of rice in Bangkok in the 19th century is it necessary to label that as fiction? If I write an essay based on personal experiences on learning the Thai language is it necessary to label that text presentation as an essay? If it walks, and flies, and swims, and quacks like a duck—it's a duck. You don't see ducks with signs hanging around their necks that say DUCK. It is not necessary.

I could easily write about ten thousand words on this subject in one long breath but I am tired of holding the flag and carrying the lance. Somebody else can do it. When someone writes a structured formal academically formatted point-counterpoint response piece it is obviously an essay. Nobody is going to think it is Chick Lit or Humor. When someone uses an over-the-top comic character it is an obvious fiction. Nobody has to be told it is not an excerpt from Hitler's diary. Sometimes I get emails telling me that the reader is not sure whether what I wrote was fiction or non-fiction. What difference does it make? Did he find the reading experience enjoyable and/or informational? I think that is mostly all that counts. I do not write legal briefs and no one expects them.

Sometimes I get emails from readers who actually argue with me about whether something that I wrote was fiction or non-fiction. You would perhaps imagine that I would be the final authority on this since I am the author. You would be mistaken. A reasonable person might have several responses to this. I would offer that if you are arguing with the author about what category his writing falls into you are spending way too much energy on the subject. You are also a nutter. Sweet Jesus on a cracker—how much nonsense is a writer supposed to endure?

Anyway, I can't help but wonder how much the websites stoke this fire by labeling texts. Recently, I sent in a story to a website under one label and the website printed it under another label. Well, I guess I should be happy they did not change the author's name. In this case it was not really a deal breaker but it still gets your attention. And recently I was proofreading online a story of mine that appeared on a website and the story DID appear under a different name to my own. A first. Someone fire a flare and blow on a bugle. The final indignity. Of course (of course) it turned out to be a technical problem (oh, those wacky computers) and was soon resolved. But still … it is hard enough to get title, author, font, text, and paragraph spacing correctly printed without farting around with labels. Let's see: is the novel Moby Dick fiction, faction, non-fiction, essay, novel formatting experiment, early naturalism, description of an industry, narrative exercise, scientific inquiry, religious and moral display, boy and man adventure, or all of the above at once? Who cares? It is the greatest American novel and possibly the greatest world novel and labeling serves no purpose. It's not Chick Lit. or Humor but you are going to know that by the bottom of the second page. And if you do not know that by the bottom of the third page I'm not going to stop you. Just keep reading. It might change your life.

The reason websites label story/essays etc. is for sales purposes. More fancy detail on the website marketing cake. More useless information we do not need that gives the product (website) value. Feature and benefit selling that seduces us all and makes us believe that what we see is necessary. When I dip into a story by Union Hill I know three things in advance. I know I am probably not going to be able to categorically guess with 100% certainty whether his story is fiction, faction, or non-fiction; I know it does not matter; and I know I am going to have fun. Fiction, faction, non-fiction regarding Mr. Hill's writing? It does not really matter and I do not need to know. Just leave me and my reading experience alone.

So, if is not really important to label stories, does the opposite apply? Warning: complication ahead. In other words, it doesn't really matter if stories ARE labeled? No, the opposite does not apply. The reason is because labels influence readers. Labels often turn off readers who imagine that they do not like to read certain kinds of writing categories. The story or the essay never gets a chance. How many women never got a chance in science because of gender labeling and inaccurate assumptions? For instance: I receive emails from English (always England) gentlemen telling me that they hate fiction, and they especially hate science fiction, and they especially especially despise anything with science in it—except: except for my last story that included all three of these categories that they thought was GREAT—BRILLIANT—FANTASTIC. Sigh ...

With regularity The New Yorker magazine publishes fiction. They believe in the quality of the writing and they spend money by commissioning an accompanying picture. They label the story fiction. I always wonder how many potential readers of that story they instantly lose by labeling the text fiction. Lots of people think they do not like fiction. I think this labeling is a terrible mistake that serves no purpose to reader, writer, or magazine. The guy who tells me he does not like fiction loves super hero comic books. Does he think those are true stories? The idea that a potential reader would not give the story Moby Dick by Herman Melville a chance because it was labeled fiction is the kind of thing that almost makes my head nearly explode. Stupid. So why are we doing this on websites?

Years ago on another website I wrote a compare and contrast piece that examined the features and benefits of picking up bargirls in Go-Go bars vs. picking up freelancers off the street. It turned out to be one of my most popular submissions. It was informational and entertaining to the readers and they told me so. But how many of those happy readers would have read the submission if it been labeled an essay? A lot of readers do not really understand how much content diversity and stylistic adventure can be under the literary umbrella category of essay. It just sounds dull to them.

Recently, I made a submission to this website and I posted it under the essay category. I could have posted it under non-fiction to get more reader hits but that would have been ethically lame, so I posted it under essay. And how is it doing? It's a dying leper oozing pus and covered in filth, it's laying a big fat egg, it's a truckload of ten day old fish heating up in the Isaan sun, it's a three legged horse that just fell off a cliff. It's ... it's an essay and readers don't want to move into the same neighborhood an essay lives in. I would have gotten greater reader response numbers if I took a hard copy of the thing down to the Boston Common and read it out loud to homeless guys.

I partly fault this website for the reader number failure. You don't pay me so stop abusing me. Stop putting these stupid labels on my writing. Stop crippling my reader response potentials. I earned it. It's mine. Let my submissions stand or fall on their own merits—show some respect.

So I don't have a 100% comfort level with labeling incoming texts on websites. We aren't talking pharmaceutical labels, or Hubble telescope manuals, or cancer dosages, or legal issues here: it's a website for fun about mostly inconsequential issues and I am unconvinced that the readers or the writers benefit. I wish the websites of this kind would consider stopping this labeling business. At least try it or consider trying it. Experiment. Do a little more rigorous thinking about what you are doing and how your actions may be influencing others.

Recently I was in the bar complex on the right hand side of Beach Road just before the Walking Street sign in South Pattaya and there was an Aussie in there attracting attention to himself. You know the type: 5'10" tall, 230 pounds, big hands, big feet, florid face, yellow brown hair, and apparently no internal organs because he could drink like an Australian steam locomotive taking on water.

And what was he doing to attract attention to himself? Well, he was telling everyone that he was a sales representative, actually more of a South-East Asian Territorial V.P., for a big important international company in Perth that sold sheep dip tanks for skanks. The first product roll-out in the Kingdom would be for Pattaya boardwalk skanks but he intended to capture the whole Thailand skank, whore, prostitute, cruiser market and he had an appointment with a government official tomorrow. When I heard this I said:

"I'll buy your next drink."

I didn't care if what he was saying was true or if what he was telling everyone was not true. I didn't care if he was living in a fiction world or if he actually, long odds here, was telling some kind of strange truth. All I cared about was that I was smiling, I was laughing, I was happy, and he was having another drink.

One of the greatest poet laureates of any state in the United States was the twentieth century writer Tristram Coffin of Maine. He was a poet, prose, and prose as poetry literary genius who did things with words and images and storytelling the rest of us can not do. A lot of his prodigious output was autobiography and memoir based. Was it all 100% true? Come on. Relax. He was a poet. He was a spider writer weaving webs. We're not talking about Watson and Crick cracking the code on DNA—it's literature, the rules are different and the pleasures are different. So, if Tristram Coffin tells us of something that happened in his life at age eleven and later research shows that it really happened in his life at age ten—it's not a dealbreaker and it's probably not a label changer. It's storytelling. It's not a Los Alamos lab and we are not trying to split the atom.

What if Tristram Coffin told us about something that happened in his life and later research showed that it did not happen at all? Well, a Welsh writer named Jones wrote a book called A Steady Trade. It was the story of his growing up in a small Welsh village—himself, mother, sister, mostly absent sea captain father, neighbors, etc. A more evocative memoir of youth would be hard to imagine. A wonderfully written brilliant book. Except ... get ready for this: he lied. It was all a lie. He lied to the publisher, and he lied to the readers. It wasn't non-fiction, it was fiction. It was not a memoir of his youth—he just made it all up. He lied to me.

When I first found this out I felt betrayed. I had been lied to. I had been disrespected. But now ... now I am not so sure how I feel. Let me give you a more dramatic example. The novel Ulysses by James Joyce is fiction. Straight up fiction. But what if we found out that the author and the publisher and all the editors had lied to us. It wasn't fiction, it was really non-fiction. Everything in the book was really true. 100% true. It all really happened just the way it was written. What difference would it make? And admit it: you have never considered this proposition. Would the genius of the wordsmithing be diminished in any way? I don't think so. Well, if I don't think the wonder of the wordsmithing and the power of the story would be diminished in any way, then logic tells me that the label fiction or non-fiction is just not that important. I admit this is kind of a head scratcher of an idea. Something else that my teachers never put on my plate in High School or College. At least I am giving it some serious thought.

The best 20th century example of these ideas as fertile ground for literary speculation is in the twenty-one years of the night stories told on the radio by Jean Shephard. Shephard was the greatest monologist of the last half of the twentieth century and much of what he spun in an aural spider's web of fiction, faction, and non-fiction were stories of his youth and young man years. What was 100% true and what was not 100% true? As someone once said: if all of his boyhood stories really happened he must have been a boy for about forty years. Anyway, it never ever mattered and to ask the question was to miss the point. The point was that once the opening theme music ended and his magic voice started you lay in bed late at night and flew away to his world of storytelling and wonder and joy. I used to lie in bed late at night in Mystic, Connecticut and listen to this radio seducer and not once did I ask myself if what he was saying was 100% non-fiction or not. It just did not matter. How would he have ever submitted something if he had to be labeled?

Years ago I read a short story by Mark Twain about a trip that he made to the honeymoon capital of the United States—Niagara Falls. He had fun with the tacky foolish superficiality of the place and he made me laugh. I remember this as non-fiction. If a re-reading of this story forty years later would indicate that it was not 100% non-fiction, Twain had taken some liberties with the truth for storytelling effect; does it really matter?

Well, it seems to matter to a lot of people. If many people can not assign labels to things they are adrift. This is why namecalling is so popular. Back to Jean Shephard: the first seven of his stories that Playboy magazine published were labeled 'memoir' or 'nostalgia', fourteen follow-up stories were labeled (relabeled) as humor—paraphrase from Bergman. My God, what label flipflopping on behalf of the publisher (Playboy magazine). How many suit and tie people and legal beagles were involved in this nonsense? What difference did it all make?

When Galileo wrote that the Earth revolved around the sun and the Catholic Church wanted him to relabel that as fiction or insane babbling—ethical chaos ensued. Galileo had the misfortune to be a truth teller so things went badly for him. This labeling fascism has been going on for a very long time.

Pity the poor labeler working for a website that has to jam every incoming accepted submission into a category. Imagine you are that lucky Thailand based website professional for example and you have to label something with this:

"I wake up in the morning,
There's frogs inside my socks;
Your mama, she's hiding
Inside the ice box—"

Bob Dylan (On The Road Again)

OK, is it fiction? Well, I guess it maybe could be. No, that doesn't seem quite right. Alright, then we'll just jam it into faction because it is kind of strange. No, that doesn't really seem right either. I know: you could possibly wake up in the morning with frogs inside your socks, and your mother could possibly be hiding inside an ice box; so we'll call it non-fiction. Nonsense. Stupid.

I love Asian female pop music. I have CD's full of songs by Hong Kong Chinese, mainland Chinese, Thai, and Vietnamese singers. Can not understand one word. I do not speak any of those languages. They could be singing fiction or non-fiction. Doesn't matter. Now take that idea and try and work it backwards into literature.

Ever tried to really, really read with the book in your hands Anthony Burgess's novel A Clockwork Orange? Ever try to follow Yma Sumac as she sings her husband's Peruvian operas? Ever been snapped awake when a cut on an Insane Clown Posse CD gets it all right and plunges into lemon meringue smooth rock 'n roll overdrive? Believe me, you won't be thinking about labels. You'll just be trying to hang on. You'll be thinking art. It's always about the art. Beauty and truth vs. dogma. The mysteries and the wonders of observed reality and perceived reality vs. labels.

Currently, there is a Thai-farang writer who writes skillfully and engagingly by weaving fiction, non-fiction, and faction. He would not deny it. It is one of his writing styles and his stories are idiosyncratically his alone. Are we now to require different fonts and/or different colors of text for the parts of the story that are true, not true, and sort of true? Is reading now to become a lawyer's brief or testimony in court? I hope not. I don't want to know all this stuff. I just want to have fun and to be happy.

This all brings to mind in a triumph of synapse and memory and playfulness and wordsmithing calculation … hold it: I just got an idea for a great Thailand story. Gotta go. Gotta do some storytelling and some fun writing. And it will all be 100% true. Sure it will.

313. I Was Wrong

TT&A Part 277 19/2/2011

Attn: Dana fans, bamboo fans, electric fans, and solar powered fans—

Lately I have been mouthing off in public (bars, Skytrain, cellphone, and street food lines for hibachi chicken breasts) about a book called The Secret Miracle: The Novelist Handbook by Daniel Alarcon. The book is formatted around questions and answers. A question is posed around some aspect of the novelist's writing life and/or the art of the novel. Different novelists (about fifty) then offer personal responses to the questions. Typical chapters are: Structure and Plot Reading, and Influences Character and Scene.

In the chapter (5) titled Writing, this question is posed: "How do you measure a successful writing day? Is there a word count you shoot for? an amount of time you demand of yourself?"

Some of the responses are:

"A good writing day for me ... managed to write two or three pages." — Laila Lalami

"Lying on the couch thinking through your characters is a very productive writing day."—Chris Abani

"... a single ... paragraph."—Haruki Murakami

"... a paragraph or two ..."—Chris Adrian

"Sometimes it's five hundred words,"—Edwidge Danticat

"... I feel lucky if I get one page per day."—A. M. Homes

and the winner is: "I generally work between five and seven hours a day. If I can get one decent page out of that time, I consider it a good day."—Paul Auster

Thank-you Mr. Novel Writer (aka Paul Auster) for telling us what you consider a good production day. I consider this crap. I challenge any adult human to find another activity, avocational or vocational, in which these lameass production numbers would be tolerated.

I was mouthing off about this on my cell phone the other day while taking the Skytrain from Mo Chit to Nana when a Thai gentleman (suit, paper bag, flip flops) said:

“Excuse me sir, I couldn’t help but overhear you. My name is Vongsak Nathikanchanlab and I am a lawyer specializing in labor law in the Chonburi part of Thailand. I have successfully defended some cases that may interest you.

Example One: A Miss Boom-Boom of the Rodeo Bar of Pattaya was fired for not meeting the monthly quota of eight ‘outs’. She had only brought one barfine to the bar that month. Her defense, and our case, was that one quality ‘out’ was more important than eight lameass customers who demeaned her dignity. She was an artist. Sort of a physical novelist of the copulating sort. I won the case for her.

Example Two: A Thai Airways pilot was fired (I worked with his union on this) for not making the required number of daily round trips between Bangkok and Chiang Mai (3). Before being fired he was making one round trip in two days; up on one day and back to Bangkok the next day. His argument in court which I presented to the Bangkok Labor Law judge was that quality always trumps quantity: not just in novel writing but also in piloting commercial aircraft. For him to fill up his legally required log book with uninspired flight time entries would benefit no one including himself, his employer, and the aviation industry. I mean no one required Galileo to come up with one great astronomical idea per day. That would be ridiculous. He, my client, was not just a pilot; he was also an artist.

I am proud to say that I won the case for him: we established Thai pilot work rule legal precedent, and helped the Thai pilot union with bargaining language. Now, basically, pilots only have to fly when they feel the urge. At this point, I said:

"Vongsak, I'll buy another whiskey bottle and bucket of ice for us and why don't we go over to that booth to do some more talking."

"But we are on the Skytrain."

"Oh yeah—OK, let's get off and go to the Mothership bar, I need to hear some more about this."

And so it went on into the night as my new best friend labor lawyer Vongsak Nathikanchanlab recounted example after example of astonishingly low, stunningly hard to believe, plank-in-the-face improbable labor production figures being successfully defended in Thai courts. I have to say I learned something: I had not idea that artistry (real or imagined) always trumped production expectations of any kind. So, Mr. Paul Auster, novelist and artiste; I apologize—I was wrong. When you said: "I generally work between five and seven hours a day. If I can get one decent page out of that time, I consider it a good day."

I wasn't qualified to comment. But now, thanks to the education I have received from Vongsak Nathikanchanlab I understand and I respect you. And if there ever comes a time when you can't reach your personal goal of one page per day you can always get a job as a brainless low-spark skank at the Rodeo Bar in Pattaya.

Sincerely yours,
Dana (note: it took me eighteen days to write this)

314. Flushed By Spring Rains

TT&A Part 278 26/2/2011

Meredith Bernstein	Laurette Carroll
Harry Foster	Rebecca Carroll
Jim Mitchell	Barbara Proper
Deanne Urmy	Ken Young
Martha Kennedy	Brian Butler
Peg Anderson	Annie Burke

(plus a MacArthur Foundation Fellowship)

Twelve people. Twelve people (plus free money). David M. Carroll, author of a 186 page book titled: Following the Water, thanks twelve people who helped him 'write' 'edit' and 'make happen' the book (single quote marks mine). Is this a 186 page epic poem? Is this a 186 page Latin translation of Roman Empire massage emporium receipts? Is this ... it's a collection of stories, observations, and musing through a one year cycle of the natural world. Ferns and turtles and fish and birds and water and stuff. Did this really require the additional input of twelve people? Example:

"I am indebted to Deanne Urmy for her sensitive and sustained focus, deft touch, and insightful editing of my manuscript."

If Deanne Urmy is performing this function does he really need Peg Anderson to be a copyeditor (?), and Laurette Carroll to be an "in-house editor," and Rebecca Carroll to be a sounding board from the perspectives of writer and editor, and Barbara Proper offering text comments? Jesus. And let us not forget Ken Young, Brian Butler, and Annie Burke for manuscript assistance (?). Jesus Christ. A MacArthur Foundation Fellowship was a part of this? I wonder how many people were involved in that? If it was me I'd be throwing some of this baggage off of the train. Many writers, however, love this.

Writer: Hey honey, I'm getting lots of emails from all the people working on my book at my publishing company.

Writer's Wife: The toilet is still running—when are you going to fix that?

Here is my question. Who wrote this 186 page book on wetlands, deer, and mayflies? I (and nobody else, just me) think we have lost our way. Years ago I was being tested for heart health issues. A cardiologist was hooking me up to machines and such. Another doctor came in—no introduction or eye contact or handshake—looked and left. I got a bill from him for $200. This is just corrupt piling on. I think the publishing houses pile on the authors like that corrupt doctor took advantage of me. Many authors like this treatment. We must be a lonely race.

Hey, I don't want to sound like Suzy Skeptic here, but do you suppose the publishing company knew that MacArthur grant money was attached to this book so suddenly everyone had a paw in the honey pot? Just thinkin'. Question: in two hundred years what do you think the definition for an author will be? If you tell me at a party that you have just authored a published book I am happy for you and I want to hear about it. Just please don't mention the other twelve people.

I think we have lost our way. With everything I write I give the reader a mostly unrecognised and mostly unappreciated gift. The gift? Certainty. When you read something of mine you know 100% that I wrote it. I'm the author. I wrote what you are reading. Maybe someday that will mean something. Maybe not. Maybe someday, some century, when you look up the word author in the dictionary there will be a picture of me and it will say: See: Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes on Stickmanbangkok.

Maybe not.

I've read this book and I recommend that others do so. It is exquisite. Fun and interesting wordsmithing, imagery, feelings, and communication of prose-poem ideas. It was a National Book Award Finalist and it deserved to be so. But twelve people? Two of those people were not directly hands-on people but 'dedicated to' people. So maybe it is only ten people. But one person, Guy Jarvis (jacket photography), was forgotten—now we are back up to eleven people. Too many people.

I believe somehow we have lost our grip. We are not writing books anymore but giving ourselves up to a process not dissimilar to constructing complicated sandwiches in a deli. Authors now have to dodge people who want some of their time and creativity and dignity and money like farangs have to dodge trannies on Sukhumvit, or like tourists have to dodge touts in Morocco, or like elderly British couples have to dodge and 'negotiate' with beggars in Bombay. It's just more social entropy and winding down of civilization, and no there are not ten or eleven other people involved in that opinion. That is my opinion. We had a couple of hundred good character building and morals building years in the United States and now it is going the other way. Show up at a publisher with a manuscript in your hand and the rats burst from the sewers as if flushed by Spring rains. Ever seen a rat smile? Show up at a publishing house with a manuscript in your hand.

Following the Water by David M. Carroll is a nice little book. The kind of book that I would like to see Thais write about their own landscape. Except for dramatic southern waterscape vistas, Thai landscape is not very interesting in a big way. It will take a subtle approach to record it's special features. Following the Water sets the standard for naturalist subtle writing—I just wish I knew who wrote it. When Mr. Carroll finishes reading a stand alone essay or a story of mine under the Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes banner he knows who wrote it.

That should mean something.

315. Camera Trouble

5/3/2011

Here is a little story that might amuse. It could have happened to many. It happened to me. Enjoy.

Introduction: Sometimes in your life you know irrevocably at the instant of an action or at the instant before an action that you have just done something really stupid and you are going to pay for it. In my case it involved a camera, a picture, the Detroit Immigration authorities, missing my connecting flight to Boston, being searched and questioned. Learn from my mistake. Don't be this stupid.

Preamble: OK, before I tell this story, I need to give you some routing information. I have been flying to and from Thailand from Boston on Northwest Airlines for years. Always the same route. I always repeat routes if possible when I travel because I believe it cuts down on the potential for errors and mishaps. I am not a confident traveler. I am a paranoid traveler.

Anyway, coming home through Immigration at Detroit I then catch the flight to Boston. Here is the challenge. The flight to Boston out of Detroit on my route leaves so soon after your arrival in Detroit that there is no room for error or mishap. You don't have time to tie a loose shoelace. As soon as you burst out of Detroit Immigration like a startled bird from a burning barn there are airport staff lined up at strategic points yelling BOSTON and pointing.

BOSTON THIS WAY. BOSTON THIS WAY! You run like a deer. You slalom like a skier. You dodge and leap like a football lineman. And no airport person stops you. BOSTON THIS WAY.

So you do not want to lose your focus. This is not the time to make a new friend, or to decide to trim your eyebrows in the Men's Restroom, or to fill in those new overpriced leather luggage tags you bought in Bangkok. You've got to move. You've got to haul … OK, you've got to move. You've got to follow the instructions of the airport staff shouting BOSTON THIS WAY and you've got to become an athlete—running, and dodging, and slaloming through the crowd (OK, I already said that). Imagine your heart beating if you are not a confident traveler. Imagine if you are a paranoid traveler like me. Anyway — and most especially, extremely most especially: you do not want to do or say anything that will call attention to yourself. If you call attention to yourself, especially Immigration; it is the kiss of death on making your connecting flight to Boston. Got that?

Story: OK, now you've got the title and the introduction and the preamble. Here is what happened.

Recently, coming back to the United States through Detroit a young U.S. Immigration inspector had never seen an old fashioned Polaroid Land Camera. There it lay in my luggage. Big and black and blue and silver and mysterious. Some kind of 'device'.

"What is that?" he said.
"I'll show you," I said.

And with that I picked it up, snapped it open, aimed it at him, pressed the button, and took his picture. A part of a second into this, a little birdy in my brain told me that this was maybe not a good idea, but I was already committed by stupidity. And for those of you not acquainted with the old fashioned Land cameras they make big noises. Anyway, I picked up the 'device' and took the picture of an Immigration official. When the picture developed he did not have a happy face. Other

Immigration officials showed up. I ended up in a little room answering questions. I missed my plane to Boston. Learn from my mistake. Not everybody loves photography all the time. There is a time and a place for everything.

316. Past, Present, and Future

TT&A Part 279 5/3/2011

Attn: Dana fans and Stickman fans—

My dog Rufus is a mix: half (front half) basset hound, half (back half) greyhound. So he kind of slopes down. Not a lot to do with Thailand I guess—just sayin' is all. If you love dogs and you respect me please do not get him to run on the boardwalk in Pattaya. Inevitably his back half over-runs his front half and the result is embarrassing. Please do not embarrass us on the boardwalk. We've got enough problems already, believe me. The other day Rufus took a leak on a tranny. Cost me a fortune to get out of that little mess. People think my life is all cookies and cream. Not even close brother. I've got problems. And Rufus.

But that is not really what I want to talk about today. What I really want to talk about today is:

Past, Present, And Future

"Thailand is a wonderful place. You just need to learn to smile."

"Thailand is a horrible place. You are an idiot."

"No, you are an idiot—another disgusting ignorant low standards westerner."

"Well, I know a dirty glass when I see one and every glass in this bar is filthy."

"Typical—a pig in a bar who can't see beyond bar glasses. The Thais are right to abuse foreigners. We deserve it."

Perhaps instead of calling each other names it might be interesting and instructive to reflect on the fact that there is currently a Thai gentleman in his eighties battling with the infirmities and the indignities of age in a public manner. After sixty years of government service he might be asking himself:

"Except for the regular meals, what was it all about?"

To wit: objectively speaking, is the Kingdom better off now than it was sixty years ago? Opinions differ. All countries can be fairly judged by their ability to do two things: collect taxes and collect trash. Thailand can do neither. On a worldwide country relativity scale Thailand is not competitive. It is the year 2011—enough time for evidence, enough time for a verdict. In spite of this gentleman's lifetime of service, good heart, and focused energy: little progress has been made in the categories of:

1. Corruption.
2. Modern infrastructure.
3. Recognition of obligations and responsibilities regarding accurate record keeping. Without accurate record keeping you can not collect taxes or track crime.
4. Enforced banking rules to protect depositors.
5. Civil rights for non-Thais.
6. Reciprocal contract behavior. Yes Thailand, you have to abide by the terms and the conditions of the contract.
7. Desire to join the international community.
8. Recognition that lying is not 'saving face'—it is fraud.
9. Desire and follow-through on getting along with neighboring countries.
10. Taxpayer financed safety nets for the infirm, sick, homeless, disabled, and unemployed.
11. Education.
12. Tax collection.
13. Trash collection.
14. Recognition of the values of civil rights, human rights, women's' rights, childrens' rights, rights of the disabled, animal rights, citizens' rights, legal rights, and religious rights. I am sure I

left something out but you get the idea. A government that does not endorse and enforce human dignity for it's citizens does not have the right to govern. Governing is a privilege, not a right.
15. Elimination of class warfare and abuse.
16. Requirement that profit and non-profit organizations should act as responsible cultural citizens. Rapine and indifference is not good business. Historically governments are needed to remind organizations that their sometimes naturally inclinations are not acceptable.
17. Recognition that successful business is not war, it is collaboration—both sides must leave the table smiling.
18. Crime is not cleverness—it is crime.
19. Government and police and military are to serve and to protect: all other activities are suspect.
20. Democracy is a flawed form of government—all other forms of government are worse.
21. Stop living just for today, think of the future.
22. Practise the Golden Rule (Do unto others as you would have them do unto you).
23. Stop littering. Nothing is more transparent and sad and defining than making a mess in your own bed.
24. Travel to some other countries so that you can establish some reference points of behavior. I recommend Switzerland where you can see a culture with no litter, no graffiti, high educational standards, enforcement of laws, low crime, rule of law, and an understanding of the value of punctuality.
25. Punish criminals.
26. Encourage critical thinking and intellectual risk taking in schools.
27. Establish the notion of government transparency as a good thing: example—the citizens have a right to know what government department audits show.
28. A free press highlights individual, group, and government

misbehavior—be happy about this.
29. Foster national debate on the Thai justice system. Have things improved since Siam? If not—why not?
30. Seek to understand modern and international standards for the scientific method, rule of law, modern science, rules of debate, and parliamentary procedure.

As the Thai government official of sixty years service reflects on his career I am sure everyone of these issues occurs to him. How sympathetic should we be? In the corporate world of the west would so little improvement over so many years have been allowed? Would the C. E. O. or the administrator or the general manager have kept his job? Could I have done better? Possibly not. And it is possible that this high government official never forgot the dramatic way he got his job. I know I would never have forgotten it. It might have effected my job performance in a big way. I am trying to be charitable. However, in any event; the battle daily fought and lost was with corruption. Corruption begets and displays hopelessness, indifference, and loss of dignity. A cancer. It is hard to beat a cancer. Cancer of record has been winning for six thousand years. The high government official in the gold coat had sixty years. I am trying to be sympathetic.

I would like to love Thailand, or I would love to like Thailand: but it is hard to love a place and a state of mind that frightens the wits out of you every day you are there. And none of this has anything to do with some unappealing westerner sitting in some unappealing bar.

317. Indentured Service to a Pitiless Land

TT&A Part 280 12/3/2011

Hello Sticksters and Danaites: A small essay followed by a story. Enjoy. We start with something titled:

Indentured Service to a Pitiless Land

Recently, an online farang-Thai arena web administrator expressed the opinion that we ought not be so judgemental and unsympathetic to girls who leave the country to come to the city to try and improve their lives. They know better what life cards they are holding and they know better their probable future if they do not gamble on happier results in a different place. We should respect the gamble and the desire for a better life.

I agree. I don't agree happily or with philosophic flag waving, but I agree that humans ought to have the right to take desperate measures in desperate circumstances. And there are fewer social circumstances more desperate than 3rd world agrarian based economics. Agriculture is an alternative to the hunter-gatherer way of life, but alternative does not necessarily confer connotations of success or happiness or guarantees. Mostly, in Thailand, agriculture is a credit dependent hand-to-mouth form of indentured service to a pitiless land. No thing cares for you less than nature.

People naturally bridle at slavery, and agriculture that constantly teeters on failure is a form of slavery. The mortar and pestle of agriculture obligation and poverty grinds fine so in my mind the young lady fleeing this present and rolling the dice for a better future in the city ought to at least be given the benefit of the doubt.

Forcing her to wear a western strait jacket of morals to make ourselves feel good only illustrates our ignorance and lack of charity. In addition, many of the young ladies I meet in tourist serving venues are mothers. Off come the clothes at the Mothership or the A.A. Hotel and I am confronted with stretch marks. I don't have a bad girl in my arms; I have a good girl in my arms who is trying to be a good mother.

A mother? A baby? It sucks the monger juice out of me but at least I am left with the dignity of the humans involved. You can feel too much and you can know too much.

Finally, I just wish happiness for everyone. I guess that is my social baseline. I 'm too tired to wave philosophic flags and I'm too suspicious to volunteer for politically correct regimens. Desperate measures sometimes call for desperate actions and I just wish for everyone a smile and a happy ending.

But that is not really what I want to talk about today. What I really want to talk about today is:

How Can It Have Gone So Wrong?

Scene: Lucky Luke's bar on Soi 4 off Sukhumvit Road in
Bangkok.
Principals:

Dana
Rodney
Bargirl Lek

Rodney: Hi Dana.

Dana: Oh, hi Rodney. What's up? I haven't seen you in over two years.

Rodney: Well, after two years, a great deal of money, and the employ of one expat legal firm and one Thai legal firm; I finally got a modern divorce from Poon.

Dana: Modern?

Rodney: Yes, property and asset disposition plus documents that were encased in concrete. I lost some of my cash assets, some of my property, and most of my pride; but I am done.

Dana: Describe Poon to me again ...

Rodney: She was trustworthy, loyal, helpful, friendly, courteous, kind, obedient, cheerful, thrifty, brave, clean, and reverent.

Dana: OK Rodney, that's the Boy Scout oath: even an aging monger like me knows that. Bring it down a little.

Rodney: What are you doing here anyway?

Dana: I'm waiting for Dean Barrett. This is one of his watering holes. I've never met him before and I would like to. I have a book here for him to sign, and I am rehearsing what I am going to say to the great man.

Rodney: OK, well, that is the Boy Scout oath but I thought it was all true. And you can add sexually riveting. You don't see that in the Boy Scout handbook.

Dana: Might be in the gay version.

Rodney: She was also tender, fun, interesting, educated, feminine, loving, thoughtful, mature, well liked, adored by my parents, accepted by my kids, and without an ounce of selfishness. She could also stand on her hands in the shower (you can actually imagine that two ways), suck a ping pong ball through a garden hose, and sew on a button in thirty seconds. And get this: she knew how to sing Christmas carols—in English. She was the most perfect woman I ever met.

Dana: Wow ...

Rodney: How can it have gone so wrong?

Dana: Simple—you made the same mistake that scientists make every day. You assumed all the evidence was in. Just like scientists, you made private decisions and public statements (marriage) based on the erroneous supposition that all the evidence was in.

Rodney: Oh ...

Dana: In a boundless universe with limitless possibilities how can we in our non-eternal lives ever assume all the evidence is in or known by us?

Rodney: Well, what about when lab experiments perfectly match equations?

Dana: Most of the universe is not even visible. Our lab experiments and math equations are mere toys. Something to play with. The universe lets us play with cosmological Rubik's Cubes. Only a fool would assume that all the evidence necessary for accurate decision making is in.

Rodney: I take your point better now than I would have when I was under the influence. I am a fool. I think all the evidence is definitely in on that. Unfortunately, she was some other things I did not know about.

Dana: Exactly, now that you have said it, I can say it. You have to assume in every human relationship that you do not know everything, and that you will never know everything. It's all about risk assessment, risk acceptance, and throwing the dice. You have to look at your relationship with your Thai lady as your own private little cosmos and you are a physicist. And don't forget, most of the universe is composed of invisible dark matter and invisible dark energy; and with a Thai lady it can be very dark matter and very dark energy.

Rodney: You're telling me ...

Dana: Like Zane Grey in the 30's, Poon and her family chummed the water. You went for the lure and got hooked. Your story is no King Lear. Unfortunately, you are just a number.

Rodney: OK, but what about …

Dana: Oh, I see Dean Barrett; I gotta go.

Rodney: See ya. I'll tell you one thing I have learned from all of this.

Dana: What's that?

Rodney: As long as the blood flows in these arms, and in these legs, and in these eyes, and in these feet, and in this brain, and in these testicles there are no circumstances under which I will ever ever ever get involved with a Thai female again.

Dana: Good on you—gotta go.

Bargirl Lek: That will be 140 baht for you drink sir.

Rodney: Here you go. Kop khun khrap.

Bargirl: Kop khun ka. What your name?

Rodney: My name is Rodney. What is your name?

Bargirl Lek: My name Lek. You velly hansum man.

318. Water Music and The Great Expat Novel
15/3/2011

Attn: Literature mavens, text carnivores, late night readers, and most especially any parents who have ever named their twin babies Hieronymus and Bosch—

I have just discovered T.C. Boyle, author of nine novels and six collections of short stories. Why didn't someone tell me? I figure it will take me five years to read everything.

I am currently meandering my way through the novel Water Music like a slow river expecting and receiving surprise and delight around every bend.

History, hilarity, exotica, sexual dramas, satire, short chapters … Salman Rushdie has this to say:

"Water Music goes over the top and also around the bend. It is a book in the worst possible taste, serves no useful purpose and is crammed with disgusting, filthy ideas … It stinks with gin and Africa. It also bubbles or I should say Boyles, with life, language, comedy, energy and other forms of weirdness."

I recommend Water Music by T.C. Boyle.

But wait, why am I penning these words on a Thai-centric farang website? I am bringing this up on this website because September 22, 2007 I wrote a submission called Where Is That Book? I haven't had much time to think of that essay since then but after reading Water Music by T.C. Boyle it all came back to me. In Where Is That Book? I bewailed the fact that nobody seemed to be writing the G.E.N. (Great Expat Novel).

Well, I believe T.C. Boyle is helping us by showing us the way. I believe the novel Water Music could serve as a model for the great expat novel that tells the farang—Thailand story. This is the kind of thing I believe I should expect in the great novel of the West and the Kingdom from a westerner's point-of-view. History, hilarity, exotica, sexual dramas, satire, short chapters—I'm in. So why not read Water Music to see if you can write the Great Expat Novel of Thailand now that you have been shown the way.

Oh, and did you notice what is not in this list—history, hilarity, etc.? How about religious missionary zealism, boring western moral codes, any sentence with the word Bible in it, imperialism, paternalism, gender slamming, egregious bad language, settling personal vendettas, etc. Just throw that stuff off the top of the train.

You'll be glad you did. Now start writing.

319. Boom-Boom or Boom Boom

TT&A Part 281 19/3/2011

Attention Stickmanites Worldwide: what follows is a Dana Fan Club update. Fire up your printers.

In the last thirty days we have had 82 applications and 4 were accepted. In the same period 176 members were de-Dana'd for various infractions, attitude issues, protocol violations, dues not paid, fashion errors, expressing opinions not my own, and talking to Fa. Talking to Fa is of course a police matter.

Those 176 former Dana Fan Club members are stricken from the rolls for eternity and even longer. Their names are chiseled off the black marble plinth housed in the crystal mountain on Ko Larn. Additionally, their friends and family (including pets) are also permanent lifetime persona-non-Dana. Don't let this happen to you. Review your needs and what I can offer. The choice is clear.

These numbers: 4 accepted and 176 thrown out in the last thirty days have been running like this for about three years. At this rate some day I will be the only member of the Dana Fan Club. Everything is falling into place.

Dana

But that is not really what I want to talk about today. What I really want to talk about today is:

Boom-Boom Or Boom Boom

Greetings Stickmanbangkok readers: Just a brief personal statement to tell you what you already know. To wit: I am now a special features writer for the Pattaya Boardwalk Journal newspaper in Pattaya, Thailand.

So far, special features has meant doing interviews. A review of interviews to date might be fun. I interviewed Brian McClintock from Ireland. He had set himself up as a bargirl tattoo artist. Only problem was that he didn't know anything about tattooing—he just wanted to put his hands on girls. Example: he did a full back sized dragon that ended up looking like a giant squirrel. He got a commission to do a leg tattoo that said: I love Richard. He substituted the word Dick for Richard so the tattoo said: I love Dick. He had a dancer at the Carousel Bar request a lower abdomen tattoo that said Love Box with an arrow pointing down at her pussy. Only problem—he misspelled love so the tattoo said Glove Box. There were other incidents. I interviewed him in prison. He was bitter.

"It's all a crock man. I was screwed man. It's a business. You got to expect a little slippage. No guarantees man. And who really knows what a dragon looks like? My embassy is all over this man."

Next I interviewed Rory Manchester and Todd Barry from Tasmania. They had gotten a theatrical horse costume from a tranny show props person and inserted themselves in a yaa baa pack train coming out of Burma. Rory was the head of the horse and Todd was the horse's rear end. They practised this first on the boardwalk carrying whores, prostitutes, skanks, and cruisers on their horse back so that they would be comfortable carrying a pack load of yaa baa. I mean, they didn't just go into this without thinking and planning first. Anyway, anticipated profits were enormous and they were going to donate half of the proceeds to the Pattaya Catholic orphanage. That way it wouldn't really be crime. Like I said, everything planned out. Well, the results were predictable (to the rest of us) and they are currently living (hiding) in a shack on the beach at the end of the Maritime Park in Pattaya. Fa told me she knows where they are. I do not like the sound of that.

I interviewed Mr. Clem Foosler from Estonia. He had set himself up in the business of writing letters to foreign boyfriends (read: chumps) for bargirls. Everything went well for a while until some of the girls started sharing experiences. Apparently, Clem had told every foreign boyfriend that his Thai sweetheart was now in love with him, Clem Foosler. Incidents followed. I interviewed Mr. Foosler in the hospital where he was handcuffed to the bed. He appeared to be upset.

“It’s all nonsense dude. All those girls were and are in love with me. I was just being truthful. And now I am beaten half to death and handcuffed to this bed for being an Estonian man who tells the truth. My embassy is all over this man and you do not jerk around the Estonian embassy.”

I interviewed, or tried to interview, Marc Holt. A thirty year expat with many stories to tell, my editors looked forward to an interesting interview. Unfortunately, when I reminded Mr. Holt during the interview that he still owed me $100 the meeting fell apart. His face got red, he started waving his arms around like a windmill gone berserk, and then he stormed out. You hate to see that.

My most recent interview is below:

Me: hello girls.

Girls: hello Mr. Dana

Me: well, you two are two wonderful things. You are both top dancers at the Crotch Club in Pattaya, and you are identical twins. Correct?

Girls: yes.

Me: I wonder if I could ask you some identical twin questions?

Girls: sure, everyone does.

Me: OK, are you two identical humans or are you one human in two identical bodies?

Girls: oh Dana, that question is so prosplicative.

Me: Perceptive?

Girls: that too. We go back and forth on that question. If we are one person in two identical bodies than our name is Boom-Boom. However, if we are two identical humans than my name would be Boom and my sister's name would be Boom.

Me: Well, what do your passport names say?

Boom: Boom

Boom: Boom

Me: How does that work?

Girls (speaking as one): we have different middle names.

Me: Well, that is fascinating. And how do you like working as featured performers at the Crotch Club on Soi 16?

Boom-Boom (or Boom and Boom): oh, it's a dream come true. Having no morals or personal standards of any kind gives us the ability to live as whores and be free to be who we are. If we knew who we are.

Me: Thank-you girls.

Well, that's about it Stickmanites and mongers: a brief look at my work as a journalist for the Pattaya Boardwalk Journal newspaper. Pick up a copy for fifty baht or go to the bird guy on South Road and get last month's copy for free that he uses to paper the bottom of his birdcages.

320. Forehead Tattoo

TT&A Part 282 26/3/2011

Greetings Dana fans and Stickmanbangkok. com fans:

Today an introduction followed by a short essay/story called Forehead Tattoo, and then finishing with a story called Don't Mess with the Terencemeister. Honk if you love variety. Enjoy.

Introduction:

"Against the craft, I put, with quiet definite intention, the syncopation or the counterpoint of the Syrian Greek Death of Adonis, with, shall we say, Bion's jazz beat running cross-wise."—ABC of Reading by Ezra Pound.

Of course to the above. I can't calculate how many times I have said the same identical thing to myself. Not a single word or punctuation mark of difference. Identical. Not. OK, now I am just sighing. It is so depressing to be second rate. I have no idea what the above quote by Mr. Pound means. I don't doubt it's truthfulness because I am persuaded that no person living or not living knew more about literature than Ezra Pound. But I am clueless. I can not connect any of these intellectual dots.

I think that might be one of the reasons I like Thailand. The environment is not that intellectually challenging so I run less risk of being humiliated by my inferiority. It's a dog pound I can bark in and no one will make fun of me.

Sigh ... anyway, that is not really want I want to talk about today. What I really want to talk about today is something that Pattaya mongers should do in an essay called Forehead Tattoo, and then an incident at the Windmill Bar in a story called Don't Mess with the Terencemeister. An essay and a story. Who loves you? Dana does.

Forehead Tattoo

I know a guy who knows another guy who has the phone number of a girl who has the address of a retired mamasan who does tattoos for bargirls at affordable prices. OK, she uses squid ink instead of tattoo ink but that is not really important. I will pay (that's right, you heard correctly) for the tattoo S. A. F. F. on the forehead of any monger who thinks they need it. Any size letters, any font. I'm paying. What does S. A. F. F. mean?

STAY AWAY FROM FA

Some of you have been chatting up Fa on the boardwalk. This is wrong, so so wrong. You know it is wrong, Fa knows it is wrong, I know it is wrong. And now all law enforcement authorities know it is wrong.

I have contacted:

Pattaya police
Greater Chonburi enforcing authorities
National Thai police
Thai military
Friends of Chinese bankers
Pattaya volunteer police
Interpol
United States F. B. I.
Muay Thai Tranny Associates

and all reciprocally cooperating police and Immigration authorities in four contiguous-to-Thailand countries and twenty two other countries. Try and mess with my Fa and escape to Iceland. We will find you.

Fa can be addictive: point taken, but I got there first. Fa told me I was her first. So hands off my Fa. Because she can be addictive the forehead tattoo S. A. F. F. can be helpful. Every morning when you look in the mirror you are reminded to:

STAY AWAY FROM FA

Cameras have been mounted on offshore boats, palm trees, buildings, extra tall trannies, and parasails. Don't even think about it. We will catch you. So do the right thing and get the tattoo on your forehead that reminds you that Fa, my lovely Fa, is off limits. Act like an adult monger, cut your losses, curb your dreams, be happy with whatever look or word you might have gotten from her, give some thought to how cold jail is in Iceland and: STAY AWAY FROM FA.

and now, following the above public service announcement I present a look at my personal Pattaya nightlife in a 100% (I think) true story called:

Don't Mess With The Terencemeister

> *"The general instability of matter and anti-matter in close proximity necessitates the existence of containment units large enough so that their ratio of surface area to volume is consistent with either the background gamma flux or the material density of space or both."* — quote by Terence Witt

Yeah, exactly: or BOTH man. Don't mess with the Terencemeister. He's a party animal and an all around rockin' physicist dude at the Windmill bar on Soi Diamond in Pattaya, and he wears a T-shirt that says:

PHYSICISTS DO IT WITH
EXTREME PRECISION

I saw him once lick too much pussy, and drink too many Black Russians at the Windmill bar, and next thing you know he was up on the stage screaming—"I got your Intergalactic Redshift right here."—and pointing at his crotch. None of us knew what he meant so we just cleared out.

I flagged down a Tourist Police guy on Walking Street and tried to tell the story. I figured Terence Party Animal Witt might be needing some help. I'm smart about those things. Clearing out a bar is not looked on favorably by the Thais and they play rough at the Windmill (say, which mafia owns this place) bar.

Well, I had enjoyed a few licks on stage myself, and I had enjoyed a few gin & tonics myself, so my miming and verbal skills were a trifle off. Talking about Intergalactic Redshift and pointing at my pants got me temporary incarceration (for my own good) and delivery to the A. A. Hotel on Soi 13/0. The tourist policeman had an Italian accent, was wearing a St. Christopher's medal, fingering rosary beads, and handing out leaflets that said:

"Have you talked to Jesus today?"

I was drunk, pointing at my crotch, slurring my speech, and wearing a T-shirt that said:

"Have you fxxxed a tranny today?"

The T-shirt might have been a mistake.

Another problem was that I couldn't remember if the name of the gentleman I was trying to help at the Windmill bar was Terence Party Animal Witt or Terence Crazy Legs Witt. So many physicists, so many names.

Anyway, at the A. A. Hotel Jo the night clerk took me in hand and took me to my room. I woke up ten hours later face down on the bed with my right eye following the new day's parasails in the pale blue sunny morning sky. God I love my life. God I love this country.

321. Sheep Dip Tanks For Boardwalk Skanks

TT&A Part 283 2/4/2011

Greetings Stickmanbangkok. com aficionados and Dana Fan Club wannabes:

Question: Are you like me? Do you regret the final cultural conquest in America made by the dryer in the late 60's? The dryer? Yeah, the dryer dude—as in washer and dryer. Before every suburban house got a washer and a dryer clothes were hung outside to dry. And that included bras. Bras everywhere.

I used to work the neighborhood on a Saturday and a Sunday like a bra stealing ninja. Come Sunday night I'd have a bag of fresh bras under the bed. Step two: get out the Playboy magazines. Step three: pull out the bras and spread them all over the bed. Step four: roll around on the bras like a dog rolling around in filth while holding up the Playboy magazine with only one hand. Step five: OK, I think we all know what step five was.

So, are you like me? Of course you are. Everyone is. But that is not really what I want to talk about today. What I want to talk about today is another absolutely true story from my Pattaya personal life called Sheep Dip Tanks for Boardwalk Skanks followed by a historical look back at Thailand with a personal note. Enjoy.

Sheep Dip Tanks For Boardwalk Skanks

I've got an Aussie acquaintance who is the South-East Asian Regional V. P. for an international exporter in Perth who is penetrating the 'sheep-dip-tanks-for-boardwalk-skanks' business in the Kingdom. Go figure—I attract guys like this. Anyway, my friend Fa is his on-site contact person in Pattaya and they are currently working on a demonstration to be held opposite the A. A. Hotel on August 14th. If you plan on attending this demonstration you need to know that ... oops, that's not really what I want to talk about today. What I really want to talk about today is:

Dana, Black Candy, And Photography—Part Two

OK, wait a minute—I've got a little more time so I'll just wet your appetite a little more regarding the corporate and community festivities to be held on August 14, 2011 by the sheep dip tank company. Mr. Clueless Sangsong, the mayor of Pattaya will be there; Kuhn Corndog Thumbuphisass, the chief of police will be there; and Dag Galah, C. E. O. of Sheep Dip Tanks For Boardwalk Skanks Ltd. will be there. The ceremony will start with a fifty helicopter fly-over featuring drugged up high heeled trannies screaming and jackin' door mounted 50 caliber machine guns, colored smoke bombs, and fireworks followed by a 500 tranny parachute show. You knew that. Then ten forty foot tractor trailer trucks will arrive and start unloading the boardwalk honeys who have volunteered for the demonstration. Each girl will have a numbered placard hanging around her neck that will allow you to look up her name and medical issues in the four color hi-resolution brochures made available by various Aussie corporate simps. For example:

#26: Lon Gofukyu—head lice, crabs, condom stuck up inside her, nose boogers, chilies stuck in teeth.

#214: Boom Boom Benz— facial and genital herpes, green mold under floppy breasts, generalized cheese smell, and flies buzzing around her rear.

#72: Lim Fim (nicknamed 'Infection')—foot and ankle rash from Vietnamese tire tread sandals, bleeding eyebrows from obsessive plucking, festering needle puncture sites, and infected motorbike scars.

Note: Lim was an early volunteer for the program and she brought her mother, two children, and pet chicken for sheep tank dipping. What price a mother's love?

Note Number Two: this is maybe the most beautiful woman I have ever seen. Thailand. Go figure.

Anyway, there will be a twenty foot Jumbotron screen so that you can see each girl enter and leave the dip tank. Remember, this is not a competition, it is only an exhibition—please, no wagering (Letterman). After leaving the tanks they will be allowed to run around in a special paddock set up on the beach before being inspected by a Thai physician who will attest to their new more healthy medical profile. Naturally, the medical exams will be Jumbotron events. It's all about science and hygiene and girls you could take home to mother. Feel the love.

So be there on August 14, 2011 because … oops, out of time. Now back to today's story:

Dana, Black Candy, And Photography—Part Two

… oops, out of time again. Sorry. And now an essay and a bit of Thai historica titled?

Talking Testicles

They say (no idea who 'they' is) that a good reason to travel is that it broadens the mind, and makes you a better person, and a better world citizen. Who does not hunger for that? But still, I find that one of the fantastically pleasurable things about travel is that it makes me feel so much smarter than 95% of the world. For example:

> *"The complex was abandoned after the tragic death of the king's wife. Queen Sunandakumariratra and her children drowned in the Menam River in 1880 in full view of her*

> *royal entourage. None of the entourage attempted to rescue them because, at the time, royal law demanded death to any commoner who dared touch royalty.*" —Carl Parkes

Question: was this a tragedy or was this karma and stupidity finally crossing on the graph of life? I hate to get all superior and intelligent and politically insensitive and colonialist and educated and paternalistic but this kind of jackass behavior and these kinds of boring cultures are why the word stupid is in the dictionary.

Go ahead, try to dissuade me from this point-of-view that I have. Oops, wait a minute—we'll have to engage in that lively interesting conversation later. My taxi just pulled up out front. I'm going to travel to the nation of Stupidland where the citizens believe that ghosts operate candy manufacturing facilities, and that a man's testicles can talk to one another. Boy, this is going to be great; another broadening experience, and another personal step towards being a good world citizen.

I love to travel.

322. Crime Scene Tape

4/4/2011

Sometimes when I mention that I have just returned from Thailand, or that I am about to go to Thailand; I get this:

"Oh, I just love to travel."

Do you? I sometimes want to see their passports (if they even have one) but I never ask. And traveling from New York to Bermuda, or Detroit to Montreal, or Spain to Portugal is not traveling. 'Traveling' is when your chances of loss of health, loss of dignity, or loss of life are existent-to-high: in some cases, guaranteed. This is traveling:

> *"On top of smallpox and yellow fever, I got shots against typhoid, plague, cholera, polio, and tetanus: pills for dysentery, diarrhea, and malaria*;"—from Travels with Myself and Another by Martha Gellhorn.

I once had an attack of food poisoning on a plane departing Bangkok. My rectum opened up like a valve on a three inch pipe and then my entire system evacuated. Since I had spent the previous twenty-four hours (my last day in Bangkok) eating a lot, there was a LOT to evacuate. No, I didn't make it to the bathroom in time. The stewardess got my carry on bag and escorted me to the bathroom. I had already destroyed the seat I was sitting in, and he placed blankets in the aisle for me to walk on. It was pouring out of my pants legs and over my belt. I left my shoes, socks, pants, underpants, undershirt, shirt and belt on the bathroom floor.

Everything was impregnated and destroyed with brown liquid fecal matter. By the time I had gotten out of those clothes and then into new clothes there was brown stuff on the ceiling, walls, floor, sink, mirror, and toilet. The bathroom was destroyed and not available to about three hundred people in coach class for the five and a half hour flight to Narita.

The crew did not attempt to clean the bathroom. They just sealed it up with yellow crime scene tape that zig zagged from side to side.

Now, that is traveling.

323. It All Counts

TT&A Part 284 9/4/2011

Introduction

> *"Judged by the output of labor and their own statements, none of the normal persons had their efficiency reduced by opium. Twenty-two of them worked regularly while taking opium for twenty-five years or more; one of them, a woman aged 81 and still alert mentally, had taken 3 grains of morphine daily for 65 years. She gave birth to and raised 6 children, and managed her household affairs with more than average efficiency. A widow, aged 66, had taken 17 grains of morphine daily for most of 37 years. She is alert mentally but is bent with age and rheumatism. However, she does physical labor every day and makes her own living."*—from 1928 observations by Lawrence Kolb in Romancing Opiates by Theodore Dalrymple M. D. c2006

This brings to mind the dictum that it is not speed in driving that kills, it is hitting things that kills. Get your dosages correct and you can have a better life on drugs. Regrettably, I won't live long enough for the scientists (pharmacologists) and the government to figure out correct legal dosages for steroids. The Thailand experience on testosterone and opium will always be just a dream for me.

But that is not really what I want to talk about today. What I really want to talk about FoD's (Friends of Dana) is a personal experience involving people, elephants, cameras, and philosophy in a story titled:

It All Counts

Hey photography mavens: Dana here with a photo story you can use as a trigger for thought, or something you can use to fill up a balloon. Your choice.

To wit: have you ever noticed how much of peoples' lives are taken up with thinking about sex, or talking about sex, or dreaming about sex, or reading about sex? Is there more? Yes, have you wondered how much time people spend looking at sexy pictures, or looking at sexy videos, or looking at sexy movies? Etc. But how much time is actually spent having sex?

I used to think spotlighting the hypocritical mismatch between peoples' dreams and peoples' deeds made me look smart and clever. But I don't do that anymore. I don't believe that spotlighting the difference between dreaming and doing reflects anything that is hypocritical. It's all part of the same equation. It all counts and it all has a place.

Take photography for instance. If someone with a stopwatch and a clipboard was to roam the Earth and note how much time is spent by individual photography enthusiasts climaxically pressing down on the shutter release button, how big a number would you think that it would be? Suppose a person has been interested in photography for twenty years. So, when he or she is not taking a picture, what are they doing? Well, how about packing and unpacking equipment, dealing with vendors and retail sales people, reading catalogues and websites and manuals and contracts and mail, cleaning equipment, having things repaired, teaching, going to photography clubs, making notes, taking classes, keeping a journal, working with chemicals or cropping or matting or framing, or sending and receiving pics on the computer, and possibly running a wonderful website like this one? It all counts. It's all part of the same equation. OK so far?

All right, how about not even taking a picture when you have a camera in your hand? Can that count?

What? Yes, one of the happiest photography days in this Pinhole's life was spent not even taking pictures when I had the camera in my hands. How is this even possible? Well, I was among a family group at an elephant training and jungle trek camp outside of Chiang Mai in Thailand. The guide counted us off on the loading platform and half of the group plus my self got in one elephant basket and the other half of the family was put on the elephant behind us. I was in the rear of the elephant basket on the first elephant.

Ever taken elephant rides in the jungle? It's like being at sea. Rockin' and rolling, baby elephants under foot, some elephants rocketing off of the trail to eat something, one elephant went on strike and refused to move, and after a while general tourist hilarity takes over.

After a while some Einstein in the trailing elephant figures out that if they could pass their camera to someone in the lead elephant, that someone up there could take a picture of them in the trailing elephant. Genius. And then someone in the lead elephant figures out that if they could just get their camera passed to some family member in the elephant behind them that someone could take a picture of them on vacation and riding an elephant in the jungle. They all spoke Italian (not sure about the elephants). I spoke English.

There were nine of us. Ten cameras. A lot of yelling and arm waving. And where was I? Remember? I was seated in the rear of the front elephant basket. I was the non-Italian, non-family member middle man. Ever try to pass small heavy expensive cameras from one lumbering beast to another lumbering beast on wet muddy jungle trails after a rainstorm? Did I mention the yelling and the arm waving?

If someone had been roaming the Earth with a stopwatch and a clipboard they would have noted that not only did I not spend any time pressing down on the shutter release button, I didn't even have a camera. But that photography day with that family counts. I was part of the equation. My personal memory of that elephant trek in the jungle is filed under photography in my brain. I was happy and smiling and included in a family's photography memories. It all counts. God bless photography.

And I didn't drop a single camera.

324. Are You Like Me?

13/4/2011

Have you ever wondered about the writing process? Have you ever wondered about the miracle of heart and mind ending up on paper: hopefully sand and soul converted to diamonds? Well, I know something about this: so let us watch now and listen as a great writer works. Maybe we can learn something about the craft, and the style, and the art of writing. And it won't hurt to be exposed to evolution at it's best. A superior intellect in the body of a God with breeding, and education, and class; the frosting on the cake of the little peoples' instinctive recognition of their place in the colonialist imperialist white man's world.

So let us go for our lesson in writing and our lesson in class and our lesson in evolution to the United States of America and to a city called Boston and to a neighborhood called Beacon Hill and look in the window of a palatial Federalist style town house in Louisburg Square. A second floor window casts a Dicken's glow over the snow outside in the private park. What do we see as we peer in the lavender paned portal?

We espy a cultured urbane sophisticated handsome man in a red and black sarong and matching slippers. His neck and chest are festooned with flowers and beads, and his forearms are choked from wrist to elbow with silver hand hammered Chiang Mai style bracelets. There is a pulsating coal fire in the delft tiled fireplace and his winter pale Uri from Udon is on the bed watching pirated Thai soap operas.

What is our writer doing? He is sitting at his ebony inlayed desk sorting through a 3"x5" note card box favored by well known writers everywhere. His name is Dana. I know this man. I trail him, and I look in on him, and I worship him. It can not be any other way. I can read with skill and scholarly detection, but he can write and there is all the difference. We are not equal. But tonight peeking in the frosted window we do not see accolades and parades because he is under the gun. He is feeling the pressure of greatness straining against time.

Why? Well, a pesky Surin website administrator named Mike and his trusted Sancho Panza companion named Mo are on his case wanting a submission. Yessirree friends: it is the Mike and Mo Show and they want something now. And no mere tilting at Noi or Wan or Lek windmills will do. They want a story or an essay now and they want something with class.

It is a 'good news' 'bad news' situation. No master can ignore the sound of the whimpering dog, or the shuffling feet of the autograph hound. Pleasing the minions and assuaging the needs of vanity has appeal; but Dana's note cards are out of order. Recent volcanic dramas of literary creation have tumbled the box and train wrecked the cards. He is having trouble getting organized. In addition, it is not as if he does not have other obligations and responsibilities what with the Church of Dana, and the Dana Fan Club, and the soon to be launched website ALL DANA ALL THE TIME (ADATT). Plus, there is that infernal wailing and crying and carrying on from the TV as Uri from Udon watches the same soap opera for the seventeenth time at MAXIMUM VOLUME. Hence the industrial earmuffs favored by jack hammer street guys that our great writer is wearing. Sweet girl but you could rent out advertising space in her head. Or have little airplanes in there flying around pulling little miniature advertising banners: DURIAN SALE IF YOU CAN EAT THEM HALF OFF. Anyway, let us listen through the imported lavender English window panes as he reviews out loud the note cards looking for an idea to write about and send in to Mike and Mo. It's Christ on a Cracker Time but greatness always responds.

“Are you like me?” Have you lost three jobs and been hit twice by cars because you spend all of your time dreaming about the sweat on a tranny’s upper lip? No, wait a minute; that won’t work. I’m still taking heat from the Stickman site over tranny love. Forget that idea.

“Are you like me?” Do you dream about flying into BKK so cranked on life and dick power that you are not even in your seat; you are on the fxxxing wing? Yeah, baby; there’s an idea. But I think I’ll contact Richard Branson first and see if I can work out some kind of Virgin Atlantic Airways deal. I’m a thinker. Screw Mike and Mo.

“Are you like me?” Is every day a constant fight against grinding self pity and soul slashing anger? Yeah, that sounds like me but there isn’t much ‘Thailand’ there. Maybe if I added a motorbike accident, and a tapioca harvest, and a scene from Songkran I could flesh it out. Naw, too hard. Whatever I write has to be a true story. Yeah, that’s important. So far everything I have written about Thailand has been 100% true.

“Are you like me?” Have you been to Thailand every six months for the last eleven years and never been beyond the Nana Hotel parking lot? I mean does a junkyard dog leave the meat wagon? Freud wanted to know this and so do I. Yup, right note card but wrong time. I don’t have the leisure to develop this right now. This protean literary sky of purple clouds and lightening bolts is my next 600 page social documentary but an idea of this Genesis and Revelations magnitude would require quiet and repose. Hmmm, I wonder what other note card submission ideas I have in here. At least that is the thought I think I just had—fxxx me with a pine cone that TV is loud. My next girlfriend is going to be deaf or I ain’t botherin’.

“Are you like me?” Do you think Thailand is a paradise and all Thais are living Buddhist saints? That ain’t it. Wrong note card in ten foot letters. What was I mainlining when I made that note? Wait a minute. That is not even my handwriting. That looks like Uri from Udon’s tortured script. I gotta chain her to the bed. At least that’s the thought I think I just had. Shit ass on a griddle that TV is loud.

“Are you like me?” Have you forgotten to shave your genital playground until the night before you fly to BKK: which means three days into your exploration of local culture you start to grow whiskers there? So you powder the equipment with talcum powder? For the next ten days when you are banging away (excuse me: I meant trading cultural insights) the two of you lose sight of each other in a cloud of white powder. Nope: wrong note card again. Brings back great memories though. I remember once I took a twosome back to the AA Hotel and halfway through I couldn’t see which one was which one. OK, a story idea: but not now.

“Are you like me?” Do you dream about managing a tranny bar wearing nothing but a gold waist chain and pink balloons with strings tied around your ears? The space behind the bar is carpeted in four inch shag carpet and there are small stools under the bar. Trannies can sit on the stools and without the customers seeing they can … OK, not now. Great idea but bad timing. Too much Stickman heat. Provincials.

“Are you like me … ?” Eureka! Sweet Jesus on a cracker there is a God. Found it: here is the gleam in the sand. It is writing erection time! I’ll just loosen my sarong a little bit so that Mr. Happy can breath, move the keyboard over, and … now to begin:

Mike And Mo Story Idea: First Draft

“Are you like me?” Do you imagine that every guy you see in Bangkok who is wearing a helmet needs to get penis reduction surgery? Well, I jolly well do imagine this and it is based on personal experience. I didn’t want to have penis reduction surgery in the same way that you might wake up in the middle of the night and decide that you would like to have a chocolate chip cookie. I have to have penis reduction surgery! Hey, it’s no joke. Let me repeat. I had to have penis reduction surgery.

See the problem was that when I got an erection so much of my body’s blood would go to my friend (19 inches long and twelve inches around) that I would black out. Keel right over. Go down like a teak wood tree on the Burma border. Later, after my erection went down; I would come to. Wake up. Recover. The Isaan woman with me always looked happy, but I couldn’t remember a thing. And sometimes things would happen while I was blacked out and horizontal that I didn’t necessarily have a high comfort level with. When you wake up and your member is wearing a Barbie Doll dress and a little hat you know it is time to talk to a surgeon. And then there were the pictures. OK, no time for that; time to move on … Christ on a cracker that TV is loud.

Anyway, this medical anomaly was dangerous. Hey man, this is not funny. We are talking anatomy here. Excuse me: URI TURN OFF THE GODDAMNED TV OR I’M GOING TO SHOVE A DURIAN UP YOUR ASS. How would you like to be commuting to your job on the Skytrain and see something with ink black hair, dark skin, neck to ankle black lycra body suit, and long skinny arms? You know what’s next. You start growing. Or I did. Every time.

If you have the libido of an African elephant in musk, and a 19 inch member (12 inches around—think King Cobra) it is now panic time. This scenario might be hard to credit if you are a blue whale reading this (ten foot penises) but we are talking humans here. Anyway, if you have the libido of an African elephant in musk and a 19 inch member it is now panic time because you can't stop the blood from leaving your brain and flowing south. Nothing is more reliable than gravity and gravity heading for a big dick is a 100% guarantee. You are going to black out and crash to the floor before you get to Chit Lom. I made so many trips in the back of ambulance songtaews (OK, pick up trucks) to Bumrungrad Hospital that they gave me a frequent farang discount rate. Also some little hats.

Hence the helmet. The reason for the helmet is ... well, you know the reason. People would look at me in my pinstriped Singapore banker's suit, pink silk shirt, pink breast pocket handkerchief, pink crocodile shoes with the laminated soles and heels, monogrammed albino ostrich briefcase, ebony inlayed jade cufflinks and just naturally assume that I was an eccentric farang that liked to ride his bicycle to work. At least that was what I assumed they thought. At any rate, the helmet only protected my head when I fell like a tree in public. Something had to be done. It was surgeon time!

Surgeon hunting turned out to be too easy. Surgeon searching in Bangkok is like trying to find quail on Prince Charles's hunting lodge grounds. Entirely too easy. But unlike stumbling into quail every British which way, making surgeon enquiries in the Kingdom was problematical and frightening. Mention your private parts to a man in a white coat in Bangkok and he immediately assumes that you want your best friend to go missing because you envision a career in the Obsessions bar in the NEP. They stop listening, and they stop smiling; and they start filling out paperwork. People start flouncing in and out of the office telling you that it will be 'all right' and that you are 'very brave'. Holy Skytrain: we need to be careful here! We are looking for penis reduction, not high heel shoe shopping. Something on the order of going from 19 inches to 12 inches. Of course I still would not be able to go to the Martini bar in Phnom Penh searching for the future Mrs. Dana but life is not perfect.

Anyway, throw a stick in Bangkok and you hit a surgeon. Let your name out that you are a farang with a surgical need, and you've got happy cutters up the wazoo. And of course there is some tension associated with the whole enterprise. You don't want to make a mistake. Then it happened.

A surgeon interviewed me and he said his name was Dr. Paichoomachaiboonchok Jindarwimaluprapaipasnritun-Wattanasartsathorn. I didn't know if he was telling me his name, or reading me an arrest warrant. I started to offer him tea money; but he just waved it away and showed me some awesome before and after surgical pictures. Finally, the exquisite tension of waiting was over. I had found a doctor that I could believe in. I figured if he could spell his name then the surgery would be easy.

I was right and now everything else is right too. No more going down like a tree because all of the blood has left my head and gone south. No more smiles on the faces of bedroom companions but no memory for me. No more waking up with little hats and dresses on my friend. No more public fear of the brown armed women with the smoldering eyes and the wide feet. Going from 19 inches to 12 inches has been like being reborn. Of course at 12 inches any trips to Cambodia will be strictly of the tourist variety but the mature man accepts compromise. Most especially, no more need to wear helmets in public. And now Skytrain riders of the Thai variety can see that my hair is dyed pink to go with my pink crocodile shoes, and my pink silk shirt, and my pink breast pocket handkerchief. There is always time for fashion.

325. On Reading Skills

TT&A Part 285 16/4/2011

Greetings Dana fans and Stickmanites: Dana here with an Introduction, an essay, and a story. Enjoy.

Introduction

A lot of Dana fans want to know what enticed me out of retirement to write for Stickmanbangkok. com again. OK, I got two identical emails (from twins). Quote:

"Sa wa dii khrap hansum man kuhn Dana: how come you be floggin' on Stick's site again man? Just curious."—Sven from Igzllebnigeffrig, Iceland.

Answer: I was able to negotiate a new contract with the mighty Stickmeister where I do not have to go over to his gated community compound every Sunday and wash his cars. Also there was the money thing. I am now getting twice as much money. I am a tough negotiator. More to the point, however, is this inquiry from a Gold level Dana Fan Club Member in Muddy-Boots-On-Tyne, England:

"Now that I see you are making weekly submissions again I wonder how many you are going to make. Some Dana Fan Club members think you will finally retire at Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes—Part 500, and other Dana Fan Club members (mostly more experienced Silver level and gold level members) believe you are going all the way to Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes Part 1000. Any thoughts?"—Tornlip Boogerphelps

Any thoughts? Not really, just trying to capture literary sparks as they shoot out of my literary ass. I have ex-pats write to me and tell me that they can't think of anything to write about while living in the Kingdom. That's like witnessing a train wreck on a daily basis and then saying you don't remember anything. Thailand is a continual trainwreck. Lots to write about. Five hundred submissions? One thousand submission? Amateur dreams. How about 20,000 submissions? Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes—Part 20,000 and then I drink the cup of hemlock while reclining on a concrete bench on the boardwalk. Anyway, who knows; and as usual, he's not talkin'. Right now I am pounding out two submissions: an essay titled On Reading Skills and a story called Justifiable Homicide on my laptop in a booth at the Texas Lone Star bar in Washington Square, Bangkok. I am knee to knee in the booth with an ex-pat who is writing his 251st letter to the United Nations notifying them that the country of Bolivia caused WWII and an aged Hitler is in a mountain valley town weaving swastika ponchos. I love Thailand. Rock on mongers. And start writing. Can't think of anything to write about? Well then, just hang around my ass and catch some sparks.

An Essay: On Reading Skills

The Declaration of Independence that was sent to King George III of England was approximately 1056 words long. What do you bet he only read the first couple of paragraphs? People lack reading stamina. At the 800 word mark they start shouting for the conclusion and they parade their lack of stamina as a feature of their intelligence. Reading is a physical activity. Lack stamina? That is not the writer's fault. Reading with the open ended right to make comment is a little like having children. Many people should not do it.

The very word 'essay' kills viewer numbers because it portends a need for maturity, focus, stamina, and intellectual rigor in the service of learning and entertainment. Boring. Just tell me the dirty joke and give me the link to the dirty girl pictures. I used to work in a school that taught students how to study for government exams. Touring the classrooms in the third week I could identify the students who would not pass by looking at the bindings on the books. The books had not been opened.

But all the students had the ability to open their mouths and complain and demand their money back. A nation of losers with reading skills that do not match the reading skills required in the 19th century. In my careers as a stockbroker, real estate broker, and insurance agent I have only a few times had a client who read the documents he/she was sent. Everybody knows their rights and nobody reads anything. A recipe for national disaster. The United States is getting what it deserves.

A Thailand Example:

> *"Finally, on 7 April 1767, Ayutthaya fell to the Burmese. Retaliation [by the Burmese] was swift and completely horrific. In an unprecedented orgy of vandalism, murder, and destruction, most of the population was killed and the entire city was burned to the ground. The royal family and over 100,000 Siamese captives were marched back to Burma and sold as slaves. Mass slaughter and wholesale slavery reduced the population to under 10,000 people in a city which once held one million."* — Carl Parkes

Tell me again how the Kingdom of Thailand was never conquered by foreigners. I just love that story and the modern Thais believe it. And why do they believe it? Because nobody reads anything. You can tell them anything and they will believe it. Thailand is a rolling train wreck of cultural and social infrastructure disaster because nobody knows anything about anything. Nobody reads. I don't feel great about this.

But that is not really what I want to talk about today. What I really want to talk about today is:

A Story: Justifiable Homicide

Sometimes, for reasons of mental health, compartmentalizing our lives is helpful. Example: Mr. Simp Pencilneck of Carp-in-Water on Lime in Broadmoor, England works as a clerk in a women's shoe store. The women are farmer's daughters of an advanced age and unsmiling attitude who have never give a moments thought to post-pregnancy weight loss. Sometimes they come into the store not wearing any underpants. Some things you do not want to see. Ever.

To stay mentally stable, Simp has a train set in his basement. So there is the madness compartment of his work life, and there is the happy mental compartment of his off-work life. His train set is HO scale, of eleven years construction, and respected by his peers. A private world of dignity, creativity, moral predictability, and love. Above all, a private world of private happy smiling pleasures unpolluted by the festering putrid cancer of other hominids.

One day, Simp Pencilneck of Carp-on-Water on Lime in Broadmoor, England came home happily speculating on how best to plaster the wire forms of new mountains he was constructing. He heard a noise in the basement. Someone was in his basement playing with his trains. The neighbors said they heard four shots from a 45 caliber Glock handgun. He had been such a quiet man. Lesson? You don't mess with the happy private compartment of a man's mind.

Lesson number two? The other day I was waiting on the A. A. Hotel side of Beach Road in Pattaya, 9:15 in the morning. Time to see Fa. Fa: the happy compartment in my mind that keeps the demons at bay. My muse, my medicine, my psychic anchor, my dignity, my love.

Across Beach Road I saw another man talking to my Fa. He reached out and touched her arm. I turned around and went back for my gun. The neighbors said they heard four shots.

“He had been such a quiet monger.”

That morning Fa kissed me on the lips for the first time in ten years. I guess she felt the impulse. Love grows.

326. Monger

TT&A Part 286 23/4/2011

Dana—Stick Update

Stick, in future commemoration of Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes—Part 300 which is scheduled to appear this year 2011, has notified me that he will be flying me all expenses paid from Boston to Bangkok. The intent is to honor and reward me for services rendered to Stickmanbangkok.com over the last ten years. Upon arrival I will be feted and gifted. I can't wait.

For reasons of economy, aerial conveyance will be by a used WWII Sikorsky helicopter flown by Russian twins Ivan and Ivan. Cabin hospitality staff will be retired Thai mamasans who can heave around 55 gallon drums of aviation fuel. Food will be fish paste, chilies, and chicken breasts cooked on a hibachi while underway. Instead of drop down oxygen masks there will be drop down vodka bottles and at every stop I will be required to help hand pump fuel from fuel drums into the fuel tanks. Once again, this is all for purposes of economy. I can't wait.

Routing from Boston to Bangkok will be Boston—Yarmouth, Nova Scotia—Gander, Newfoundland—Clyde River, Baffin Island—Godhaven, Greenland—eastern Greenland—Iceland—Norway—Sweden—Finland—eleven stops in Russia—China (too many stops to count)—Bhutan—Burma—Chiang Rai, Thailand—and finally Chiang Mai, Thailand. Outside of the Chiang Mai Inn I will transfer to a seven ton twenty foot long tuk-tuk with twin Rolls Royce fan jet engines for the final sprint to Bangkok. The trip is expected to take 15-18 weeks. I can't wait.

The Stickmeister is doing all of this for me? What a great guy. So if you are going to be in Bangkok in 2011 come on by Stick's gated compound and introduce yourself. He'll no doubt be holding closed door meetings with the movie production, pharmaceutical, and Thai IPO part of his Stickmanbangkok.com empire and you'll recognize me as the lone, aged, stooped figure washing and waxing his cars. I can't wait to meet you.

But that is not really what I want to talk about today. What I want to talk about today is:

Monger

It would be nice, in my opinion, if we could all be respected for those character traits and/or behavior traits that deserve respect. Since in set theory 'all' includes me, I place myself in the group of people who would like to be respected for those character or behavioral traits that deserve respect. Long odds.

Respecting people for character or behavioral traits that deserve respect can only happen with close observation and critical thinking. Name-calling is easier and apparently more fun. The fact that name-calling is a reflection on the name-caller seems not to matter. Mostly it works. People do not usually seek or value truth if instant gratification is available.

Recently, someone who I would have expected better behavior from used the word monger in referring to me. The dictionary definition of the word does not apply here, but we all know what he meant. Monger is a word applied to men who spend time with lots of women and enjoy doing so. My friend who used this word did not invent the word—he was simply using a tool given to him by society.

How did name-calling using the word monger get started? Well, even though men call other men mongers to make themselves feel good about themselves; my instincts are that women encouraged this denigrating behavior and that men will do or say anything to get positive response from women. In the United States, for example; and I see no different behavior in any other country in the world: the mostly subliminal but sometimes transparent belief held by many (most?) women is that men are on Earth to serve their needs. Basically, we are here to pay for their babies. We have no other value and we serve no other purpose. Men who are not in this equation and are smiling at other women are trivial, without interest, suspect, and of no value. Do enough of this name-calling and the word criminal pops up. Life is hard and to go from not liking me because I am not contributing to some woman's lifetime wants and needs to labeling me a criminal is perhaps harder than it should be and harder than I deserve. If the last battle is not over food, or water, or oil, or territory; if the last battle is between the sexes, I do not want to see any men on the women's side of the wall. Come on guys: let's stick together.

So anyway, it follows that men not married to women or attached to women in some financial-legal way are functional criminals. The man who likes to hold women in his arms but does not sign a lifetime contract (marriage) to pay for them and THEIR babies is suspect. The suspect who has held many women in his arms is ipso facto a criminal—a monger. I reject this. I like smiling at attractive women and I like it when they smile back at me. If this is now a crime for one half of the world's population then something has gone wrong in social evolution.

Tonight I'll be on the boardwalk in Pattaya looking for a happy attractive woman who will smile back at me. If I stumble across a Thai angel holding up a palm tree and we spend adult time together; I am not going to sign a lifetime contract (marriage) with her, I am not going to give her money for the rest of my life, and I am not required to pay for or respect or acknowledge financially or emotionally a child she unwisely brings to term—

and I do not have to. Women extorting me has no future. Notions like these are absolutely stunning to many women who view men as beings required to contribute to their happiness. The very idea that men have rights is an idea so exotic that many women have trouble processing the idea. Don't believe me? Try to talk this way to them in a measured, calm, rational, logical, friendly way and watch their faces. You might as well be an orangutan spouting gibberish.

One of my inalienable rights as a human is the right to pursue life, liberty, and happiness. Name-calling is not in that social equation. Please stop calling me a monger.

327. The Purity of Our Love

TT&A Part 287 30/4/2011

Dana here with a Mothership—Dana report:

I'm not proud of this but sometimes stuff just happens to me. I'm not gonna lie man because that would be totally bogus if you can get down with what I'm sayin' dude. Livin's all 'bout 'tegrity and I gots 'tegrity up the wazoo bro.

Anyway, Pattaya Emma recommended a tranny to me named Bunny Rabbit Jenkins at the tranny bar above the G-Spot bar at the Nana Entertainment Plaza. Emma said she's a yaa baa hound, carries kneepads in her purse, and has a log half way to her knees.

To get ready for this date I stole a big huge tree plant from the swimming pool deck and bought some aluminum tent pegs at the Pharmacy around the corner. Anyway, in the bar Bunny Rabbit is up on stage and wearing a full body day-glo pink lycra body suit and tights. You can see her third leg outlined by the tights; rock hard veins, and the mass and weight of something you'd find in a tire iron shop. I nearly rip my pant's pocket reaching for my wallet and barfine her faster then a bored dog licks his balls.

Over to the Mothership—room 605, one of the old units with the sash weight windows. Now I am going to have some fun. I have always wanted to know if one of these tranny monsters can pound in a tent peg with their dick and tonight we are going to find out: hence the aluminum tent pegs and the huge tree in the dirt filled steel plant pot. If she can whack in a tent peg with her dick the video is going straight to YouTube and I am going to get rich.

But first—sufferin' Mary and Jesus it is hot in the room. So we go over to the window to try and open it. Aluminum channels corrode so I start slammin' the window up and down. Her dick is stickin' out and laying on the window ledge. Suddenly the corrosion bond breaks free top to bottom and I slam the window down on El Logo. I wish you had been there. I wish every man ever born in the universe had been there. Her penis departs and takes off on a sixth floor arc like a mortar shell headed for a cave on Saipan. It was a fake. A prosthesis. I look out the window at the departing fake dick and then I look down at her. What she's really got looks like one of those little pop up thermometers on a turkey.

Now I'm angry dude. This is like ultimately bogus if you know what I'm sayin' and I'm still not going to be able to video a tranny pounding in a tent peg with her dick. Plus I've got to get the huge tree pot back to the pool deck before the maids come on in the morning. All for nothing. Now I'm just roaring like a three-legged wildebeest staring at a steep incline. That's when I started chasing her around the room and: OK, that's not really what I want to talk about today. What I really want to talk about today is an experience I had in Pattaya in a story titled:

The Purity Of Our Love

One thing about aging is that change is often bewildering, often inconvenient, and often unwanted. I pick up an angel on the boardwalk and we start for the A. A. Hotel where I expect we will fall in love. The purity of our love will admit of no complication, bewilderment, or awkward moments. Like two dragonflies in heat we will shut down all extraneous evolutionary nonsense and just couple and laugh and sigh. I steal a look at her as we mount the marble steps of our temple of love. An atheist converted and embarrassed, I believe in God now; only God could have sent me this gift.

In room 408 we clutch in breathless naked embrace. I'm just a leaf on her wind now and will do anything she wants. Then she pushes me away, pulls a piece of paper out of her purse and shows me this:

> *"A rollomatic guide bar is not necessary to separately lubricate the sprocket nose bearing because the chain oil which flows to the bearing by way of the bar groove during normal operations is adequate for lubrication."*

OK, this is either a quote from a chainsaw manual or a new way to tell foreigners we have to wear condoms 'to be safe'. Or, it is a new way to tell foreigners that we do not have to wear condoms. In any event, this is an unwanted change that is definitely in the 'what the fxxx' category. Result? Now that the word condom is in my mind I start to have trouble with dragonfly lovemaking maneuvers. Ten minutes before I felt lean and athletic and young. Now I feel bewildered and old.

I help her dress and give her some taxi money.

328. Diary Musings

6/5/2011

Great published author diary musing entry:

Nov. 19—2009: White Orchid hotel, Chinatown, Bangkok

Dear Diary: worked five hours today and got seven good sentences. The GEN (Great Expat Novel) featuring Thai-farang arena events and emotions continues apace. The end is in sight and it's a narrative barnburner. At this rate I'll be done in another fifteen years. I didn't guess it would go this quickly but when you have talent like mine writing is like squeezing the trigger on a 45 caliber handgun. The bullet goes fast and lean and right to the mark. Or something. Kinda tired. Maybe tomorrow I'll just set a goal of four good sentences in five hours.

I need to pace myself. I don't want to tack weld the GEN (Great Expat Novel) together but have each sentence be a continuous weld of literary genius. Or something. God, I'm just exhausted by today's production. So so tired. It's hard to be a great published author.

P.S. Note to self:

I really feel as if today's seven sentences represent the Mount Everest of my writing. I think tomorrow I'll call my editor in Banglamphu and read today's sentences over the phone to him. Gosh, I hope he likes them.

He puts the G in Genius for editing. He almost never corrects me. In the beginning I used to wonder if he just did not care, but I have since learned that he almost never makes editing suggestions because I am that good. He's probably jealous of my talent but he never says anything. Can't wait to call him. Seven good sentences in five hours. The line will probably go temporarily silent as it often does when I call him and read my latest work to him.

Knock … knock … knock … knock knock.

Oops, someone is at my door. Wonder who it is. Could be Ling, or Ping, or Ding, or Fing. Have to tell'em I'm just too tired. Seven sentences in five hours. Exhausted.

329. Before the Beginning

TT&A Part 288 7/5/2011

Dana Update: Quotes, Notes, and Facts.

1. Yvonne from Isles Les Saintes, Caribbean: "Dana, if I have been turned down numerous times for membership in the Dana Fan Club does that mean I can no longer worship you?"

Me: "No, my vibes are available to all in every time, space, and dimension of the Universe. Someone had to wash the feet of Jesus. You can wash my feet. Feel the love. Feel the feet."

2. Rufus from Ibiza: "Dana, have you ever been a bullfighter? With your steel cable thighs, washboard stomach, rock hard rear, emerald green eyes, satin black hair, mahogany face, and huge veined hands the question just naturally occurred to me."

Me: "No, Rufus from Ibiza; I have never been a bullfighter. I'm a lover, not a fighter. Good question though."

3. Question received from many people all over the world: "Dana, if a post-op tranny is a colon, is a pre-op tranny a semi-colon?"

Me: "An interesting question that combines trannies and punctuation; two of my favorite subjects. Of course the answer is yes. A pre-op tranny is a semi-colon. Pretty obvious really but still a nice question. Honk if you love semi-colons."

4. The Special Acknowledgments division of the Nobel Prize for Literature is considering

"... my dog barks in Algonquin."

from Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes—Part 271 (Matters of Language and Language Learning) to one of the funniest lines in the Dana oeuvre. Join us at the awards ceremony to see if we win.

5. Sharice from Capetown:

“Dear Dana: I love to get naked, smear Noxzema creme all over my body, and let my cats lick it off. On the application for the Church of Dana there is a section called Hobbies and Interests. Do I put this Naked-Noxzema-Cat thing there?”

Me: “Yes, and a picture is optional. But remember Sharice, it is a church.”

6. from model Ana Ivanovic (Sports Illustrated Swimsuit Edition 2010):

“I was surprised how tiring the poses were. That shot of me lying in the pool of tennis balls: I started to cramp up!”

And we marry these woman?

7. Marc Holt from Tanzanite, Australia writes:

“You’re never going to come and visit me in Australia are you?”

Me: “You are on the list.”

8. Marcus Clydefupt, Berlin: “Dana we all know that Fa hangs out on the South Pattaya boardwalk in the morning opposite the A. A. Hotel on Soi 13-0. Here is my question: can anyone talk to Fa?”

Me: “Look over your shoulder. Death is chasing you. Stay away from my Fa.”

9. Barney Boogerhole, Glasgow: “Dana, are you the greatest living writer in the English language?”

Me: “Yes I am. Annie Proulx, as evidenced in her novel Postcards, is excellent; and England’s T. C. Boyle amuses (see his Water Music); but I am number one.”

However, that is not really what I want to talk about today. What I really want to talk about today is:

Before The Beginning

OK, here's the thing. According to internationally accepted theories regarding how the universe started: the universe started with something called the Big Bang. In other words, everything we think of regarding today's universe; stars, planets, elements, matter, energy, gases, atoms, molecules, dark matter, dark energy, and the mystery of gravity are the children of a non-named non-understood singularity of infinitesimally small size that one day just blew up. Yup, just blew up. Hey, with all that gas the cosmic fart just had to come sooner or later. Know what I'm saying?

The disturbing thing about this childish, paleolithic brained nutter idea is that if you plot the ever increasing speed of inflation of the universe and then plot backwards, the theory is sort of confirmed (kinda). I call this math in service to 'nutterism'. Physicists, mathematicians, astronomers, and cosmologists call this the Big Bang theory.

OK, I got your Big Bang theory right here Saturn breath: what was there before the Big Bang's point of singularity that held some unknown un-named combination of matter and energy that gave birth to the universe? The answer? The answer is always nothing. Nothing gave birth to something. This has to be the greatest trick in the history of ... well, the universe.

I think I can help here. Nothing can not give birth to something; that idea would make a mockery of human evolution. We have traveled far from our first wet amphibious prints in the sands of human time and we now know from experience that nothing can not give birth to something. Ergo: something must have existed before the Big Fart, oh excuse me; the Big Bang. What was it?

I know. Yes, Stickmanites and Dana Fans: I, Dana, know what preceded the Big Bang. But I'm not tellin'. I don't have to tell so I'm not going to. So if you see me on the boardwalk in Pattaya some morning handing out breakfast treats to the girls, perhaps walking a little unsteadily, lips moving but not apparently talking to anyone, and staring off distractedly into the pale blue sky: well, I've got a lot on my mind. I know what there was before the point of singularity; but I'm not telling anyone. And yes, it does have something to do with the boardwalk. So the next time some jackass is putting down the boardwalk remind yourself of this: the boardwalk existed before the Beginning. Makes you think doesn't it?

330. Tranny Sheep: The Final Frontier

TT&A Part 289 14/5/2011

Attn: Worldly people and uber hip Stickmanites:

Beaglehole? Beaglehole? OK, here is the thing. I can not be insensitive or uncaring regarding names in other cultures. Just not in me. In fact, if I can be allowed to speculate; if it was a contest (being insensitive to names in other cultures), I could not enter. Just not in me. But Beaglehole? The mind wanders.

Bailey Beaglehole?
Barney Beaglehole?
Barron Beaglehole? And if the child Barron grew up to lead a life of distinction: Sir Barron Beaglehole?

And let us not forget a sentence like: Mr. and Mrs. Beaglehole and all their little Beagleholes returned from a trip to France.

Beau Beaglehole? Beau sounds like a hopeful name for a baby still sticky with birth fluid. But Beau Beaglehole? Names like Barney and Billy should not excite comment but Barney Beaglehole? What kind of hell is this kid going to have to endure in school? And how about his twin brother Billy?

And girls? Babs Beaglehole? Barb Beaglehole? Bethany sounds like a nice name for a girl. But Bethany Beaglehole? And of course let us not forget the woman's special problem—assuming a man's name when you marry. How sad for Babs Smythe to become Babs Beaglehole? Or, maybe not. Once again, I do not want to be judgemental or insensitive. Just not in me. But I'll tell you—if I ever decide to marry some Thai guy in a gay civil marriage in Bo Rai Cornhole Suckburi, I am not going to marry a rice planter's son named Beaglehole. We are going to have enough problems without trying to explain that one.

But what I really want to talk about today is important to every man in the Kingdom and is titled:

Tranny Sheep—The Final Frontier

Hello Stickmanbangkok. comites, Dana fans, and parole violators. Are you like me? Of course you are. Everyone is like me. And so it follows as the night follows the day that you are an open minded lover. All that counts is giving and receiving love. Love is your watchword and your mantra. Combined with this is the sure and certain knowledge that all humans want to avoid pain and seek pleasure. A little pleasure? No, that would be silly. The maximum amount of pleasure.

So, how do we participate in a loving relationship and guarantee ourselves the maximum amount of pleasure? Three words: THAILAND and TRANNY and SHEEP. THAILAND—TRANNY—SHEEP. That's right: Tranny Sheep—The Final Frontier. Mark the day and the date and the time that you read this. Your love life has changed. That's right fellow pants droppers—nothing will make you smile like drilling Thailand tranny sheep. I know a lot of tourists to the Kingdom, ex-pats, and mongers are happy walking down the boardwalk in Pattaya with a cute Thai sheep trotting next to them—and I don't find fault with that. It's just that there can be more—so much more under that wool fellas. Believe me when I tell you—I know. Some of these Thai tranny sheep are packin' if you get my meaning.

Why just play 'wheelbarrow' in the ocean facing sixth floor suite at the A. A. Hotel on the corner of Soi 13/0 and Beach Road in Pattaya when you can play 'wheelbarrow' and 'reach around' at the same time. Be all you can be. So, with that in mind; I am going to write a monograph in the coming weeks that will tell you all you need to know about Thai tranny sheep and their farang lovers: techniques, what they like to hear you say in the middle of the night, where to buy hats with holes in them for their ears, medications for wool allergies, use of shin guards to protect against sharp hooves, sheep's wool shearing techniques, wet wool shower games, etc. Be all you can be. Be me. Make this the year that you graduate from heterosexual sheep to tranny sheep. Tranny Sheep —The Final Frontier.

Note: a male sheep is called a ram. Hey, works for me. Got a tranny sheep in your life? Then ewe are one lucky guy. It'll be rammin' time tonight. Don't you just love it when a plan comes together?

So, in the coming weeks I am going to post on this website a 50,000 word article on farang - tranny sheep relationships. I know what you are thinking. Hey, it's just the way I am. I'm a giver. It's all about the love. Anyway, in the meantime if you have any questions or contributions regarding this subject just send them to:

Dana Enterprises
c/o TSP-BAYCB (Tranny Sheep Project—Be All You Can Be) Dept.

Who loves ya baby?
Dana Does—Baaaaa

P. S—Ya know one of the beautiful things about having a transvestite sheep for a lover? Who can tell? OK, I kinda mentioned that before but it bears repeating. I mean with all that wool your lover could be smuggling a fifteen inch wing wang and nobody can tell. With regular trannies few of them can pass 100%. The Adam's apple, or the voice, or the hands, or the feet often give them away. Not with sheep. Tranny sheep can pass 100% of the time. People will think you and your sheep are just two normal lovers. You knew that.

331. Lonely For Love

TT&A Part 289.5 14/5/2011

Finally, finally it has come. I'm fifty-nine years old. I've been waiting for the love knock on the life door for about twenty years. Waiting, searching, hoping, and crying. And talking. Talking to my imaginary lover at night in bed, and talking to my imaginary life companion as I walk the streets of Bangkok and as I walk the streets of Boston. Fellow Bangkokians and fellow Bostonians see my lips moving and wonder if I am crazy. No, not crazy—just lonely. Lonely for love.

All over now. The final screw has turned. My life is now complete. The circle of life has now closed, closed around Min and closed around me. I have heard the knock at the door. I have opened the door. I have said Yes to love. I have met my future and her name is Min.

I was supposed to be getting on another train, and I was supposed to be going in a different direction to a different destination, and I was supposed to be making a trip to visit a friend when I saw her. She was getting on a different train. Alone and fashionably dressed in a yellow sundress and yellow flip-flops with a yellow Hermes crocodile purse and a yellow ribbon in her hair. Dark skin and a single black braid to her waist. I ran after her like a man demented.

My head was clear.
My chest was tight.
My hands felted bloated,
As if air had been pumped into them.
I could feel pressure in the backs of my eyes.

There was an empty seat next to her. I sat down and then forced myself to keep my stupid mouth shut. Anything I said would give up the game. I don't know everything, but I have learned in my mostly lonely fifty-nine years that humans have a hard time talking to goddesses without looking like jackasses. An hour later she spoke. We talked all the way to Chiang Mai: my tortured self with the guardedness of a spooked male hopelessly in love, and her with the easy confidence and British accented English of a Hi-So Thai lady.

Her father was some sort of International person. She had spent the last two years in London. She had friends in Geneva. She took ski vacations in Chile. She and her sisters and her mother had dress tailors and dress manikins in Paris. And of course, raw stones were purchased in South Africa. The stones plus drawings were then sent to Amsterdam. The final gem mounting was done in New York. She said she enjoyed the trips to New York but she was a little bored with big diamonds. I nodded my head.

At Chiang Mai she said she had to stay with her family but she could meet me the next day. We met every day for the next six days. I would stand outside the Chiang Mai Inn Hotel and she would magically appear coming up the basement steps of the building across the street. Ever been to Thailand? Then you know. A 10,000 watt smile.

We went to Doi Suthep. The car that took us there was a smoked glass Mercedes Benz that the hotel activities director had summoned. I felt special. To her it was ordinary. On the mountain top first terrace we rang the bells together. Another girlfriend of mine had discouraged me from doing this. But not Min. Min was fun. The one terrace higher we interviewed with a monk and he tied lucky strings around our wrists.

The next day we went to the silver factory where she bought an incredibly beautiful and incredibly expensive filigree silver disco purse. We went to the umbrella factory and I bought her a diary with a mulberry bark cover. She bought silver. I bought bark. We went to the furniture factory and pretended to be picking out furniture for our house.

Did I take pictures of her? No. Did I focus on looking at her? No. Did I have adult coupling thoughts? No. I just wanted to be with her. I could not have spelled my own name and I did not care. Be with her. Just wanted. I just wanted to be with her.

We rode elephants in the jungle. She pressed against me in the elephant basket when the elephant was going down a steep river bank. I blushed. She laughed. Her laugh sounded like rippling water. I had to exert every ounce of self control to not stare at her face, and to not stare at her hair, and to not stare at her soft brown shoulders. I had to imagine that there were concrete blocks hanging off of my wrists to keep my hands to myself.

On our last day together we went to a butterfly place, and we went to a monkey show, and we went to a park with a waterfall. There was a wooden walkway that lead to a viewing platform in front of the cold misty waterfall. We were alone. I put my arms around her, and I lay my face in her hair. When I began to shake and I began to moan; she paused, and then pushed me away. Too much too soon.

I was a leaf on her water.
I did what I was told.
She was my master:
I waited for permission to be bold.

Love isn't predation or lust.
It is two hearts beating as one;
Looking in the same direction,
Warmed by the same sun.

We were so close,
But time was part of the game.
I would wait for her,
And she would wait for me—
Two hearts, one flame.

Back at the Chiang Mai Inn Hotel I told her that it was our last day together. I was telling her something she already knew. This daughter of an international Thai business man could talk about art, and history, and morals, and philosophy, and world geography, and current events … and relationships. We had talked. We had been open and honest with each other.

She had established the limits and I had agreed to those limits. You can't hurry time. You can't hurry nature. You can't hurry love. The wise man knows to wait. To everything there is a season. I would be back for her and for us in five years.

She would be eighteen years old then.

332. Lonely For Love Part Two

TT&A Part 290 21/5/2011

Finally, finally it has come. I've been waiting for the love knock on the life door. Waiting, and searching, and hoping, and crying. And talking. Talking to my imaginary lover at night in bed, and talking to my imaginary life companion as I walk the streets of Bangkok and as I walk the streets of Boston. Fellow Bangkokians and fellow Bostonians see my lips moving and wonder if I am crazy. No, not crazy. Just lonely. Lonely for love.

All over now. The final screw has turned. My life is now complete. The circle of life has now closed—closed around Min and closed around me. I have heard the knock at the door. I have opened the door. I have said Yes to love. I have met my future and her name is Min.

I was supposed to be getting on another train, and I was supposed to be going in a different direction to a different destination, and I was supposed to be making a trip to visit a friend when I saw her. Necklace of yellow flower blossoms, and yellow flower blossom wristlets and anklets. Beautiful and feminine. She was getting on a different train. I ran after her like a man demented. My head was clear. My chest was tight. My hands felt bloated as if air had been pumped into them. I could feel pressure in the backs of my eyes.

There was an empty seat next to her. I sat down and then forced myself to keep my stupid man mouth shut. Anything I said would give up the game. I don't know everything, but I have learned that humans have a hard time talking to goddesses without looking like jackasses. An hour later she spoke. We talked all the way to Chiang Mai: my tortured self with the guardedness of a spooked male hopelessly in love, and her with

the easy confidence and British accented English of a Hi-So Thai mammal.

At Chiang Mai she said she had to stay with her flock but she could meet me the next day. We met every day for the next six days. I would stand outside the Chiang Mai Inn hotel and she would magically appear trotting up the basement steps of the building across the street. Ever been to Thailand? Then you know. A 10,000 watt smile.

We went to Doi Suthep. The car that took us there was a smoked glass black Mercedes Benz that the hotel activity director had summoned. I felt special. To her it was ordinary. On the mountain top first terrace we rang the bells together. Another girlfriend of mine had discouraged me from doing this. But not Min. Min was fun. Then one terrace higher we interviewed with a monk and he tied lucky strings around our wrists. We went to the silver factory where she bought an incredibly beautiful and incredibly expensive filigree silver disco purse. We went to the umbrella factory and I bought her a diary with a mulberry bark cover. She bought silver. I bought bark. She ate the bark. We went to the furniture factory and pretended to be picking out furniture for our house.

Did I take pictures of her? No. Did I focus on looking at her? No. Did I have coupling thoughts? No. I just wanted to be with her. I could not have spelled my own name and I did not care. Be with her. Just wanted. I just wanted to be with her.

We rode elephants in the jungle. She pressed against me in the elephant basket when the elephant was going down a steep river bank. I blushed. She baaed. Her laughter sounded like rippling water. It was a wet day for an elephant ride and she smelled like wet wool. Intoxicating. I had to exert every ounce of self control to not stare at her face. I had to imagine that there were concrete blocks hanging off of my wrists to keep my hands to myself.

On our last day together we went to a butterfly place, and we went to a monkey show, and we went to a park with a waterfall. There was a wooden walkway that lead to a viewing platform in front of the cold misty waterfall. We were alone. I put my arms around her. When I began to shake and I began to moan; she paused, and then butted me away. Too much too soon.

I was a leaf on her water. I did what I was told. She was my master; I waited for permission to be bold.

Love isn't predation or lust. It is two hearts beating as one; Looking in the same direction, Warmed by the same sun.

We were so close, But time was part of the game. I would wait for her, And she would wait for me— Two hearts, one flame.

Back at the Chiang Mai Inn hotel I told her that it was our last day together. I was telling her something she already knew. We had talked. We had been open and honest with each other. She had established the limits and I had agreed to those limits. You can't hurry time. You can't hurry nature. You can't hurry love. The wise man knows to wait. To everything there is a season. I would be back for her and for us in five years.

I'll be eighteen years old then. Finally, I'll be a man; and Min is a sheep. Oh what happy faces we will earn in the Land of Smiles. Our mammalian love reflected back on us by an envious public. Pease don't envy us. Anyone can have this happiness. It's just a matter of having the right priorities, setting the right goals, and being serious about the one you are sharing your life with. Five years to go and I can bury my face in her wet wool.

333. Lonely For Love Part Three

TT&A Part 291 28/5/2011

Finally, finally it has come. I've been waiting for the love knock on the life door. Waiting, and searching, and hoping, and crying. And talking. Talking to my imaginary lover at night in bed, and talking to my imaginary life companion as I walk the streets of Bangkok and as I walk the streets of Boston. Fellow Bangkokians and fellow Bostonians see my lips moving and wonder if I am crazy. No, not crazy—just lonely. Lonely for love.

All over now. The final screw has turned. My life is now complete. The circle of life has now closed—closed around Ling and closed around me. I have heard the knock at the door. I have opened the door. I have said Yes to love. I have met my future and her name is Ling.

I was supposed to be getting on another train, and I was supposed to be going in a different direction to a different destination, and I was supposed to be making a trip to visit a friend when I saw her. She was getting on a different train. Alone and fashionably dressed in a yellow sundress, and yellow flip-flops, with a yellow Hermes crocodile purse and yellow ribbon in her hair. Dark skin and a single off center braid to her waist. I ran after her like a man demented. My head was clear. My chest was tight. My hands felt bloated as if air had been pumped into them. I could feel pressure in the backs of my eyes.

There was an empty seat next to her. I sat down and then forced myself to keep my stupid man mouth shut. Anything I said would give up the game. I don't know everything, but I have learned that humans have a hard time talking to goddesses without looking like jackasses. An hour later she spoke. We talked all the way to Chiang Mai: my tortured self with the guardedness of a spooked male hopelessly in love, and her with

the easy confidence and British accented English of a Hi-So Thai lady.

She was some sort of Thai international person. She had spent the last two years in London. She had friends in Geneva. She took ski vacations in Chile. She and her sisters had dress tailors and dress manikins in Paris. And of course raw stones were purchased in South Africa. The stones plus blueprints were then sent to Amsterdam. The final diamond mounting was done in New York. She said she enjoyed the trips to New York but she was a little bored with big diamonds. I nodded my head.

At Chiang Mai she said she had to stay with her family but she could meet me the next day. We met every day for the next six days. I would stand outside the Chiang Mai Inn hotel and she would magically appear coming up the basement steps of the building across the street. Ever been to Thailand? Then you know. A 10,000 watt smile.

We went to Doi Suthep. The car that took us there was a smoked glass black Mercedes Benz that the hotel activity director had summoned. I felt special. To her it was ordinary. On the mountain top first terrace we rang the bells together. Another girlfriend of mine had discouraged me from doing this. But not Ling. Ling was fun. Then one terrace higher we interviewed with a monk and he tied lucky strings around our wrists. The next day we went to the silver factory where she bought an incredibly beautiful and incredibly expensive filigree silver disco purse. We went to the umbrella factory and I bought her a diary with a mulberry bark cover. She bought silver. I bought bark. We went to the furniture factory and pretended to be picking out furniture for our house.

Did I take pictures of her? No. Did I focus on looking at her? No. Did I have coupling thoughts? No. I just wanted to be with her. I could not have spelled my own name and I did not care. Be with her. Just wanted. I just wanted to be with her.

We rode elephants in the jungle. She pressed against me in the elephant basket when the elephant was going down a steep river bank. I blushed. She laughed. Her laughter sounded like rippling water. I had to exert every ounce of self control to not stare at her face, and to not stare at her hair, and to not stare at her soft brown shoulders. I had to imagine that there were concrete blocks hanging off of my wrists to keep my hands to myself.

On our last day together we went to a butterfly place, and we went to a monkey show, and we went to a park with a waterfall. There was a wooden walkway that lead to a viewing platform in front of the cold misty waterfall. We were alone. I put my arms around her, and I lay my face in her hair. When I began to shake and I began to moan; she paused, and then pushed me away. Too much too soon.

I was a leaf on her water. I did what I was told. She was my master; I waited for permission to be bold.

Love isn't predation or lust. It is two hearts beating as one; Looking in the same direction, Warmed by the same sun.

We were so close,
But time was part of the game.
I would wait for her,
And she would wait for me—
Two hearts, one flame.

Back at the Chiang Mai Inn hotel I told her that it was our last day together. I was telling her something she already knew. We had talked. We had been open and honest with each other. She had established the limits and I had agreed to those limits. You can't hurry time. You can't hurry nature. You can't hurry love.

The wise man knows to wait. To everything there is a season. I would be back for her and for us in five years.

I would be eighteen years old then and she would be sixty-seven. Adults both and beyond condemnation, judgement, or criticism. At last we will be able to soar like eagles on the wings of our love. Please don't envy us. Anyone can have this happiness. It's just a matter of having the right priorities, setting the right goals, and being serious about the person you share your life with. Ling and myself. Myself and Ling. Only five years to wait to soar like eagles

334. Lonely For Love Part Four

TT&A Part 292 4/6/2011

Finally, finally it has come. I have been waiting for the love knock on the life door. Waiting, and searching, and hoping, and crying. And talking. Talking to my imaginary lover at night in bed, and talking to my imaginary life companion as I walk the streets of Bangkok and as I walk the streets of Boston. Fellow Bangkokians and fellow Bostonians see my lips moving and wonder if I am crazy. No, not crazy—just lonely. Lonely for love.

All over now. The final screw has turned. My life is now complete. The circle of life has now closed—closed around my future and closed around me. I have heard the knock at the door. I have opened the door. I have said Yes to love. I have met my future and her name is Lek.

I was supposed to be getting on another train, and I was supposed to be going in a different direction to a different destination, and I was supposed to be making a trip to visit a friend when I saw her. She was getting on a different train. Alone and fashionably dressed in a yellow sundress, yellow flip-flops, yellow Hermes crocodile purse, and a yellow ribbon in her hair. Dark skin and a single off center black braid to her waist. I ran after her like a man demented. My head was clear. My chest was tight. My hands felt bloated as if air had been pumped into them. I could feel pressure in the backs of my eyes.

There was an empty seat next to her. I sat down and then forced myself to keep my stupid man mouth shut. Anything I said would give up the game. I don't know everything, but I have learned that humans have a hard time talking to goddesses without looking like jackasses. An hour later she spoke. We talked all the way to Chiang Mai: my tortured self with the guardedness of a spooked male hopelessly in love, and her with

the easy confidence and British accented English of a Hi-So Thai lady.

Her father was some sort of Thai international person. She had spent the last two years in Zurich. She had friends in Hong Kong. She took ski vacations in small Italian villages. She and her sisters and her mother had dress tailors and dress manikins in Milan. And of course raw stones were purchased in Kimberly. The stones plus blueprints were then sent to Bern. The final diamond mounting was done in Israel. She said she enjoyed the trips to Jerusalem but she was a little bored with big diamonds. I nodded my head. I had also been to many of these cities. We had a lot in common. It was amazing how much we had in common.

At Chiang Mai she said she had to stay with her friends but she could meet me the next day. We met every day for the next six days. I would stand outside the Chiang Mai Inn hotel and she would magically appear coming up the basement steps of the building across the street. Ever been to Thailand? Then you know. A 10,000 watt smile.

We went to Doi Suthep. The car that took us there was a smoked glass black Mercedes Benz that the hotel activity director had summoned. I felt special. To her it was ordinary. On the mountain top first terrace we rang the bells together. Another girlfriend of mine had discouraged me from doing this. But not Lek. Lek was fun. Then one terrace higher we interviewed with a monk and he tied lucky strings around our wrists. The next day we went to a silver factory where she bought an incredibly beautiful and incredibly expensive filigree silver disco purse. We went to the umbrella factory and I bought her a diary with a mulberry bark cover. She bought silver. I bought bark. We went to the furniture factory and pretended to be picking out furniture for our house.

Did I take pictures of her? No. Did I focus on looking at her? No. Did I have coupling thoughts? No. I just wanted to be with her. I could not have spelled my own name and I did not care. Be with her. Just wanted. I just wanted to be with her. Sometimes she seemed a little familiar, and sometimes her story seemed a little familiar, and sometimes her voice sounded a little familiar; but sometimes ... sometimes in your life it is just best to follow your heart. Your heart knows what is best for you. In the Land of Smiles sometimes it is the results that count, not the journey. Who is going to say No to love?

We rode elephants in the jungle. She pressed against me in the elephant basket when the elephant was going down a steep river bank. I blushed. She laughed. Her laughter sounded like rippling water. I had to exert every ounce of self control to not stare at her face, and to not stare at her hair, and to not stare at her soft brown shoulders. I had to imagine that there were concrete blocks hanging off of my wrists to keep my hands to myself. She seemed familiar in a mysterious way. I said that already. I felt as if I had known her all of my life. But my life was starting all over now. I had been struck by the random lightning bolt of love. Stick a fork in me, I was done. Fried. Crisp. The mystery just added to the intoxication. Sometimes the white hot crucible of love can burn off your antennae and make you blind to what is obvious. Sometimes it is a good thing. All we want is to love and to be loved. Love is everything.

On our last day together we went to a butterfly place, and we went to a monkey show, and we went to a park with a waterfall. There was a wooden walkway that lead to a viewing platform in front of the cold misty waterfall. We were alone. I put my arms around her, and I lay my face in her hair. When I began to shake and I began to moan; she paused, and then pushed me away. Too much too soon.

I was a leaf on her water.
I did what I was told.
She was my master;
I waited for permission to be bold.

Love isn't predation or lust.
It is two hearts beating as one;
Looking in the same direction,
Warmed by the same sun.

We were so close,
But time was part of the game.
I would wait for her,
And she would wait for me—
Two hearts, one flame.

Back at the Chiang Mai Inn hotel I told her that it was our last day together. I was telling her something she already knew. This daughter of an international Thai business man could talk about art, and history, and morals, and philosophy, and world geography, and current events, and relationships. We had talked about our special relationship. We had been open and honest with each other. She had established the limits and I had agreed to those limits. You can't hurry time. You can't hurry nature. You can't hurry love. The wise man knows to wait. To everything there is a season. I would be back for her and for us in five years.

I would be eighteen years old then and my sister would be twenty three. Don't despair of happiness like this for yourself. We are not so special—surely you have a brother or a sister. Please don't envy us. Anyone can have this happiness. It's just a matter of having the right priorities, setting the right goals, and being serious about the person you share your life with. Only five years to go and my sister will be my wife. Beyond reproach or criticism we will be able to soar on the wings of our love and look down at all the happy faces looking up at us.

335. Corresponding with Marc Holt 6/6/2011

Attn: Mr. Holt

Always nice to hear from you. As you know I always enjoy talking about writing and other associated subjects. It is not generally known but many of the world's top literary editors are branching out into editing in other fields. I think we can all be happy about this. Examples follow.

Example 1:

Mr. Rosse: Hello Michael, how are you?

Michelangelo: Who are you?

Mr. Rosse: My name is Mr. Rosse and I am an editor from the future. We have proved in the 20th and the 21st century that all so-called artists are just slack jawed morons who need editors to turn their junk into art. Most of my time is taken up with writers (what a laugh) but I am also involved now in other arts.

Michelangelo: How did you get in here?

Mr. Rosse: The guy sweeping up marble chips in the front let me in.

Michelangelo: Who are you?

Mr. Rosse: Look, Mike baby; I am a busy and an important man so let us just see if we can move on. I just saw your sculpture of the lady and the sleeping guy titled Pieta. You are obviously a rockin' little marble chipper but the De Medici family is not keeping you in food and drink and graffiti spray cans for laughs. They want to sell tickets.

Michelangelo: How did you get in ...! ?

Mr. Rosse: So here is my editing idea from the 21st century. Cyclops. Always sells tickets. The sleeping guy has two eyes and frankly that is so yesterday. Rework him so that he has only one great big eye in the middle of his forehead.

Michelangelo: Who are you?

Mr. Rosse: So, what do you think? It's all about editing and accepting the fact that you are a slack jawed moron. Kind of an epiphanel moment for you isn't it. Great ideas from great editors are like that. Listen, while you are thinking about this can you give me directions to Picasso's place?

Michelangelo: This is Italy. Picasso is in Spain you fool.

Later …

Mr. Rosse: Hey Pablo baby, how are you?

Pablo Picasso: Who are you?

Mr. Rosse: My name is Mr. Rosse and I thought I would just stop by from the 21st century and give you some editing help with that painting of yours called Guernica.

Picasso: Who are you?

Mr. Rosse: I am an international editor of all works of art. Anyway, here is the deal … what were you thinking when you painted that thing? I mean, did you just come back from a wallpaper festival when you started flinging paint? The painting is huge. How in God's name is it going to fit over anyone's couch?

Picasso: How did you get in here?

Mr. Rosse: So here is my editing idea. We (I'll help you carry it to the car) take the painting to a Copy Cop place and have them photo reduce it to 50% size and then they can laminate the photo. We frame the photo and throw the original away. What do you think? It's all about editing Burnt Sienna brains and you do not need to thank me.

Well, Mr. Holt, there are two examples of literary editors now branching out and distributing their I.Q.'s worldwide. I think we can all be grateful. I know I am.

Dana

P.S. You still owe me a $100.

336. Worse Off Than Me

TT&A Part 293 11/6/2011

All One

Greetings Stickman and Dana fans and all the ships at sea: There is a popular idea that Nature is all One. You know, that we are all connected in some happy non-debatable, synergistic, symbiotic, wholeistic, ying yang ... OK, we are all one. If we just look for the connections we all realize that planet Earth is actually an organism and we are all servants to the whole. Or something.

OK, look—this the idea de century and if it was a sick three-legged soi dog you couldn't kill it with a stick. To wit: trees breath. Really, do they ever cough? Whales sing to each other. Who says? What about the whales that are tone deaf—like me? Babies in the womb can hear what you are saying in a meaningful way. Really? Who says? Etc. Well, I don't want to sound like Skippy Skeptic but I am not sure about a lot of this stuff. But I did run across something the other day that made me scratch my head and say: "Maybe". To wit:

"In recent years, scientists have discovered that 95 percent of the contents of the cosmos is invisible to all current methods of direct detection. Yet something is definitely there, governing the shape and fate of our universe. These phenomena, called dark matter and dark energy, are the most eagerly studied subjects in astronomy and particle physics today. And for good reason—What could be more exciting than cracking the mystery of the fundamental components and composition of the universe?"—The Teaching Company

Now watch Danafans, and all the ships at sea: with a few scientific, non-debatable, synergistic, symbiotic substitutions we get:

"In recent years, scientists have discovered that 95 percent of the contents of the Pattaya boardwalk is invisible to all current methods of direct detection. Yet something is definitely there, governing the shape and fate of our monger lives. These phenomena, called dark pussy and dark intentions, are the most eagerly studied subjects in mongerism and Pattaya's skanks today. And for good reason—What could be more exciting than cracking the mystery of the fundamental components and composition of our monger lives?"

Spooky huh? A perfect whoreistic match between science and skanks. Wholeistic? Whoreistic? I'm convinced. Goodbye Skippy Skeptic—hello Modern Believer. Hey, quit beating on that soi dog. We are all one.

But that is not really what I want to talk about today Stickmanites. What I really want to talk about today is a story called WORSE OFF THAN ME, and I start it with a dedication:

I dedicate this to my transvestite manservant—houseboy—butler Benz. We traveled the world together for eleven years and she never let me down. Benz died of a cerebral event while bent double on a staggering train in the Thai countryside buttoning my spats. She died in service to someone superior to her in every way thus securing a place for herself in heaven. I had her cremated with a flower in her rectum. Who doesn't love flowers? And now for an observation titled:

Worse Off Than Me

Are you like me? Do you find sometimes that rearranging your sock drawer and crouching in the cold dark corner of a furnitureless room while eating out of a can of tuna fish fills up a whole Saturday? You don't have to raise your hands or rattle your empty tuna fish cans: I'm just putting out personal information as something to think about. I think that might be one of the mostly subliminal attractions to Thailand for me. To wit: there are people in the Kingdom even worse off than I am worse off. Examples:

1. You are walking down the street trying to find a BJ bar and you happen to see a truck with hoses and pumps and tanks and generators parked by the curb. The storm grate in the street has been pulled up. Then out from the storm grate hole pop up one or two Thai guys. Short, young, and black. Black? Covered head-to-toe in stygian black mud and filth. Their job is to clean the blocked up sewer pipes. These guys are worse off than I am.

Note from my editor:

"Hey, Dana—what about the girls at the BJ bar. Aren't they worse off than you?"
Me: "I'm not sure."

2. You are somewhere between Soi 5 and Robinson's Department Store on Sukhumvit Road in Bangkok and you run into whore touts. These guys stop foreigners, show them a brochure that presents the features and benefits of some whore house, and then try to get you into a taxi. I have never once seen them be successful. These guys are worse off than I am. They might know the answer to the question about the BJ bar (see above) though.

3. If you turn left on South Road off Beach Road in Pattaya there is a bar on the right with lots of birdcages hanging outside. Like birds do you? Beware. Show an interest in the birds and the birdman will come out. He is an ancient farang with a ravaged face, teeth you don't want to look at, heavy lidded reptile eyes, cratered cheeks, and lips no human would want to kiss (not enough beers and not enough money in the world). BIRDMAN. This human train wreck is definitely worse off than I am. And I

hope with all the human hope in me that he is no girl's customer at the BJ bar I go to.

So there you have three examples of why I like to go to Thailand: humans I pity. I've got some other examples I could write about but I've got to go. I've got to rearrange my sock drawer and open a can of tuna fish. Night is falling and as usual I am alone again. It's a life.

About The Author

Dana is a coal black 6'7" former Nigerian Olympic powerlifting champion who lives on Beacon Hill in Boston and dedicates himself to worldwide mongering, mongering consulting issues, and mongering research. He is available through publisher's agent for courtroom mongering issue testimony, editing of mongering texts, and writer's book signings. He is especially popular for writer book signing events on the campuses of all white Catholic girls' schools. He is currently working on his nineteenth book titled:

Miner's Headlamp and Cheese Smell Detector: A Pussy Licker's Tool Kit.

Sales rep., volume discount, and wholesale book buyer purchasing agent inquiries should be made to:

We'll Publish Anything Ltd. (WPAL)
Soi 8
Moo 9
Clitenheimer Hotel
Suite 212
Pattaya, Thailand
Attn: Ms. Boomboom Bongtwat

337. Dana Fan Club Update

TT&A Part 294 18/6/2011

Attn: Dana fans—

A critical literary biography of Dana's body of work is being prepared. Literary criticism, insight, and love in service to the finest living writer in the English language. Learn to go behind the writer and content curtain and see how and why the words, and the ideas, and the images were strung together. Board the text knowledge train and take Dana and Danaism within yourself. Be all that you can be and feel the nirvana of being elevated to a higher plane of Dana writing consciousness.

The final research, the final white board outline, the concept blocking, the endless meetings and arguments, interviews with Dana at his manse in Boston and at his sixth floor ocean facing suite at the A.A. Hotel in Pattaya, interviews with Fa and Da and Bang and Ting and Mort and Sunisa and Wan, as well as interviews with Pattaya Gary and Union Hill and Chiang Mai Kelley and BKKSW and 500 Baht Walt and Marc Holt: all has been done.

Remaining? Various interviews with readers in 189 countries (includes the Vatican) plus interviews with stateside instructors and professors at colleges and universities of creative writing. Speaking of creative writing: following is part of the interview with Marc Holt—

Interviewer: Marc, how would you characterize Dana's writing?
Marc Holt: What does characterize mean?

Interviewer: Marc, what skills and genius and personally idiosyncratic writing meteors in the literary sky set Dana's writing apart and make him the greatest living text presenter in the English language?

Marc Holt: Are you going to tell me what 'characterize' means or are you going to play butt darts with my dingo?

OK, I think the point is made. This fifty thousand word illustrated monograph will rock the world of writers and readers the way carefully researched literary criticism should. So stay tuned and put your ear on the rail. Hear that faraway sound? Feel the vibrations? The Dana literary criticism document train is coming. Hey, is it great to be alive or what?

Learn how to deconstruct during and after reading a story, or an essay, or a one act play, or poetry by Dana. Experience the thrill ride of literary Dana knowledge as he rollercoasters from genius to sheer genius and you are sitting beside him with your arms up and you are screaming.

Interviewer: Marc, would you like sit next to Dana on a rollercoaster with your arms up and screaming?
Marc Holt: I got your thrill ride right here in my pants Yank.

But that is not really what I want to talk about today. What I really want to talk about today is a recent investment opportunity that crashed through my window attached to a rock. It is part of a Dana Fan Club Monthly Update (DFCMU) and appears below. Yes, normally all matters regarding the Dana Fan Club are secret and available to Dana Fan Club members only: but I publish this as a warning. It's all about the humanity with me and always had been.

Dana Fan Club Monthly Update (3/2011) excerpt:

Greetings Dana Fan Club Members from the Rajah Soi 4 building of Dana Enterprises; Bangkok, Thailand. I wei to you out of respect and admiration. Also my back hurts. Anyway:

Because I have more money than the guy who lends money to God I am constantly fielding investor prospectuses, emails, snail mails, faxes, and rocks thrown through my office window with notes attached regarding great investments I should get involved in (aka—risk my money on). Example:

Recently I received this partial technical description of a 'new, revolutionary, visionary, totally original, market busting, state-of-the-art' condom. Imagine your standard condom (well, you'll have to do that—I haven't seen one in years) with all of this modern stuff attached:

1. chromium lubricating pump
2. nut prodding piston slammer
3. camshaft calibrator
4. piston activated pressure release valve
5. personal raised titanium monogram
6. attached miniature video camera
7. variable inertia free spring balance
8. fast rotating barrel
9. spline screws
10. winding barrel teeth and third wheel pinion

That's right Dana Fan Club fans and non-Dana Fan Club fans: all this was a part of the new condom I was being asked to invest in. As an extra incentive to invest I was offered a gross (144) of the first ones manufactured to test myself. Well, first of all; I don't use condoms and don't knowingly mix with men who do. But more to the business point—I just don't see this much technology in close proximity to a penis as a good thing. Especially the parts about:

1. fast rotating barrel
2. barrel teeth
3. screws
4. rollomatic guide bar (forgot to mention)
5. sprocket nose bearing (forgot to mention)

6. and most especially the 'nut prodding piston slammer'—if a nut prodding piston slammer is going to get near my private parts she better have breasts and a smile. Maybe that's just me.

When I am drilling for oil in one of the new back rooms at the Dynasty Hotel because I couldn't get into the Mothership across the street with Ling or Ping or Ding or Wing I don't want any sprockets, or screws, or barreled teeth near my nose bearing if you get my meaning.

But if you believe these new modern condoms are the future just get in touch with this website and they will ... OK, I have no idea what they will do. Excess profits from this website are now being channeled into Thai movie production, Chinese bankers' sons fake Viagra manufacturing facilities, and the franchising of portable monger photo studios. I assume this website will have it's profit paws in this new 'revolutionary' condom. Just don't call me is all. The only interesting thing on the subject of condoms is which girls insist on them. If you have a list of those girls send it to:

Dana Enterprises Inc.
Rajah Building—1st floor
Rajah Hotel
Soi 4, Sukhumvit Road
Bangkok, Thailand

That list of party killers will be distributed worldwide to protect men who want to live as men and not have their time wasted. That is what we do with excess profits here at Dana Enterprises Inc. It's all about the humanity.

Who loves you baby?
Dana Does

338. Dana Goes Undercover in a Tranny Prison

TT&A Part 295 25/6/2011

Introductions

"My thanks are due to the Afghan Government for their kindness and co-operation in allowing me to travel in Nuristan, and to Vogue for permission to reproduce Meeting and Explorer which first appeared in it and which is now incorporated in Chapter 20.

The map to illustrate the journey is based on the maps of the Survey of India and a traverse made by Wilfred Thesiger, D. S. O. in 1956, and our own researches."—from A Short Walk in the Hindu Kush by Eric Newby— c1958.

If you are a Stickmanbangkok. com reader and a follower of Danaism you are highly intelligent. So, it follows as the night follows the day, that you are wondering what the introducing quote piece has to do with a follow-up Thai story or essay. Answer? Nothing.

Nothing? Well, sort of. The point is that I have just lately fallen in love with Introductions as a literary form. I don't love them as much as I love standing in the lobby of the Royal Palm department store in Pattaya and watching dark skinned Malaysian women descend towards me—but I am finding them, Introductions, amusing.

Writing Introductions exclusively as a literary form can be a lot of fun. Next time you are at a loss for self centered entertainment try this: shave your crotch and private parts and then lather with a combination of rubbing alcohol and Noxzema cream, chew up a box of mentholated cough drops followed by chug-a-lugging a 12 oz. can of coke in one go, and finally; ream out your nostrils with smelling salts. Now start writing. You'll laugh and chortle like a hyena on yaa baa as you have fun writing Introductions. Trust me. It's Uncle Dana. I know what I am talking about. And one of the pleasures of writing stand alone Introductions is that you are released from the pressure of a follow-up story or essay. Think foreplay as everything.

Some of the most interesting and amusing Introductions are in books of non-fiction written by 19th and early 20th century Empire impregnated English explorers, or sons of the rich, or colonial administrators in faraway lands. I have written twenty original Introductions of my own that I intend to use in future submissions as non-related starters, or as stand alone amusements. This Introduction business reminds me of a gentleman in Pattaya who used to hand out upon first meeting someone a self-written business card that described his noteworthy features, skills, personality specialties, and 'way-beyond-humble' opinion of himself. Since he possessed none of the qualities or skills on the business card it was fun-to-hysterical and a great ice breaker. So let's examine this irrelevant Introduction from A Short Walk in the Hindu Kush as a goofy icebreaker and now read smiling:

> *"My thanks are due to the Afghan Government for their kindness and co-operation in allowing me to travel in Nuristan, and to Vogue for permission to reproduce Meeting and Explorer which first appeared in it and which is now incorporated in Chapter 20.*
>
> *The map to illustrate the journey is based on the maps of the Survey of India and a traverse made by Wilfred Thesiger, D. S. O. in 1956, and our own researches."*—from A Short Walk in the Hindu Kush by Eric Newby— c1958.

As the above Introduction goes it is unremarkable and yet still it charms, delivering some but not enough information to banish mystery and curiosity. What's the Kush? If you pick the chicken apart with a small tined fork it is amazing what you end up with. Survey of India? What's that? The country of Nuristan? How come I can't find that on my globe? Who is Wilfred Thesiger, D. S. O.? And what is D. S. O.? Etc.

Just my farang brain thinking here but maybe someone should start a Stickmanbangkok. com website department that just posts the Introductions to stories and essays (or non-existing stories and essays). No stories or essays, just the Introductions. And of course the opportunities for hyperbole, absurdity, stupidity, and fun in writing your own stand alone Introductions are endless. Not on board with this idea yet? OK, consider this Introduction to the movie FASTER, PUSSYCAT KILL KILL by Russ Meyer. We will use material put together by Jimmy McDonough in his excellent book Big Bosoms and Square Jaws.

At the start of the movie—"An imperious, testosterone-heavy voice intones: "Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the world of violence ... while violence cloaks itself in a plethora of disguises, its favorite mantle still remains sex ... let's examine closely then, this dangerously evil creation, this new breed, encased and contained within the supple skin of woman—the softness is there, the unmistakable smell of female ... but a word of caution: handle with care and don't drop your guard. This rapacious new breed prowls both alone and in packs ... who are they? One might be your secretary, your doctor's receptionist ... or a dancer in a go-go bar!"

Cut to an eye-popping triad of outrageous, impossibly built women shimmying with frenzied abandon. A swaggering, bargain basement Tom Jones chest-beater belts out a number on the soundtrack—"She will tease and taunt you and she'll take just what she wants/you belong to pussycat ..." Close up of gyrating, disembodied breasts and hips. Cut! A shiny, alluring jukebox. Cut! Leering, predatory faces of cigar-chomping manimals impotently cheering the women on: “Go, baby go! Wail!” Cut! Cut! Cut! Each new shot seems to add another crazy angle, another fabulous detail. The montage makes your head spin.

Cut to raven-haired, black gloved Varla—one of the dancers—head thrown back and cackling maniacally as she hammers the gas pedal of a gleaming Porsche. Vrrrrooom! Varla’s an evil bitch. Half Cherokee, half Japanese, and all woman, this heavy-lidded, sneering, ultra-beautiful creature looks more alien than human. The Porsche screams down a Mojave Desert highway, the head of a menacing trio of bisexual go-go superwomen itching to annihilate any man who gets in their way. FASTER, PUSSYCAT KILL KILL screams the title. And that is just the first two minutes of the picture. Yikes?”—again thanks to Jimmy McDonough of the book Big Bosoms and Square Jaws.

THE FIRST TWO MINUTES? All this in just the first two minutes?? You mean this was only the Introduction? How do you feel about Introductions now? Imagine if this was a written Introduction? Wait a minute, at one time it was a written Introduction. It is called script writing and storyboarding. This was a written Introduction at one time. God bless the screenwriter for taking the concept of Introductions seriously.

Below are three examples of Introductions written by me:

Example One: Introduction

Greetings Stickmanites and Dana fans—Dana here to tell you (maybe warn you) that this week’s essay is titled DANA GOES UNDERCOVER IN A TRANNY PRISON. That’s right folks (and fans). I went underground costumed as a tranny in the interests of journalism to get the story on what it is like in the Thai government’s prison devoted to transvestites. Now here is the warning part: if you find hot, grinding, animal sex mixed with screeching raging eyeball busting butt dart violence and crimes committed against carrots and avocados and flashlights and light bulbs and bananas disturbing—whatever you do, do not read the following essay called DANA GOES UNDERCOVER IN A TRANNY PRISON.

Example Two:

Dana here fans and fxxxers to announce and introduce my eye witness account BATTLE OF THE SEXES: NANA STYLE. Perhaps a quote from this above titled report would be all we need for an Introduction.

"The cherry picker parked on Soi 4 between the Mothership (Nana Hotel) and the N. E. P. (Nana Entertainment Plaza) sign was extended to it's full height. In the bucket was Marc Holt and Union Hill. Marc was holding a pink starter flag (girls) and a blue starter flag (boys) up in a fully extended V sign. Behind him Union Hill was holding up two flare guns in a similar arms fully extended anatomy.

Below them was crowd of 15,000 bargirls and 50,000 farangs. Even odds. The bargirls were naked, covered with baby oil, and wearing backpacks. The farangs were wearing T- shirts, crotchless beach pants, and flip flops. Every pair of pants had a wallet in it with ten thousand baht. The game?

When the flare guns went off and the starter flags came down the girls had thirty minutes to get as many wallets as possible and stuff them in their teddy bear backpacks. In the same thirty minutes the guys had to 'get' as many slippery (baby oil) girls as possible. All guys had been given syringe needle shots to the base of the penis for non-stop erections and all the girls had been mamasan-trained in genital kick boxing techniques."

Well, there is a quote Introduction from my eyewitness account BATTLE OF THE SEXES: NANA STYLE. But of course the quote is only the Introduction. Wouldn't it be great to have a book of nothing but Introductions? I think so. I think it would be fun. Introductions because of short word count and their important job in capturing the reader's attention have to be pithy and punchy. Perhaps there is a literary form here that is not getting enough attention. Here is another example of an Introduction:

Example Three: Introduction

Greetings fellow dribblers and shooters. The following is a brief Introduction to my story FA AND CHIANG MAI KELLY. A quote follows:

"Chiang Mai Kelly had earlier had breakfast at the Sportsman's Club on Soi 13/0 with the Danameister and now he was on the boardwalk opposite the A. A. Hotel. He was in a contemplative, centered, Zen-like mood and beyond seduction. Then Fa showed up.

Dressed in sandals, tight white jeans, and a red silk top she ran through her usual seduction tricks in front of Mr. Kelly. Nothing. Chiang Mai Kelly was a stone dead visage of inner calm and advanced reflection. Then she pulled the purse trick. Attempted by many but mastered by few, the purse trick was the sexual German 88 shell of experienced free lancers.

Standing in front of CMK she raised her purse over her head and then turned it upside down. Out onto the boardwalk fell tampons, bits of make-up tools, lipsticks, mirror, tweezers, yaa baa, cell phones, address book, condoms, picture of Dana holding up a bucket full of glass ashtrays with his erect turgid member, I. O. U. from Marc Holt dated March 1983, salt and pepper shakers, salt packets, bag of cotton balls, Thai-English dictionary, snack foods, camera, jewelry, panties, stolen clock, stolen TV clicker, picture of monk, comb, hairbrush, knife, love letters from guy in Iceland, currency exchange receipts, Western

Union paperwork, hotel soaps, hotel washcloth, hotel hair gels, hotel bubble bath, two old hotel keys, empty Pad Thai bowl, package of noodles, soda straws, stolen coffee cream and sugar packets, one sock, pair high heeled shoes, unopened bag of squid snacks, shower cap, roll of toilet paper, stolen silverware, etc. She then stepped over the items, turned her back to Kelly, bent double, and proceeded to pick up the items one by one. Her waving ass in Kelly's face combined with her happy smiling face peering at him through and around her legs was devastating. He only lasted a part of two minutes. Fellow boardwalk denizens clapped as they went off arm and arm."

Well, that's my Introduction to the story FA AND CHIANG MAI KELLY guys. And what happened between Fa and CMK next? You have to read the story. This is only an Introduction. Happy reading.

In my opinion some of the most satisfying Introductions preface accounts of British empire males in India or in Africa in the 19th and early 20th centuries. Elitism, plenty of youth, plenty of money, plenty of bullets, native girls available starting at the age of 13, and often a complete lack of individual or societal self-reflection.

Example: from the Introduction to Colonel R. Meinertzhagen's KENYA DIARY (1902-1906)

> *"My five years in Kenya resulted from a snipe shoot in Burma."*

and

> *"Two criticisms may occur to the reader: one, the excessive taking of human life; the other, the slaughter of game."*

Ah, the British Empire, what days of glory for young rich white males. Few of us will ever be able to post entries like those above in the Introductions of our memoirs. I wonder what their Introductions to Thailand trip reports would have been like if they had spent like time in Siam where they would have been able to happily slaughter game, abuse the locals, kidnap women, and pontificate about civilized values and Christianity. I guess it is our loss that Africa and India looked more attractive.

So that's it guys: Introductions considered as stand-alone literary forms. Get involved. Write up some Introductions so compelling that readers clamor for more Introductions. A book full of nothing but Introductions. Make yourself the main character. Have fun.

Introductorily yours, Dana

339. A Shack In Suckburi

TT&A Part 296 2/7/2011

Greetings Stickmanites and Dana Fans—a short Introductory piece today followed by the main event called A Shack In Suckburi. Enjoy.

Enormous Bats

> *"Filth & rubbish everywhere, graves built into defences & scattered about promiscuously, feet & clothing breaking through the soil, water & muck on all sides; & about this scene in the dazzling moonlight troops of enormous bats creep & glide, to the unceasing accompaniment of rifles & machine guns & the venomous whining & whirring of the bullets which pass overhead."*

Opinions differ on the speaker of these words. Some Churchillophiles believe it is the great man himself describing the trenches of the Western Front during WWI. Others, followers of Danaism, believe it is Dana describing the South Pattaya boardwalk in the glorious 90's.

Research to identify the historical speaker of record is being done by Sir Reginald Dew-Dew Piffpaddle at Bullcrap-on-Tyne College in England. Research is also being done by followers of Danaism at Dana Central Enterprises (DCE), Rajah building, Soi 4, Bangkok.

Stay tuned. Any opinions, facts, suppositions, crazyass ideas, parchment records, tape recordings, photos, eye witness accounts, or issues of bribery should be sent to the administrator of this website for initial filtering, literary DNA testing, hyena-like laughing, and super duper academic examination.

Once the correct expositor of these words (Dana no doubt) in this above quote has been detected a pink polished granite slab with the quote chisel inscribed will be set in concrete on the boardwalk across from Soi 13/0. You knew that … anyway, like I said: stay tuned.

But that is not really what I want to talk about today. What I really want to talk about today is an essay titled:

A Shack In Suckburi

Attention Dana Fans and Stickmanites on this beautiful Christmas Day in LOS and a Lord of God season musing to you from me. To wit:

> *"The Guggenheim Museum invites you to honor, with all your affective presence, the lucid and positive advent of a certain reign of the sensitive. This manifestation of perceptive synthesis confirms Tino Sehgal's pictorial quest for an ecstatic and immediately communicable emotion."*

Yeah baby, all that and a bag of chips—or something. Right back at you Guggenheim Museum—or something. OK, I'll come clean: I got nothin'. Just no idea what this means—time to hit the boardwalk in Pattaya. I am persuaded that this announcement by the Guggenheim Museum regarding Tino Sehgal's art is content accurate and skillfully wordsmithed, but my instincts are that my affective presence and quest for an ecstatic communicable emotion would be most successfully applied visiting the boardwalk in Pattaya. I guess whores trumps art. Kill me.

But wait a minute, this idea has critics. Examples:

'Ah Dana, again with cruising the boardwalk in Pattaya for smilers? Give it a rest.'

'Sweet Jesus on a cracker Dana: can't you do better than that lot of addicts, eyebrow pluckers, and thieves?'

'Dana, that's it: I'm not reading any more of your crap. The boardwalk to meet nice Thai ladies? It's a big country jerkwad and you don't know nothin' 'bout nothing'.

Points taken guys and thank-you for taking a personal interest. I'll bet you've got some great alternative ideas for meeting someone special to share your life with. Like:

1. Get a friend of yours to smuggle you into an all Japanese club in Bangkok where the cream of the crop of Thai ladies are to be found. Yeah, that'll work. Not.

2. Pound the keyboard as a member of Thai computer dating sites. All of those Thai ladies have pussies with cobwebs. They are waiting to meet the right man. They are sleeping on a shelf in a shack in Suckburi waiting to meet you. Sure they are. Boy you really are making me look foolish now.

3. Only barfine girls in Go-Go bars recommended by the mamasan. You had a candid detailed adult conversation with the mamasan regarding your very special qualities and she respects you. You are not just a newbie tourist off the plane: you know stuff. This is going to work. Of course it is. Send me a postcard of you and your Thai wife on your five year wedding anniversary.

4. Simple young ladies unpolluted by life experience are the best so rather than demean yourself by sitting in the shade of a palm tree with a Thai lady on the boardwalk in Pattaya you chat up retail clerks at Robinson's Department store on Sukhumvit in Bangkok at the end of the month. That'll work. Great idea. Their bedroom walls are covered with posters of male Thai singers and male Thai TV stars but you are going to make them forget all of that. Girls who believe in ghosts and you. Hey, that's got future written all over it. I feel so foolish. You're the man.

5. Fly to Singapore and chat up the Thai whores in the high end clubs there. Now you are thinking. Winner women qualified to

mate with you for life. I'm barely qualified to stand in your shadow.

6. Hang out at the Suvarnabhumi airport coffee shop (if you can find it) and meet the Thai ladies who work for the airlines. Women of such clean and innocent aspect that a cotton swab sample of any part of their bodies would not pick up a single germ or piece of dirt. Angels. Goddesses. This will work. Sure it will. After a twelve hour day being exposed to thousands of foreign men they are waiting for you. Put me down as embarrassed. Embarrassed I did not think of this brilliant idea.

7. Spend your days in Pattaya slogging from one hairdresser to another hairdresser for just a 'trim'. That way you meet real women with real lives and real morals. Once again, I'm embarrassed I did not think of that. Boy you are really smart. Let me know how this works out.

8. Stand at the foot of the DOWN escalator in the Royal Palm department store in Pattaya and hold up a sign written in Thai that all of the girls can see:

"My name is Gerd. I am from Germany. I want to get married. The steel mill in my village has shut down so there is less pollution."

Let me know how this works. I really want to know. You're a thinker. Oh, and one thing Gerd. Even though the sign will be written in perfect Thai a lot of the girls will have a hard time reading it because it is being held by a farang. Welcome to Thailand.

9. Pass out pictures of the inside of your rectum taken by your proctologist during polyp removal surgery. Thai ladies who take an interest in this will be medically alert and intellectual. Hey, you might meet a Thai lady doctor. Could happen. Sure it could.

Whatever you do: don't go looking for companionship on that disgusting boardwalk. This rectum photo idea is a winner.

Attention Kurt Flodnoggle from Austria: I probably would not have thought of this idea on my own. Thank-you very much for the email. And I agree with you that if you married a Thai lady nurse or a Thai lady doctor you could have fascinating debates about whether Thai blood and farang blood is different. I personally think farang blood and Thai blood is identical but can 20,000,000 Thais be wrong?

10. Go to the same massage place (real massage—not that low class sex stuff) everyday and form relationships. I know of someone in Washington Square who recommends this. While the girls are massaging your feet they will listen to everything you say. Not. Of course they will not understand anything you say because you are not speaking Thai or Khmer but they will pick up your superior human vibes and fall in love with you. NOT.

OK, well; I guess I've learned a lot. Ten ideas on how to meet that special Thai lady in Thailand. In the meantime:

I'll see you on the boardwalk.

340. Cooking With Ginger or Entanglement?
TT&A Part 297 9/7/2011

Greetings Dana fans, street grilled chicken fans, and coconut with a straw fans. An essay today and maybe a surprise. Maybe you are all more like me than unlike me. Maybe even at a distance we are cosmically connected, just biding time waiting for an entanglement. Maybe that's all we really do with our lives—mark time until the next entanglement. Bonding is everything, and time is fleeting. Distant humans can be linked but the attraction only starts with a smile. Smile on the boardwalk and watch distant females inexorably move towards you. They think they hate farangs but they move towards you anyway. The physics of need. Sex is only part of the equation.

Cooking With Ginger Or Entanglement?

From the mystery, and the miasma, and the maelstrom of quantum mechanics; a physics that replaces facts with probabilities but always gets the right answers, we get:

> *"Distant particles can in fact be linked even when information can't pass between them. This distant linkage, called entanglement,"*—Alexander Witze.

Well maybe: all I know is that the sun is up, the sky is clear, the birds are chirping, and the boardwalk is starting to populate with some wonderful humans. Though distant from one another, we are all linked by the same thing. We want to smile. We need entanglement. And our bone marrow deep reptilian brain stem core intelligence tells us that time spent in each other's arms beats everything else.

OK, I'm not 100% sure how this relates to my self and to the other feminine selfs on the boardwalk in Pattaya but my instincts are that we are all involved in some quantum cosmic soup of mysterious intimacies. Entanglement of distant particles that can be successfully brought together to share photonic connections and starlight bonding whether we meet in the daytime or we meet at night. Daytime or under the stars are simply linear calendar constructs based on a planet revolving a star. What potentials and passes between my self and the individual selfs of Ling, or Ping, or Sung, or Na, or Fa, or Ba, or Wan, or Lan, or Ran, or Pencil, or Yogurt, or Benz represents the Homosapiens fusion core of all that can be. The interior pussy heat of Bong, or the giggling of Broom, or the crying (I am leaving tomorrow) of Fem, is the penultimate Farang-Thai experience. Nothing can place me closer to the bone marrow social core of Thailand than time spent with her women.

You took a cooking class at the Oriental hotel and learned what fantastic things the Thais do with ginger? Good on you. You rode an elephant and learned the mahout has been to Berlin to visit his now distant sister? Good on you. You actually got up and danced on stage at the Thai cultural show and dinner in Chiang Mai? Oh, you are brave. You went to the Bangkok restaurant Condoms & Cabbages and exchanged bright brittle chatter with other International types? I'm so impressed. But none of it was social physics. You were just sticking your finger in the frosting on the Thailand culture cake and calling yourself a sensitive adventurer.

Want to be a sensitive adventurer? Want to be an International adventurer? Want to have stories to tell that no one in your office in your home country can top? Want to meet the real Thailand? Want to mix with real Thais? Hit the boardwalk and pick up Thai ladies of the commercial kind. Think you are clever? Think you are smart? Try it. Learn to swim in a tank full of the disenfranchised, the angry, the hopeful, the without hope, the depressed, the innocent, the damaged, the confused, the ill, and all of the mothers who show stretch marks in your hotel room. Mothers trying to be good mothers. Learn to swim and learn to smile in this ocean and you may someday qualify to consider matters of physics, and math, and astronomy, and cosmology. Next stop Danaism.

Did you learn to fly amongst the stars in your Thai cooking class? Did you learn to see disfiguring stretch marks as markers of mother love while riding an elephant? On the return trip back to your country who do you suppose learned more about the culture of Thailand: you or the farang on the boardwalk you imagine is inferior to your neighbors, and your office mates, and your other family members?

Remember the day you visited the Thai museum and you looked at inconsequential broken bits of mislabelled pottery? On that day Fa and I went to the market with her aging father and her one year old child. The child was a delight, Fa was happy, the other Thais were friendly, and it turned out that her father and I both shared an interest in birds. Let's see: pottery shards vs. people. I think I'm ahead on points.

Next time you feel like making yourself look good by making others look less good in the form of an unoriginal diatribe against foreign men who go to Thailand to meet women consider that what they, and what we, and what I do is much more challenging and potentially rewarding and always human than going to a monkey show, or a tourist gem mine. On the field I might get injured but I also might fall on the ball. To find you I have to look in the stands where it is safe and easy to be judgemental.

It's the smiles and the love that counts. Our bodies are empty vessels yearning for entanglement, Marconi towers anxious for signals; hearts not of pumps and electrical impulse but of hope.

Hope that springs eternal. Like the Holy Spirit that acts as a guardian of Christian impulse until the Second Coming, hope makes a mockery of time and mortality. On our deathbeds we are still hoping to meet a nice Thai lady with soft brown eyes, and scorching hot hips. Hey, maybe the nurse likes me. Do we waste time with whether she is a boardwalk 6 or a private Japanese club 10? No, the idea never occurs to us. In fact, ideas do not occur to us. They are the dross of the fools and the lost. A quantum life is a life of quantum possibilities but it's a life of finite time. How to filter and winnow? The smart man reduces all to smiles and love. See you on the boardwalk.

Imagine the future surprises the pseudo-alpha males and pseudo-alpha females will have to endure when the prostitutes, and the skanks, and the cruisers, and the whores, and the stretch mark branded mothers and the men who smiled, and laughed, and bonded with them turn out to be the pioneers, and the leaders, and the visionaries that society needs. Nobody really needs to know how to cook with ginger, or ride on an elephant. What we need to know is how to accept all the quantum possibilities of our lives and make good choices. Are you smiling? Is the woman smiling? You made a good choice.

Think about it. In a quantum social world of infinite possibilities when you and your Thai lady pass through the slit of your hotel room door you don't know if you are going to emerge as particles or as waves on the other side. But does it matter? Just keep smiling. It's the smiles that count. Out of one hundred souls who went before the firing squad who is remembered? The one who smiled. The smile is the signal that the defences are down. Ready for social entanglement: not cooking with ginger, not elephant rides, or broken bits of pottery. Physicality, the commitment and the risk of love.

See you on the boardwalk.

341. Fon

TT&A Part 298 16/7/2011

Introduction

Ever fallen in love? Well, have you ever fallen in love with a Thai woman? OK, now we have listeners. I have. I have fallen in love with a Thai angel, and I don't mean a love affair of the one hour kind. I mean lifetime. And beyond. A love that is like unalloyed gold. A love so pure that her husband does not mind. He knows it is pure love.

Her name is Fon. Below is her (our) story.

Fon

Hello Dana fans: My heart is breaking as I write this. When the French knights were knocked from their horses to the muddy field at the Battle of Crecy in France the English archers could move downhill and shove small daggers between armor plates. Every human has an exposed place where another person can get to them.

A Thai woman named Fon has gotten to me. For years and years (and I thought forever) I was hopelessly in love with Lhadt. My friend David had sent me some pictures of the two of them as they traveled the world and spent time with each other. Respectful pictures of a Thai woman beyond improvement. Pictures of Lhadt holding onto the handlebars of a bicycle and smiling. That sort of thing. Lhadt was my angel, my dream, my reason for believing in all things good, and hopeful, and loving. Birds fell out of the sky and soi dogs stopped barking when Lhadt walked by. I have been in love with Lhadt for years. I thought it was a lifetime thing.

Then I saw a picture of Fon. My God, what kind of life am I going to have? I barely have the strength for this. I'm only a man and to be bounced from Lhadt to Fon is almost more than I can bear. But there it is. I have found another. Lying on my back in a muddy Thai field of love another Thai woman has come along and slipped her dagger of influence between my armor. I love Fon. No matter how strong and impregnable and focused we think we are there is always someone who can get to us.

There I've said it. Confessed. I feel sick. Sick for me and sick for Lhadt. I am scum. But there is no going back now. The wheel has turned. The future is now and I love Fon. No doubt Lhadt will never talk to me again and never smile at me again in my dreams, but there is nothing I can do. I'm just a leaf on the wind now and my wind is Fon. I love Fon. Oh God, I love Fon so much. Sometimes my love for Fon pains me so much I can hardly walk. I am stricken as my metabolism is so stressed that not enough oxygen can get to my muscles. The insides of my thighs burn and cramp, I can feel my heart's ascending aorta clamping down, and I start to lose my vision. Sometimes love can kill and sometimes I feel as if I'm dying. Dying in love. In love with Fon.

Pictures of Fon can be found on Dean Barrett's excellent website Deanbarrettthailand.com in the following places:

1. 15 January - 31 January—2007
2. 1 March - 15 March—2007
3. 1 March -15 March—2008
4. 1 February - 15 February—2009

Dean takes pictures of Fon who lives with her husband David in Isaan. He goes to visit them and then we get to see pictures of Fon on his website. God bless Dean Barrett. I love this man. There is some mystery to this, however, for the careful photo observer. An engaging mystery that amounts to a code that has to be cracked. Information available but only to the loving alert Fon worshipper. I believe I have cracked the code. So, what code have I cracked? What mystery have I penetrated?

Just this—in picture after picture Fon can look amazingly different. In some pictures she looks young and innocent, and in other pictures she looks mature and all knowing. In some pictures she looks tall, and in other pictures she looks short. In some pictures she looks like a domestic goddess you would expect to be stirring soup or folding laundry, and in other pics she looks like an upscale urban princess who has never washed a dirty dish. In some pictures she looks like a woman who has never seen a camera, and in other pictures she toys with the camera like an international super model. It seems there are many Fons. Believe me when I tell you that this is true. I have printed out every picture and taken them over to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in Cambridge so that I can look at them with their enhanced electron microscope (EEM).

How can this be? How can one woman look so amazingly different, and yet the same, in so many pictures? Research ensued. Scientists were enrolled. Money was raised. International committees engaged. Satellite photos taken. Geologists expert in plate tectonics questioned. Results? It seems that the Isaan area where Fon and David live has an unknown geographic anomaly: to wit—a hidden Shangri-la valley two miles long and a thousand feet deep that no one knows about. The sheer walled French Oceanic valley sides are rich in verdure that surrounds a flower bedecked meadow of rich loamy soil and green grass. And what do satellite photos show on this meadow floor?

Fons. Hundreds of them. Like wild horses with long black flowing manes, tight stomachs, and taut muscled legs; Fons of every beautiful kind are running, and trotting, and cantering, and galloping, and gamboling, and leaning against meadow and pasture fences with the hooded and happy sexy eyes of the world's premier femme fatales. How can this be? Stay tuned, because I have cracked the code (warning: you better sit down).

David, Fon's husband, is breeding Fons. He is not replicating them, he is breeding them. Hence all the wonderful varieties of Fons. Using himself as the breeding stallion he is producing Fons of every kind, and size, and exciting dream. Hence my puzzlement at first when I spotted pictures of Fon taken by Dean Barrett that looked so different from each other. I have cracked the code. David is breeding Fons the way a horse breeder produces beautiful horses. Deep in an Earthly Eden protected from polluting influences he is ... well, just try to imagine what is going on.

No need to envy David. His time on Earth is so far outside the norm of male existence that envy is irrelevant. This man is a God on Earth, a colossus of testosterone and male luck beyond measure. One Fon in my life I can barely imagine and calculate; but to look out the window and see hundreds of Fons is heart stopping in concept. David, I am not worthy—I am not qualified to crawl in your shadow.

How can you find this Thai Eden of gamboling Fons? You can't, unless you can access military satellites and squeeze the photos through holographic cryptology programs. But isn't it great to know that such a place exists? Hundreds of young fertile beautiful Fons stretching, and striding, and posing in the sun. Some of them can even cook, and David never sleeps alone—like I said, you can't dream a dream this big.

Fon, I love you. Everyone of you. I know I'll never ride you with my hands buried in your mane, and I know I'll never wake up in your valley; but knowing the Thai sun warms your skin makes me very happy. Fon, I love you; every one of you. And David?

What of him? Don't get me started. Why him instead of me? God, life is so unfair. I mean, just look at this guy in the pictures. How did this happen? How come he got the tap on the shoulder from life? Why him? Why not me?

And another thing: ah, just forget it. It's always another guy instead of me. Oh well, at least I can still dream. Dream of all the Fons rolling on their backs in a hidden sun dappled valley filled with laughter and the high pitched sounds of innocence and fated futures of acceptance and happiness and love. Happy happy Fons.

If I ever got an invitation to visit this valley I probably would not go. I know my limits. Hence the importance of Dean posting pics of Fon and Fons on his website. Dean, we need more pictures of Fon. And if David ever decides to start a company selling Fon T-shirts, and Fon coffee cups, and Fon hats, and Fon calendars, and Fon rugs, and Fon mud flaps for trucks, and life-size Fon sheets, and ... well, just let me know. I'll be an investor and I'll buy everything. I see the future and it is Fon running for the president of Thailand and Thailand being renamed Fonland. Fonland. A place on Earth with Fons everywhere. Sweet Jesus on a cracker—wouldn't that be wonderful? Fon, I love and only you forever.

Sorry Lhadt

342. A Quote Contest

TT&A Part 299 23/7/2011

Attn: Stickmanites and Danaites

I have been threatening to do this for years. Finally Stickman has cut loose some money for prizes so it is going to happen. So you need to send your results to him and he will notify you regarding prizes and prize mailing procedures. Anyway, here is the deal: below are sixty-nine quotes from Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes stories and essays, etc. Simply identify the TT&A Part # and/or the title (Ex: Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes—Part 77: Acceptance and Happiness and Love) and enter the contest. So if you remember those magic words: FLAMING DOG BOUNCEBACK this may be just the thing for you.

Note: a lot of Stickmanites wanted the prize for a perfect score (69 out of 69) to be a handshake from me while I make eye contact with you. Come on. Please. What are you thinking? Grab the reigns. Anyway: enjoy.

1. "I felt like a mouse in a room with a cat."
2. "The next thing I know I am drilled in the back by a hot stream of hooker urine."
3. "… 1000 pounds of sex in a 79 pound body."
4. ", some other dog is nailing the poodle from the Emporium with the perfumed ass. "
5. "… too messy and unattractive to have a penis in the marmalade."
6. "… the First Class hostesses will wear duct tape and dog collars."
7. "… ow ow, yum yum, boom boom …"
8. "His testosterone was up and his mistress was waiting down river."
9. "We'll charter sixty 747 airplanes and go as a group."

10. “She had registered him but he had calculated her.”
11. “Her name is Ba Na Da Wa Ma La Ra Pa Lan Ran Bee.”
12. “… to the Siamese sultan of the Kublai Khan whose pink coral castle guarded the Sundra Strait.”
13. “Pretend you are counting flies on the ceiling girls. Cheap Charlie just landed.”
14. “At night I have an elephant—tail flashing red light strapped to my ass.”
15. “My name is Rathsudakhemarapawarin which in Thai means ‘Feminine Virgin Butterfly’ but you can call me Tits.”
16. “30,000 farangs against 5000 bargirls. Even odds.”
17. “The powder will witness the night.”
18. “Melted roofing tar fell like black napalm rain.”
19. “Beside me on the seat was my mother’s blood.”
20. “She was squatting by the side of the road and rubbing vaseline on a soi dog’s balls.”
21. “One thousand war elephants and eighty thousand Burmese infantry were pouring through the pass.”
22. “These women were so big it was like riding a bicycle into a tunnel.”
23. “Spiderman pajamas with pussy hole? No ploblum kind sir.”
24. “I am small and the teddy bear is huge.”
25. “Men on horses are blowing bugles.”
26. “Dicks will be examined at the door by gap toothed mamasans.”
27. “… like two old fishermen staring at a lights blazing luxury liner going by. “
28. “Women throw sex at men like farmers throw corn to pigs.”
29. “Sometimes sex is not enough.”
30. “… winners from other cultures …”
31. “The only things that count are chaos and anarchy and violence and sex.”
32. “There was now a big black snake under the bed and it had

Japanese eyes."
33. "Sitting on the crapper he could feel the presence of a colored snake draped over the toilet tank behind him."
34. "Then they just lower the barrels and squeeze the triggers."
35. "My name is Wan and my sister's name is Wan."
36. "Dana's First Rule For Sex Tourist Engagement."
37. "KDS—Another product from Dana Industries."
38. "… bury his nose in Hitler's panties."
39. "Tropical perfume in a faraway land that distracts with postcard perfection."
40. "… Zen Dana sex trance."
41. "Delivering eleven future bargirls was like delivering eleven three year olds on different pee schedules."
42. "… later in her lawyer's office …"
43. "My cock and my balls have been ripped off and flung to the ground."
44. "Most of the established Newtonian and Einsteinium laws of Physics have been discarded …"
45. "I have opened a bar."
46. "… any idea where I can pick up a gun?"
47. "A good place to die."
48. "… the place is packed with male meat."
49. "… the night becomes a long drawn out scream."
50. "Early Tuesday morning the body of world famous Stickmanbangkok. com writer Dana was found on the pavement outside the A. A. Hotel on the corner of Soi 13 and …"
51. "Got my mojo working."
52. "The crazy farang will give you 500 baht for nothing."
53. "… flying flaming dogs …"
54. "None of us want to go to America now."
55. "… his pet goose named Pogo."
56. "… a list of diseased Aids infected whores …"
57. "… stampeding buffalo around a single pronghorn antelope."

58. "… dancing fool midget waitress."
59. "… my very first sex act."
60. "… I rolled the dice for me. d"
61. "She had no arms and she had no legs. d"
62. "… tumor ridden koy fish."
63. "… a warzone of expats and pussy."
64. "… 46,000 one-eyed teddy bears."
65. "He knows she won't leave oil rig money."
66. "… on the road to Poona."
67. "I have guarantee."
68. "It's not just about the women you meet. It's also about the men you meet."
69. "No."

Hint: these quotes are from Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes—Part 2 to Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes—Part 200 only. Part 201 to 300 will be included in Quote Contest Part 2. None of the eleven stand alone titles I have written are included and there is only one quote per submission. There is no pattern or meaning to this. Just trying to have fun. Stuff I pulled out of my head. Think of this as something I did after I had too many drinks. You know, like the pyramids. They don't represent any opinion of mine about my best writing or favorite stories. There are only sixty-nine quotes from two hundred submissions and approximately three hundred stories. No quotes are from the Catapult series, and no quotes are from the Dana-Fa-Pattaya-Plane series. Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes—Part 13 is also not included. I did not write that. I think I do know who wrote that completely inaccurate lameass parody but so far it is the best kept secret on the Internet. And of course, no expats who owe me money can be awarded prizes. You knew that and you know who you are.

The quote game can be a fun game. In theory, the quote helps crystallize the story or essay experience. A diamond on a mountain path. But a mountain can have more than one diamond. Different diamonds for different folks also. In many cases I could probably go back to each submission and pull out completely different quotes and be just as happy or even happier.

How about you? What was it about the mountain that affected you the most? Was it the green flash you saw at sunset from the peak, or was it the offer for a better rubles exchange rate half-way up, or was it the subterranean rooms of calcium lit by naked bulbs of colored lights that left the biggest impression? Mountains and essays and stories of no particular aspect can sometimes stun you. The text lures you and then stuns you like the whipping tale of an electric fish.

“Hey” you think as you jackknife in the bathtub or in the bed. I thought I was just readin’. “His mother’s blood?” “Black napalm rain?” “You could see everything?” “Penis in the marmalade?” You’ve been stunned by the electric pen of a whipping tale writer but you don’t want to leave the water. In fact, you want to be stunned again. The quote is now something you crave. A new, besides food and water and shelter and sex, need has been added to your life list. Quote me again. Here, I’ll strip off until I am completely naked; quote me again.

Now you and the writer are communicating, bonding. He has something you crave. You go back and reread, and reread, and reread. You print out a copy, and make margin notes, and do underlining. You email the story, or the essay, or the one act play, or the poem, or the song lyrics to friends. Sometimes a story has more than one startling quote. The mountain path is littered with diamonds under foot all the way up and all the way down. “Who is this guy?” you say to yourself. Someone at the top of the mountain might be exclaiming over the sunset show of the green flash but in the meantime you hear in your mind:

“My name is Wan and my sister’s name is Wan.”

What?

The quote game can be a fun game because it is personal. You pick’em. It’s all about you. Here’s an idea that will rock your world and make you sweat. Quote packin’, or quotes as fodder. Think you are a good writer? Think you are clever? OK, then write a story that includes all sixty-nine of these quotes. This’ll make you sweat like a pig on a spit but you’ll be smiling too.

From Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes—Part Two to Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes—Part 250 there are approximately 350 stories and maybe 550 great text jolts. How about this for a great trivia game amongst family and friends? Gameboard, dice, and a stack of cards with Dana quotes. Name the story by title or number that the quote appears in and you get to move your game piece. Different values for each quote. For instance: anything from the Dana Fan Club manifesto is just too easy. You won’t earn that many points. But how about something like:

“… tailors are shot on sight.”
or
“Dogs bark to establish place and declare life.”
or
“… pornographic constellations.”

Jesus, where did these come from? Like I said, some quotes in the Dana Quote Game (DQG) will get you more points than other quotes. Another example? Well, many of my story titles were actually direct quotes from the text. It’s what I do. For example: the essay title TRANNY SHEEP—THE FINAL FRONTIER is a repeat of what appears in the text. You aren’t going to get a maximum number of points for guessing that one. Just too easy. But how about:

"… synapse activity of a bucket of paint."
or
"Glocken fon du four wood burr caddie chunder roo barbie."
or
", there he is with Miss Pink Bicycle."

These quotes are more demanding so you get more points in the Dana Quote Game (DQG).

Are there quotes so hard that they can turn the tide for you if you are losing? Yes, usually they are bits of confetti or little cheater quotes—parts of quotes. Guess these Dana Quote Game puppies and you are back in the game. Example:

"… draw them out and interview them."

And for bonus points: who is being drawn out? Answer: soi dogs. These are tough. Not tough for Dana Fan Club members but challenging for lay people.

Here is another example of a high point earner: "Pinpricks of light in our souls." Good luck.

Anyway, more Dana Quote Contests are coming. One of a general nature like this one and then contests that are themed. Examples: Catapult quotes, Dana-Fa-Pattaya-Plane quotes, Tranny quotes, Danaism quotes, and Astronomy-Physics-Science quotes. Like the hyena's laugh in the middle of the African night some specific quote subject ideas just get your attention. Genesis and Revelations have nothing on us. Send me your ideas. And of course I would love to do a Dana Quote Contest that featured quotes that enrage feminists. The farang—Thai writing genre produces some whopper quotes. All first place winners (69 out of 69) will receive On The Road To Poona T-shirts as part of their prize package. Make sure Stickman knows your size and color choice.

And finally, do you wish your own writing had more quote worthy material? Simple. Just pull from the list below and great quotes will inhabit your writing like fleas in a soi dog's groin. Sometimes it's just knowing how.

1. stygian
2. teeruk tantrum
3. death rattle
4. penis scraper
5. ballistic fecal matter
6. flip flopper from Soi 6
7. hugged me like a boa
8. Boardwalk Bing and Bong
9. nirvana of addiction
10. Walking Street wankers
11. Mickey Mouse underpants
12. Dana sighting
13. African lion's grunt
14. expat psychos
15. pinwheeling sexual nebuli
16. soft hands—hard heart
17. spastic yaa baa humping
18. Buffalo Bar
19. check bin hell
20. Mothership misunderstanding
21. A. A. Hotel apocalypse
22. tranny in my pants
23. mamasan's figure
24. Pattaya anesthesia
25. laughing and crying at Suvarnabhumi

And sometimes combining stuff like this can make you look like a writing genius. Example:

“The African lion’s grunt in the stygian night reminded me of why I was looking for a penis scraper before going out to try and find my favorite flip-flopper from Soi 6.”

OK, bad example: this makes no sense. But you get the idea. If you have a thought like this at 3 a. m. you are guaranteed going to roll out of bed and start writing. I’ve rolled out of bed and then back into bed in the middle of the night answering the siren call of weird stuff like this so often I have damaged both shoulders. But I’m writing which means I am smiling.

Happy Quotes Everybody Dana

343. I’m Getting Married

TT&A Part 300 30/7/2011

I’m getting married. Release the doves and blow on the bugles, or in Thailand; release the soi dogs and … OK, I’m getting married. Fa and I are getting married. That’s right. You heard correctly. The last cog has finally fallen into place and the wheel has turned. Or something.

Anyway, Fa and I are getting married. If you are a Dana fan you know that every morning at 9:15 for ten years I have been picking up my Fa on the Pattaya boardwalk across from Soi 13/0 where I live at the A. A. Hotel. Get there any morning around 9:00 a. m. and look up at the fourth floor pool terrace and you will see me leaning over the metal handrail looking for Fa. Anyway, ten years: no big smile from her, no conversation from her, identical sex each time, etc. I guess I’m just lucky. Once I pretended to give her only twenty baht for her services. I thought it would be a fun thing and something we could laugh about and bond over later. Her face went dark, very dark. I never did that again. Fa is deep water. Anyway, I almost digress. Fa, my beautiful Fa, and I are getting married.

I asked her to marry me and she said Yes. Then a verbal dam burst and she started talking:

1. I will be required to pay her 5000 baht per day for lost income.

2. The sin sot will be 400,000 baht—all in 500 baht bills, plus a size large Hermes crocodile purse filled with gold. Also a tinted window four door sedan Benz. The license will say LICKME. She is not going to give up her business which she has been building since age 14. I respect her so much for this. She’s a modern woman.

3. A hansum young Thai male will stand in for me at the wedding in her home town of Suckburi. My presence will not be required.

4. We will live in a three bedroom apartment in the Royal Cliff Garden part of Pattaya. I will sleep on the balcony. Twice a week Fa's 'brother' will come over and sleep in her bed with her. Family ties are important in the Kingdom and I so respect that. She will have all of the closets and I will have a hatrack for clothes. I think you can see from all of this detail that Fa has been imagining us as a married couple for a long time. God bless Thais, and Thai culture, and Buddha bless my Fa. I'm the luckiest man in the world.

5. She will walk twenty-five feet behind me on the street. A woman has her 'face' to consider. I totally endorse this.

6. I will not be allowed near her two year old daughter. Her daughter has been told that all farangs are pigs and I am totally OK with this. I am sure mom knows best.

7. Her lawyer will have pre-printed legal documents drawn up accusing me of various marital and other crimes. All he will have to do is fill in the dates if Fa directs him to. I believe a marriage has to have clearly defined limits so I accept this. God I love Thailand.

8. We will not have any sex. We are married now. Asking for sex can get me thrown in the 'monkey house'. Hey, is this the greatest country in the world or what?

9. My Fa, my beautiful Fa, is not going to cook or do housework. A crippled Burmese slave girl will do all of that. She will sleep in a cardboard box on the floor.

10. She, my Fa, will carry a 45 caliber Glock handgun in a shoulder holster. If I come near her, smile at her daughter, or talk

too mutt she will shoot me. OK, fairly warned. Ask yourself this question. Would your wife care enough about important matters to shoot you? I'm a lucky man.

OK, it's a list; but also it's a list I can live with. A recipe for marital happiness. It's all about the love. Fa and I are getting married. I have asked Fa to marry me and she has said Yes. At least I think she said Yes—I don't speak Thai. I could not be happier. Don't hate me because I am the luckiest man in the world. It can also happen to you. Spend ten years with a brainless unloving whore and it could happen to you. Go to the boardwalk and look for your future. But stay away from Fa. Fa is mine.

Oh sure, there are some critics. People have pointed out to me that I have not received one genuine smile from Fa in ten years. Observers have pointed out that Fa has never not once invited me over to her apartment to meet her daughter. Friends have noted that Fa has never spent one 'long time' with me. All fluff. You don't spend ten years picking up a whore every morning because there is nothing there. I think we can all agree on that. Guys are just jealous that I managed to scoop Fa up first.

Anything else? A few things. Details. If you ever come to visit us I will be wearing wool gloves, a coyote fur hat, and industrial ear protectors. Why? You know why. The TV will be at maximum volume and the air-conditioning will be at maximum coldness. Anyway, I know what you are thinking reading this. You are thinking:

"Sweet Jesus on a cracker Dana. How did you ever hook up with Fa? She is so wonderful she does not even sound human. She sounds like a Thai angel who has been sent down from Thai heaven to give you life."

Right on brother. Oh, and one more thing. As a part of the marriage contract my 18,000 specimen 25 year collection of beetles will be thrown out.

Fa: Beetles are for eating, not for looking at you stupid farang.
Me: Yes dear.

Of course she is correct. My twenty-five years of catching, mounting, researching and labeling beetles for science and personal pleasure from all over the world now looks like juvenilia of the most selfish and superficial kind. I’m embarrassed. My Fa is a serious person.

Note: one of my beetle ‘finds’ was named after the Dana Fan Club and another one of my beetle discoveries was monikered in Latin for the Church of Dana. But don’t bother emailing me for additional information—once I marry Fa I will not be allowed to have hobbies, or express ideas. And that is the way it should be. God I love Thai culture.

Anyway, I am getting married to Fa. My future is so bright I have to wear sunglasses. Wedding details to follow. Everyone is invited.

Sincerely yours,
Happy happy Dana

344. Water Buffalo In A Submarine 18/8/2011

Greetings Dana fans and ceiling fans (I promise, that joke is funny after a few drinks):

Anyway, welcome to my world: a world of exotica and instruction. To wit: going to learn to speak to the locals are you? OK, consider this recent conversation between myself and a boardwalk honey named Ting. Then cogitate on the dream: the dream of learning to speak Thai to the locals. Good reading and good luck.

Boardwalk Honey (Ting): Sa wa dii ka kuhn hansum man Dana.

Me: Hi Ting.

Ting: I saw you with your new girlfriend yesterday. What's she like in bed?

Me: She's hotter than a broken steam pipe in a submarine movie.

Ting: What is a submarine?

Me: OK, Ting—she's hotter than a water buffalo's feet on a paved road in your village.

Ting: What's a paved road?

Me: OK, let's try this—sexually my new girlfriend is so hot if you saw her naked you would become a lesbian.

Ting: Would I be in the submarine?

Me: No Ting, you wouldn't be in a submarine.

Ting: Where would the water buffalo be? Would he be in the submarine?

Me: No Ting honey, nobody would be in a submarine. That was just kind of a somewhat obscure figure of speech.

Ting: OK, I forgive you.

Me: Grrr … sweet Jesus on a cracker … what?

Ting: You not speak Thai. I forgive you. All farang stupid. Just one question.

Me: What's that?

Ting: If my water buffalo saw your new girlfriend naked would he become a lesbian too?

345. Memory Pearls

19/2/2011

I’ve got a friend: OK, more a spooky acquaintance really, who knows everything about pinhole cameras. History, construction, techniques, materials, tricks, etc. You go in his house and there are pinhole cameras everywhere. Pretty interesting even if you are not that interested in pinhole cameras. Anyway, if you ever wake up in a sweat in the middle of the night and you absolutely positively need to know something about pinhole cameras this is the guy you are going to call. He’s a collector, and collectors know everything.

I went through all the usual suspects in the world of collecting: stamps, feathers, sea shells, rocks, bird’s eggs, leaves, etc; but what finally grabbed me and never let go was door knobs. I collect door knobs. I have hundreds of door knobs of every conceivable (and inconceivable) size, shape, construction, historical interest, and material. It’s a fascinating hobby and I am proud to say that I know probably as much about door knobs as my pinhole camera friend knows about pinhole cameras. My friend said he could make me a pinhole camera shaped like a door knob. I may take him up on it. Anyway, the thing is; door knobs are in doors. So, to have a collection of door knobs I guess it’s kind of like stealing. Collectors call it ‘collecting’. Apparently crime in service to obsession distorts reality. Sometimes life can be hard: bouncing between the moral absolutes of what you know is right, versus what you want. It can be difficult to be a collector.

I don’t crave the future because explaining to St. Peter at the gate to heaven that I have spent thirty years stealing door knobs is going to be a challenge. All the more of a challenge when he says:

“Couldn’t you just have taken pictures of the door knobs? Didn’t you ever hear of photography?”

There is probably somebody involved in the administration of heaven just waiting for a good photographer to come up and do a photo documentary on the harp factory. Nobody is waiting for someone to come up and steal God's door knobs. Some things are hard to explain. Sometimes a picture is just not enough for me. If someone is on a photo safari and they are sticking up through the roof of a Land Rover vehicle like a meerkat sentinel in order to take a picture of an African wart hog it never occurs to them to take the wart hog home. The photo is enough. Me, I want the door knobs. I can have most door knobs out of most doors in less than a minute.

But sometimes timing can go askew. A maid, or a security guard, or a home owner, or a hotel guest suddenly appears and you don't have time to make the entry in the log, wrap the door knob in tissue paper, and box it. You are maybe in trouble and you have to move fast. Just jam the tools in your pocket, stuff the door knob in your pants, and move fast down the hallway. It can be embarrassing.

So for that reason, I envy the photography enthusiast. For them the picture is enough. Their pictures are like a timeline string of memory pearls that allow them to review and consider their life in dignified contemplation. Each photo represents a unit of their life like a photon from the sun. The camera is the sun and the photos give life.

There is another reason why photography is great. Photography leaves a clean wake. Except for the people who might complain that taking their picture 'steals their souls', the photographer can happily click away knowing that he is doing no damage. No awkward conversations later with Saint Peter as you are interviewing to get into heaven. You can show him album after album of wart hogs, or flowers, or door knobs you took pictures of and there is no problem. Just shared happiness. God bless and

God blesses photography. Me, I've got problems. Saint Peter is not going to let me in if he suspects that he will catch me backing out the set screw on one of God's door knobs. Heaven is paradise but there are rules. That is why I envy photographers. They don't have to defend what they do: to each other, or to others. They belong to a happy race of aficionados that people envy and respect.

Me, I want the doorknobs.

346. Swandives of Acceptance

TT&A Part 301 29/10/2011

I Am Writing A Novel

Preamble to Official Announcement:

Time's river in its flow
Sweeps away all human endeavor
And drowns in the depths of oblivion
Peoples, Kingdoms, and tsars.
—Gavrila Derzhavin

So, what are we left with? Dana, Danaism, and the Dana Fan Club. For the uninitiated the Dana Fan Club is a mystery. If you ever stumbled upon the towering diamond mountain in the hidden Kingdom valley that houses the Dana Fan Club you stood before it knowing you were not equal. There are Dana Fan Club members and then there are other humans. I respect my fans.

I will let Catherine the Great speak for me:

"Who can know me so well to describe me so pleasantly that it makes me weep like a fool?"

Ah fans, the acknowledgment of greatness known to the few. Dana fans of the Dana Fan Club category know me. For them and for other Dana disciples I am going to write a novel. It will be an entertainment, a gift, and a symbol. Sunrise will never look the same again. Life on Earth will change. Some Dana Fan Club members and others upon hearing this have said, and I paraquote:

'No Dana don't do it. You have already blessed us beyond measure with your stories and your essays. We don't need any more. Find a nice quiet part of the north end of Jomtien beach and watch the gays pair off. Relax.'

Sorry, I can not abide (novel word) by this. I am going to write a novel. It's in me and It's got to come out. Ever tell a man with bearing down pains not to take a dump? Same thing. It's in me and it's got to come out. I am going to write a novel. Don't get me wrong. I love my fans, especially the gifts from my fans. One fan, a Mr. Slongdorp Boogermeister of Berlin, Germany sent me a life-sized sculpture of myself made out of toothpicks. He said it took him six years to make. I believe him. He offered the personal information that the prison authorities let him take it with him when he was released. Which just goes to show that good things happen to good people. Another fan, a Ms. Fontoo Kang (or Ms. Kontoo Fang—I can't really remember) of Macau sent me a six foot tall replica of my genitalia made from used tongue depressors (she is a nurse). She said that one very special tongue depressor had made a journey in and out of her vagina and she challenged me to guess which one it was. So if you see me sniffing the replica of my genitalia you know what I am up to.

Note: You know, my life is no different than anyone else's life, it's just that I write this stuff down. Anyway, what follows is the official announcement regarding my novel.

Official Novel Announcement:

Well, Stickmanbangkokites and Dana Fans and trackers of literary history; I am gearing up to write a novel. That's correct, you heard it; after years and years of international begging from the 'great novel' deprived I have decided to apply literary balm to the open festering wound. Or something. Anyway, I have a story idea that amuses me which was key for the project; otherwise you are just a hack writer writing for yourself. I am going to write a novel. It's not my usual form of text expostulation but I have pulled the short form short story taffy as far as I can: it's time. Feel the vibration under your feet, hear the horizon bugles, feel the hairs on your neck rising and tingling? It is time.

The title will be The Story of Min and it will track an Isaan lady from age 18 to age 38, so it is a partial biography told as an autobiography (Min narrates). There are some text interruptions by me and by Chiang Mai Kelly. We are both main characters.

What's done?

All the mechanical decisions and some of the writing has been done: page size, page number, font, margins, front & back covers, word length, number of chapters and titles, introductions (5) and first chapter and last chapters are written, paper weight, kind of binding, advertising and distribution and fulfillment system, etc. Not all of the outlining is complete but that is mostly just grunt work. I can do it.

The introductions (5) are by myself, Chiang Mai Kelly, Pattaya Gary, 500 Baht Walt, and Fa. Hopefully the surprise ending will cause the reader to reflect on what he has just read. I love the surprise ending. Others will question it's veracity or believability. It's a novel folks, you have to believe.

The novel has no agenda. It is just a story to entertain. There will not be any 'teaching moments', or political points-of-view, or sides taken on controversial subjects (condoms, Aids, etc.), or arty-farty text presentation experiments, or really any plot. The wonderful thing about biographies is that they release you from the stresses of plot. Min tells the story of her life over a twenty year period. Simple for the reader and simple for the writer. Since she spends most of those years working for me (Dana) and Chiang Mai Kelly in Pattaya, hopefully hilarity and human interest will ensue.

Chapters will be short, writing style will be quick and lean with little use of traditional storytelling tools like metaphors, flashbacks, etc. No long freestanding educational asides, political diatribes, comma heavy adjectival detail, excessive length, personal issues, obtuse references, or multi-layered storytelling. The Story of Min is not Melville's Moby Dick. I know who I am not, and I am not Herman Melville. Nobody will learn anything. People taking offense at the story will be trying hard to take offense. Min is not an offensive person and mostly does not do offensive things. OK, she is quick to kill people but no one is perfect and I am not even sure killing people is a bad thing providing some thoughtful targeting is employed.

From first keystroke to the last keystroke I expect to pound out this novel in eleven days. How is this possible? Because I'm a friggin' genius and I can do everything better than you, that's how. OK, maybe I need to rethink that (lately I've been getting these headaches). Anyway, I figure it'll come in at about 97,000 words, the same length as Stephen Becker's novel The Last Mandarin, but without some stupid plot to get in the way of my wordsmithing talent. Plot is such a bore when what most of us really want is excess emotion, impulse, chaos, anarchy, bladder bursting laughs, and sex. Anyway, 97,000 words is 8818 words/day or 367 words per hour. 367 words per hour? Easy. I could write 367 words per hour with both hands tied behind my back. I can easily go eleven days without sleep on ya ba, HGH, testosterone patches, intravenous caffeine drip, genius moments, smelling salts, pinpricks to the ear lobes, and electric shocks to the testicles. And yes, I know what you are thinking. You are thinking: Electric Shocks To The Testicles would be a great name for a pre-op tranny rock band. But let's try and concentrate on The Story of Min. At approximately 97,000 words it will not be a big mother of a novel: just the right size and weight for reading in the bath or in the bed which is how most people judge novels.

Of course the first draft will also be the last draft. There is never a need to rewrite genius. You knew that. I might have to delete the 18,000 word sex scene (I had a terrific headache when I wrote that) and replace it with an 18,000 word description of Min's knitting needle collection. Time will tell on that one. I'm sure Dostoevski was faced with similar choices. Anyway, this novel thing is a lot of goddamned words. As a back up Chiang Mai Kelly and Union Hill have agreed to come to my sixth floor ocean facing suite at the A.A. Hotel on Soi 13/0 in Pattaya and type for me as long as I can provide them with those hats that hold beer cans and a flexible tube that goes to the mouth. Fa will be in charge of replacing the empty beer cans with new beer cans, and I will narrate the novel. I know you probably want to, but do not give me too much credit for this idea. Milton's epic poem Paradise Lost was written the same way. Bye-the-way, there is a rumor that Milt (I call him Milt) was blind. Blind drunk is more like it. History rewrites itself. Bye-the-way, is Beer Can Hats another great name for a rock band or is that just me? I almost digress.

Anyway, I'd like to pound out the words to this story. I see it as a nice combination of athletic event and mental challenge. As outlined, it is all original; borrowing from no other writer's style or content. No CIA agents, no AK47's, no bitter westerners, no cross cultural cliché no detectives, no drug trade stories, no 'history of Thailand' inserts, and no ghosts. Should be fun.

Yes, there is a picture of Min.

Novely yours,
Dana

Postscript: How good will this novel be? How epic in scope? How visionary in concept? How riveting in detail? How original in imagery? How funny and fun? Well, the question is longer than the answer. The answer is a handful of diamonds flung against the sun. This will be a greater novel than any novel of any living 20th or 21st century novelist. This novel will set the bar for a new set of standards in novel writing. Future creative writing classes will refer to 20th and 21st century novels, and then; The Story of Min.

Living novelists will burn their books in public immolations of literary ego. Schools, and publishing houses, and libraries, and bookstores will light bonfires of their own out of respect. Dean Barrett will stop flogging his novels and sell my novel door to door from Mae Sai to Betong to New York to Godthab to McMurdo Sound. He will also do booksignings for me. The Texas Lone Star Saloon in Washington Square is no longer available but I am sure he will find some wonderful place to do booksignings dressed up as me. I can't be everywhere and consorting with readers gives me facial tics. He asked me if this would absolve him from having to follow through on a swandive of acceptance (more on this later). I told him he would have to let his conscience be his guide. Children.

Anyway, The Story Of Min will cause the Earth to tremble. Poorly combusted materials from joyous and thoughtful bookburning pyres will fill the air and blot out the sun. A literary winter will follow. Crops will fail and millions will starve. Societies will crumble and evolution will take a breather. I will have to step in and stop it. For this I will be granted the Nobel Peace Prize, for the book I will be banned from twenty-six countries. By the end of the second year of publication twenty million baby girls will be named Min, and Thai legislators will file a bill to rename Thailand Minland.

In anticipation of living novelists committing suicide due to comparison of their novels with my novel, something that will come to be called comparacide; Fanta and Union Hill and

Pattaya Gary and Fa and 500 Baht Walt and Chiang Mai Kelly and Marc Holt from Oz have already started design work on the thirty story klieg light lit Swandives of Acceptance tower to be built in the Maritime Park in South Pattaya on the same site as the Church of Dana. Living novelists who have accepted their (and my) literary station will be flown in to Bhumi at my expense, brought down to Pattaya by tranny helicopter crews, and taken up by elevator to the top of the tower. Once in place they will do a comparacide swandive of acceptance. Their last stabs at immortality on Earth will be in service to me and The Story of Min. Oh happy day.

Is this novel The Story of Min going to be the Great Expat Novel? No, it is not going to be the Great Expat Novel. Is this because I lack the drive, vision, and talent for the Great Expat Novel? Don't be silly. It is because my bone marrow writer instincts tell me that producing the Great Expat Novel might lead to my own suicide. Not comparacide, that would not be possible; but suicide as a marker of final human endgame evolution. A plunge to eternity with God's hand rising up to meet me. It's too soon for that.

Think of The Story of Min as an exercise; a literary yoga basic, an introduction and mastery of form alerting my neurons, and squidodian axons, and atomic instincts, and chemical processes, and electrical abilities to the inevitability of the Great Expat Novel. Stay tuned.

So keep an eye on your Pattayamail newspaper for a calendar notice regarding Swandives of Acceptance Day. Anybody who is anybody will be there and many of these anybodies will commit suicide (comparacide) out of acceptance of my novel. Stripped naked and bouncing at the edge of the Tower of Acceptance diving platform on the balls of their feet, a copy of The Story of Min in each hand; they will take off with arms outstretched and reflect on the way down on the joy of giving, giving themselves and their longtime literary aspirations to Dana. Most of them are strangers to Danaism but it is never too late for lesson one. Their wide and widening eyes drunk with eternity will watch the ground rush up. At last their lives will have meaning.

Min will travel down from her bar in Bangkok to start and end the festivities. After the opening fireworks display, the pink Lycra suited tranny skydiving show, and the ladies dressed as commas and semi-colons wrestling in mud; I will be lowered by helicopter in a flaming hoop of fire. Soi dogs will bark and people will pose for pictures with bodies plummeting behind them. It will be a party. A Swandives of Acceptance party. Nothing brings joy like acceptance. That's how good my novel will be.

Admission free to Dana Fan Club members, and priority seating given to followers of Danaism and Church of Dana devotees. Oh, and Dean Barrett will be at the entrance selling books. You knew that.

347. A Time Criminal

TT&A Part 302 19/11/2011

Are you like me? Do you wish you had been born gay so that you could spend your vacation days in the Kingdom on the north end of Jomtien beach being propositioned by guys who don't even pretend to lisp or put their hands on their hips? Standing in the ocean with the water up to your belly button and the sun on your shoulders and on your back and on your head. A Thai man is standing with you chest to chest and his back to the horizon so that no one can see him from the beach. His breath smells like fish paste and one of his hands is in your bathing suit. Ah bliss. You start to giggle, then get dizzy. Bliss. Instead, I'm stuck with women.

Women, what's with that? Whose idea of a joke was that? Which God takes the blame for this? Women. I commute every day on the subway in Boston. Never once have I seen a woman reading a newspaper. Think that is hyperbole? Let me repeat: never once have I seen a woman reading a newspaper. And now with cell phones and cell phone culture? Forget about it. We have newspapers for every enthusiasm in Boston but women don't have any enthusiasms that are not self-centric. Daily newspaper reading allows people to keep in touch with local, regional, national, Earthly, solar system, Milky Way, or cosmic events. But women are not interested in local, regional, national, Earthly, solar system, Milky Way, or cosmic events. Facts or speculations on issues or events not 100% all about them simply do not qualify as interesting data. Boys, babies, make-up, and dress-up are the four parts of a woman's brain. Oh sure, in the more complicated women's brains you might have secondary parts like diet, celebrity sightings, and alimony payments but how about science, philosophy, sports, history, current events, first principles, cosmology, morals, physics, material sciences, engineering, and politics? Forget about it. Boys, babies, make-up, and dress-up. And in Thailand it's boys, babies, make-up, dress-up, and cheating foreign men.

The diet of the sperm whale is mostly squid. The squid live deep, one to three thousand feet deep in many cases. Sometimes even deeper. Much deeper. Imagine the pressure. Imagine the complete lack of light. The slow ponderous whales can't see. The squid are acrobatically fast and maneuverable. So how do the eighty foot sperm whales catch the hundreds of thousands to millions of squid that they need to catch to live? 3% of their body weight per day? Do the numbers. Squid are 89% of their diet and these big boys need squid in volume daily. Nobody has a clue. Not one scientist even has a theory worth considering. A complete mystery. Not one smarty-pants PhD. whale expert has been able to crack the code on this: how the whales catch enough squid. An interesting question isn't it?

Not to females. All they care about is boys, babies, make-up, and dress-up. Brainless hormone machines put on Earth to grunt out more babies we don't need. And three holes in one place? Oh please, give me a break. Is it any wonder they walk around with perfumed underpants? Peeing, pooping, farting, bleeding and leaking all in one place? What man would have designed something like that? Have you ever seen a bridge design as messed up as that? Sweet Jesus on a cracker, whose idea was this? Tip a man's balls and flip a can of talcum powder at him and 'no ploblum kind sir'. Women? Forget about it. But I almost digress: at least if I was gay in Thailand I'd have someone to talk to. A man can dream.

The biomass of krill may exceed E.O. Wilson's ants. And the biomass of squid may exceed that of krill. In fact, it is possible that the biomass of squid exceeds all other individual biomasses on Earth. But that does not explain how sperm whales find, pursue, and swallow squid. With depth deflated lungs they are not suddenly going to become more athletic. In depths without light they do not have a way to generate light. They do not appear to have the needed echo locating type radar to make them top predators. In fact, they do not even have eyes on the front of their head which is a marker of land predators and whales are mammals. And their eyes are so small as to look like afterthoughts. One of the best representations of a sperm whale by artist Rockwell Kent (Rockwell Kent Gallery and Collection, Plattsburgh State Art Museum) does not even have eyes. No one corrected him. And just as interesting, though less dramatic; is Barry Moser's now iconic illustration of a sperm whale in his 1978 illustrated edition of Moby Dick. The whale has an eye of such indeterminate portraiture that you have to strain to see it and then you have to convince yourself that you are indeed looking at the eye of the monster. How did these great lumbering blind-at-depth beasts feed themselves? Is it possible that there are some areas of squid biomass so congested that all whales had to do was swim around with their lower jaw open? Etc. Etc. A scientific puzzler and it is precisely this kind of problem solving that is supposed to be a marker of higher intelligence. We ought to be able to figure this out. This should get the curious person's (read: homosapiens) attention. Try it on women. Good luck. You'll get responses like:

"You talk too mutt."

"You talk funny."

"My last boyfriend was boring too."

"I'm hungry."

Women are not curious. At least with gays, faggots, and homos you can have a conversation. In fact, they may even know something about homosexual sperm whales. I mean, look at the name: sperm whale. At any rate, if you are ever in a bar in Pattaya and you look to your right or you look to your left and you see an eighty foot sperm whale sitting next to you, ask him about this stuff. I'd like to know.

You know, one theory of mine about how sperm whales manage to ingest enough squid biomass to live is that they do not predate at all. Instead, they dive down to Squid Clinics for the Depressed and the squid just swim in their jaws and commit suicide. Seem silly? OK Einstein, what's your big idea? Do you know why previously I did not say 'find, pursue, bite, and swallow'? Because there are no bite marks on most of the squid found in sperm whale stomachs. So they are top predators that usually do not have to even bite their prey? Really? And while you are composing your patronizing email to me consider this: can you imagine having this conversation with a Thai woman?

Hence my theory that most men would be a lot happier as gays, faggots, and homos. Also fruit loops, limp wrists, and 'light-in-the-loafers' but those are subcategories and not for this essay. Ever been in a Pakistani bar during cricket finals? How about an English bar during soccer finals, or an Australian bar during: well, just any Aussie bar anytime. These guys are having fun. At least I think the Aussies are having fun. Can not understand one word. At any rate, as fun as these straight bars are; nothing equals the fun and happiness and hilarity of a fag bar for foreigners in Pattaya. Guys a thousand miles from home with big needy wing wangs, plenty of money, and if you run into your boss from back home that's not a problem, it's an opportunity.

They don't always let me in a gay bar in Pattaya but when they do everyone is nice to me. They know two things. They know that I am straight, and they know that I am not judgemental. If you have ever held up tranny Emma's twelve inches with a stick it broadens your horizons. Want to have some fun? Balance a tongue depressor on a bar of soap and put an M&M candy on one end. Then have tranny Emma slam her log down on the other end and try to catch the flying M&M candy in your mouth. Now that's what I call Thai culture. Anyway, it is hard to exceed the fun to be had in gay bars.

Yesterday I picked up Fa at 9:15 in the morning, Ting at 2:30 in the afternoon, and Mem (or was it Lem) off the boardwalk at 10:00 p.m. I'm straight. It's what I do. But it is mostly a yawn being an Adonis macho alpha male because I am forced to consort with women. If I could speak perfect Thai would these women be able to talk about anything besides boys, babies, make-up, dress-up, and cheating foreign men? If there was a subway running from Jomtien to Chonburi would I see any of these Thai femme fatales reading a newspaper? I'll bet you if the subway was full of homos you'd see newspapers. Just thinkin'.

What has the most value? Is it love or diamonds or land or health or power? None of these things has the most value. What has the most value is time. You can never get time back. Everything about your life is linear. Time only goes forward and it can't be stopped, slowed, or reversed. Time wasted is the biggest crime.

"Yesterday I picked up Fa at 9:15 in the morning, Ting at 2:30 in the afternoon, and Mem (or was it Lem) off the boardwalk at 10:00 p.m."

God, what a heterosexual waste of time. A waste of time with women.

"Women? What's with that? Whose idea of a joke was that?"

I wish I was gay. At least then I wouldn't be a time criminal, wasting time and committing a crime against myself. Are you like me? I'll bet you are. I'll bet you wish you were a homo too. Standing in water up to your waist with the sun on your back, and the sun on your shoulders, and the sun on your head; and a Thai man's hand in your bathing suit.

348. Leather, Bullets, and Guns

21/11/2011

Writing about Thai-farang matters in my dimly lit fifth floor walk-up garret on Beacon Hill takes all my time. I don't have time to keep up on modern stuff. No TV, no DVD's, no VCR's, no iPod, no cellphone, no texting or twittering or Facebooking, etc. Too busy wordsmithing on matters of the Thai-farang kind. So I'm not really sure about this, but I think Bart Simpson would be a good name. I'm going to change my name to Bart Simpson. You can call me Bart or you can call me Mr. Simpson or you can call me B.S. No more Dana, I'm Bart Simpson now.

Why the name change? Because I have decided to change my whole life and for a new life you need a new name. No more trying to get into gay bars in Pattaya, no more chatting up the trannies on Walking Street, no more coffees at Starbucks with Pattaya Gary, no more conversations with 500 Baht Walt in the lobby of the Mothership, no more pounding Ting or Ling or Bing or Fling or Wing like a rabbit on speed; from now on my life is going to be all about leather, bullets, and guns. That's right, I am going to be a cowboy and I think Bart Simpson is a great cowboy name.

A lot of guys when they first see me in the Mothership booking a next morning Bell Travel trip to Pattaya, or next door at the Rajah Center playing pool, or chatting up a boardwalk cutie between police raids say:

"Say fella, I don't know you; but are you a gunslinger cowboy?"

I get that a lot.

Anyway, Fa and I are going to move to Deadwood Gulch in Arizona and cruise up and down the wooden sidewalks dodging tourists and sagebrush. Fa will be wearing a purple sombrero with beer can tabs for tassels, a scoop neck Spanish blouse, leather bushwhacking chaps with purple silk underpants, and Thai temple monkeyskin cowboy boots with the words Short Time on one boot and Long Time on the other boot in gold letters. Depending on her mood Fa will either kick you in the crotch with a monkeyskin cowboy boot that says Short Time or kick you in the crotch with a high-heeled chrome toed cowboy boot that says Long Time. Stay out of Deadwood Gulch if you do not want to party.

What will I be wearing? Cowboy stuff, that's what. Goodbye Dana, hello Bart. I'll be wearing a great big giant cowboy hat with a coiled cobra skin around the brim, pink silk slash pocket shirt with black armadillo tie, black dyed coyote skin suspenders, longhorn cattle hide pants, and high heeled cowboy boots that make me 5'6" tall. Like I said, a new life.

And what about the leather, bullets, and guns? I'm gettin' to that pardner. Crossed bandoleers in case Fa and I get involved in a lengthy gunfight with desperados, two pearl handled six shooters with crossed flip-flops on the handles, and two Honda Waves for Fa and I. Don't mess with us. Myself and Fa may be retired but we're tough.

So goodbye to the Dana Fan Club, goodbye the Church of Dana, goodbye Dana the Movie, goodbye Dana the Book and goodbye the Dana website ADATT (All Dana All The Time). Goodbye to it all. And of course goodbye to the worldwide philosophy of Danaism. No more lying in bed pretending to listen to Thai females who have nicknames for their cellphones, no more trying to order a coke in a bar using the Thai language (never once successful in twenty years), and no more trying to carry on a conversation with Dave-the-Rave in that noise factory called the Angelwitch bar. From now on it's cruising the wooden sidewalks of Deadwood Gulch for Fa and for myself. Our lives will be all about leather, bullets, and guns. If you spot me you can call me Bart or you can call me Mr. Simpson, or you can call me B.S.

So here is the thing. I think I have stumbled on the next evolutionary step in the Farang-Thai lady website development. To wit: these websites should have a special section in which farangs publish the retirement plans of themselves and their whore wives or girlfriends. Which continent and city are they going to retire to, new interests and enthusiasms, new lifestyle and ideas, and of course any fashion changes. There is always time for fashion. Always the visionary and the point man I offer up the story of the retirement of my self and Fa's self as an example. With you and your whore wife retirement might take place in McMurdo Sound in Antarctica, or in a hut next to a hot spring in Iceland, or in Florida's panhandle where the two of you own a shell shop. Tell us about it. Complete the circle. Make a contribution to the genre of Farang-Thai literature. With my Fa and my self it is going to be all about leather, bullets, and guns. Maybe with you and your whore wife it is going to be all about flower pressing, feathers in hats, and genital body painting. Hey, we make no judgements. Write it up and send it in.

349. Dana Sightings Update

TT&A Part 303 26/11/2011

Attention Stickmanbangkokites, Dana Fans, and used condom users:

I frequently receive inquiries (enquiries?) from Dana fans wanting to know when my next visit to the Kingdom will be. Example:

"Hello Dana—when are you next going to be in Thailand? The beer is on me.

Sincerely yours,
Caveman

P.S. I could shatter your forehead with my abdominals.
P.S.S. I love you man."

Well, I love you too Mr. Caveman and if you read this you will see how in the last couple of years those scheduling questions have become more difficult to answer.

Example: about four years ago I am on my way to Thailand in one of those big four-engine planes (if a plane doesn't have four engines I'm not flying) and somewhere over the North Japanese sea a stewardess comes forward to First Class with a message to go to the information booth when we land in Narita where the German Ambassador would like to speak to me.

Well, not too much time later I am introduced to Heir Commandant Kleptfuton Karl-Jurg Wachter who informs me that the happy and grateful German nation has awarded me the Der Eichenhlaub zum Ritterkreuz des Eisernhen Kreuz (Knight's Cross with Oak Leaves) for my work involving mongering in Thailand that has benefited so many German men. The presentation will be in Berlin in two days.

Naturally, I change my routing and my tickets and instead of continuing on to Bangkok I end up in Berlin. And what of the men and the women in Thailand who had been expecting to see me at a certain time and at certain places? Well, they were disappointed. I had sent them my travel schedule but I then I had to change it. I had made promises but I could not keep them. My experience is that people do not like this. If you promise to meet someone and you do not show then often you have lost a friend.

Another Time: I was on my way to Bangkok (and then Pattaya) only this time I was flying east instead of flying west and halfway between flying over the dome of St. Peter's and landing at Cairo a message is delivered to me via a British Airways pilot that an Egyptian ambassador of some kind (no idea really) would like to speak to me before I continue on. Please meet him at the airport kiosk that sells Koran CDs.

Why the special attention directed towards me? Well the local Cheops-on-the-Nile chapter of the Egyptian-Thailand Mongering Club (ETMC) would like to meet me and present me with a title, a scarab, and a King Tut headdress. Unfortunately, numerous previous obligations make this impossible but I tell the ambassador that if the Cheops guys want to meet me in Israel in three days I am being feted, and respected, and gifted by the combined Jewish mongers of Tel Aviv, Haifa, Jerusalem, and Nagalos. We could combine presentation ceremonies and have a lot of international fun. The Egyptian official responded and I quote:

"You and your pervert baby eating Zionist monger scum can burn and twist in the fires of your Christian hell for eternity."

You know guys, normally I'm not one to pontificate or take a stand; but this kind of attitude is just not what international mongering is all about. We need to never forget that we are setting examples for millions of mongers worldwide. People look up to us. Anyway, in this particular case no one in Thailand waiting for me was inconvenienced or disappointed because I did not make the surprise detour to the western shore of the Nile for the sunrise ceremony. But what if I had made the detour? I think you can see my point. When supplicants like Mr. Caveman email me and want to know the exact dates I will be here and there in the Kingdom it is just not possible to know. For Mr. Caveman, travel is simple. He gets on a plane. He gets off a plane. Actually, he gets on a plane, he flexes his muscles, and then he gets off a plane. Anyway, I am not Mr. Caveman.

One Last Example: I am flying east again and as the 747 (love those planes) is coming into Heathrow airport I am advised that a Russian gentleman from Minsk would like to speak to me near the plush toys section of the airport gift shop. Well, who can say no to something like that? The following ensues:

It seems that a Mr. Boris Borisky has been dispatched by the Laplander's Monger's Club (LMC) to notify me that in six days time (close scheduling—it takes five days to get there) there will be a special Laplander ceremony to commemorate my monger work for Laplander men everywhere. Could I possibly alter my travel plans and attend the ceremony? Well, Mr. Caveman; I think you can see the issues. Number one, who can say no to an invitation like this? Number two, any schedules I might have sent regarding 'times I would be in Thailand' were now worthless. I'm simply not reliable and I can not make promises. I've now achieved the state of mythic cult status for my followers and my time is not always my own.

What was the Laplander ceremony like? Hard to judge. I was presented with a plaque with writing on it. Nobody could read so they just gave it to me. I also received a petrified reindeer penis. Either that or it was a special stick; again, hard to know. A little investigation revealed that there were only two members of the Laplander Mongers Club (LMC) and they had not actually been to Thailand. They were building their herds and hoped to go once the world demand for reindeer meat increased.

You know, you've got to do the miles and plant the seeds. Christianity started with a pushy father, an obedient son, and a dream. Look how that turned out. I smiled a lot and shook everyone's hand before starting the five day trip back to Heathrow airport. I think one of the hands might have been a female hand. Hard to know. It was 60 degrees below zero and we were all dressed like musk ox.

Anyway, Stickmanbangkokites and Dana fans and used condom users, there are some examples from my life of why I no longer send out my travel schedules to Thailand. Too risky. I'm just taffy now being pulled by the forces of Danaism.

Sincerely yours,
Dana

P.S. No, Mr. Caveman; I do not have any photos of myself riding a horse wearing a speedo bathing suit (me, not the horse) that I can send to you.

350. World's First Double Hand Amputee Shoelace Tying Contest

2/12/2011

Hello Dana fans:

Below and following is a special announcement. I am sponsoring in Sanglaburi, Thailand on the shore of the Sanglaburi reservoir at the Pi Pi Hotel in April of 2012 the world's first double hand amputee shoelace tying contest. All contestants will be tested for steroids, no magicians will be allowed entry, and prizes will be illustrated books on fly tying. Contestants who bring their own team clothing outfits, masseuses, cheerleaders, coaches, and training films will be appreciated but receive no extra time or other allowances. The only exceptions will be ladyboys. All ladyboys between ages eighteen and twenty-eight will receive a two second advantage. I know, surprised me also; but that is what everyone wanted. And of course the 'no steroid' requirement had to be waived for ladyboys. Apparently, love and respect for ladyboys is a worldwide phenomenon.

So, if you have lost both hands to flesh eating bacteria, hay baler accident, snake bite (they always travel in pairs), Indian knockoff nail polish, sneaker factory pattern cutting machine, or mistakes with chemicals at hairdressing school do not despair. Thanks to the double hand amputee shoelace tying contest you can reawaken your social, competitive, and athletic skills. Feel the hormones shoot through your body like darting reef fish as you prepare for and then participate in an adult activity that requires vision, discipline, and training. Be happy for the winner of the contest with the shared love that makes us all better people, and if Pattaya Gary is giving the winning trophy to you be happy for yourself. You are a winner and you deserve adulation and respect.

Judges and administrators of the contest will include myself (Dana), Pattaya Gary, Chiang Mai Kelly, Fa, and 500 Baht Walt of the Nana Hotel lobby lizards. Getting Walt to make the trip from the Nana Hotel lobby in Bangkok to the shores of the Sanglaburi reservoir will basically involve a kidnapping. A knockout drug will be delivered to him by a Burmese blowgun, then he will be loaded into a net suspended from a hovering Thai military helicopter, and finally flown directly to contest headquarters at the Pi Pi Hotel. To ease his transition we will fill the lawn to the lake with local brainless lasses, and install brainless ex-pats in the lobby. We will expect him to transition quickly and be able to perform the big organization tasks of accounting and bookkeeping that a worldwide event like this needs.

Satellite dishes and trucks with attendant international reporters are expected to be there and additional temporary power grid needs will be met by 250,000 hamsters running in cages hooked up to generators. And, of course; Dean Barrett will be there selling my novel, The Story of Min. You knew that. So keep your eye on the Sanglaburi newspaper for 'Up-and-Coming' events and don't miss this contest. All participants and ticket holders must pre-register. No last minute competitors or tickets sold at the door. We are doing everything to make sure this historical event is as wonderful as it can be.

Is there anything I did not mention? Well, there is the one thing; but I didn't think I'd have to. To wit: all the ladyboys who don't win the world's first double hand amputee shoelace tying contest are going to need our personal attention, love, and respect as they battle with issues of ego and self-worth. Sweet Jesus on a cracker. Just spread sour cream all over my face and let a ladyboy lick it off. Life does not get any better than this. And having my giant turgid wing-wang manipulated by ladyboy stumps instead of hands? Paradise on Earth. So, in the words of the great Frank Zappa: be there or be square. April. Pi Pi Hotel. 2012. Sanglaburi. The world’s first double hand amputee shoelace tying contest.

Who loves you baby?

Dana does.

351. The Boardwalk Is My Africa

TT&A Part 304 3/12/2011

> *"The specifics of Mayr's criticisms are too technical to need extensive airing here—they involve issues of meiotic sexuality, Hennigian cladification, and controversial interpretations of the genome Methanobacterium thermoautrophicum,"*—Bill Bryson

Well, of course; jeez, what could be more obvious? What's next: toes occur at the ends of feet? Jeepers creepers Kuhn Bill, didn't you have an editor? I can't think how many times I have said the same thing word for word either out loud or in my mind. Why just the other day I was chatting up the latest bus arrival from Isaan (dark skin, pink flip flops, pink short shorts, pink halter top, pink ribbon in hair) and I heard myself say by way of greeting:

"The specifics of Mayr's criticisms ..."

But that is not really what I want to talk about today. What I want to talk about today is:

> *"Some scientists now think that there could be as much as 100 trillion tons of bacteria living beneath our feet in what are known as subsurface lithoautotrophic microbial ecosystems—SLiME for short."*—Bill Bryson (again)

Now this is just an example of bad writing. I mean, who doesn't know this? I knew this when I was six years old. In fact, I named my hamster SLiME. Grab the reins Bill. You are not Jack London. You are not getting paid by the word. But that is not really what I want to talk about today.

Truth to tell, I'm really just using these quotes and responses as finger exercises on my laptop. I am currently sitting in a bar on Beach Road waiting for inspiration to crash asteroid (writeroid?) like into my brain or to fly out of my keyboard and plank slap me in the face. I'd like to do some writing but I don't have any ideas. Sort of like I'd like to do some fxxxing, but I don't have any erections. Hey, I'm in Thailand; what did you expect?

In the meantime, I am getting smiles from the girls at the bars. I come by every afternoon around 4:00 with a cooked chicken for the girls and to pick up Num. Num is my afternoon Fa. I pick up Fa every morning on the boardwalk around 9:30 and take her over to the A.A. Hotel, and I pick up Num every afternoon at this bar.

Anyway, I usually arrive with a chicken but about once a month I pull a 'Lennie'. What's a 'Lennie'? What's 'Doing A Lennie'? I call my friend Lennie who works at Pattaya Memorial Hospital and he hustles over with one of those blue and white styrofoam coolers with a big slab of dry ice inside. You know what I'm talkin' about, those styrofoam containers they use to carry around body parts: hearts and livers and kidneys and things. Anyway, I leave him on my seat at the bar to guard my laptop and I start on a charity mission that would make Bernie Tuppin, Charity Chairman of the Sportsman's Club, green with envy. In short, I stagger over to the Walking Street mototaxis and get a ride to the new ice cream shop half-way down on the left. There I buy fifteen one scoop paper cups of ice cream and sherbet with little white plastic spoons stuck on top: lemon and lime and orange sherbet, coffee, chocolate, vanilla, mint, strawberry, etc. Num gets two scoops of cherry yoghurt ice cream. All the little cups go in the cooler and the dry ice means I can deliver everything to my girls perfectly.

Anyway, I just handed out all the ice cream and sherbet cups to the smiling girls and Lennie went back to the cardiac unit with his Igloo cooler. Now, if I could just think of something to write. Wait a minute! Wait a gosh darned brilliant writer minute: I just thought of something. You know how a year does not go by without another nature special on TV where some guy is flying a hot air balloon over animals in Africa? Looking down you can see herds of wildebeests, and solitary lions, and crouching hyenas, and yawning hippos, and predatory crocodiles, and stupid rhinos, and beautiful ibis, and feminine gazelles, and gorgeous zebras?

Well, in my story for Stickmanbangkok.com I'll fly a hot air balloon over the boardwalk and describe all the gorgeous, and feminine, and stupid, and beautiful, and predatory, and yawning, and crouching, and solitary, and dangerous wildlife I see there amongst the skanks, and cruisers, and trannies, and prostitutes, and thieves, and drug influenced, and whores, and JOTB's (Just Off The Bus) on display. The boardwalk will be my Africa and a hot air balloon would be the best way to see it. Hey, maybe I could start a hot air balloon tour company of the boardwalk from North Pattaya to South Pattaya (or from South Pattaya to North Pattaya—wind direction not guaranteed). We could call it Dana's Boardwalk Balloon Tours (DBBT). Something like that. Just thinkin'. Hey, and maybe my title for the story could be The Boardwalk Is My Africa. Sweet Jesus on a balloon, don't you just love it when a plan comes together?

So come with me now as I fly what I imagine a typical hot air balloon trip would be like with two Russians, one Chinese, one Korean, and an American family of three: husband, wife, and daughter. I imagine balloon tour conversations might go something like this as we drift over the boardwalk and look down:

Me: OK everybody, if you look below us you will see a yawning skank doing her nails while an elderly German approaches.

Japanese: Is she going to do Yum Yum and Boom Boom?

Me: Just keep your cameras ready folks. Anything could happen. And over on our left behind the palm trees and in front of the big construction pit you can see four trannies waiting for a short middle aged white guy wearing beach pants.

Korean: Can you fly the balloon down low so we can put our hands on the ladyboy crotches?

Me: No, and please respect the animals. Now if you look up near the steps to the plaza in the distance you can see a solitary whore sneaking up on two young men wearing soccer shirts.

Russians: Can we throw these rocks at her?

Me: No sirs, those rocks are ballast for the balloon and please respect the wildlife.

Russians: If we come tomorrow can we bring our own rocks, and can we get a discount?

Me: Nyet and nyet. Now, if you look to your left you can see the twinkling lights of the offshore restaurants.

Six Year Old Girl: Mommy?

Mommy: What honey?

Six Year Old Girl: Why is that beautiful lady on her knees in front of the man on the beach?

Mommy: Gasp … (long drawn out scream that makes everybody on the boardwalk look up) … TAKE THIS BALLOON BACK IMMEDIATELY.

Me: Pay attention to your light meters folks, and have your cameras ready.

Six Year Old Girl: Mommy?

Mommy: What?

Six Year Old Girl: Why did that beautiful lady just pull a big pink sausage out of her pants?

Mommy: Oh, my God—that's not a sausage. And that's not a lady: TAKE THIS DISGUSTING BALLOON BACK IMMEDIATELY.

Me: Remember the light meter rule folks—you bought it, now use it. And if you don't have a camera today, we can make glossy 4 color high resolution pictures available of everything you have seen today. We do it back at the office.

Husband: The office?

Me: Yes, remember when we boarded the balloons? And remember the woman who took your money and gave you your tickets?

Husband: Yes.

Me: She'll reenact anything you see here on your balloon tour of the boardwalk from South Pattaya to North Pattaya, and I take a picture suitable for framing or photo album.

Husband and Korean: Anything?

Hey, this is gonna be great. Just thought of a fun story idea and I can start writing. Oops, Num is giving me the eye. It looks as if she finds me sexy and attractive, but what it really means is that she is broke again and needs 500 baht to pay off the girls she has borrowed from. So I'll take her to the Right Spot Hotel down the alley just past Soi 16 on Walking Street and we'll make love on the Thai style raised platform bed. Afterwards we'll swim like seals in the huge spa sized bath tub. Then back to the bar where she'll work tourist farangs for money, and let me hold her purse while she goes some place to get shagged and bagged. In the meantime, I'll sit at the bar and pound out this story called The Boardwalk Is My Africa.

I love this country. I love my life. And tomorrow morning around 9:30 I am going to love my Fa. If you are reading this from another country, why are you in another country?

352. Email From Marc Holt

TT&A Part 305 10/12/2011

Dear Dana

Strewth and fair dinkum no drama roo snag Old fella if you know what I mean and lob in. So it's all about g'day mate and my Thai wife's bush oyster, brekkie, and a brown-eyed mullet. Yobbos and ankle biters are more about 'she'll be apples' than in Thailand, and don't get me going on the wife, strictly kangaroos loose in the top paddock. It's all about arvo time and Back of Bourke but I don't want to big-note myself or flick it on. So I lift an amber fluid to you and hope everything is well with your chunder billabong. Not much doing here but I try to keep busy with constant crack a fat, bonzer dog's eye, feral boomerangs, and cactus joeys. The wife's a little B&S so it is time to get dag, bluey, bodgy, dill, and drongo. It's a red dust in your ass crack place but I give it a burl. Anyway, sweet Jesus on a bikkie I'll be gettin' up to Pattaya in a couple of months. Have Fa throw your hot nuts on the barbie.

Kon doogle foon daggle 'short-time'. Spen dorfen pal dingo Sydney Suckburi and ra-wang kuhn hansum man Dana. Hot Nuts On The Barbie (HNOTB) is my mantra and dream for you. I'm retired in Oz but coming to semaphore flag Hookerland—not deuan nee, but sometime in koom-pha-phan; so tell the girls to powder their pussies and Noose Sound with bloody amobo and preggers. I'm a down homie for feral fisho with pockets full of #54 condoms for the Old fella. Sweet Jesus on a bikkie I'm hot for Danaism and strappin' myself to the wing. Fanta's in my pants and my heart's full of love—strewth to the max booger smear and remember—it's an Alice's Spring rock morning when no abo cock crows with dangling bitzenheimers. It's Oz time or no time. Be there across from the A.A. Hotel or be square and shove fair dinkum up your ying yang. Khoon mai tawng klua phom, I'm a bluey to your alpha and I'll be waitin' on the shore. Book-khon pai nawk ham khao—just you and just me. Anyway, tell me when your South Pattaya boardwalk teeruk Fa has your nuts on the barbie and I'll come and visit. Right now looks like February.

Kon doogle foon daggle spen dorfen pal dingo. Pass the collection plate loomy rama numie foomy—my abo brains are fondu Ozed and teeruk soony. Soony I leave the land of red dust and white striped fire dancers. Soony I cast a water-meets-the-sand shadow Dana and offer my hand to you. I know what you are thinking. It's a rat bag day when you can't pash mak baby your willy nilly. In other words, abso-bloody-lutely, a bit more choke and you would have started. I feel your pain.

Throw me a bone,
Toss me a turd;
Be my God,
Drop me the word.

Tai jeeng na sia-dai mak, so much time wasted; but I'm playin' catch-up now.

I'm strapped to the wing,
And I'm comin' on strong.
Please don't abandon me,
That would be so so wrong.

Look into the West. See that rooster tail of plutonium effluent, fried fish, and boiling water? That's me coming fast and low, dolphin skippin', and puttin' for dough. Open your arms Dana, and let me into your heart. I've got to wanky my airy fairy or it's going to be fanny time for my didjeridoo. Frondoogle my dingbits on the shores of the Murray river. I'm tired and I want to go to bed. Where's my hat?

Foomy doomy whacky doo … Look in my pants, that ain't no roo.

Good Onya,
Marc Holt—Australia

OK, it's always nice to get an email from former Thai expats who have retired to Oz. But I gotta tell ya, I can not understand one word of this email. Not one word. NOT—ONE—WORD. Just a complete linguistic mystery. No idea. Not a clue. I could train a Surin chicken to play the trombone before I could figure this southern hemisphere gibberish out. As near as I can figure Marc Holt is coming up from Australia to visit me, and to visit Fa, and to visit Pattaya. In February. And he likes to sleep with his hat on. The rest is a mystery. It's no wonder that it took this Aussie adventurer thirty years to find a Thai woman who would stick with him. He's crazier than an abo trapped in a liquor warehouse over the weekend.

"Foomy doomy whacky doo …
Look in my pants,
That ain't no roo."

What the hell does that mean? Put a couple of walnut sized rocks in an empty paint can. Now take the paint can lid and pound it down with the heel of your hand. Lift the can and shake it with the two small rocks inside. Hear that sound? Welcome to Marc Holt's brain. I tell ya, I have half a mind to go to Australia to give the citizens there a baseline on what normal is. Ya know, just walk around and talk and stuff so that people in Platypusland can see what normal looks like.

And …"I've got to wanky my airy fairy or it's going to be fanny time for my didgeridoo."—?????

Again, just no idea. This is strictly bats in the bellfryville and kind of sad. I don't think I'm going to see anybody wanking their airy fairy in church but maybe it is an Australian thing. Anyway, I can remember when this guy could be trusted to walk around in Bangkok with braces and suspenders.

Note: Braces. What a joke. Everyone knows they are called suspenders. What is it with Australians making up different words for everything. Why don't they act normal and speak correct English like Americans (Oh, excuse me—Yanks).

Anyway, I can remember when—when this guy could be trusted to walk around in Bangkok with belt and suspenders. Now he is staggering around in the Australian outback with no belt and no suspenders. Every time he throws a boomerang his pants fall down. Sad, but funny. Funny, but sad. Or, as the Aussies would say:

"Frongo, loop fooleydooley. Fooleydooley, loop frongo."

Still ... if you read this email out loud with an attention born of not quite comprehended respect, the email has a kind of power and speed and confidence and friendliness normally the issue of an alpha. There is the fossil of a language and a powerful communicating presence here. Unfortunately, Mr. Alpha has been reduced to a staggering stabbing at fireflies in the dark. Exegit monumentum aere perennius ("He completed a monument more durable than bronze."—Horace) does not come to mind: but beauty and pain and pity and fear do come to mind. A Thai tragedy.

The less charitable might figure there are three options here:

1. This email represents totally legitimate Australian and this is how they talk/write.
2. This email represents Australian slang, or dog training commands, or something.
3. This email ... well, if you had ever met Mr. Holt you would

understand—let us just say he has issues and he has problems. This is a man who wears a hat to bed.

In other words:

Life is short,
So conclusions come soon.
Clearly Marc Holt
Is crazy as a loon.

Like a leaf on the wind,
He is now in Oz.
But visiting Pattaya,
Is his next cause.

It'll be fun
To see him again.
But to him my Fa,
I will not lend.

He'll have to be watched.
Not over trusted.
Fa's mine, all mine;
And his brain is busted.

With a big Aussie smile,
It's sheila this and sheila that;
But the smart man doesn't forget
He sleeps with a hat.

And don't even get me started on the New Zealanders.

Note: I was once kidnapped by outer space people. They took me to a faraway strange place in their flying saucer, spoke complete gibberish, and repeatedly probed me. Thought I was in New Zealand.

Anyway, that is why it is so nice to read something I have written. I am an American and we Americans speak linguistically perfect unaccented English. So when we write we set the world standard for clear concise scientifically truthful writing without self-promotion (I would kill myself first), tones, confusing sounds called accents, made-up words (billabong, boomerang, joey, etc.), slang, hyperbole, needless narrative drama, and fictional exaggeration. Reading an essay, or a story that I have written is like reading a law of physics. I wonder if Australia even has any laws of physics. Maybe their balls don't hang down in response to gravity, but just fly around like … well, if anyone visits Marc Holt let me know about his balls.

Yes, exactly—Marc Holt's balls. Just another reason to admire, consider, and move to America. Gravity. Yup, we've got gravity. Our balls hang down like they are supposed to instead of flying around like a bunch of drugged up platypuses dancing on a hot griddle. Go to Bondi beach and Aussie male speedo bathing suits look like they are hiding a sack of cats trying to escape. No gravity. Balls flyin' around. You hate to see that. I mean, what can you really expect; the whole Australian continent is upside down. Then you've got the tilt of the Earth, and the spinning 'n all, plus the pull of the Moon. Aussie balls flying all over the place. No wonder they drink.

And don't try and tell me drunk platypuses with yaa baa pills stuffed up their noses aren't shakin' and bakin' from Darwin to Sydney. I've seen nature films here in Boston. We know what is happening in Upsidedownland. I'm not saying that before Marc Holt met his charming Thai wife that he was dancing with and sleeping with platypuses. I'm not saying that. That sounds wrong. And let's not even think about tranny platypuses. And I'm not saying that when Mr. Holt was spending time with platypuses that they both wore black felt hats to bed. Again, that sounds creepy. I'm not saying that.

I'm not saying I once saw Mr. Marc Holt of Australia rush the stage at the second floor Russian owned place on Soi 14 off Walking Street in South Pattaya called Platypus Playpen with his arms and fists swinging like a demented Dutch windmill. Patti the headliner with the fish net stockings and sexy rubbery bill that could ... anyway, she had just accepted a 500 baht tip from a New Zealander and Holt went nuts. OK, but I'm not saying that. It's maybe just best if kept quiet. A family thing. I guess if you are a sexy platypus headliner and you go to bed with him wearing one of his hats he thinks there is some kind of social contract. He thinks it is love. Australians—go figure.

Anyway, in February when he comes to Pattaya to visit with Fa, and to visit with me: if he gives my Fa a black felt hat as a gift I'm going to be on this guy like a dog on a bone. Fa's no platypus and I'm no fool.

The essayic main point is that if you are scrolling down through the Thai-farang offerings on a Thai-farang centric website you want to read my stuff first. For God's sake show some common sense and display some personal dignity and read a writer that is easy to understand, can not be misinterpreted, uses the English language perfectly, and displays no idiosyncratic tendencies of any kind. Each story or essay a pyramid on the lonely foolish sandy plains of literary mediocrity. If you flash off the road later and start reading garnets, and rubies, and jadeite and other lesser stones it is your own fault, at least you started with diamonds.

And if you get some emails from Mr. Holt from Australia do not dispair. Been there, done that. He was a thirty year expat in the Kingdom. You have to expect some brain stem damage. And if you are kidnapped by outer space people, taken to a faraway strange place, and repeatedly probed—send some pictures. Been there, enjoyed that.

353. Thailand: Land of Physicists

TT&A Part 306 17/12/2011

In most cases you have not been tested for comprehension at the moment of data presentation in school. It just is not done. The test for comprehension of presented material comes later at the end of the week, or at the end of the month, or at the end of the subject, or at the end of the semester, or at the end of the school year. An example of instant data presentation testing is the reflex test. Someone fires a bullet at you and you have to duck. This, naturally, is a concept example. A more common example is brake reflex testing to weed out drivers who should not be driving. Another good example is airline pilot problem solving testing (problem: left engine just fell off).

If same-time retention testing were done what would it show? Well, it would show less comprehension than you might expect. Why? Three reasons:

1. In many cases the sound of the language dilutes from understanding the material. As an example, Thai language is a 'song' rather than a spoken language in the same sense as many other languages. It is a tonal language. You sing the language. You can not have poor listening skills with a language that is sung and retain good comprehension skills. Thai students have to listen intently. While they are listening intently are they learning intently?

2. Another impediment to maximum efficiency in understanding new material in a teaching situation is the human face. Mammals cue in on faces to pick up important social information (friend or foe). In other words, humans look at human faces with too much attention in a classroom setting. They would be better off putting a mask over their eyes and just listening. The student is semi-riveted by the professor's face to the detriment of same-time

learning. We all do it. It's what we do. It's what we are. We are mammals. Hence some of the extra time that has to be spent doing homework.

Females do this more than men. One of the things that leads to female drivers having accidents is that every time a female driver says something to the person riding in the passenger seat they have to turn their head to look at their face. And every time a person in the passenger seat of the car says something, the female driver has to turn her head to look at the speaker's face. If it is someone in the back seat the female driver will try to find the speaker's face in the rear view mirror or (God forbid) turn her whole head around to make contact with the speaker's face. Talk to Driver's Education teachers. Talk to automobile salesman who take female customers out for a test drives. You will get an earful. Men can carry on a conversation without turning their heads so they are still looking through the windshield at the road ahead while they are conversing. Females are head turners. Every time they say something they turn their head to lock onto the face of the person they are talking to. Naturally, when they turn their head to make 'face' contact they take their eyes off the road. Accidents.

Females stare at the face of the man they are with. They are information seeking and making decisions about that man using that information. Does this mean when your Thai girlfriend is staring at your face while you are talking she is more primitive or more advanced? Not sure. You decide. While trying to figure that out consider the obverse. To wit: If you are not looking at your girlfriend's face (additional information seeking) when she is speaking to you are you more advanced or less advanced? No wonder Thai women do not respect us. We do not even use all the information on offer.

Staring at a woman's cleavage (OK, she probably hasn't got any cleavage in Thailand)—reword: staring at a Thai woman's breasts

(OK, she may not have any breasts)—reword: staring at any part of a Thai woman's body other than her face when she is talking tells her the advantage is hers, she is already moving the ball down the field and you are chasing her. Chasers can become winners, but they start out as losers. Are you chasing something? You are not a winner. Yet. Are you in a bar in Thailand? Is a beautiful sexy Thai lady talking to you? Are you not looking at her face? Loser. Good luck.

3. The third common impediment to same-time classroom learning has to do with pictography. Pictography? Yes, what the ideas look like when written on the blackboard. In fact, many (all?) times the visuals of the charts, or the diagrams, or the sentences, or the maps, or the number presentations, or the equations can be so much visual fun (charming) to look at that you get diverted from the main event which is what idea the professor is trying to transfer from his brain to your brain.

Farang teachers of Thai children will tell you that without pictography their teaching/classroom control would plummet. OK, but they should never forget that there is always a certain amount of Thai learning comprehension currency lost during the dog and pony show that has to be made up for later. Asian teachers have a long record of historically and contemporaneously opting out of this teaching challenge by adopting rote learning with it's additional stress, penalties, humiliations, and unearned rewards to the short term memory gifted.

So, to review: same-time learning comprehension can be diluted by the student spending too much time listening to sounds (spoken language), staring at the face of the teacher, and being visually charmed by what's being written (displayed) on the blackboard.

An excellent example of this that occurs worldwide in many first year graduate level physicist classes is when a lesson plan is spent on cosmology. Here words like eternity and infinity and mathematical notations for eternity and infinity to several powers dominate the discussion. It's fun. Demanding math regarding quantum theory and subatomic particles is left behind as well as all that slightly dizzying stuff about charges, and gravity, and electromagnetism, and the General Theory of Relativity and … it's fun. But what is retained and learned? Can the brain relieved students learn important cosmological concepts while listening to the sound of the language, and staring at the teacher's face, and copying down the modern hieroglyphics off the blackboard?

A good example of a learning moment lost is when the universe is described as infinity to the fourth power. Write it out—you'll love how it looks. Cosmological notation looks so neat, makes you smile, and convinces you that you are smart. Certainly smarter than non physics majors! I mean, liberal arts, what is that useless crap all about? Anyway, it is explained that the fourth power is time. This is one hundred percent incorrect as a description of the physical universe. Why? Because the first three powers applied to infinity are not a measure—they are a concept. Infinity is not a number, it is a concept. Infinity to the third power is complete and boundless. Applying time to the equation like a gimcrack salesman does not make the universe more boundless. No moment of time in a boundless universe has greater weight over any other moment of time. Boundless means without defining limits: even by time.

When you raise your hand in class and say that infinity to the fourth power is not a correct notational definition of the universe—no one at first will argue with you. They were too busy copying pictures off the blackboard, watching the teacher's lips moving, and subliminally listening to the sounds of the classroom. All irrelevant to learning incoming data. The fact that time in a boundless universe is infinite, and that is the definition of eternity, is interesting; but it is not relevant to a description of the physical universe. The teacher will ask you to repeat what you have said. He will ask you to repeat what you have said twice. Then he will ask you to meet with him after class in his office. He knows more about subatomic quantum theory math than you do; but you know more about cosmology. Points to you but he does the grading. Be careful.

What has this got to do with Thailand and the Thai experience? Quite a lot, actually. To review: time is not relevant in describing the universe. The universe is timeless. There is no fourth dimension as a physical descriptor of the universe. The fourth dimension refers to time. Time is not physical. Enslaving ourselves to time is needless stress and cosmologically irrelevant. And it smacks of the amateurism in Einstein's General Theory of Relativity fudge factor constant.

Most poorly listening, only average intellect, inaccurately taught graduate students in physics will receive masters degrees without mastering this concept. But it seems that all Thais instinctively know that time and the measuring of such are irrelevant chimera. The appointment time was 2:30 p.m. and they show up at 4:00 p.m.? What are you upset for? Don't you know that in a boundless universe there is no time? The Big Bang theory is the pitiful childish invention of time worshippers and time toy worshippers.

You start a clock, you start a watch. Then time proceeds linearly. No exceptions: you must start time—you must start your 19th century pendulum clock, you must start (set) your modern watch. You start time. Hence the Big Bang theory. Somebody (Something) started the universe. Gosh, it's so simple. A ten year old can understand it. And so wrong. At last after thousands of years we have the ability to embarrass ourselves for the same length of time and to the same degree as Aristotle did. What an accomplishment.

The Big Bang theory—there was nothing, then there was a big bang, then there was something. And the Big Bang started time. Isn't it curious, and childishly pitiful, that the modern physicists explanation for the start of the universe and it's subsequent time properties perfectly mirrors the invention of time measuring devices? Coincidence, or foolish intellectual behavior that can not be defended and can not be explained? There was no Big Bang. The universe is not a clock, no one started the universe, and no thing started the universe; it's existence measures nothing and can not be measured, it exists outside of time, and it will not run down. Thousands of physicists know this to be true, but there is little anti-Big Bang intellectual activity because to go against contemporary scientific mythologies is to risk not getting research funds to run labs and to support families. Next time you meet a physicist who says his specialty is cosmology and seeking out the ultimate truths of reality, ask him who he works for. Whatever he says should make you wonder. Seekers of truth often exist apart from mankind.

Eternity can not be measured. Infinity to the fourth degree power looks exciting and opens the door to countless mathematical descriptor adventures but it is the quacking of ducks. Quack quack quack quack quack quack quack quack quack quack. The universe has no beginning and has no end. As such it is the only concept or tangible without time. Time has no value, it does not exist. The mathematical notational symbol for infinity is pictograph genius and attaching a small rider number four in the upper right hand corner lends the requisite religiosity of scientific certitude. How could it not be correct as a complete description of the universe? And there are so many math things that can be done with bracketed and over-and-under equation parts that travel the length of the blackboard. After copying one of these monster equations down (checking ten times to make sure you have done so correctly) the seduction is complete. God, all this complexity-simplicity-certainty must be an example of mankind's ability to finesse nature down to a singularity—the Big Bang theory. Wrong. Incorrect. Nonsense. Silly.

The universe does not worship time and neither do the Thais. Have you ever heard a Thai tapioca farmer discourse on the Big Bang theory? When his water buffalo finally blew out the compacted green mass of twelve days constipation that made a big bang, but as for the rest of it—there is no fourth dimension in describing the universe and he knows it. After the harvest is in he will go to Bangkok to drive a taxi. The owner of the taxi cab company will expect him ... well, he will arrive when he arrives. Time means nothing and all Thais know it. No westerners know this, but all Thais know this.

Ever followed Thais walking on a sidewalk? Slow walking as if they have uncertain bowels and zig zagging from side to side like sailboats tacking to windward? Time urgent? Not a bit of it. Time means nothing and they know it.

That woman in the money booth on the Skytrain who attempts to short change you when you give her a one hundred baht bill for a token? She's not a short sighted, avaricious thief. She's a Thai physicist in touch with the universe. She knows that matter in a timeless universe has no owner and exerts no dominion. And since matter and energy are cosmically interchangeable forms of the same thing, the energy that you put into earning that money is of no consequence. Your energy is now baht matter, and matter has no owner. It might as well be hers as yours. Thailand. Land of philosophers in tune with the cosmos.

The elderly, illiterate, completely non-communicative taxi driver who picks you up five blocks from the Emporium and then flashes right by it because he has no idea where it is, and he has no idea where he is, and he has no idea what he is doing, and he has no idea what destination request you made knows that his incompetence is of no consequence, and your wasted time is irrelevant. Time is irrelevant. He was late to the birth of every one of his children, he was late to his daughter's wedding, and he was late to his wife's funeral. None of it mattered. Actually, since none of it mattered, then by definition; he was not really late. Time penalties can only be assigned when time matters. And it has been his experience in the Kingdom from birth to his current career as an incompetent taxi driver that time is irrelevant. The universe is not four dimensional by description, but only three dimensional.

Jerking open the door and throwing myself from the taxi two lanes from the curb directly into the colliding paths of oncoming steel monsters I do not hold him accountable. I know that he is in touch with forces and concepts more basic than gravity or particle-wave conundrums; and I am only a tourist. Thailand. Land of smiles? Land of scams? No and no. Thailand. Land of physicists. Land of cosmologists. Why does Fa smile when she sees me coming? Because 'short-time' or 'long-time' are of no consequence. It's all about the relationship. How much can she seduce from me? How much can she sell me (I luf you—you hansum man). And what's a relationship without time? Up to you?

Up to you is not an abdication of adult participation, or indifference to self-interest; it's a marker of intelligence. An intelligence that knows that nothing matters, there is no future, there was no start, and the present can not be improved or influenced or stopped. It has all been pre-ordained without agenda, or consequence, or meaning. My name is Fa. I am sitting on the bench on the boardwalk opposite the A.A. Hotel. I am being warmed by a dying star. The rest is up to you.

Conclusion? Thais are cosmologists without physicist agendas. They know that describing the universe as infinity to the fourth power is incorrect. Infinity to the third power describes the universe because infinity is not a number or a measure, it is a concept. Real intelligence goes beyond numbers. Do you think that when you go to heaven and sit at the feet of God he is going to talk about numbers? Not a bit of it. He's got stuff to do. The addition of time has no effect on the boundlessness of the universe. It is simply the mental jewelry of a stage of human development where everyone is looking at clocks, and everyone is looking at watches. We have legitimized our enslavement to time by adding it as a fourth power descriptor of the universe because we can no longer imagine life without time measuring. You have never heard Thais do this. Good on them.

Now when I go to Thailand I go there with the sure and certain and somewhat startling knowledge that Thais are better connected to the universe than I am connected to the universe. It makes no difference why. Their ignorance of their knowledge is not relevant. It is the results that count. When I am waiting for a Thai that is late for an appointment, or I am being held up by slow moving Thais on the sidewalks of Sukhumvit; I just remind myself that it is their way of telling me that they are cosmologists and I am not. I sometimes wonder if farang does not mean foreigner, but instead means 'not connected'. Thailand. Land of physicists.

So, the next time you think you are being disrespected and stolen from in the Kingdom try to look at the situation objectively, charitably, rationally, and scientifically. The woman in the money booth at the Nana Skytrain station isn't disrespecting me or stealing from me; she is simply participating in nature on a cosmic scale. She's a physicist.

Coming out of the shower at the Rajah Hotel I catch the big huge ex-mamasan stuffing my laptop into her underpants. Did I sigh with disappointment, or remonstrate with the male whine of the farang aggrieved? Not a bit of it. I was pleased to have known her. During boom-boom I had made intimate meaningful contact with another Thai physicist. Gravitational calculations only work if most of the universe is composed of invisible dark matter. In other words, the most important part of the universe we can't even see. How important can a laptop computer be on a cosmic scale? How small would it be of me to stress over this? I let her have it and I felt honored to be connected to a Thai physicist in tune with the universe. No wonder everyone says Mai Pen Rai here. It's really a Thai physicist mantra when you think about it.

I picked up Fxxxyou off the boardwalk in Pattaya. At least I think that was her name. Getting undressed at the Ma Maison hotel on Soi 13/0 I noticed that she was wearing those red old fashioned water bottle thick adult rubber diapers. The 'no leak' kind that leave two deeply indented rings on the upper thigh. She also had a loop of clear plastic aquarium tubing around her neck as some kind of necklace. I didn't ask.

Later on, after she left; I noticed four beers missing from the mini-fridge. She had been wearing flip flops, a T shirt, and a wrap around short skirt. No purse. She must have poured the four beers into her rubber adult diaper while I was brushing my teeth in the bathroom. Made me proud. Another Thai cosmologist allowing me into her life of nature and physics. The beers weren't stolen. It was simply matter assuming a different location in a boundless universe without agenda, or morals, or time. I was learning a valuable lesson. All you control in pinwheeling clusters of matter and anti-matter is what you can pour into your pants and suck out later with 3/8" clear plastic aquarium tubing.

354. I’m Going Out Tonight

TT&A Part 307 24/12/2011

I make a cell phone call to Fa on the boardwalk and tell her I’m going out tonight. She knows what to do. She had been standing under a palm tree with her make-up kit spread out on a concrete planter but Dana needs help. Easy money for her. God, she loves this town. Fifteen minutes later she finds Gary outside at Starbucks talking to the retired airline pilot from Canada. She puts her hand on Gary’s forearm, leans in to him (she’s always selling it), and whispers in his ear. Contact made, message received, Dana money in the bank.

Gary jumps on his crotch rocket and does a three quarter circle to the A.A. Hotel on the corner of Soi 13/0 and Beach Road. Up the marble steps into the dark lobby and there is Anna the Activities Director plucking her bleeding eyebrows. Anna knows what to do. She’s too good to talk to Fa but they both know what to do. Humorous.

Fifteen seconds later Gary is off and Anna is standing in the middle of the soi to get better reception. She cell phone calls the Pattaya manager of the Angelwitch bar and he calls Dave the Rave at the N.E.P in Bangkok. Normally, Dave wouldn’t have been in this early but today he had to talk to vendors and delivery people. Things just work out for good people. Dave takes the message and boogies across Soi 4 to the Mothership and delivers the message to the front desk clerk with silver bracelets up to her elbows and black hair down to her rear end. Post just her face on a ThaiLoveLinks style site and she is ordinary or plain. But dress her up Thai style with a little smile that whispers inaccessible imperiousness and the effect is riveting. She calls the manager at the Viengtai Hotel in

Banglamphu and he dispatches a runner from the massage place down the street. It is Dana Time.

The massage girl, thrilled to be temporarily off sidewalk solicitation duty, darts down the alley that runs to Khao San Road and finds Nambu the Indian thief (oh excuse me, jeweller). He sees her coming and starts punching buttons on his phone. She only does one kind of business with him so he knows who to call and he is glad to do it. Dana money in the bank. He uses a left hand middle finger custom silver ring with a protruding prong to punch the cell phone buttons. He's an Indian faggot but a faggot with style. He tries to give the massage girl a rupee tip and she kicks him in his Calcutta nuts.

In a penthouse apartment in a nondescript building Esther picks up the phone. She owns the building and the buildings on either side but no one knows. Power does not need to advertise. Results are everything. All else is wasted time. She's got barbed wire in her underpants, gargles with razor blades, and her breasts have tattoos that say: Remember Mount Masada. Her idea of a good time is to recreate the last days of the Warsaw Ghetto uprising. She has a personal collection of replica firearms from that horror with her name etched into each stock. This chick is tough. Feminist, Jew, Israeli: she delivers the goods. Dana is one of her customers.

Esther runs the girls on Khao San Road and other places in the Kingdom that do hair braiding for tourists. The money's a straight split and sex bonuses are available to high achievers. Sex tapes are made of all sex bonuses but none of the little adventurers from Sydney or Boston or Paris care. I am sure Esther has her fingers in lots of other pies but only a fool would ask. Esther is strictly undercover. I once inadvertently made eye contact with her at the Q bar. A note was delivered to my table. It said:

"If you look at me again you are a dead man."

I looked up through my upper eyelids. She was gone. Esther's parents remembered the battle of Algiers when the French were trying to penetrate terrorist cells. You can't be too careful. Hence the number of contacts necessary to get a message to Esther. Each human is a cell and nobody knows anything except their job. And if the chain has to be reworked you never lose more than a single link. Anyway, another drama in the economic vermin puzzle that runs the world.

So, what is going on? I'm going out tonight. In a converted warehouse on the Thonburi side of the Chao Phraya river there is going to be a tranny battle of the bands. The Maak Maak Big Package Four rock 'n roll band, the Tranny My Fanny degenerate cover group from Manila, the CIMBD (Come In My Back Door) group, the HHR (Hammer Handles Revue), and the Stick It And Lick It Soul Sistas will all be there in each corner and the center of a huge building. Capacity five thousand Thai and farang patrons plus about two hundred freelancers. Six bars, twelve big screens showing floor, stage, and bathroom action, plus raffles you can win. What can you win? Public sex on the center stage. Chaos and anarchy? Well, not quite. There are some rules. Get caught with condoms and you are thrown out of a second floor window. There have to be rules.

Esther lets me in at eight p.m. Purple shag carpet, bubbling fish tanks, French chanteuse background music, rubbings of Israeli tombstones on the walls, Algerian pillows and shawls, ceiling strobe lights, and the smell of sabra armpits. Hairy women with breasts like boulders strap me to the gurney in the lab and tape my flaccid penis up on my abdomen. Esther expertly finds the vein and starts the calcium-magnesium double hydrogen drip. Then the shaving begins. My whole body except for pubic hair will be shaved with a mixture of grain alcohol and chili powder rubbed into the pores and cuts as they go. Honk if you love pain.

I thrash and moan and fill my adult diapers. The topical pain from the shaving and the interior pain in my toes from the intravenous solution causes my penis to fill to bursting with blood. Someone rips off the penis tape and I fire. Buckets of diluted bleach are thrown on me front and back followed by a rubdown. I love getting ready to go out.

Then the real work begins. Temporary dragon and snake tattoos will cover my entire body and Esther will braid extensions on to my pubic hair. The pubic hair extensions will go half way to my knees and mimic hair extensions running half way down my back. Esther and her assistants will bead on small penis amulets, lockets with pics of me, and lacquered scorpions. Painted nails, foreskin beads, blood red contact lenses, and tongue bolt complete the lab work. I'm going out tonight.

It's almost eleven now. The drip needle is pulled and I am dressed in pink crocodile shoes, black armadillo pants with holster for a Glock, pink silk shirt, and black stingray vest. Naturally all hair and hair extensions have been dyed to match my red contact lenses. You knew that.

Down the private elevator and a smoked glass armored Benz waits in the garage. I give Esther the bank transfer code to pay the bill and the driver starts for the river. As the big black car makes the last turn and the bridge fills the windshield; six flankers on motorcycles take position around us. I had requested custom bodyguards from Esther so they are wearing the same red contact lens, red dyed hair and hair extensions, clothes, and pink crocodiles shoes as me. Ditto the Glock. Why contact lens instead of contact lenses? All of the flanker bodyguards on cycles have had one eye removed in Esther's Banglamphu penthouse clinic by her and her assistants. Why? Obedience training. If they do not obey orders they will lose the other eye. Nothing alerts like the spectre of blindness. I'm protected tonight. God I love this town.

The tiny Japanese girl with the black bangs and the schoolgirl outfit in the back of the car has a two hundred milligram custom made suppository of Ecstasy and Kamagra in her small soft hand. She starts to pull down my pants. Sweet Jesus on a cracker. I'm going out tonight.

355. I’m Going Out Tonight Part Two

TT&A Part 308 31/12/2011

Previously in the story titled: I’m Going Out Tonight—Part One we witnessed me being prepared by Esther and her girls in her penthouse Banglamphu clinic for a visit to a tranny rock ‘n roll festival in Thonburi. Shaving, intravenous thrills, temporary tattoos, fashion accessories, killer clothes, personal weapon, and red contact lenses to match my pubic and head hair red extensions were the preamble. The big black car, the small white faced Japanese woman, and the anal insert were all standard. What happened after I got there?

Yeah, ‘what happened?’ is what my emails are asking. But that has all been done before: who I met, and what went down, and who were the DJ’s, and whose mojo was crankin’, and the glory hole action, and all the rest of the personal-social details of a night out. Let’s try this another way. What did not happen? That’s right, what didn’t happen the other night was more interesting than what did happen. To wit ...

I did not get to have sex with the members of the Tranny My Fanny degenerate cover band from Manila. Surprised? You and me brother. I was shocked. I have never ever been turned down by a tranny or a tranny band. I’m catnip to trannies. Ever seen a cat play with a catnip stuffed toy mouse: the licking, and the biting, and the eye rolling, and the flippin’ ‘n floppin’, and the frenzied rubbing, and rolling in ecstasy? Now you get it. Incomprehensible confused desire, purring, and spastic body movements? Yup, trannies when they get their hands on me. Welcome to my life. I’m catnip to trannies. Don’t hate me for this. God just smiled on me is all. Anyway, I don’t even have to try. It’s a gift. I just strip naked and start slapping my thigh with a riding crop. The rest is drunken drugged up pigs fighting over a ten inch corn cob. So at every one of the tranny battle of the bands extravaganzas I always go back stage to meet the bands and we get busy. Like I said, I’m catnip to trannies.

But when I went backstage to ‘meet’ the Tranny My Fanny band all I got was embarrassed silence. Two of them helped me get dressed, and the base guitar player used a forked snake stick to push my engorged love wand back into my pants. If you had looked up the word ‘confused’ in the Thai dictionary you would have seen a picture of me. A bunch of cats not interested in catnip? Please, what’s that all about? Exactly. So what’s the story? Well, it is believable and sort of unbelievable at the same time. Put on your rural poverty third world social evolution thinking caps Stickmanbangkokites. Here is what I learned:

It turns out that the Tranny My Fanny tranny band from Manila was a ringer. They weren’t transvestites, they were heterosexuals (they like sex with women). I know, and I feel your pain: nothing kills an erection faster than nonsense like this. In a world of uncertainty and chaos and hopes dashed on the rocks of disappointment, you ought to have tranny love as a dependable emotional anchor; but hang in there, it is an interesting story.

It turns out that the Tranny My Fanny band was from the Philippines and there is a call for tranny rock bands in Thailand. Hey, it’s a global world and the fellows in the band figured if they could just get to Thailand they could make a lot more money and be better and more responsible sons, and fathers, and brothers, and husbands, and boyfriends. All they had to do was trade dignity for pretend sex, dress like and act like and sing like morally depraved degenerates, and they could escape the Philippines.

When the wives and the girlfriends were told of this plan they were so stunned with happiness they burst into tears and lost control of their bladders. Vindication of choice of life partner? Yes and Yes and Yes. What’s more thrilling for the wife than knowing you have married a winner? The wives and girlfriends were so happy for their husbands and boyfriends they all borrowed money from their friends and neighbors so that they could make the trip to Manila to see them off at the airport. Faces swollen and red from tears. Small hands waved. Again, all their husbands and boyfriends had to do was trade dignity for pretend sex, dress like and act like and sing like morally depraved degenerates, and they could escape the Philippines. Sweet Jesus on a Cebu cracker, God is great and truly the Mother Mary looks after her children.

Yes, yes, and yes: God is great and all the Catholic candles, and prayers, and incense were a good investment. Two of the women were pregnant and already the dream seed was planted. They hoped that if they gave birth to sons that someday their sons would be able to escape the Philippines by pretending to be disgusting filth in a Thai headliner tranny band. A mother dreams only of good things for her son. Praise God and pass the rosary beads we are getting out of the fxxxing Philippines.

When the first monies started to come back to the Philippine mothers and sisters and wives and girlfriends from the sons and fathers and brothers and husbands and boyfriends who were performing in Thailand, other desperate future yearning women in the villages would gather around to hear all about it and how it had been done. Some would take notes. Wide eyed wonder and hope plus more money than they had ever dreamed possible fueled their dreams for a brighter future. They could buy Spiderman pajamas for the baby, and get flower boxes for the metal roofed hovel they were living in. All their sons and fathers and brothers and husbands and boyfriends had to do was pretend to be perverted gender confused monsters, know how to tune a guitar, and sing Hotel California while hip slinging big black dildoes. Call me a sentimentalist, but when I stumble across stories this wonderful in the global community it just makes me happy for the race, the human race. My only regret is that I do not know how to tune a guitar.

One of the new future enthusiasts just back from a revenue generating trip to Angeles City wondered aloud if Jesus had been a transvestite. Witness the primitive brain wrestling with big ideas. The notion caused a temporary cessation of girlish laughter and rapid hand movements as they fought the opposing conditions of brain freeze and excitement. It seemed unlikely that Jesus and his band of brothers had electric guitars but still there was a band of them and they managed to travel, and eat, and influence others. Who says Philippine rustics aren’t intellectual? None of these daughters of the Catholic church could think of a better trade up husband than Jesus so putting the two ideas together was natural.

I mean, said Carmenita:

“It’s not like there was no rock ‘n roll in Nazareth, and Jerusalem, and the Vatican, and Mount Sinai, and that Calvary place. I mean, please ... I may be from Zamboanga on the island of Mindanao but I’m not stupid. I know how to say ‘We Must Be Condom Safe’ in five languages. Don’t tell me Jesus and his guys weren’t rockin’ to some tunes. How else did they get the crowds and stuff?”

Every single head nodded agreement before getting back to closely examining the money orders, and the cashier’s checks, and the piles of money, and the letters and photos from sons and fathers and brothers and husbands and boyfriends faraway in Bangkok: a tropical tableau of social evolution that would have made Darwin forget his beetles and his finches and his tortoises.

Many of the photos showed their now exotic men en ensemble complete with hip hugging dildos, sparkles in their hair, eyeliner, corset waists, push up bras, fish net stockings, painted fingernails, and high-heeled shoes. The pictures were passed around and the daughters of the Catholic church dropped their heads and starred at the creme de la creme of Philippine manhood as if they were village dogs trying to figure out the lock on a meat wagon.

So, that is my story of what did, and more importantly what did not happen at the Thonburi tranny battle of the bands the other night. It turns out that in the global world of the sexually degenerate sometimes it is hard to tell the butt dart players from the pretenders. Hey, and it’s not really a downer if you are an International person like me. It adds an extra whiff of suspense not knowing if the tranny garbage on stage is greased up and ready for target practice, or just hardworking sons and fathers and brothers and husbands and boyfriends trying to finance the family back home to get the hell out of the Philippine sewer. And I know what you are thinking: with this new global world how can you tell the real deals from the pretenders? Easy, just do what I do. Go backstage after a band is done performing: strip naked, point your wing wang at the ceiling, and start slapping your leg with a riding crop. Something will happen. Or not.

So, what can we learn from this? Simple. Life at the bottom of the garbage pail where the worms are fighting for survival can be pretty interesting. Try to be as highly evolved and sensitive as I am highly evolved and sensitive and you may be treated to a look into the kaleidoscope of life where crazy odds can catch up with you. Who in a million years would have guessed that I would be turned down for tranny love? But I was turned down for the grunting slurping pleasures and it was educational and inspiring to be able to see behind the curtain. God, I love this country.

356. He’s a Photographer

TT&A Part 309 7/1/2012

Hello photographers with sepia-colored memories and dreams of a career as a glamour photographer that will never come true:

Here is a photography story. Enjoy. But hey, where are the rest of you on Stickmanbangkok.com who carry cameras around? Ever lost a whole string of pack mules while transporting your equipment to a canyon rim for a sunrise shot? Feel it is finally a good time to release your Area 51 starship burn mark exposures? Your neighbor dresses up white lab rats in Bolivian traditional costumes and puts on shows in his basement? You are the official photographer during the shows? Well, let’s hear about it. Write it up and send it in to this wonderful website. In the meantime, here is an essay titled He’s a Photographer. We start with the AND—YOU—THINK—YOU’VE—HAD—A—BAD—DAY Dept. as in:

> *“He (Frederich) died in November 1931, possibly as a consequence of an air crash he was involved in when flying with the German fighter pilot ace of the First World War Udet, on a film safari. They descended for a close shot of a pride of lions sitting on top of a termite hill in the crater, and the male leader of the pride took exception to this maneuver, reared up, and tore off the landing wheels, forcing it to crash-land. Both Udet and Frederich were injured in the crash-landing.* “—from The Ngorongoro Story by Lithgow & von Lawick.

Propeller plane of painted cloth and bits of wood? No landing gear? The crash would have been spectacular. Good for the male lion is what I say. It’s nice to see someone doing their job and attaining excellence through total commitment. One lion to another lion:

“What did you do today?”
“Tore a plane out of the sky.”

The accompanying illustration for this in the book The Ngorongoro Story is wonderful. It shows a male lion leaping up, biting the bottom of one of the wheels of the plane, wrapping his front paws around the top of the wheel, and then his body weight tearing the whole two wheel front landing gear assembly off of the plane. It’s an illustration because there was no photo. Think of all the fabulous photos we have missed because either there was no one around to take the picture, or the people who were there did not have cameras.

Imagine what we missed that went on in the Garden of Eden with Adam and Eve. Anyway, I think that this whole commitment to excellence issue may be one of the reasons I found it hard to fully engage in photography in my life.

What am I talking about? I am talking about the desire for excellence as exampled by the lion on top of the termite hill who made a complete commitment. When is the last time you attacked a plane? I don’t want to do something unless I can do it well. I don’t think you can do photography well unless you are fully engaged, and to be fully engaged you have to have a camera (plus bag plus lenses plus film plus plus plus) with you at all times. AT ALL TIMES. You can’t negotiate this. To be an excellent photographer you have to be ready for a photographic opportunity at all times.

What do you suppose the exact number of seconds were of the drama between the lion on the top of the termite hill and the plane? Three seconds? You have to be ready if you are going to acquire excellence. It is part of the challenge. And by ready I mean the equipment has to be around your neck. It can’t be in the closet like an Israeli reservist’s weapon. It can’t be on the car seat next to you. It can't be in a backpack. Around your neck. Naturally, after about twenty-five years the weight of the camera and accessories will cause posture, neck, and shoulder problems. But if you are not willing to suffer for your art get out of the camera stores.

Admit it, big boy; the reason you got involved with photography in the first place, especially if you were an American, was that you had a young man's dream of being a glamour photographer like Bob Cummings on the TV show The Bob Cummings Show (1961-1964, American TV). Now you settle for a telephoto shot of some tick bird on an elephant's rear end.

"Notice I combined French foreground techniques with negative space image cropping."

"Notice how the dipping horizon line directs the eye to the bird."

"Notice how I managed to match the grey of the elephant's hide with the grey of elephant poop in the foreground. I did that in post production wearing a Dudgeons & Dragons game virtual helmet and a paint chip sample card from the hardware store."

"Notice how ... blah blah blah."

Earth to camera nerd. It isn't glamour photography. It's a tick bird on an elephant's ass. And if I had been there I might have noticed all the great shots that you missed because you were not ready. You got so involved talking to the young German woman in the Land Rover that you missed the two warthogs tearing a snake to pieces.

How am I doing? The Danaman? Me? Well, I've only got one camera and it's not hanging around my sixty-one year old neck. It's a Polaroid Land Camera and it mostly sits on the dresser in my sixth floor ocean facing suite in the A.A. Hotel in Pattaya, Thailand. I rarely use it. It's heavy and awkward and noisy and clumsy. I can't conceive of having it with me at all times so naturally I almost never get any interesting pictures. Like I said, I know what excellence in photography requires; I just can not make the commitment.

So, one of the reasons I did not fully commit myself to photography when I was younger was because I could not fully commit to being 'locked and loaded' at all times. But my posture hasn't been ruined, and I haven't needed neck or back surgery. Maybe I'm even on points. Maybe not. Art rules and I have not created or captured any art in my life. To thine self be true and I know of my shortcomings. That is why whenever I see a great photo I also try to think of the photographer. Someone, just like the male lion on the termite hill in Africa, knew what they were doing.

Jimi Hendrix, the late great 20th century guitarist never put his guitar down. It was always hanging around his neck in case inspiration struck. If a series of guitar chords were needed to highlight an African lion pulling a plane out of the sky, Jimi and his guitar was ready. He even slept with his guitar around his neck. Jimi would have had some great guitar riffs to add to whatever was happening in the Garden of Eden because he was ready. He had turned himself over to his art.

How 'bout you Mr. Wannabe Matthew Brady: are you sleeping with your cameras and lenses and bags and film with black leather straps around your neck? It is a test question. Your desire for excellence and your commitment are being tested. No? Well, why not? When are you going to take the final step? Anybody can stay up until 3 a.m. reading old photography magazines. When are you going to take the final step and sleep with your cameras? Time to make a choice.

I have a friend of startling aspect who has strap cuts on the bridge of his nose, miscellaneous hematomas to the face and neck, fractured occipital bones, a detached retina in his left eye, a bulging carotid artery because a stent had to be implanted, and minor cuts to the face and neck from lens rims. He is everything I could never be as a young photography enthusiast. He accepted the challenge. He embraced the idea of excellence only being achieved through sacrifice. His public staggering from damaged neck vertebrate and lower back problems proclaims him an alpha and he has slide boxes and albums and framed pics and computer files of fantastic pictures. He is everything I could never be. He’s a photographer.

So if you see one of these alpha photographers staggering down Soi 13/0 in Pattaya heading for the boardwalk try and show a little respect. You are witnessing commitment. If you were on Soi 6 and a girl stabbed you with a knife this guy would get the picture. A baht bus driver is beating up a tourist over a fare dispute? Captain Nerd with the cameras will get the picture. The only pictures I ever get in the Kingdom are record pictures of girls in my hotel room. When I fall in love with a wonderful Thai lady I move the furniture aside and have her stand against the wall. I then take her picture. After she leaves, her name and a plus (+) or a minus (-) goes on the front. The plus sign means she is a repeater. The minus sign means ‘please, oh God please’ do not make that mistake again.

Hint: do not ever ever ever ever ever ever ever let your current Thai girlfriend find this bunch of pictures. I’m speaking from experience. If she does find these pics just give her a lot of money and hold the door for her. It is over. Of course this just shows what a photography amateur I am. A professional or an amateur who had made the final commitment to his photo art and had the facial damage, nerve tics, and bad posture to prove it would never make an error like this.

Anyway, because of turnover amongst Thai angels of the commercial kind I never need to make a trip to the Kingdom with more than about twenty-five of these pictures. So my camera is never going to be a part of art. Just a part of my life. But I often say to myself ‘boy, this would make a great picture’ in my wanderings around Thailand. Boat pictures (I love boats), faces (the bird guy in Pattaya on South Rd.), the mountainside temple on Ko Larn, women’s clothing at the Night Market in Chiang Mai, architectural details, food stands, the Kite festival in Bangkok, etc. There is a wonderful website on the Internet that features stray dogs of Bangkok. There is another wonderful website that chronicles a Thai girl from birth to age eight. I like theme photography. There is another wonderful website that features the doors and signs of Bangkok bars.

So if you see one of these equipment festooned photographers lining up a shot with a camera on a tripod while his assistant named Ping, or Ling, or Ming, or Fing, or Ying, or Zing, or Ding, or Dong hands him things; be happy. You are witnessing art and commitment, two things the world can never have too much of.

357. Ten More Reasons

14/1/2012

Attention: recently a comment maker on this website named Mr. Rosse expressed the opinion that the following ten things are requirements of good writing (my words) or as he put it, Ten Things a Reader Wants from a Writer:

1) Don't waste my time. (Thanks to Kurt Vonnegut for that.)

2) Write in a way that I can understand what you're saying, or at least most of what you're saying.

3) Put in a love interest.

4) Teach me something I didn't already know.

5) Show me some place I've never seen.

6) Create at least one character with whom I can sympathize.

7) Make sure he/she learns something useful.

8) Make sure all the characters operate from motives that are believable.

9) Have something going on during exposition.

10) Deliver a satisfying resolution. Avoid deus ex machina.

According to Mr. Rosse these are things that writers should pay attention to in a craft way when trying to communicate through text. I submit that no fault could be made regarding these ideas and I suspect that Mr. Rosse did not mean this to be a complete list. He is an intelligent, thoughtful, experienced, literary knowledgeable person but I believe that there are ten additional things that a writer should have in mind when he is writing and I list them starting with number eleven:

11. Bladder bursting humor. If you have written an eighteen thousand word essay on the percentage of Thailand's yearly export dollars due to rice at least once the reader has to rush to the bathroom to unload 'hysterically funny' urine. If it is a shorter distance to the kitchen you can unload in the sink. Wives and girlfriends will scream and you dear writer will smile the smile of the competent.

12. The reader is informed and learns that there is no God and that life has no meaning. Some readers will commit suicide or send you suicide notes, markers of success for writers. Someone has ended their life because of your wordsmithing skills? I salute you. You are a writer.

13. After reading my (Dana) writing, applications to the Dana Fan Club increase and at an accelerating rate, just like the universe is expanding and at an accelerating rate. Cosmologically aware readers will start looking for 'dark matter' in my writing. If readers think of your writing as a record that can be played backwards for messages from the Devil than you have graduated. Congratulations.

14. Female readers of the homosapiens variety are so provoked and disgusted they start spasmodically washing their low I.Q. hands and praying to Jesus.

15. No readers learn anything or make any trivial or character improvements of any kind based on your wordsmithing skills. That would be almost like gift giving and writers don't have to give readers anything.

16. The writer, in this case myself, displays no evidence of an ethical-moral core of any kind. Readers learn independence before the yawning maw of my complete indifference. You have to look up a lot of the words I use in a dictionary and it is kind of an inconvenience? Talk to someone who cares.

17. No traditional rules, techniques, or protocols of writing are respected in any way. Readers learn to stand on their own two feet without love, attention, or literary support mechanisms of any kind. Foreshadowing? We don't need no stinkin' foreshadowing and figure out if the story is being told in the past, present, or future your own damn self. I'm the writer. I'm not your goddamned slave.

18. The writer worships anarchy, violence, and perversion and seeks to influence the reader in that direction. You say you are reading my writing while living in the basement of your mother's house. You are not my reader. Thoughtful, sensitive, or … none of this baby crap should be in good writing.

19. Good writing involves skillful manipulation of the reader's emotions. He is a witless fool for the writer's use. Any sign of sympathy or species attraction to the reader is expunged by editing. Good editing is done with an upward thrusting knife and downward plunging ax.

20. The writer must never forget that he (the writer) is more important than anybody. Fxxx the reader.

Well, there you have it writer wanna-bees; the twenty things you need to know about your writer responsibilities, craft guidelines, etc. The first ten ideas are for beginning writers trying to capture the aged six to sixteen market. The final ten ideas are for writers who want to write like warriors and piss out of second story windows. Sort of a boys-to-men thing. I'm currently penning a biographical note that displays my tranny experiences. I'm catnip to trannies and the biographical piece is titled: Catnip to Trannies. In it you will be able to see all twenty of these writing ideas brilliantly displayed. Stay tuned.

Sincerely yours,
Dana

358. How Much Is Enough?

TT&A Part 310 14/1/2012

Greetings Stickmanbangkokites: in this sparkling essay we will visit the bubbly champagne literary vineyards of 'how much is enough?'

How much of what? Readers. Hits. Viewers. Readers who have read something you have written and posted on the Internet. Many writers express the personal opinion that the number of readers who read what they have written is immaterial. They write just for themselves. Well, if you are a 19th century sexless spinster poet living in the boring bedroom of a boring farmhouse in boring New England I am inclined to possibly believe you. But those days are gone. Today many writers publish on the Internet. Not one single human would accept the notion that you publish on the Internet so that people do not read what you have written. No, you publish on the Internet so that people will notice you and read what you have written.

Maybe a metaphor type thing will help here. When I get dressed to go out in Pattaya I always wear a giant codpiece so that it looks like I have a great big giant penis. When I am walking around I don't hope that people do not notice me, or pretend that I do not care if they notice me; on the contrary, I hope people do notice me and the more people that do notice me the better. Numbers count here, and in fact; there is really no number limit on this whole noticing thing—the more the better.

Well, think of your writing as your codpiece and instead of strolling up and down Soi 7 and Soi 8, you are displaying yourself on the Internet. Is there a cap or a minimum to how many readers read what you have written to make the whole thing worthwhile? If you get two hundred reads is that sufficient to assuage your ego or is fifty thousand reads the minimum required to assuage your ego and make the whole activity worthwhile? After all, these Internet literary efforts don't write themselves. It takes time and labor to empty pages into stuff that would make Shakespeare quit writing because he feels he is not competitive. So how do you put a value on your time and labor in terms of readership numbers? How much is enough? Is one thousand reader views enough or do you need two hundred and fifty thousand (don't laugh and stay tuned) to satisfy the ego currency conversion equation?

Some personal examples:

1. For years I made weekly submissions to a website we will call Anotherwebsite.com. The website administrator said on the website that thirty thousand people per week read the website. I thought thirty thousand readers (of my literary gems) was a good number. It made me happy to think that thirty thousand people per week were able to read what I had written. Without too much prompting I would tell people that I wrote on the Internet and that thirty thousand people per week read what I had written.

Later on (years later), in an astonishing reversal; this website administrator said, and I paraquote:

'I have no idea where that number thirty thousand came from, and I have no idea why I made that statement: basically, I just pulled that number out of my ass.'

I was crushed and I instantly thought of some pretty witty and trenchant remarks I could make about his ass. I had been lied to, I had been made a fool of by someone who was getting material for free; and I had lied to other people. So if thirty thousand readers per week were not reading Anotherwebsite.com what was the real number? Was it really fifty thousand or two hundred thousand? No, it was going to be a number of readers that was less—less than thirty thousand per week. Much less. How much less? I don't know and I have not asked. But I do sometimes wonder how low the number would have to be for good sense to finally triumph over my huge ego needs and kittenish desire to be petted. How low would readership numbers have to go and still keep me on the unprofitable (labor and time) writing treadmill? How much is enough?

Still not fully engaged by this subject? OK, consider this ...

2. Recently, I made a submission to a writer's website of high standards and alert management. In the first two weeks my story got about ten hits. I don't think anyone is going to contact the hyperbole police when I state that almost that many people heard the story as I was composing it out loud while wandering the streets of Boston. Ten seems like a low number of reader views: maybe an ego deal breaker. Is there a middle ground between expectations of thirty thousand and actual numbers of ten? And are other writers publishing on the Internet on other forums encountering readership numbers in a whole different and more satisfying category?

3. Recently, I have been making contributions weekly to another website. What you soon learn is that the first threshold is one hundred views. If you get one hundred views in the first ten days the story/essay is a success. The second threshold is two hundred views. If you get two hundred views you have to have your tailor recut all of your shirts because your chest is puffed out so much. I am talking about reader view numbers based upon posting on the website exclusively—no links.

But wait a minute: one hundred views—two hundred views? Who is kidding who? These are not big numbers on the Internet for anything. If there is a video on YouTube of a dog with his head stuck in a bucket they get ten thousand views in the first ninety minutes. If it is a naked dog with big breasts they get ten million views in the first thirty-six hours. If you consider that the forum arena for the type of writing I am talking about is modern technology (the Internet), one hundred or two hundred views is hard to explain to an ego driven writer or any kind of normal human being. When I was a kid going to High Rock Elementary School in Needham, Mass. we had more people than that watching two dogs humping on the playground. Bottom line? I am fifty nine years old, the greatest living writer in the English language; and my readership numbers are barely competitive with two dogs humping at recess.

Am I exaggerating? Am I just having a bad day? Am I just a self involved whiner? The greatest living writer in the English language? Far from it. I don't mean to be a name dropper here, that is so not me; but recently I got an email from God. He had been sitting up in heaven reading my stories and essays and he was going to send Jesus, his only begotten son, down to hang with me. Just to hang. You know, just hang around with me, absorb my ultimate coolness, and report back to dad. Nuff said. And yet, to repeat, my readership numbers sometimes barely exceed two dogs humping in my elementary school past. So, is there a place connected to modern technology where writers get huge readership numbers or at least readership numbers that do not make writers look like needy fools? Yes there is and if you have not heard of this it is going to shock you. You better put on some adult diapers and have a seat because this is going to rock your world. To wit:

Japan. That's right, Japan. Or more detailedly: Japan and young girls. Japan and young girls and text writing on cell phones. Japanese girls (mostly teens and twenties) are now writing 'novels' using text features on cell phones. Never heard of this before? Well, hang on; it is going to be a bumpy ride. Examples of this phenomenon:

1. A Japanese girl named Mona spent nineteen days typing a 'novel' on her cell phone. She then posted the unedited, unliterary, young female angst to a media sharing site called Maho i-Land. Maho i-Land, acting as an agent, then triggered the publication of a book called Eternal Dream. What are the numbers here? Eternal Dream was one of the ten best selling hardbacks for the first half of 2007. Another cell phone text 'novel' wonder called The Red Thread by Mei sold 1.8 million copies, and Lone Sky sold 2.6 million copies. 2,600,000 copies! The next time I get some jackass email from a Thai-farang themed published author belittling me because the walls of Bookazine are not carpeted with my books I am going to ask him if he has sold 2.6 million copies of his books. No? Well, a barely literate Japanese girl did. She can't spell O.E.D. or Thesaurus; but she sure can spell Big Bank Account, and she gets to spend the rest of her life telling him that she is a better writer than he is. But the hardback books sold are not the story here, only the fallout from the main event. And the main event is how many reader views are these cell phone 'novels' getting on the Japanese Internet. Prepared to be amazed.

The cell phone novel site Maho i-Land is visited three and a half billion times a month. Billion. BILLION folks. Apparently, the cell phone novel is the newest literary genre and Internet sites like Anotherwebsite are now dinosaurs. Numbers don't lie and the numbers say (SCREAM) that I am wasting my time writing and submitting my stories in the traditional way if I want lots of people to read what I write. I should be pecking away at my cell phone and then sending the crap to Quillpill or Text-novel (two U.S. cellphone text 'novel' sites) for additional 'development'. The books are then printed cell phone text style with same same formatting and abbreviations. But again, the hardcover books are almost beside the point; millions (MILLIONS) of readers read these stories and this writing on the Internet. MILLIONS. Let's see: two hundred views vs. a million views. Which number is bigger? You know, I may not be the brightest bulb in the hallway but I think I can figure that out.

Think I am exaggerating or misinformed? Eternal Dream has been accessed three million times online (and you thought Hitler pulled big crowds). Three million times folks. I am actually pretty good with big numbers because of my interest in astronomy but these numbers for reader view numbers on some part of the Internet strain my brain. This is a whole new universe. One of the successful 'novelists' got F's in Japanese in school. She is Japanese and she got F's in Japanese language class, apparently not an impediment in this new Internet literary genre. Makes me look like some kind of unhip doddering old fool for looking things up in the dictionary. Probably another reason I won't get any pussy. Have you ever heard of a cell phone novel called If You Could? Me either. It has been downloaded over 400,000 times.

Is there a lesson here? Yes, the lesson is that the Japanese (and others) participating in this new literary genre of cell phone novels are on the crest of the wave of writing and reading, and the wave is leaving traditional Internet story/essay posting behind. We are so unhip here in the West I am surprised the Japanese even lower themselves to sell us electronic equipment. There are some authors on the other website I am currently making weekly contributions to that have gotten 4000, 5000, and 6000 views. Six thousand views. These are the giant alpha writers the rest of us are too inferior to even make eye contact with. But wait a minute. A Japanese cell phone novelist who only got 6000 views would likely be too shamed to leave the house. I don't say this for any reason but observation, but it would not surprise me if some Japanese girls who only got 30,000 hits committed suicide with their little Japanese hara kiri swords. Sad.

So, what's the problem? Why don't I just abandon my current Internet publisher and other writer websites, jump on this new Internet technology fad bandwagon, and start writing cell phone material? Well, it seems that just about 100% of Japanese 'novelists' using the cell phone to post are Japanese girls (women) and all of the 'writing' is from a woman's (girl's) point-of-view. Unfaithful boyfriends, terminal illnesses preventing them from shopping in the new mall, parents that don't understand them and peek at their diaries, the terror of missed monthly bleeding dramas, breasts not developing fast enough, and babies dying in bullet train derailments. You know, girl stuff. So, to augment my writing career and to get the Internet readership numbers my writing deserves: I am going to get a sex change. I'm a thinker. Wait until Jesus hears about this. I am going to become a woman. But not just any kind of woman, I am going to become a Japanese woman. And not just any kind of Japanese woman; but a young, stupid, trivial, poorly educated, moody, self involved, foolish Japanese woman (aka girl) who does not have the brains of a beagle dog. I know what you are thinking and probably Jesus would be thinking the same thing, but this isn't the surgical-anatomical long shot you might think.

After all, Japanese girls only have one developmental stage: baby fat to lard buckets. Look up the word Lard Gash in the dictionary and there is a picture of a Japanese woman. I am already overweight so no problem. I'll dye my hair black and let it grow followed by cutting straight across at the eyebrows for that angel-whore spooky helmet head look. The whole sex change thing is totally practical. I know what I'm doing. Anyway, then at last I will be able to get the millions of reader hits my writing has always deserved. My new writer name is going to be

Banzai Betty. Dana is history: kicked to the curb like the tired ass writing tin can he is.

So Stickmanites, Dana fans, expats, hepcats, expired visas, worshipping teeruks, and 'published authors'—stay tuned for my first million hits cell phone novel called My Bitchy Sister Was Smashed By A Bullet Train (retiled for the Western market as Why Won't These Fxxxing Jap Breasts Grow?).

Sincerely yours,
Dana (Banzai Betty)

359. To Start Over

TT&A Part 311 21/1/2012

Hello Dana fans, ceiling fans (love that joke), and Stickmanites:

Roses are red.
Violets are blue
Today not one story,
But two.

Who loves you baby?
Dana does.

P.S. Stay away from Fa.

Weirdest Thing

What is the weirdest thing I have ever seen in Thailand? How about weird/disturbing? Very disturbing. Read on. And you probably better sit down. If you are standing up on the boardwalk in Pattaya reading this on your laptop you should probably sit down on the seawall. If you are standing up in front of the Royal Garden Plaza mall across the street then you should probably sit on the steps next to the carved motorcycles. If you are in Chiang Rai or you are in Hat Yai ... wait a minute, why aren't you in Pattaya? Anyway, read on.

It was the year the new airport opened. The airport had been in the planning stages for decades. Finally it opened and it was spectacular. There were not enough 'outside-the-building' signs for the separate airlines, and the existing signs were not big enough. The bathrooms were hard to find. The interior traffic directory signs were mostly missing. It was (and still is) hard to figure out how to exit on the street to get a taxi. This task completely defeated my brain. There were no information booths with happy smiling faces like at Narita airport in Japan. But it was all, hopefully, small stuff. The airport was spectacular.

And hopeful. Everyone, Thai and foreigner was united and hopeful in the thought that the new airport was a symbol. A harbinger of the future. A future of modernity for the Kingdom. The airport was seized upon by everyone as a hopeful sign that maybe in fifty years Thailand would no longer be a developing nation, but a modern nation. A happy generous subterranean thought we all shared.

Then I saw it. The weirdest thing I have ever seen in Thailand. On one of the curved wooden benches were two women and a girl. The women were adults, and the girl was about seven years old. Can't guess? Remember this is Thailand. Throw the dice. What is the most stupid weird disturbing thing you can think of?

The seven year old girl was lying on her back on the bench and completely naked. A more public place you could not imagine and the girl was naked. Not a woman but not a baby. Complete your own brain picture. I did a double take. Could not believe my eyes. Then I looked again to verify the image my eyes had sent to my brain. Then I hurried to get away. Too weird, and my basic 'paranoid-in-Thailand' reflexes kicked in. Whatever this was I did not want to be the farang caught looking. I moved away with speed and never looked back.

Questions: What kind of people were these people? What kind of culture is this culture? What kind of country is this? Why do I have to feel so frightened on what is supposed to be a vacation? Why wasn't someone connected with the administration of the airport doing something about this? What would have happened to me if I had reported this? Yes, what would have happened to me if I had reported this?

Time to go. Go home to Boston. An urban jungle but never like this. So, will Thailand, as symbolized by the new airport go from developing nation status to modern country status in fifty years? Maybe it will take one hundred years. You don't see this kind of idiocy in German Neanderthal cave art, or Egyptian hieroglyphics, or wall graffiti in Pompeii. You do not see this in other countries. You do not even see this in your mind. You have to go to Thailand to see this. And later on I had this thought. Suvarnabhumi is not an airport just for foreigners. Didn't any Thai travellers with high standards who love their country see this? Why didn't they do something? What kind of screwed up, unreflective, primitive culture is this? I wish I hadn't seen what I saw. Thailand disappointed me again. It's hard to love a broken toy.

And now, story number two titled:

To Start Over

I got the call from the local hospital. There had been an accident. Both people in the car had been instantly killed. A drunk driver had crossed over the median strip and ...! the combined speed of the colliding vehicles was over one hundred miles per hour.

My Thai wife had been driving. In the back seat was our daughter Nim, aged six. They had been to 'dance' class. All girls go through a stage where they want to dance. Every town has some mother who plays music in the living room and little girls dance. If, as the father, you go to pick up your daughter you are stunned by how cute and innocent it all is. You may forget a lot of things in your life as a man, but you will never forget your little girl's earnest face as she dances.

"Look Daddy, I'm dancing."

Another stage that all girls go through is the 'horse' stage. Little girls are mesmerized and hypnotized and taken over by the idea of horses. Lately. Nim had been talking about ponies:

"Can we get a pony Daddy?"
"We could get a pony."
"I'd like a pony."
"Other people have ponies."
"If we had a pony everyone could ride it."
"I'll bet there is a pony that wants to live here."
"Can we get a pony Daddy?"

Then she would take a breath and hit me again:

"I want a pony."
"Mom could knit the pony a hat with holes for his ears."
"He could live in the garage."
"I would name him Happy."
"I want a pony Daddy."

One morning I was being silly and imaginative with my daughter. She wanted to know if we were going to do something the next day and I said no—I would be sailing to Tahiti.

Nim: Why are you going to sail to Tahiti Daddy?
Me: I'm going to see the ponies.
Nim: What ponies?
Me: Tahiti is covered with ponies. They are everywhere. From the beaches to the valleys to the mountains there are thousands and thousands of running and jumping happy ponies. In fact, Tahiti is a French word that means Land of the Ponies.

My daughter paused, looked me straight in the face, and with big Daddy trusting eyes said:

"I'd like to go to the Land of the Ponies."

There was no family except my wife Lek and myself and my daughter. I took care of everything after the automobile accident including designing the gravestones for my wife and for my child. My daughter's gravestone read:

NIM

Born: June 4, 1983
Died: July 18, 1989

Here lies Nim. Daughter of Dana and daughter of Lek. Loved by her father and loved by her mother.

"I'd like to go to the Land of the Ponies."

One year after installing the gravestones of my wife and of my daughter I flew to Thailand. To start over.

360. Dana Tranny Audio Tapes

TT&A Part 312 28/1/2012

It had to happen. You've heard of the Dana Fan Club, the Dana website All Dana All The Time (ADATT), Dana: The Movie, the Church of Dana, and Dana: The Book—well, I am coming out with Dana Tranny Audio Tapes. Yes indeed, it had to happen and now it's going to happen all over you. Over the years we have received thousands of requests from individuals, organizations, and governments for this product. We now offer it worldwide as a humanitarian gesture. Read on for details.

Yes, yes, and yes: who loves you baby? Now you can live your tranny dreams of conquest and love and sickening sick sick behavior through me by listening to Dana Tranny Audio Tapes (DTAT). Whether commuting in heavy Bangkok gridlock traffic, drifting off to sleep, or hiking in a flowered alpine meadow you can listen and learn as I grunt and slurp with gender confused human garbage.

Turn your private moments and sexual uncertainties into perverted pleasure as I frolic with my Obsessions Bar friends and turn standard lovemaking gymnastics into a Swiss Army knife ten-in-one gadget. However, I should tell you that this is a Thai only product. If you have dreams of big breasted Brazilian trannies and me, or if you have dreams of half-starved Eritrean trannies and me, or if you have dreams of Eskimo trannies and me, or if you have dreams of Laotian or Cambodian or Burmese or Vietnamese or Malaysian or Nepalese or Bhutanese trannies and me this is not the right place for you. Here at Dana Central we believe in full disclosure product marketing so I want to get that out of the way right away. You can't have art without standards and we feel that offering non-Thai audio tranny tapes would pollute and dilute the sanctity and the purity of what we are doing.

Anyway, be amazed and horrified as you learn what can happen when I turn Mom's picture face to the wall, and stand on a pile of Bibles. If you value your bed sheets you better listen to these audio tapes wearing oven mitts. And yes, every tranny audio tape comes complete with pre-session and post-session interviews with myself and the tranny. Look behind the audio curtain as I crush their little ribs between my forearms and tell them I love them. Get a glimpse into the rarified kaleidoscope life of me.

All tapes will be shipped in a plain brown papered box stamped DFI (Disgusting Filth Inside). Join the farangs and the smilers on the Dark Side and learn what real sex is all about. And yes, I can hear the question: this is pre-ops only. Only first quality tranny filth from Dana Central. If you are interested in post-op trannies this is not the place for you. I mean, post-op? What's that all about? You might as well get yourself a woman, and I think we all know what a waste of time that is. So don't muddy up the water trolling for post-op tapes. We have standards here at Dana Central. However, this does raise the inquirious head of custom tranny audio tapes.

Custom tranny tapes? Yes, they are coming. Send in your requests. Just tell me what you want to hear. Wheelchair trannies, cripples, drunks, the mentally unbalanced, prison parolees, violent, spastic screamers, foul mouthed trannies, purring kitten trannies, man voiced trannies, etc. We will try to fulfill our customers' needs here at Dana Central's Dana Enterprise's Tranny Audio Tapes division. We barely cover costs on this. It's all about serving humanity.

Limit one order per customer and remember these audio tapes are being shipped from the Kingdom; so no guarantees, no warranties, no money back, no customer service, no discounts, and no post purchase contacts, names, addresses, or phone numbers. Emailing me because you have a question or a complaint? Cry baby. Suck it up and act like a man. Sending money to me is like splurging up the fudge tunnel. It checks in but it does not check out.

Anyway, Dana audio tranny tapes are now available. Euros preferred, but yes I will accept US $100 bills. I will also accept baht but I'm warning you—it will piss me off. And if you personally know and have tested someone with big breasts who can hold up a rubber maid's bucket of Nana Hotel glass ash trays with her twelve inch special friend I will take trades. Here at Dana Central we are modern people open to all forms of international business. Some exceptions: if you are French (FTF), Arab, Thai Chinese, Dotheads, Towelheads, of the Indian subcontinent tailor variety, Russians, or from Ufxxxistan it is best not to tell me. I'm not sayin' why—just best not to tell me. Also, if you have pictures of you and a tranny mixing it up do not sent them to me. I'm not a pervert and they make the office dogs bark.

Sweet Jesus on a pre-op cracker: I guess this puts that whole Atheism theory to bed. Who could love you this much except God? And me.

Who loves you baby?
Dana Does

P.S. Contact the webmaster of this website for shipping and other information or send your stupid little questions to Dana Central Dana Enterprises, Rajah building, Soi 4, Bangkok—Attn: DTAT.

361. Published Writer's Hotline

TT&A Part 313 4/2/2012

Introduction

"237 Million Years Ago—COMING TOGETHER

About 300 million years ago Gondwana and northern continents collided, creating Pangaea, a landmass that stretched from Pole to Pole. Within opened Tethys, ancestor of the Mediterranean. Around the supercontinent lay the Panthalassic Ocean, ancestor of the Pacific. The enlarged ocean basin caused sea level to fall, while the land barrier blocked ocean currents that circulated oxygen. Scientists speculate that those events and a vast outpouring of lava in Siberia may have caused Earth's largest extinction, 250 million years ago. Surviving reptiles spread across Pangaea, evolving into diverse forms that gave rise to the dinosaurs."—National Geographic magazine

OK, that's fine; but I think what we would all like to know is when and how was Pattaya created. And where can we buy bargirl fossils? Bargirl fossils. How cool would that be? Dating of the fossils could be done by the makes and models of the cellphones. But that is not really what I want to talk about today. What I really want to talk about today is:

Published Writer's Hotline

For those of you not involved in Danaism, or not members of the Dana Fan Club, or not participants in the fee based subscription program; you may not be aware of this, but I run a non-profit humanitarian program called the Published Writer's Hotline (PWH). Qualified published writers have my Published Writer's Hotline private phone number and call me for help. Example:

Published Writer: Dana, I am having trouble with tenses (past, present, future) and plot resolution. I need a way to weasel out of this problem. Which weasel technique do you think would be best: time tunnel or ghost story?

Me: Neither. Have the main character take too much yaa baa just before going under anaesthesia for tranny surgery and hallucinate. No problem with tenses and no problem with a penis when he wakes up.

OK, the above is an example of a legitimate Published Writer's Hotline question. Good question and helpful answer. Then you get the boneheads. Examples follow:

Got another middle-of-the-night call from Dean Barrett last night. Some kind of personal problem. I had to remind him that the Published Writer's Hotline (PWH) is only for questions about writing. Your dog ate a ten pound bag of dry dog food and then drained the toilet bowl? Can't help you.

Look, I don't want to sound like Joe Complainer here, and I know as a non-published author I barely have the right to live; but would it kill some of these published writers to take a little more responsibility for their lives?

Got a call from Steven Leather. He wanted to know what an OED is. Oh, come on. Use the dictionary. And speaking of a dictionary, Steve Rosse wanted to know what to do if the glue has failed and one of the letter tabs has fallen off of your dictionary. He wanted to look up a word that began with the letter H and there was no letter H tab. Chuckwoww left a frenzied breathless message. He wanted to know what ophiophagous rhymed with, and could I maybe come up with a clever stanza in iambic pentameter that could be used in a story about a cyclopsian Hi-So lady who runs a carwash in Hat Yai. I emailed him an answer. No thanks. Not one word of thanks.

What am I, every published writer's doormat here? Union Hill wanted to know if an adnoun can precede a preposition if the third unnecessary word reference in the sentence is Latin and the ninth unnecessary reference word in the sentence is French. I just hung up. That can not possibly be Union Hill.

Anyway, another example of doormatism: coming up in the A.A. Hotel elevator I can hear my phone ringing in my 6th floor ocean facing suite. I bolt out of the elevator, leap across the hall, blow through the door, grab the phone, and hear this:

Published Writer: Hi Dana, what's happening?
Me: How can I help you?
PW: Yeah, I was wondering if you had heard of any cures for writer's block?
Me: Yeah, I sometimes get that affliction also.
PW: You? How could you get writer's block? You're not even a real writer—you just write on the Internet?
Me: Well ...
PW: The most you could ever get would be 'wannabe writer's block'—ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha ...
Me: Click.

Oops, another call ...

Me: Yes?
Dean Barrett: Hi, Dana—the Deanster here.
Me: Yes Dean, how can I help you?
Dean: Would you like to buy any of my books?
Me: I'm a big fan Dean and I have already read your wonderful books.
Dean: Yeah, yeah—look, I'm running a sale. Do you want to buy any of my books?
Me: Click.

Sigh ...

Ring. Ring. Ring. Ring. Ring.
Me: Hello?
Dean Barrett: Hey, Dana—it's me again.
Me: Dean, let me be candid. You are my personal hero. If God gave me a second chance at life I would want to come back as you. You are more excellent than me in every way and I worship you; but I already have all of your books so I do not want to buy any more of your books.
Dean: Yeah yeah—look Commander Jerkwad: I'm a published author and you are not, so how many of my books do you want to buy?
Me: Click

Sigh ...

So, in conclusion I would like to say that ... oops, the phone is ringing on my Published Writer Hotline (PWH) again—gotta go.

362. Talking To Hookers

TT&A Part 314 11/2/2012

Attn: Dana fans and ceiling fans (drinking again at the Tweety Bird Underpants Bar)
Re: Dana Fan Club meeting update

At a recent Dana Fan Club (DFC) meeting held in Mexico City, the quote "My dog barks in Algonquin." (Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes—Part 271) was voted one of the top ten moments of Dana writing hilarity of 2010. There were some Dana fans with other opinions and there were some aggressive things said in several different languages but the tranny security people were able to restore order. Dana Fan Club meetings are not for everyone. Passions run high. Bye-the-way, Mr. Fred Nosebooger of Kuala Lumpur was the winner of the Pattaya boardwalk tranny trash look-a-like contest. Congratulations Fred. Photos have been sent to your wife, children, neighbors, employer and dog. You must be very proud.

And while the thought is in my head, and having nothing to do with the above: the Tweety Bird Underpants Bar of Pattaya will be sponsoring a contest/show in May having to do with Tweety Bird underpants, black dildos, and ... OK, you'll have to contact them for details. I simply pass this on to be helpful. The only thing I know about this is that no girls will be allowed to enter the contest/show wearing Deputy Dawg, Superman, Hulk, Spiderman, Mickey Mouse, Road Runner, Bugs Bunny, Goofy, Wonder Woman, Woody Woodpecker, Donald Duck, Yogi Bear, or Bart Simpson underpants. I don't know about you but if I take a girl from the Rainbow bar over the to the Mothership and she is wearing Bart Simpson underpants it kills the moment. Anyway, you can't run a business without standards and I think these cartoon character underpants exclusions show what a well run bar the Tweety Bird Underpants Bar is.

And just a thought: wouldn't you have loved having a few after work drinks with the cartoonists who came up with the last name of Woodpecker? Just thinkin'. I'm a thinker. But that is not really what I want to talk about today. What I really want to talk about today in a serious essay format and on a website that features Thai-farang serious writing is:

Talking To Hookers

"If you live in fresh water but go out into the ocean to spawn, you are catadromous. Anadromous means "running up." Catadromous means "running down." If you are anadromous or catadromous, you are also diadromous. And if ..., you are amphidromous."—John McPhee

OK, I'll say it for everyone else. I'll say what you are all thinking. I'll take the hit. I'll be the sacrificial node. Catadromous, anadromous, diadromous, and amphidromous —how does this guy talk to hookers?

There, it's out, and worth repeating. Catadromous, anadromous, diadromous, and amphidromous? How does this guy talk to hookers and skanks and cruisers and smilers and ... no really, how? Is this guy using this talk on the Pattaya boardwalk or in the Mothership parking lot in Bangkok to charm women of the commercially available kind? Has he got a snappy line of geek fish researcher chatter that just makes them go wet between their legs? Is there something I do not know but would really like to know?

In my case, I can say about fifteen things in Thai, plus I have learned three different ways to say "I don't speak Thai" (in Thai) which the girls find charming. I also have a pocket full of dog-eared notecards in my pocket with Thai words and phrases on them which are always a hit. Hopefully, we end up in my room. A friend of mine doesn't even talk. He just shows select porno playing cards of his favorite positions and activities. The meaning is clear. Mehkong Kurt tells of a gentleman who would go into a bar, lick a 500 baht note, and stick it on his forehead. Again, the meaning was clear. I sometimes wonder if it was really Mehkong Kurt who did this but no matter. Anyway, communication is all about results.

In other words, are we all missing the best bet here? Are the geeky over-educated fish research guys using words like catadromous, and anadromous, and diadromous, and amphidromous landing the really big hooker fish: the girls who never lock themselves in the bathroom, the women who beat you to the bed, the angels who never go starfish, and the smilers who can't get enough growling snapping pelvic thrusting heaving grunting sex? In other words, in the talking to hookers game; are they getting better results? Not to put too fine a point on it, has nerd boy McPhee discovered the secret to getting women to post orifice signs that say: For A Good Time Enter Here? Fish words? Hey, I'm no pussy snob. If it takes fancy fish words to score major Asian action just call me Mr. Catadromous.

Inquiring minds want to know. So much to learn, so little time. Are fancy fish words the key that unlocks the Pattaya boulevard or Mothership parking lot door to sex paradise? If so, where does it stop? How about if I smelled like a fish, or handed out sardines, or dressed in a fish costume? Would that help? Again, inquiring minds want to know and I am no pussy snob. Whatever it takes. So much to learn, so little time. So, if you see me on the boardwalk in Pattaya or you spot me in the Mothership parking lot in Bangkok smelling like a tuna, handing out sardines, dressed as a salmon, and using big fish words—

don't bother me. I am doing research. Stay tuned for the research results, and start stockpiling cans of fish treat cat food—you may need it. Wish me luck as I enter the monger maw of the unknown for me, for you, and for humanity. Don't hate me because I am a visionary. That's just the kind of guy I am. Anyway, if fish treats and a fish costume makes these daughters of Isaan hotter than a soi dog's balls in summer; I am a ready teddy. Whatever it takes. But let us not jump to any conclusions. First the survey science—then the posting of peer reviewed results.

But still, I couldn't resist priming the sex pump. I have already had catadromous, and anadromous, and diadromous, and amphidromous tattooed on my body. I know you would have thought of this eventually but as usual I am ahead of the curve. Don't hate me because I am ahead of the curve, that's just the kind of guy I am. Who loves you baby? Dana does. So much to learn, so little time..

363. In Memoriam

TT&A Part 315 18/2/2012

Introduction

OK Dana fans and ceiling fans (I have had one scorpion bowl drink with Nong, one huge glass of some kind of beer with some kind of Aussie, two mystery drinks with Chiang Mai Kelly, and that ceiling fan joke just cracks me up):

Anyway a little research will show that the basic number of one of the South American tribes in their math system was the number nine. The most important number to them was the number nine. Remind you of anything or remind you of anyone? You got it. Emma. Emma of Pattaya. Tranny Emma and her nine inches of fun. Who says drinking is bad for you? My mind could not be clearer. And, to share with you a personal moment of mine from last week; a little more research by me found that one of the jungle tribes under the Aztec nation was the Emmaites. Coincidence? I think not.

“Nong?”
“Yes, Donna?”
“It’s Dana—for the 400th time, it’s Dana. Anyway, can you order another scorpion bowl for us?”
“Yes Donna—I do for you. I luf you.”

Well, there you have it Dana fans and ceiling fans. I’m not sure what you have but I’m in Thailand. Where are you?

But that is not really what I want to talk about today. What I really want to talk about today is a part of my past in a public letter titled:

In Memoriam

I miss my Polaroid Land Camera. Rest in peace old friend. I hope you are happy in camera heaven and if anyone makes fun of you for being big and noisy and heavy and clunky—just smash them in the face. You were a CAMERA. Sure, I know there were and there are other cameras. People can't shut up about them. I even owned some: Brownie, 35mm, Instamatic, Disposable Cameras, etc. Some day I may even buy one of these new digital things:

"It fits in your pocket." "You can transfer the pics to your computer." "The quality is fantastic."

Like I said, people can't shut up about these cameras and I believe everything they say. But the Polaroid Land Camera was a CAMERA. Why? Because when I took a picture I got a picture. Instantly. I could hold it in my hand. I could give it as a gift. I could put it in a scrapbook. I could frame it and hang it on the wall.

When I order a cheeseburger in a restaurant, I don't want an image of a cheeseburger, and transferring the image of the cheeseburger to my home computer does nothing for the hungry moment. I want the cheeseburger delivered to my table and I want the cheeseburger delivered to my table now. I want to hold the cheeseburger in my hand. The Polaroid Land Camera delivered the picture NOW. Think about it. What word in the English language carries more weight than the word NOW? I wanted a picture to augment the moment in my life and I wanted the picture now. The Polaroid Land Camera gave it to me. It was magic. When I hear people going on and on with the new cameras about how they can transfer the images to their home computer, and they can crop, and they can send, and they can file, and they can ... I just sort of drift off. I know it is all exciting and better in a lot of ways but sometimes I just want to yell at them:

"Where is the picture? Don't you even know why you are doing all of this? Where is the picture?"

The Polaroid Land Camera was an instant fun maker and an instant friend maker. Google up countries and you will see that there are approximately 188 countries. I wouldn't be surprised if there was not a single country where this camera did not make friends and make smiles—a social guarantee and a gift from heaven for the shy male. God bless Mr. Land: he gave many men the gift of life. Take a picture of a nice lady and give her the picture. You got a smile. A smile from a woman? Priceless. A smile from a Thai lady? Beyond priceless.

And kids? They laughed and screeched and fought to hold the picture in their hand. Taking pictures of kids in Thailand and then showing them the pics NOW was social bonding not normally available. They could hold the pictures in their hands and pass them around and take them home as gifts. The Polaroid Land Camera did more than change photography. It changed lives.

Jesus, I will never stop missing the magic moments you gave me on the boardwalk in Pattaya and in every other place I visited in Thailand. The film was not cheap but the moments were priceless. I used to go to the Kingdom with a bag full of film packs and take picture after picture of ladies and children in Thailand and give the pictures away. People would invite me into their houses, or call their friends over, or want to take a picture themselves. Pretty girls would lean against me to look at the picture develop. Lean against me. Sometimes I would get dizzy. If the film was still available easily I would still be using the camera. Rest in peace old friend. All you ever wanted from me was film and a press on the button. A wonderful relationship. Rest in peace up there in camera heaven where I bet a bunch of old 35mm cameras envy you because you could give a picture NOW.

All I had to do was press a button. That's all I have ever wanted to do with a camera: just press a button. I am not and I will never be a technical person. This camera was made for me. But now the camera store that would order my film packs doesn't even want to hear from me. It's over. Except for the memories. God bless my Polaroid Land Camera, and God bless the happy times it gave. Rest in peace old friend.

364. Pattaya Gary

TT&A Part 316 25/2/2012

Greetings Dana fans and all resident and tourist men in Thailand. This is an open letter to notify you of an up-and-coming event you may have an interest in. To wit:

My best friend in the whole world is Pattaya Gary. He used to be Phuket Gary but there was some kind of an issue with a beautiful Thai lady and her father so he quickly became Pattaya Gary. Timing is everything. Anyway, we are best buddies. Pals. Friends. Blood brothers. OK, so far it's kind of a one way thing. Pattaya Gary is my best buddy and pal and friend, and he hardly knows I'm alive. But that's not really the point. The point is that I wish I was Pattaya Gary. If I could ask the God I don't believe in for anything I would say:

"Please, please God; make me like Pattaya Gary."

actually, it would probably go more like this:

"Please, please God; make me like Pattaya Gary. Holy suffering angels and Christ on a cracker make me just like Pattaya Gary. I'm begging you God. I'm on my knees big guy. I'm slobbering like a soi dog with rabies. Please please make me Pattaya Gary and I will never ask you for anything else again. And the stuff I already asked you for in the past? You can just cancel that stuff. Just make me into Pattaya Gary. Now I am not without powers of thought God and I realize it may be inconvenient to have two Pattaya Garys. OK, you figure it out and I'll just go with whatever the plan is. Just please please please please give me a chance of happiness on Earth. Please, please God; make me Pattaya Gary.

And God, if we could have a candid human-to-God moment? No cruisin' big fella. No second rate work on this. You know all that sand you made? Sand all over the world? Every particle of sand is not perfect and you are God. Get me? You were just phoning it in on some of that sand. Same with the beetles. Tip over a leaf and there is a beetle. Billions of beetles. But are all of the different beetles work you can be proud of? Come on sport, it's the Danameister speaking. You can't fool me. You've got some second rate beetles out there. And flightless birds? The ostrich? Come on God—whose going to stamp In God We Trust on that mistake? So find the original blueprints on Pattaya Gary and make me into an exact copy. No cruisin' on this. If Gary has 2,714 pubic hairs that is how many I want. Don't make me count. Anyway, God; please make me into Pattaya Gary."

Why? Because he is the most man who has ever lived, that's why. He is every unreasonable fourteen year old girl's dream and he is every unreasonable fourteen year old boy's dream. Six foot four inches tall in his bare feet, jet black hair combed straight back, emerald green eyes, high cheek bones, mahogany face, full lips with a hint of black in the coloring, ropey veins, ass cheeks that can crush beer cans, a dick that can sweep the bottles and glasses and drinks right off the bar, a thirty inch waist with a fifty-four inch chest, abdominal muscles you can strike a match on, and pectoral muscles you can beat on with a ballpeen hammer. When he is standing in a bathing suit his thigh muscles look like sacks of snakes, and his foreskin has a tattoo that says:

"Real men don't lift weights—real men are born this way."

I have never, never, never, not even one time seen him without a woman. They are magnetically attracted to him. I have to pay women to get them to smile at me, Gary has to pay them to go away. Watch him walk into the Marine Bar in Pattaya any night and you will witness Darwin's ultimate example of evolution. Every woman will leave every man she is with and go to Gary. He smiles his easy panther smile of perfect white teeth, wraps his long arms and big hands around them, and everyone is happy. Even the men now without their wives and their girlfriends are happy. Gary is the love machine. Everybody loves Gary.

To watch him walking down Waking Street at night is to see an animal without insecurity or agenda. Green eyes, panther gait, high cheekbones, gaunt cheeks, full lips, big hands and feet, flat stomach and never has a female companion admonished him by saying:

“You think too mutt.”

Gary can think but it is usually not necessary. Because of his physical gifts it has not been necessary for my pal Gary to develop his brain. Oh, he’s smart all right but he does not really need to be. Let’s put it this way. When he was growing up in the state of Texas in the United States at the age of fourteen women in the community would be driving by his house asking if he needed a ride. To anywhere. Maybe to their house. So Gary is not a slave to structured, scientific method, Roman numeral outline thinking. But when he does get an idea it’s a doozy. A corker. A brain freeze. A conversation stopper.

Last week he was on the boardwalk in Pattaya across from the Royal Cruise Hotel juggling (three Thai ladies at once) when like an errant asteroid an idea crashed into his head. I was there. I witnessed it. I was the first person he told the idea to. And what was Gary’s idea? You better sit down Dana fans: this will make your dick go limp as you struggle with and retool all that you know about the Kingdom and farang-Thai relationships. As I lay out the details of his idea I believe you will agree with me that his idea is in the What the Fxxx category.

His idea was to hold annual reunions of all of his ex-girlfriends. It would be a once a year party at which people could review the past, behave in a thoughtful adult way, forget regrets and jealousies and recriminations and broken promises, celebrate someone else's happiness, put a PAID IN FULL next to real or imagined debts, and have their pictures taken with Gary. All the Hi-So Thai magazines would be there with reporters and photographers, the Pattayamail newspaper would send a reporter and a photographer; and of course, Stickman would send in a stringer. People would mix and mingle, review past hopes and dreams and love affairs, engage in philosophical repartee, and trade phone numbers.

The beautiful Thai lady would come up from Phuket, the Soi 16 star dancer with the killer body and the squash nose would be there, nameless boardwalk cruisers would knock on the door, the Liar would show (at least she would say that she would show), every female from the Marine Bar would troop over, the Thief would show with her mother and they would both be carrying huge empty purses, the two women who insisted that their babies were Gary's babies would get past front door and balcony door security, and the Hi-So wonder from the Q-Bar with the high-ranking policeman father would bribe her way in. The 'good girl' who played Gary like a violin and tried to get him to buy her land would be at the party and of course the Numbers would be there. Numbers? Yes, you know; Number 17 and Number 9, and Number 83, and Number 15 from the Superbabies Bar in Pattaya, Numbers 32, 14, 21, 27, 46, and 11 from the Rainbow Bar in Bangkok, Number 49 from the Kiss Me Kwik Bar on Second Road, and Numbers 28, 3, 42, 119, 54, 12, and 116 from the Buffalo Bar on Third Road. All of the last numbers by-the-way were wait staff who do not go with customers. No woman can say no to Gary. Then there were the other kind of 'numbers' that he had me call. Phone numbers in his rolodex with number notations next to each name. Ex: Min was a 6, Toon was an 8, Foomy was a 7.5, Nan was a 10, etc. On a scale of 1-10 one of the ladies named Benz was an 11. Gary said he would make that call himself. I didn't argue. Anyway, it took me all afternoon on his penthouse landscaped balcony to make the calls. There were two naked women in his pool. Just sayin' is all. Anyway, all the ladies I was able to contact said that they would come. Some screamed at me. Some of them cried. With Gary it's all about the love. One of the ladies I contacted by phone was the mamasan at the Tweety Bird Underpants Bar on South Street. She and Gary had never done boom-boom, or yum-yum, or ow-ow; but she had helped him with certain cartoon character underpants issues for special girlfriends so Gary wanted her to come too. That's the kind of guy he is.

Then he delegated the Soi 6 invites to Chiang Mai Kelly. It was his job to rent an open backed truck, go bar to bar, and just bring everyone on the theory that Gary had probably porked them and he did not want to leave anyone out. That's my Gary, the man I wish I was. In Bangkok, the Mothership lounge lizard known as 500 Baht Walt was instructed to charter a bus and bring all the hallway, lobby, and parking lot girls. When word got out 500 Baht Walt had to get Union Hill and Turk's Fist to get two more buses because all the girls at the N.E.P. across the street wanted to come. Another job of mine was to get in touch with Gary's special list of tranny trash. I think we can all agree that it's not a party until giant wing wangs start waving around. Just sayin'. I know what some of you are thinkin'. You are thinking how is there going to be enough room for all those people at Gary's place? Gary's apartment is a three floor penthouse unit of 30,000 square feet plus roof deck and balcony pool. There'll be enough room. Come on ... it's Pattaya Gary man.

A note of warning: if you are an expat or a new tourist just off the plane and you manage to get an invitation to this annual reunion of Pattaya Gary's ex-girlfriends do not, whatever you do, make eye contact with Oy. Oy was originally from Phuket and followed Gary to Pattaya. She did not follow my friend Gary to Pattaya out of commitment or love or need. She followed him to Pattaya because she likes to beat three-legged dogs with sticks, back over roadkill, and take husbands from wives. She's a half-Japanese half-Thai sex bombshell who has never heard the word No from a man in her life. A killer. A destroyer. A black hole of sexuality that sucks in men like cosmic dust. Gary is frightened of her. You should be terrified. If you make the mistake of making eye contact with her you will become a human fruit stand and she will become a tank tread monster shooting German 88 shells at you. You have been warned. Anyway, I think this annual reunion party of Pattaya Gary's ex-girlfriends is a great idea. It represents hope triumphing over experience, a belief in the basic goodness of womankind, and a commitment to inclusion—everyone can come together under the Gary tent and smile and be happy.

No, wait a minute; reality check: what am I saying? Look, don't get me wrong; I love Gary more than the smile on my daughter's face (if I had a daughter) but this reunion idea is whacked. Stupid. Retarded. Loony. Crazy. All these women in one room plus Gary and myself and Chiang Mai Kelly and 500 Baht Walt and Union Hill and Turk's Fist and some expats who have come by to see the trainwreck? Philosophic thoughts, adult behavior, forgotten regrets and recriminations, no jealous behavior? PAID IN FULL put to real or imagined debts? Who is kidding who? Or whom? Anyway, who has been sucking up white lines off of a glass topped coffee table? This is a social bomb and it is going to go off. Fun though. If you get an invitation come with a video camera and remember, do not make eye contact with Oy.

True Fact: I once saw Oy lean over to the wife of a tourist couple lifting a fork full of fish to her mouth in the German Hopf Brew restaurant on Beach Road in Pattaya and say:

“I could take your husband away from you right now.”

At the time a Filipina cover band was playing Beatles songs. Oy started dancing in front of the husband. Gary picked her up and carried her out.

Another time she and I were waiting for the Skytrain at the Nana station on a blistering hot, center of the sun hot, magnifying glass on the back of your neck hot day when she turned to me and said:

“Do you want to have sex with me? I’ll give you a freebie.”

I didn’t say anything. I didn’t say Yes and I didn’t say No. I didn’t even turn my head. Too frightened. It pays to know your limits and walking into that wall of flame was not going to be good for me. Like I said, it pays to know your limits; and it will pay you to keep an eye on this website where the month and the day and the time and the location of Pattaya Gary’s annual ex-girlfriend reunion party will be published. See you there.

Sincerely yours,
Dana

365. Sir Isaac Newton and Punctuation

TT&A Part 317 3/3/2012

Attn: Stickmanites and truth seekers

There have been occasions when others have criticized the punctuation in my writing. They are all wrong. Many of these primitives don’t know what a colon or a semi-colon is. Actually a semi-colon is what the surgeons leave you if you have rectal cancer but that is a whole other thing. Anyway, most punctuation ‘experts’ believe that what the writer should do is load up a shotgun with commas and just blast away at each manuscript page. That is not punctuation. That is ignorance and laziness. This essay was produced for the United Nations Commission on Punctuation Truth (UNCPT) to put this subject to bed. It has been accepted and adopted by 152 nations and by St. Peter who has to keep a lot of records at the gate of heaven and transcribe a lot of tiresome testimony. Enjoy.

Sincerely yours,
Dana

Sir Isaac Newton And Punctuation

> *“That shakin’, and be, bakin’ dude:—that totally, downtown hepcats; that alpha-male, Dana … who writes, on Stickmanbangkok.com.: is the greatest-living: writer!, in, the English language.!”*—Unknown

Hey, I found this quote by Unknown. Try as I might I can’t find anything wrong with the punctuation. Clear, economical, and in mechanistic agreement with an idea of beyond debate chiseled-in-marble intellectual iconography on par with ‘And God Spoke.’ This just goes to show that in an indifferent Universe of randomness, anarchy, and violence; sometimes great ideas attract great punctuation the way I attract skanks on the boulevard.

Truly, things make sense on top of Mount Everest. As I gaze down on Base Camp where Earthlings are trying to puzzle out the intricacies of primus stoves and semi-colons, I smile with the yeti mystic humility of one who has punctuation expertise up the ying yang.

But I can't brag, it's a gift. Like iron filings to a magnet, or Pattaya crabs to my groin, or thieving teeruks to my wallet; perfect punctuation and my brilliant timeless writing are inexorably attracted to one another like gravitationally attracted pinwheeling nebuli. Dust to dust, groin to groin, me to Fa, and semi-colons to independent clauses; correct punctuation is attracted to my writing as if my mythic text treats were black holes in space.

You know what Sir Isaac Newton was thinking of while sitting under that tree before the apple fell on his head? The Christmas show at the G-Spot Bar where twenty Go Go dancers dressed in aluminum foil antlers and nothing else conga line from the dressing room door to the stage while barefoot fat mamasans in Santa suits wave sparklers? Nope. Not a bit of it. He was thinking about my writing and he was thinking about my punctuation.

He was just about to name some laws of physics about my writing (brilliant) and my punctuation (brilliant) when that stupid apple fell on his stupid head and he went off on a thirty year gravity rant. Think of what we missed. The only thing exceeding his thoughts on this subject was found in his notebooks on alchemy where he was wrestling with the equation for turning bad bargirls into good bargirls. To Newton notebook quote:

"Danasium Writerus Brillentas Punctuationium Without Improvementaem"

I think his thoughts are clear. A totally righteous dude. He was prone after a few Black Russians and a few Pink Ladies with

Dean Barrett in a Cowboy bar to tell you where you could stick your exclamation point. But hey, only I'm perfect.

A fun guy though. Conversation between him and Dean in a bar:

Newton: Minutus cantorum, minutus balorum, minutus carborata descendum pantorum (A little song, a little dance, a little seltzer down your pants).

Dean Barrett: Te audire no possum. Musa sapientum fixa est in aura (I can't hear you. I have a banana in my ear)

Yes sir, nothing excites erections in the experienced sex monger male like matters of punctuation. Grab my sister? I don't care. Kiss and grab and grope Ming and Ling and Ting in front of me? I don't care. Tell me you'll bend over and grab your ankles when we get back to the hotel room, and then you refuse to bend over and grab your ankles when we get back to the hotel room? Mai Pen Freakin' Rai. But mess with my commas and fiddle faddle with my hyphens and I'll be all over you like a German at a sale on sandal socks.

There are other punctuation wannabes are cluttering up the text highway with their erratic slow moving Somchai mobiles of literary serial stabbing in the dark. And many of these numbskulls have the need to quote sources. I have it on good authority (Bing who works at the Stick It Here bar on Soi 6) that one Internet punctuation pretender uses as his sources Bartles & James, Captain Morgan, and of course the final punctuation source duo of Gin & Tonic. Nuff said.

Note: Has anyone seen Marc Holt's bumper sticker quoted below?

"Question: What is the difference between a dead snake in the road and a so-called dead punctuation expert in the road? Answer: There are skid marks before the snake."

Anyway, another punctuation opiner insists on having opinions of his own. So unnecessary. Just copy me. I am beyond expert. Remember Mount Everest? Remember the black holes? I've already done your thinking for you. It's all about the love ... and the colons (tranny punctuation joke). Don't worry, oh gentle readers; worshipping me isn't all give and no get. Like Sol warming the faces of Mayan mendicants, I beam into you punctuation photons of love. Just open yourself up to me and your colon and semi-colon fears will wash away like a child's sandcastle in front of a Phuket tsunami. You know how sometimes when you are naked in front of a Superbabies Bar highliner all you can rustle up is a comma instead of an exclamation point? Just copy me and you'll soon hear other South Pattaya boulevard smilers say: "You exclamation point too big maak!"

Hey, dudes and dudettes, mongers and teeruks, members of the Church of Dana, and members of the Dana Fan Club; it's almost sign-off time. But first let me leave you with one more example of punctuation perfection culled from the GreatestLivingWriters.com website.

'Kuhnium Danasanius: Punctuation; Perfectiosuanious, Mindboggletonosis'

Says it all, doesn't it? Are you like me? Can you see those text punctuation nebuli happily copulating in Dana space? Of course you can. Is this all? Well, not quite all. I am publishing a book. It will not be a picture book. The pages will have text. Interior to the text will be punctuation. The punctuation will no doubt cause some readers stress. I almost regret this. Almost. My alpha male literary abilities should be used for good rather than ill. Still …

Actually, I really only foresee one potential regret regarding the publishing of my book. Comparisons to other books will be easily and universally made and the other books will be thrown onto giant book burning piles all over the world. The poorly combusted materials will cause plumes and gases and clouds to be released into the air. The resulting worldwide pollution will effectively shut out the sun. Crops will fail and billions will starve. But no one will complain. Starving for art is a gift accorded few.

On second thought: I have no potential regret regarding this issue. Hopefully, I will be the last man standing and holding my book. I am on the way to godhead status anyway so it really doesn't matter. It is what it is. The Earth cleansed and purged of the virus Mankind is something I do not mind taking credit for. As I ascend to my cosmic future I will leave my book behind. Sojourners of the quantum mechanical future will land and find only pure Earth, my thoughts, and my punctuation. I think Sir Isaac Newton would approve.

366. A Little Red Wagon Hell

TT&A Part 318 10/3/2012

Twenty years ago, when I was forty-two years old; my doctor told me I had a poison growing in me and I should do something about it. The 'do somethings' offered by mainstream medicine were so horrific they sounded like witchcraft. I did nothing. I got away with it for nineteen years. This year my 'numbers' spiked, unappealing symptoms moved into my body, and I started to hear things like:

Oncologist: we can't cure you, but we can get you some extra time.

Primary Care Physician: Dana, up to now the Devil has been walking behind you; now you are on his unfinished business list and he is running.

Urologist: I stopped the biopsy procedure at ten samples rather than twelve samples because you could not have tolerated two more.

MRI tech: now Dana, the rubber ball connected to a wire that I am placing in your hand is a panic button. Try not to jack-knife, just squeeze the ball.

CT chest and pelvic scan technician: you have to drink two big paper cups of this. Don't think about it and keep your eyes closed.

Idiot: my 'father, brother, son, friend' had what you have. He died.

Nuclear full body scan technician: there is nothing to worry about but if something happens call the number on this card. And ... show this other card to anybody at a security checkpoint over the next ten days. While you are nuclear you may set off the security machines, but don't worry.

Incompetent MRI technician: oops, sorry; I forgot to put in your ear plugs before I slid you in. Good thing you had the panic button.

Cat scan technician: you need to drink ten glasses of water to flush the contrast fluid through your kidneys.
Me: does anybody around here ever listen to what they are saying? Look at my body size. How am I supposed to drink ten glasses of water?

Cat scan technician: it's what they tell us to say.

Incompetent nuclear scan technician: I can't find your vein. I guess I'll have to try your other arm. I may have to get some help on this.

Another talkative idiot: did you hear about the Famous Celebrity and the Famous Musician and the Famous Well Known Actor? They all had what you have. They all died. They died really quickly.

Me to nurse as I exit the toilet after my prostate biopsy: when I empty my bladder is it supposed to come out as a solid stream of blood?

Nurse: I'll ask the doctor.

Radiologist: there has been a mistake. You have been scheduled for two CT scans ten days apart. You have lots of doctors. It is hard to coordinate it all. Sometimes mistakes happen.

Lady Doctor: you have a cyst on your pancreatic duct. It's not a good thing but we will wait for it to get bigger before we do anything.

Me: would you say the same thing to a woman with a breast cancer issue?

Urologist: two of the side effects of this antibiotic are death and spontaneous tendon tearing. Don't worry about it.

What it wouldn't surprise me to hear from my oncologist 'team': Don't worry Dana, we have been lying to patients and billing insurance companies for years. We know what we are doing.

Imagined conversation from hospice counselor: Dana, here at the We Don't Really Care Hospice Facility (WDRCHF) you will end your days hooked up to a morphine drip and lying on soiled sheets. Because everything about your life was a failure nobody will come to visit you. You won't receive any love from us, not even elementary species bonding. This is your last pit stop. Don't romanticize it. We will neglect to notify the Federal government of your demise and continue to have your social security checks deposited in our bank account until we get caught. Your four shoeboxes full of ideas and writing for four separate books will be sent to the furnace room. My name is Shaniqua LaVonda Jones and I hate white people. Sign here.

Sometimes you wonder if you are only imagining your life once you get swallowed up by the medical world as a patient. Below are some things I have heard myself say:

You want me to run on a treadmill? I was admitted out of the back of an ambulance because I could not breathe and you want me to run on a treadmill? And I shouldn't worry because you will have someone posted on each side of the treadmill in case I fall, collapse, faint, black out, or have a heart attack? WHAT?

The prostate biopsy gun will shoot a needle through my rectum wall and into my prostate gland over and over while cutting out some prostate gland tissue each time? What?

I'm being transferred to the sealed rooms of the Phillips House here at Mass General Hospital because I may have a communicable lung disease? What?

There are dark spots on my spinal column in the nuclear bone scan image but I shouldn't worry? What?

Rectal bleeding, and ejaculating blood, and urinating blood after the prostate biopsy is normal? What?

Making ten to twelve holes through my rectum wall is possibly the greatest opportunity for infection and I shouldn't worry? What?

The intravenous antibiotics for my pneumonia can have side effects that go on for months? What?

The antibiotic for my prostate biopsy can have side effects that go on for months? What?

The recovery of my lungs can go on for months? What?

You're the doctor and you are telling me you don't know? What?

You, Dr. Sarno; are in charge of hormone therapy: and you, Dr. Gilbert; are in charge of radiation therapy. So basically you guys are Plan A and Plan B. What's Plan C?

I have a specific liver disease with scarification but I seem stable? What?

The label on the bottle specifically stated in big black letters: Shake Well Before Using. The nurse did not do that before giving me my shot and I shouldn't worry? What?

Some of the sickest patients in Mass General Hospital can be in the Phillips House facility. My room had a double door airlock design and it's own ventilation system. The doctor comes in doing rounds and shakes my hand. Germ theory doctor? What? What? What?

I notice the nurses in the Phillips House manage to perform all their duties without touching me. Is there something I should know?

Me: Dr. Sarno and Dr. Gilbert, I understand your recommendations for hormonal therapy and for radiation therapy; but if I had ten million dollars what plane would you put me on? Where would you send me to get better?
Dr. Sarno: We'd keep you here and build a new oncology facility.
Me: What?

and some conversations with doctors can drift in and out of your mind for life. Examples:

Me: I hope they still have model trains then.
Dr. Sarno: Excuse me?
Me: Your hormonal therapy is going to take away my manhood and turn me into some kind of 'woman' monster. All I will be good for is playing with model trains in the basement.
Dr. Sarno: We prefer to think of it as giving you extra time.
Me: You are practicing witchcraft.
Dr. Sarno: You will come to us when you are ready. Here is my card.

Me: Castration? What?
Dr. Brown: I assure you, it is quite routine.
Me: Dr. Brown, I am not assured and it is not routine.
Dr. Brown: You have abnormalities in each testicle. A different abnormality in each testicle.
Me: Good for me, and I have still got them.
Dr. Brown: Here is my card.

Sometimes in the morning I have trouble making my legs and feet and knees work. I look as if I have sticks shoved in my pant legs and my feet never seem to be pointed in the right direction. One morning I was staggering around in the lobby of the public library here in Boston and I suddenly had a flashback to my happy days patrolling the boardwalk in Pattaya. Many miles logged each day looking for love. Well, that wasn't going to work anymore. I needed a Plan B.

Then it hit me. With the penetrating ability of a fire hardened bamboo spear I had an idea epiphany. Korski. Professor Korski. Professor Korski and his little red wagon. As you all know, and thousands of you from all over the world have seen: Professor Korski (PK) pulls a little red wagon behind his bicycle as he makes the 'interviewing' rounds of Walking Street and the Pattaya boardwalk. A shy man by temperament and a professor by trade, he has hit on 'interviewing' girls as a way to meet them. Sure, it's totally bogus; but it is also sort of charming and he gets away with it. The girls have fun and every once in a while the professor gets lucky. The little red wagon is PK's traveling office and is full of clear Lucite clipboards and questionnaire forms, metal file drawer holding green hanging pendaflex folders and beige manila folders, rolodex, pencils, pens, Thai-English dictionary, video camera, tripod camera, bottle of cologne, and free gifts to reward cooperative Thai ladies of the commercial kind. All the little trinket free gifts have Korski's phone number and address on them. Thought was given to having these give-away gifts have his face on them but cooler heads prevailed.

My idea? Well, Professor Korski does most of this 'interviewing' at night and I favor the days for my boardwalk patrolling. So … during the days (9-11 and 4-6) I will ride in Professor Korski's little ride wagon. He will pedal me up and down the boardwalk and I will smile and wave to likely ladies. For stops a horn on his handlebars will notify him. I simply press a button in the wagon. For emergency stops I will throw out an anchor attached to fifty feet of line. As the anchor hooks on a palm tree, or a pile of construction debris; the shock may launch Korski over his handlebars. All part of the equation. One door shuts and another door opens. I can hardly make my legs work but I've got Korski and his little red wagon.

So … how has this been going? Me riding around in Korski's little red wagon because my legs and feet do not work so well anymore? How did things go at the start? Well, it hasn't been all cookies and cream: no Plan B ever is. Korski's goddamned metal file drawer for the hanging pendaflex folders kept trying to dig a hole in my back, I spilled his cheap Chang beer cologne in my crotch, and I had to hold my legs up like an Isaan smiler to keep from damaging his stupid camera stuff. If I didn't have a walnut sized gland trying to make a move on my bones I'd have been pounding the pavement looking for love instead of being jammed in his stupidass little red wagon. But illness is just another way to spell compromise and it still seems like a good idea.

And why did PK agree to pedal me around? After all, this guy has been blocked and deleted from my email site more times than there are particles of sand on the beach at Pattaya. We are not exactly blood brothers and his contempt for me equals my contempt for him. Why was Korski pedaling and gasping like a water buffalo with flies in his nose? Corruption. No different than the doctors that check off procedures to be billed to the insurance company that were not necessary or not used in the first place. Example: years ago I had appendix surgery. The hospital bill to my company charged $40.00 for 'use of crutches'. I never used crutches. They just slam that line item on every bill. Anyway and to wit: Korski was hoping to steal any girls that smiled at me with his fancy clipboards and his goddamned fancy questionnaires. That is the main event here. This 'no internal moral compass' humanoid was using me to chum for him. As soon as a girl came over to smile at me he would be in her face showing her a Photoshopped picture of him in cap and gown in front of the cathedral of St. Peter in Rome. He would tell her the building was his office at school where he was a teacher. She would believe him. I'd be in the wagon on my rear with my legs up having to listen to this crap. My favorite line of his was:

"If you do well on this questionnaire you may qualify to come to my room for further psychological testing and inclusion in my next book titled: Thailand's Greatest Women."

His further psychological testing was a cardboard box full of the blocks and toys to be found in any children's library for her to rearrange and puzzle over. Makes me want to hurl just thinking about it. How could I compete with that? My next photo illustrated book based on my sixth floor ocean facing suite relationships at the A.A. Hotel is titled: Women with Wide Brown Feet and the Mongers Who Love Them. Anyway, Korski; thought I would puke. Pedaling and gasping and wheezing and farting out ahead of me and nothing I could do about it. Academia reduced to bare faced need and a T-shirt that says:

Roses are red,
Violets are blue.
Dana saw her first,
But I saw her too.

How pathetic the mind that believes rhyme gives a license to steal.

And myself? Dignity and pride exchanged for a little red wagon world. My whole life and being in waning days reduced to the word Next. The Next girl. The Next smile. The Next touch. If you see us do not bother to approach us. We are too diminished and too involved in cobra competitive embrace to make good conversationalists. Korski's eyes dart like a meerkat's at an African dog party, and I am measuring every possible dark skinned possibility against draining reserves. What strange bedfellows life can dish up. Korski and I locked in reptilian embrace: myself too ill to do the boardwalk miles, and he with the fourteen year old's giggling fascination with women. Two cobras looking for love.

Physical impairment gives you time to speculate. All patients become philosophers. To wit: How much can a human endure? On the plains of Serengeti ten thousand years ago blowing pollen or a bird in the sky met your eyes. Now I have to visually and mentally digest Korski's license plate on the back of his bicycle that says:

I'M STILL AHEAD OF YOU

Sweet sufferin' Jesus on a cracker how much do I have to endure? It is a constant juvenile reminder that I am parasitically attached to him like a papoose on an Indian mother's back. A living example of the Devil's cruelest three words to humanity:

NEVER SAY NEVER

Nothing gives the Devil more pleasure than to revisit his banishment from heaven with Never Say Never napalmed upon humans over and over. What sweeter taste than revenge? And we happily line up on the station platform and flag down the train. When has the Devil had to work hard? We make it easy. Oh, what price we pay for the addictive pleasure. The bill always comes due. Why am I all crippled up in this goddamned little red wagon being squired by the doofus ahead of me? Was it some nutritional excess or foolishness ten or twenty or thirty years ago? The bill always comes due. God hands out the treats but the Devil sends the bills.

Years ago my mother died of what was called General Systemic Breakdown. At the time I was critical of the medical establishment for this. It seemed a coward's way of weaseling out of the charges of indifferent and incompetent medical care.

Surely my mother must have died of something? But now that I sit ass down and feet up in this wagon I wonder. So many things seem to be going wrong with my body that I sometimes imagine that I detect quiet despair on the part of the doctors. Is that my fate—the lameass General Systemic Breakdown? And, God forbid; will it be prefaced by General Systemic Breakdown with this nightmare bicycle and wagon contraption? Will I spot the most perfect woman in the universe one day and just as I am about to wave at her and smile at her one of the wheels will fall off of this wagon? Or, will Korski be delivering myself and one of these boardwalk angels to the A.A. Hotel one day and one of the wheels will just fall off of his bike? Don't laugh. This is my life now. A life where General Systemic Breakdown is the emotional background radiation of my life. How much can a human endure?

Conclusion? More than one but I'll just leave you with one. Maybe the smart human always sleeps in a single bed, that way he is never surprised in the morning to find out who else he is sleeping with. Dana and Korski: locked in little red wagon hell.

Never Say Never.

367. Thailand Business News Update

TT&A Part 319 17/3/2012

Attention Dana fans and Stickmanbangkok.com fans:

Here is some interesting and important news about Chiang Mai Kelly that only the insider business cognoscenti in the Kingdom are aware of. Basically, that means me. I know everything. I publish this as straight business news and also as a service to investors looking for a good investment. Ask yourself this question: how many other Stickmanbangkok.com writers do this? Exactly. That is the kind of guy I am. It is all about the love and all about humanity. Sometimes even I don't believe how wonderful I am.

Thailand Business News Update

Chiang Mai Kelly, one of the top 10,000 Thai based business men of 2010, has successfully presented a new business idea to the new government administration and been awarded a ninety-nine year lease and business concession. To wit: he will be renting rowboats on the lake in Benjasiri Park next to the Emporium on Sukhumvit Road in Bangkok.

His grant was based on a rigorous detailed two page business plan; however, if any Stickmanbangkok.com readers have any suggestions on how this business could prosper and deliver product please send those ideas to me and I will forward them to Mr. Chiang Mai Kelly.

I think this is a winner idea and represents CMK's brain in action. After all, he wasn't one of the top 10,000 business people in the Kingdom in 2010 for nothing. Anyway, singles, couples, and groups (Chinese and Japanese) will be able to row around the lake: catching some rays, staring at the stars, talking to ducks, getting some exercise; the possibilities for fun are endless. When is the last time you quacked at a duck? Exactly. School groups could learn about drowning by throwing some kids out of the boats and into the water. Yes, cameras can be rented at the boathouse.

Chiang Mai Kelly's business plan mentioned league racing, lifeboat drills, photo opportunities, rowboats with three masted square rigs of sail, boats sporting bar colors and bar flags and bar names, etc. Imagine league racing with boats named the Fcuk You Bar, Tweety Bird Underpants Bar, Boom-Boom Bar, and the hotel Stick It Inn. Imagine what it is like to have a brain like Chiang Mai Kelly's brain.

Yes, Dana fans and Stickmanbangkok.com fans it's all part of Bangkok's 21st century future and Chiang (I call him Chiang) will be donating one satang for every one million baht of incoming revenue to be given to charity. He will be donating used cooking pots to Isaan children to use as motorcycle helmets. Brings a tear to your eye, doesn't it? Anyway, if you have any ideas for the enterprise send them to:

Dana Central Enterprises
Rajah Building
Soi 4, Sukhumvit Road
Bangkok, Thailand
c/o Benjasiri Park Rowing Centre Project Ideas (BPRCPI)

and I will see that he gets them. Obviously the idea of renting a row boat with your girlfriend and participating in adult activities in the boat come to mind. Don't even think about it and please do not send pictures. They make the office dogs bark. And, as an opportunity to once again reach out to Mr. Glowpurt Fongali of Scotland on Tyne; Muddy Boots, England: please stop sending in applications to the Dana Fan Club (DFC). Due to an incident that occurred in our offices here in the Rajah building in 2009 between you and my secretary Lick there is no way you are going to become a member. Your applications are now being put through the document shredder and used to line the bottoms of my bird cages.

"For many are invited, but few are chosen."
—Matthew 22:14

Sincerely yours,
Dana

P.S. I know what you are thinking Stickmanbangkok.com readers. Franchises. Rowing centres could be located on the Chao Phraya River, klongs, the Chitralada Palace lake, Royal Turf Club, Saen Saep Canal, annual flooding opportunities, water features from sump pump failures in the subway, Lumpini Park, the Bang Sue Railway Station pond, the nice water feature behind the Port Authority, the wonderful lake behind the Makasan Railway Station, the great aquatic landscaping between Rachadapisek Road and the Tobacco Monopoly, and of course the popular duck and fish and snake and monitor lizard haven near the Ministry of Interior building off Rachasima Road. Well, fear not; franchise opportunities were covered in Chiang Mai Kelly's rigorous, detailed, two page business plan. Way ahead of you. You or your attorney or your accountant or your business agent or your girlfriend can contact me for more details. No, I do not get any kickbacks or rakeoffs or grease or 'special attention' by helping Chiang Mai Kelly. I do it to help humanity. Just like everything else I do in the Kingdom, it's all about the love.

And additionally, I know another thing you are thinking with your alpha western educated mind; investment opportunities. Yes, yes, and yes. Investors can have ten or twelve or sixteen foot rowboats named after themselves or a favorite enthusiasm. Example: Number 76 from the Kiss Me Quik Bar might cause an investor to have a boat named NUMBER 76. You get the idea.

Plans are already afoot through the Dana Enterprises Charitable Giving Fund to have boats named DANA FAN CLUB, CHURCH OF DANA, and DANAISM. Boat naming ideas are already pouring in for ex-Thai girlfriends. You may not be living with Foom or Ting or Som anymore but you can still row her (no, mattresses can not be put in the bottom of the boats).

And Fa? I knew you'd ask. There will a custom built fourteen foot rowboat named FA at the Benjasiri facility. The name FA will be gold-leafed on the transom, her face will be painted on the oar blades, her transom seat will be covered with silk cushions, and a small refrigerator in the bow will hold soft cheeses, green grapes, Chang beers, and some horrible looking plastic packed Thai snack foods. The boat will be of varnished teak lapstrake construction, a canopy will protect Fa from the sun, and a purpose built boathouse will protect the FA when it is not being used. Yes, it can be chartered. Naturally, I will be the only one allowed to row the FA. You knew that.

368. Be Happy

TT&A Part 320 24/3/2012

Introduction

If you are convinced you are politically correct and knowledgeable about the colonialist evils of Britain in India in the 19th century I recommend: Memoirs of a Bengal Civilian (Indian Civil Service from 1858-1893 as told by one who served both India and Britain) by John Beames. The Boston Public Library brought my copy in from Brandeis University. Any large library that belongs to the Interlibrary Loan Program should be able to do this. Reading this memoir may cause you to rethink some of your prejudices regarding foreigners in India.

On the other hand if you want to read a book that will support all of your ideas and angers and prejudices regarding despicable behavior of white guys during the colonialist years you can not improve on Kenya Diary (1902-1906) by Colonel R. Meinertzhagen. Oh to be twenty-four, male, British, in uniform with attendant free room and board, a stipend from Daddy, and in Africa in 1902. Permission to misbehave by British policies or lack of policies. A virgin continent incapable of protecting itself, unlimited bullets, and unlimited women starting at age 13. Shoot anything that moves, man or beast. Look, there's another one. Shoot that one too. The women were young, naked, and obedient chattel. The shooting and killing was glorious beyond belief. Have any men had more fun in the history of men? Hormones, bullets, broads, money, and no ethics. God what a paradise.

Any large library with a reciprocal lending policy from other libraries should be able to get this book and the beauty is that it will open up for you a whole category of writing that you might not have been aware of. Anyway, the behavior of the British (and others) in India and in Africa could not have been more different. There were positive influences on India by British occupation and government, but poor Africa was just a killing zone for white guys running amok. An entire continent was not enough to counter greater technology in weapons, greater organizational skills. greater budgets, and greater ego. And it was not just men in uniform predating and polluting all things African. Individual sons of rich men used the continent of Africa as a kind of personal shooting range and finishing school before going home and settling down to manage Dad's estates. Example:

One 'sportsman' left Capetown and traveled north with a personal safari that included 18,000 bullets and the ability to manufacture more bullets, wagon train carrying supplies, personal servants, native bearers, oxen, horses, hunting dogs, guns of every description, mules, and household apparatus for modern comforts. You have to admire a young man who thinks big. My idea of a personal safari would be a slingshot, butterfly net, and big hat. People are brought up differently. Anyway, part of this 'think big' attitude included a complete disregard for the humans he came in contact with. He routinely abused village chiefs, raped and enslaved women, stole, and humiliated the locals. Not only was he a scourge on the local animals but he was also a scourge on the local people and against all odds he got away with it. It beggars belief and makes a mockery of 'odds' but he got away with a life of rapine, theft, abuse, unprincipled killing, and complete disrespect for anything with a beating heart. Truly, good and evil are not rewarded, simply tallied. All you really have is what you can defend and the locals were no match for colossal ego, unlimited budget, technologically superior weapons. and modern organizational skills. He got away with it all and was able to retire to his ancestral properties and quail shoots. What a wonderful life of testosterone and brainlessness. He was the best/worst example of the colonialist mentality in Africa. Give a bully guns without laws and the results are predictable.

This example now comes more and more to my mind when I consider the modern Thais reluctance to allow foreigners to participate in their country in a 'modern' way: in other words, be able to buy property and businesses and make other asset investments. I used to use this reluctance of the Thais to allow foreigners to participate in their country on par with Thais' abilities to participate in their country as a defining example of their lack of international point-of-view, lack of knowledge of how foreign investment could benefit them, general ignorance and low I.Q., xenophobia, etc. Now I am not so sure. After years of name calling I find that I am a little more reluctant to throw stones at Thais who find the idea of allowing foreigners to invest and participate on par with them to be less than appealing. Letting the fox into the hen house never seems like a good idea for the hens and exposing the Thais to foreigners with greater budgets, greater international experience, greater attractions to the niceties of contract law, greater organizational skills, greater ego, greater drive, and greater education just starts to look like an idea that is maybe not the best idea for Thailand. So, do I find myself a little more sympathetic to the Thais on this issue? Well, mostly yes.

But that is not what I want to really talk about today. What I really want to talk about today is:

Be Happy

Ah, Physics. Imponderables made ponderable by the application of great minds—minds greater than my mind. At least that was the idea starting in the 1970's. Example:

"The next step would then have been to derive most of the elementary particle masses in terms of one or two fundamental masses and define the strengths of all the fundamental forces in terms of a single fundamental force."—Alan Lightman

Exactly. Hence so many sleepless nights in Princeton for Mr. Einstein. But where are we today after three decades of alpha thought and taxpayer financed experiments? Example:

"We are living in a universe incalculable by science."—Alan Lightman

Try and imagine being this Lightman dude and this is where you end up after a lifetime of physics career. Anyway, think of the stress, pencils, paper, and blackboard chalk that could have been saved if these scientists had just listened to the Buddhists at Doi Suthep outside Chiang Mai. With all that gold and all that elevation they couldn't possibly be mistaken about matters cosmological. Imagine how different Einstein's brain function might have been if he had been hanging out there instead of unproductive Princeton. But I almost digress. To return to the main event and to iterate:

"We are living in a universe incalculable by science."

This is why I love shopping for matters of the heart on the boardwalk in Pattaya, Thailand. None of my life is calculable by science so there is no reason to plan or hope or calculate. I am without stress as I expose myself to other beautiful planetary bodies of the commercial kind. Like random particles myself and another boardwalk denizen will eventually crash into one another. It's only a matter of time, and I start at 7:30 in the morning as I walk to the Internet place near Soi 10 so I always have time on my side. And unlike nameless random particles in the universe I can actually turn down random crashes with available women. How lucky can a man get in a life with no meaning?

Yes indeed: “We are living in a universe incalculable by science.” But what Mr. Lightman doesn’t do is note the next intellectual step. Ergo: if life experience can not be calculated it also can not count. All you have is now. Be happy.

See you on the boardwalk.

369. Photography Memories

TT&A Part 321 31/3/2012

OK Dana fans and Stickmanbangkok.com fans: today an Introduction that is a follow-up on reaction to Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes—Part 318 (A Little Red Wagon Hell), and then an essay on photography in the Kingdom with a slightly different point-of-view. Enjoy.

Introduction

Well, it had to happen: Korski and Dana sightings: Professor Korski standing up for more power pedaling his bicycle and towing Dana in the little red wagon. We here at Dana Central in the Rajah building on Bangkok's Soi 4 off of Sukhumvit are now receiving news from Dana fans, expats, tourists, and international mongers of Korski and Dana. They are being sighted on the boardwalk in Pattaya and people are taking notice. Some of the people noticing and reporting are psychiatrists who have flown in from all over the world to do reports and papers and advanced degrees and seminars. We are thinking of publishing a representative collection of these sightings for fun. Let us know if you think this is a good idea. And if you have a Korski-Dana sighting you would like to notify us about our address is:

Dana Central
c/o Korski-Dana Sightings:
Little Red Wagon Hell Dept. (LRWHD)
Rajah Building—ground floor
Soi 4, Sukhumvit
Bangkok, Thailand

Sincerely yours,
Dana

P.S. Please send pictures if you have them. They eliminate credibility issues. We endorse only the highest journalistic standards. And please show some respect for Professor Korski. He is starting to get wobbly and distracted looking. It only takes a second to wait for a better angle when you snap that record picture.

But that is not really what I want to talk about today. What I really want to talk about today is:

Photography Memories

I'm not a frequent picture taker. I don't have interesting stories to tell about the pictures I have taken. I do not read photography magazines. And I can not keep up when two camera enthusiasts are talking to each other. However, I do have some photography memories. When I grew up in the suburb of Needham, Massachusetts in the United States many years ago (50's & 60's) the neighbors on either side of us had live-in servants. The doctor and his family on one side of us had a servant lady named Nettie. The British Empire family on the other side of our house had a servant lady named Edith. The two servant women would meet every day in the middle, in my mother's kitchen: to smoke cigarettes and to gossip and to laugh. Three things not allowed in their master's homes.

The British Empire family was the Brooks family. Mr. and Mrs. Brooks had gotten married in England in 1919. Mr. Brooks was thirty-six years old and his wife, Mrs. Brooks, was sixteen years old. Edith, the servant, was fourteen years old. Where did she come from? Edith, at age fourteen, was given to Mrs. Brooks, aged sixteen, as a wedding gift. Edith was a Scottish foundling with no rights. She stayed with the family, who had four children, for life. Probably the greatest wedding gift in history.

Edith had two hobbies, mountain climbing and photography. Every year she would take a six week vacation to some mountains: Yellowstone, the Alps, Africa, etc. and every year she would return with hundreds of pictures. The 35mm camera became her favorite and she preferred slides. Peek in her small servant's room on the second floor of the Brooks house and you could see a warehouse of boxes of slides, projectors, and projection screens.

Every year after she returned from her annual vacation there would be a slide show in the Brooks house living room. Her best friend Nettie, the live-in servant of the doctor's family two houses down was never invited. Mr. and Mrs. Brooks, Mr. and Mrs. British Empire, did not think Nettie was the right sort of person to sit in their living room. Anyway, I was a child and I remember wonderful big pictures on the projection screen of faraway places. Not just record shots but beautifully composed, artfully thought out images. Edith was a skilled photographer. Many close up pictures of mountain flowers. A close up picture of a small mountain flower is an exercise in art. Projecting it on a big screen in a dark room is an exercise in spectacle.

I loved these slide shows. I never became a picture taker myself but I never forgot the beauty and the fun in that dark living room. To this day I can not get interested in anything other than slides shown on a slide show screen. Digital cameras? Transferring pics (hate that word) to a computer? Pictures in scrapbooks? Just not me. I believe that many years ago in that dark living room at the Brooks house I mainlined the best that photography can offer. I would like to return to those wonderful slide shows where a woman who was treated like chattel showed her independence, her artistic mind's eye, and her lifetime of dreams in boxes of slides. I'm not a picture taker, but I have photographic memories.

So, what does this personal story have to do with the Thai-farang experience or the genre of Thai-farang writing? Just this: often I see expats or tourists in the Kingdom with cameras. I know I am supposed to ask questions like: What kind of camera is that? or What kind of film do you use? or How many camera-computer boobibytes do you get? or Is it true that camera will yodel in Swahili if you forget to set your light meter? But I just can't seem to get the words to come out of my mouth.

I don't ask these questions or any other friendly interested questions of camera enthusiasts in Thailand because I usually can't keep up with the answers. I had to drop out of Engineering College because I could not operate a mechanical pencil so current camera-computer talk is way beyond me. And the questions that I think are important or interesting no longer have modern currency. Example: When is a camera no longer a camera but has morphed into something else; when it is the size of a credit card, a postage stamp, a pencil eraser, a mouse gonad, a hydrogen atom? Etc. The 'it-fits-in-your-shirt pocket' brigade just stares at me as if I am speaking in a foreign and boring language. What I would like to ask the guy on the boardwalk in Pattaya who is pretending to take a picture of the offshore restaurant on the barge, but who is really taking a picture of the pretty girl on the seawall is this: When is the last time you sat in a dark living room and watched slides projected on a screen? When is the last time you had that much fun?

370. Take a Picture

7/4/2012

I grew up in a dysfunctional family. It damaged me for life. At age sixty-two I am still angry. But at least I was alert. I knew things were not right. My sister lives three thousand miles away so we rarely see each other, but when we do get together we sometimes talk about the lack of pictures. No photos.

Standing at the front door at age eighteen waiting for the taxi to come and take me to the airport for my trip to college, I traveled with my mind's eye to every room in the house: the big living room, the dining room, the kitchen, the downstairs hallway, the downstairs bathroom, and then upstairs to the bathroom, hallway, and four bedrooms. Not a single picture.

Not a single picture on the walls, on the fireplace mantle, on the tops of the dressers in the bedrooms, or the tops of the desks ... not a single framed photo or framed and hung photo. My parents had not taken, framed, or hung a single photo that had to do with their adult lives, their children, or their family. To this day my adult sister and myself are just stunned by this. How bankrupt could their lives have been? How empty their hearts? How limited their minds? Who were those people? They don't seem like my parents. I often say to my sister:

"Who were those people? They don't seem like MY parents."

Like I said. A dysfunctional family and a lifetime of memories that are hard to deal with. Could I make a suggestion? Stop what you are doing now, find a camera, and take a picture of family. Not for a scrapbook, or to be hidden away in a box of slides, or to be stored in some computer file; but for the top of the fireplace mantle, or a desk top, or a wall. Do some bragging. Show some pride. Declare your love. Make the effort. Take a picture.

371. Compulsive Bleeding Eyebrow Pluckers

TT&A Part 322 7/4/2012

Essay Idea

Here in the United States we get a lot of crazy (oh excuse me, deluded) people who imagine they are some historical figure. If you go to an insane asylum you can meet Jesus Christ, Marilyn Monroe, Hitler, God, Napoleon (losing popularity as time marches on), Elvis, George Washington, Churchill, Alexander the Great, Lady Gaga, Madonna, Michael Jackson, etc. Bye-the-way, I tried to do some research on this to get a list of current crazyass ideas but found out that no such thing is available because now in the politically correct United States we do not have crazy people anymore. Anyway, religious figures, famous political figures, pop music and contemporary figures, and famous soldiers are very popular for the demented (oh excuse me, other realitied).

One wonders if it is the same in Thailand. For example: General Taksin (1767-1782) imagined himself a living incarnation of the Buddha (go big). Before he was removed from office he was flogging monks, torturing family members, and trying to fly. Not that unusual in the West where we value personal freedoms and liberties but one wonders how normal this kind of nutter paranoia and delusions of grandeur are amongst crazy (oh excuse me, other cultured) Thais.

In other words, if you go to a Thai insane asylum are you going to meet people who imagine they are General Taksin, Buddha, the very first Isaan bar girl, a giant Mekong river carp, a loony who thinks he is a teak log dragging elephant, the first little girl to have her picture taken at the Floating Market, or Dana?

This is not an idea I have time to follow up on. If someone wants to take an interest and do the research there should be at least fifteen thousand words here. But remember, you have to interview crazy (oh excuse me, other opinioned) Thai people. Real nutballs. Whackos, Loonies. Droolers and foamers and spitters and eyebrow pluckers. Some are going to throw fecal matter at you and some will try to press their thumbs against your eyeballs. It is not easy being a writer, and having a mission, and believing in knowledge for knowledge's sake. Good luck.

Sincerely yours,
Dana

P.S. Hey, wait a minute: crazy nutballs, whackos, loonies. droolers, foamers, spitters, shxx throwers, and bleeding eyebrow pluckers? Sounds like Friday night on the boardwalk to me. Anyway, good luck; and remember, this is an easy 15,000 words and a public service.

But that is not really what I want to talk about today. What I really want to talk about today is:

Let's Make A Novel

OK, let's make a Thai-farang genre novel. It'll be fun. And easy. Just follow these 6 easy steps:

1. Get in touch with Pattaya Gary. He can help you find an apartment or a condo with a big room. The big room will be the living room. You will gut it and it will become the writing room. One chair, one desk, one computer, one printer, two 4'x8' plywood tables, etc.

2. Three 4'x8' white boards that you mount on the walls end-to-end. Grease boards with grease markers and erasers. Before you start banging out text you will outline the book on these wall boards.

3. Mechanics: the novel will be 240 pps., 25 chapters plus Introduction and Epilogue, 2 maps, 3 illustrations, 5 photos, etc. Large center margins, soft cover, glued and sewn binding, page

number fonts, title, etc. The list of mechanics will run to three pages. I have a shoebox full of this stuff at home for my up-and-coming opus. Chapter titles page, acknowledgement page, cover art, author photo, page size, etc. There is a ton of this stuff. Don't worry, you will change your mind on all of it before you go to press, but it is fun to do all of this stuff. Makes you think you are making a novel without all of that stupid hard writing stuff.

4. Content pieces: One good Thai girl, one bad Thai girl, one good Isaan farmer, one bad Isaan merchant, corrupt people under every rock, evil Chinese bankers, various descriptions of Thai scams, one plot red herring, a surprise ending, good and bad foreigners, moralistic/educational exposes of Thai society, drug deals gone good or bad, funny bits every fourth chapter, some gun stuff, local beer information, local and national hospital information woven into the plot, no graphic sex scenes, no gratuitous scenes of violence, modern hip references to music and clothing and make-up and hairstyles plus Thai and farang motorcycle scenes and plot devices. Mention of famous writers like myself will make you look connected and special. You also need to get all of your cut-and-paste quote stuff ready to go. Quotes make you look literate: you know, like you read books and stuff.

5. Once all this is up on the white boards and outlined in detail you sit down at the keyboard and start banging out the novel (oh excuse me, transforming your thoughts into pearls of wisdom). Segues between each chapter and fine tuning will come to you as you type (oh excuse me, keyboard). Hey, it's not that hard and we are having fun. We are making a novel. You remember this. You did this in High School. It was called a term paper. The teacher told you what to do and you did it and everyone got a passing grade. Of course there were always some simp girls who made special covers and such.

Girls, go figure. And a special stress busting piece of advice: don't sweat the tense stuff; you know, present tense and past tense and future tense. Just bang it out. Roll with it. That's what I do. This tense stuff is the kind of nonsense that editors are always going on about. No worries mate: I've got that covered. Read on.

6. Sitting in the writing room with your finished final draft in your hand you are going to have to make a decision about third party editing. Are you going to allow someone else to read your book and make suggestions before you go to press? Luckily you have me to help you with this. No you are not. You are not going to allow someone else to read your final draft and make suggestions. Stick your hand down between your legs. Is there anything there? Act like a man. There is a shooting place on Ko Larn. You buy the bullets and rent the guns. Put a picture of an editor up on a washing machine and go to full auto. You'll feel better about yourself.

Only one thing: is this novel making or a construction project? Aren't big complicated sandwiches made this way? Line everything up and slap it together? Hey, look what I did. I'm a chef. And, as always; never forgetting that if you really do not have something to say you can't go wrong with the journalistic Who, What, Why, When, Where, How, and How Much? Readers will think you are writing. Anyway, is this novel writing or a construction project? Answer? Who cares? Make sure there are girls on the front cover and on the back cover and inside the book. You will soon be cashing your quarterly royalty checks and spending them on the boardwalk 500baht at a time. Remember that totally unoriginal lameass boring term paper you wrote in High School? You didn't ask yourself any complicated questions then. You just did it. So ... just do it. Take the phone off the hook so that you will not be bothered by any personal calls from Dean Barrett (Dana, my foot is stuck in a waste basket. Can you come over and help me?) and just do it. Remember that bar bet you won in the Nevada Bar in Pattaya in 2008 by porking the ugliest girl there? Well, making novels is a lot like that. Just close your eyes and do it.

I could do the white board outline in eight seven day weeks. Six months for text, nuances, segues and clever fine tuning along with some quotes and personal stuff disguised as character depth. One week for proofreading and three weeks for editing. Now flash some money and get the thing published. I'm (you're) a novelist. A published author. I got down on my knees and sniffed the toilet bowl and my shit doesn't stink. Of course it won't do you any good to tell the girls on the boardwalk in Pattaya that you are a published author because they won't have any idea what you are talking about. Just keep saying you are a teacher. Works for me. I tell some of them that I am a teacher of Stickmanology. Always works.

And, of course; once you master the art of constructing a novel you can do this over and over. Just send your characters to a different country. Same story, different currency. Who'll notice? Nobody makes just one sandwich. Now I (you) am (are) a writer (novelist) of a book(s). Interviews on TV and cable and radio and websites will follow. Booksignings. You'll have to shove Dean Barrett off the chair at some of the book signings but it is a competitive world. Public readings and speeches at expat clubs and at that Henry Bean place in Pattaya. Sure you are wearing an adult diaper because your oncologist's hormone program for prostate cancer has made you incontinent, and sure you are impotent (Viagra impotent) because your Harvard trained oncologist's hormone program for prostate cancer has taken away your manhood; but at least you are a published author. Sometimes life is just a matter of averaging.

Oh, and what is the novel about? What is the story? Who cares? I didn't say 'write' a novel, I said 'make' a novel. Ciao baby.

372. A Thai Filter

TT&A Part 323 14/4/2012

It is not hard to find individuals who will tell you that they like to read dictionaries. But if you randomly break into their houses or burst in on them in their houses you never see dictionaries by the bed, or on the desk, or in their hands. Or on the floor next to the toilet. Randomly burst in on someone who says they like to read dictionaries while they are sitting on the crapper and the chances are slim that they are going to be holding a dictionary in their hands. Odd. Apparently people say things about themselves and about their lives that are not really true. Who would have thunk it?

Recently, I have been behaving exceptionally by reading Bryson's Dictionary for Writers and Editors by Bill Bryson. I am not going to dance like a Go Go girl or clap my hands like a mamasan over this book. It's a good and entertaining book. But honestly, this is in most cases a book you read if imprisoned, or unemployed, or not within one mile of a bargirl. At first this book looks like something thrown together to satisfy a book contract (three books must be delivered in two years); but if you start slowly by reading all of the various parts and sections like the Preface, and the Appendix, and the Bibliography, and the Suggested Reading section, and the Glossary it grows on you (OK, I admit this is an awkward sentence). You start to smile, ruminate, notate (note?), mark with pencil, fold over corners of pages, and learn things. Personally (what else?) I am heartily sick of learning things but it happens anyway.

If you are like me (what are the odds?), you idlely (idly?) start to look for personal or Thai related words or phrases or meanings or linguistic and text issues. I do this with all books that I read now. I have mainlined an interest in all things Thai for so long that I automatically strain all new text through a Thai filter. This makes my life more interesting and my general subject reading more rewarding. Well, in this case, there isn't much of interest in the Thai filter category so next I start to see if Mr. Bryson and I have any writing points of commonality. For instance, I see no listings for the words receipt, or environment, or parallel, or ridiculous, or parenthesises (no idea), or karioke (so many potential spellings you wonder if alcohol was a factor in inventing this word), or pussy (pussey?), or knowledgeable. Clearly these words were never a problem for Mr. Bryson otherwise they would be in his ready reference for troublesome words. I think he is probably a big fat liar on some of these words but that is his story (book) and he is sticking to it.

It ocurred (occurred, occured?—another word that by it's omission Mr. Bryson says he never had trouble with—yeah, sure) to me that it would be amusing to get one of those spelling bee primers with a title like: The One Hundred Most Frequently Misspelled (?) Words. That would be Step One. Step Two would be to publish a book like Bryson's with the title Dana's Dictionary For Writers and Editors: Being A Collection of Personally (?) Difficult Words To Spell. In this book I would not list one of the 'one hundred most frequently misspelled (?) words' you read about in other books. OK, it's a private pleasure. Anyway, back to Bryson.

The great Internet comment whale Fanta used to spout on the website Mangosauce (R.I.P.) that he could recognize (recognise?) my writing because I had misspelled (?) the word ridiculous (rediculous?) again. Anyway, I enjoyed browsing to no purpose through Bryson's Dictionary for Writers and Editors. Please God (God?) no learning, just ruminative browsing. And, as usual, with all my reading I looked for anything that could be squeezed (swoze, squeezified?) through the Thai filter. I automatically do this with everything I read: looking in the indexes for touchstones to the Kingdom. I know, I already said that. Some things just become defining things. I recently finished a big fat book on the building of the transcontinental Canadian railroad in the 19th century. Yup, I checked the Index for references to Siam. Hey, you never know.

Anyway, pretty lean pickings with this book in the (ye?) old (olde?) Thai references department (dept.?), but I did stumble across Hero and Leander on page 158 (c2008). To wit:

"Hero and Leander. Tragic lovers in Greek legend; Hero drowned herself in despair after Leander perished while swimming the Hellespont to see her."

Bingo. If this does not satisfy personal trivial needs to paint everything with a Thai patina nothing does. Substitute Somchai and Bang for Hero and Leander. Have Somchai swimming the Chao Phraya river dodging rice barges and Oriental Hotel water taxis (taxies?) to Bang on the Thonburi shore and I think you have a final episode Thai TV script. Imagine yourself and your teeruk propped up with pillows in room 612 at the Mothership. Somchai is drowning and Bang is drowning and the banks of the river are choked with wailing, and screaming, and crying, and blubbering, and overacting Thais. Beautiful.

Of course, in next week's episode (you will have a different girl with you in room 612), Somchai and Bang who drowned last week will miraculously be alive and tooling around Bangkok in a candy cane red Benz with white leather interior. Only in Thailand ... and Bryson's Dictionary for Writers and Editors.

Anyway, at the start we are informed that: this dictionary of Bryson's is "... a quick, concise guide to the problems of English spelling and usage most commonly encountered by writers and editors … It is a personal collection, built upon thirty years as a writer …" Really? OK, Bill; let's try one.

Page 312 (c2008): Sithole, Rev. Ndebaningi. (1920-2000) Zimbabwean clergyman and politician. Sithole? Oh, come on Bill. Sithole? I hope you don't have a lisp. How many times in your career "as a writer and editor in two countries" did you have occasion to use this reference? You're just having us on Bill but it did make me laugh to imagine the clergyman and his family: Mr. and Mrs. Sithole and all their little Sitholes.

Hey, that reminds me of a reference I use a lot in my writing that I could insert in Dana's Dictionary for Writers and Editors. To wit:

Fxxxit, Sir Monger. (1949—present). American South Pattaya boulevard prowler. Often used in references and sentences like:

'Sir Monger and Ima Fxxxit and all their little Fxxxits.'

And so we assume as slaves to logic and a desire to believe that as the night follows the day and the request for taxi fare follows the lay that words that do not appear in Bryson's personal dictionary are words he never had occasion to have a problem spelling or knowing the meaning of, and the words that do appear here are important enough to be in a ready reference beside his laptop. Really? Oh contraire my little dictionary dweeb—let's try a few:

I've already brought up some traditional and personal word issues like receipt, and environment, and karioke, and pussy, and parenthesises, and ridiculous, and idly, and misspelled, and knowledgeable; none of which ever caused Bill any stress. Makes you wonder about his word, and word meaning, and word use issues; besides Mr. Sithole that is. Well, let's see:

Example One: floccinaucinihilipilification (p.126). The act of estimating as worthless … (yes, like this word). Come on Bill, what did you do—win a bar bet?

Example Two: abiogenesis (p.2). The concept that living matter can arise from nonliving matter; spontaneous generation.

OK, I guess I have no problem with this word as a word that might come up now and again in a career as a writer and editor; but more to the point, when I read this my Thai filter immediately kicked in. Reminded me of when an idea arises from a Thai bargirl's brain. I guess Bill Bryson must have the same idea about Thai bargirls' brains as I do, which is why he needs this correctly spelled word in his ready reference dictionary. Rock on Bill.

Example Three: apropos (p.19). In French, a propos.

No surprise here Bill. I thought this word was spelled apros pois (or aprospois) for about twenty years. I guess you did too. I still like my spelling better. You and me Bill, we're brothers.

Example Four: bildungsroman. (Ger.) (p.40). Novel dealing with a character's early life and psychological development.

OK, two observations here. First observation, I just don't think we need this word. Just too specific. Silly. To illustrate from my personal life: do we need a word for the meaning "I have more anal discharge today than I had yesterday?"

Observation number two, come on Bill Bryson, how many times did you use this word in your life? Stop messing with us.

Example Five: honorificabilitudinitatibus (p. 164). Information on this word appears later in this essay.
And now I'd like to return to a previously mentioned and important word for all writers and editors (kill the editors).
Pussy. Pussey. Pussee. Pusy. Etc.

Pussy (pussey?). You mean Mr. Bryson has never had trouble either before or after downing three beers in the Superbabies Bar spelling the word pussy? Oh, come on Bill; you're playing with the big boys now. Bye the way, have you ever heard a New

Zealander say the world pussy? Don't know? Me either. Can't understand one word they say.

Anyway, you would think after 370 pages with approximately 17 special words per page—6290 words that represent professional and personal writing and editing that we might learn something about the author. This personal dictionary would be a window into the heart and mind and life of the author. According to Bill (I call him Bill):

"It is a personal collection, built up over thirty years as a writer and editor in two countries and so inevitably—inescapably—it reflects my own interests, experiences, and blind spots."

Well, there are a lot of German words and several references to Canada. The only thing I could divine about Bill is that he likes to go to Canada and speak German. Oh, OK; it wasn't all hard slogging. I enjoyed this book, and I did learn a few things, and I had some fun lying in the bed late at night and turning the pages and marking items with a pencil. As an example: in the H section of the dictionary I ran across three fun items.

Hobson's choice (p. 161): this was fun to learn about. I thought I knew the meaning but I was incorrect and I am certainly glad the action of Hobson's choice is not a part of choosing bargirls in a bar.

Homonym and homophone (p. 163): On a High School test this question would just be cruel. Not even any good for bar bets—just take the knowledge to your grave. Somebody on an Internet chat site going on about the differences between these two words would get all the points but they would not make any friends.

Honorificabilitudinitatibus (p.164.) From Shakespeare. You take a look at a word like this and you know either Willie the Shake was mainlining some heavy duty mojo made from fried squirrels' balls, or he and the local sheriff had a line on free beer. Hey, I'm not takin' sides; I'm just sayin' is all. I am not going to ask how many times Mr. Bryson had occasion to use this word that it had to be inserted in his own personal dictionary. The question would be as silly as the word.

Don't get me wrong. This guy Bryson is probably a regular guy. I'm sure just like every other writer I have ever heard of, read about, or talked to; when he is having a problem with a plot point, or character development, or narrative resolution and he gets frustrated he starts jacking off and man stuff is flying like an explosion in a paint factory (batch #7NSE-V2, semi-gloss, Oyster White). If you ever come to Pattaya to visit my writer's lair in the 6th floor ocean facing suite at the A.A. Hotel check out the walls. Just sayin'. However, there is a limit to the kinds of words we can be reasonably be expected to believe he used so often he had to have them in a ready reference desk dictionary. Honorificabilitudinitatibus? Oh, please. What's next, you've got 12"? Only Emma the tranny has 12". But I almost digress.

Next time a teeruk in the Kingdom asks you your name: tell her your name is Honorificabilitudinitatibus. See if she can track you to your lair in Ohio, or Sydney, or Lisbon with her sick buffalo story. Hey, and when she has Google cross reference the name it will come up Love's Labour's Lost. Sweet irony, huh?

So, what Thai filter lesson can we take away from this book? Simple. If you are lounging around the pool at the Oriental Hotel making eyes at a fat Bangkok divorcee and you happen to spot a Thai named Somchai trying to swim across the Chao Phraya river to get to a woman named Bang: don't interfere. Sure he is going to get run down by a water taxi with the name Mai Pen Rai, and sure Bang is going to leap from the Thonburi side ferry dock and drown; but it won't do them any good for you to get involved. It's destiny, and it's Thai TV, and it's Bryson's Dictionary for Writers and Editors.

373. Fashion Choices Are Life Choices

TT&A Part 324 21/4/2012

Opinions on fashion spout like great whales but science can not be denied: global warning, increasing ozone in the atmosphere, mysterious deaths of frogs, some forms of cancer, heavy metal music, youth attracted to Goth and vampire crap ... that's right, all caused by poor fashion choices. Beelzebub infects among us with the intention of eliminating all that is Godly and right and color coordinated. His infections can be spotted by brown shoes with blue suits, pocket handkerchiefs that do not match ties, tie clasps instead of tie pins, and women's' shoes and purses that do not match skirts or pants or dresses. A woman standing next to you on the Skytrain wearing a blue pantsuit and carrying a white purse? Beware, you are standing next to one who marches with the devil. Her fashion pollution is a sign of her complete takeover. Do what I do. Get off at the next station and get on another train. You can't be too careful.

To repeat: Beelzebub spreads his pestilence through fashion infection. You can spot his work everywhere. A man in your international Thai based company south of Tha Mai wears yellow shirts and blue ties? You know what to do. Run, run like the wind. Calling me a fashion snob is to completely miss the point. I am the canary in the mine. I am trying to save all of mankind.

And how do hi-so trannies fit into this? Have you ever seen how perfectly they dress? They come from the same rural armpit villages as all of the other girls but they have made life choices. They know how to dress, and they know how to do makeup, and they know how to do hair. They are the harbingers of the future and the devil's most feared nemeses in Thailand. They are the future: a fashion future of culture and class and style and ego and intelligence. Learn to march with ladyboys. They are in the fashion front lines going over-the-top and engaging the Devil in no-man's-land. They are the visionaries and the leaders of tomorrow. They know that you do not wear green flip-flops to the office with a pin striped blue banker's suit made in Singapore. Learn to match their stride and wit and focus: and for God's sake stop wearing singlets, shorts, sandals, and white socks. You just mark yourself for death when the tranny fashion police start making choices and I do not think any of us want to see that much blood in the streets.

Fashion choices are life choices. What does that mean? That means that if you choose life you must find a Hi-So tranny to become your special friend. The future of the Kingdom bodes well for those that invest in chaos and anarchy and violence. After the wars over water and food and land and discounted flip-flops have been fought; the final social conflagration will be fought between good and evil. And if you lose that war you only lose once. Thailand will have permanently gone over to the Dark Side and the local papers will be doing features on the Devil. Not if, but when this final battle takes place; that is when you will value a Hi-So ladyboy fashionista by your side. She'll know what to do and when to do it in the final battles. Follow her lead if you want to live. The Devil has many disciples in Thailand: men who wear stripes and plaids, Speedo bathing suits hidden under obese stomachs, men who wear silver jewelry when they should be wearing gold jewelry, black glasses frames with brown suits, and the idiots who think shirts that are not tucked in make them look youthful: all members of the Devil's future awaiting orders for the final episode of the final apocalypse in Thailand. The Devil is clever. He hides his army amongst jackasses and fools that do not know how to dress. But he does not fool me. I recognize every one.

But there is good news. The Devil and his army of fashion fools can be fought and defeated when the time comes by tranny armies and their farang allies. Your job? Find a tranny and make her your friend. Know that you will be Robin to her Batman and be proud to take orders from her. If she says wingtip shoes and silk socks that is what you are wearing. Your ego is not involved. This is war. And lastly: have FASHION RULES tattooed on your body somewhere. Good luck.

Sincerely yours,
Dana

P.S. Well, does it all seem too easy, too transparent, too elementary? The Devil is forming an army for the final apocalyptic battle and he is recruiting the low fashion I.Q. challenged for his minions. You aren't worried? You can spot the enemy easily. Really? Let's test that with an example and see how you do.

Example: you have decided to spend three days camping on the far side of the island of Krabi and with your reservation you request a guide. As soon as the ferry bumps ashore your guide steps forward and says:

"My name is Pussygalore Onthetop Poontangmaak but you can call me POP. I will be your guide. You can accept me and trust me as you would your mother."

She is wearing a black linen Armani suit, purple silk shirt, black armadillo skin tie, black python belt, black crocodile shoes, gold tie pin, purple jacket pocket handkerchief, and purple silk socks. She is carrying a black briefcase that holds a tent for two, five snakebite kits. and a bottle of Johnny Walker with two crystal glasses. Well, is she one of the Devil's followers recruited from the Kingdom's fashion challenged just waiting for the sign to go to war; or is she just a regular wonderful Thai lady that you can trust?

I know what you are thinking. You are thinking: Easy Question. This Thai lady guide is obviously a rockin' fashion animal. a fashion maven, a fashionista who obviously has her fashion life together with high fashion I.Q. The Devil would not even waste his time going near her and trying to recruit her for his army. Oh contraire my little French pastry: this is one of the Devil's disciples, and when I explain it to you it will be as plain as day. To wit: She is a marcher in the Devil's army. Recruited because she is fashion ignorant and assumed to be of low I.Q. The perfect candidate for the Devil's army.

So, what is it about her that screams fashion challenged and gives her away? Simple: the armadillo skin tie, crocodile shoes, and the python belt. You never mix hides or skins. Either all armadillo, all crocodile, or all python. Simple. But deadly if you guessed incorrectly. Remember, you were going to spend three days in a tent with her. What if you had been in the tent with her when the Devil sent out his signal to all of his followers to rise up and take over the Kingdom? How long would you have lasted with Miss Pussygalore Onthetop Poontangmaak stabbing you with one of her high heeled shoes? You've got five snake bite kits on this little Krabi camping trip but do you have an anti-high heeled crocodile shoe attack kit? Be careful. Dana loves you and he wants you to survive.

374. Opinions Can Differ

TT&A Part 325 28/4/2012

Introduction

> *"It had a smooth ride-cymbal beat with rimshots ticking on two and four, a laconic guitar double chanking on the first backbeat of each bar, and widely voiced horns playing a baritone-anchored riff like the last piece of a jigsaw, all fitted to a twelve-bar blues pattern."*—from The Blue Moment by Richard Williams.

Of course it did. All of the above surfer dude. Miles Davis's Kind of Blue and the remaking of modern music. Totally anti-bogus music moments dude, or something. OK, Dana here; and I have just no idea what this quote means. More evidence as if any person needed it that I am mentally limited. There are uber hip people but I am not one of them. I used to criticize my father because as he aged he had trouble distinguishing between the advertisements and the shows on the TV. Now I wonder if that is my future.

That is why Thailand and I work so well together. Sitting on the boardwalk watching two Thai guys cutting down coconuts: one cutting with a long pole and the other catching them in a kind of apron occupies pretty much all of my current brain. A life. Thailand and I. No fancy rimshots, no jazz criticism in socially limiting language, no behind the curtain word play for the music cognoscenti, no twelve-bar anything, or laconic guitar double chanking (?). Just the ocean and the sky, the boardwalk plantings, the sun dappling through the palm trees, and two Thai guys trimming coconuts. And myself. Dana. Tourist. Enough.

But that is not really what I want to talk about today. What I really want to talk about today is an essay called:

Opinions Can Differ

I just finished looking at and reading and rereading with depressed wonderment a book titled: Required Writing, Miscellaneous Pieces 1955-1982 by Philip Larkin. Apparently, Mr. Larkin was a big noise in English literary circles for decades. A publisher thought an end-of-career collection of Mr. Larkin's stuff would be a good idea.

This is the most boring book I have ever read. No wait a minute, let me amend that; in addition to many of Mr. Hemingway's novels, this is one of the most boring books I have ever read. But opinions can differ. Some book jacket quotes:

1. "... a considerable literary event." This caused me to question the definitions of the words considerable, and literary, and event.

2. "most outstanding contribution to English literature in a book published last year." This quote caused me to look up in the dictionary the definitions for the words outstanding, and literature.

3. "... required reading for anyone who cares about contemporary literature." I got up and mixed a drink. Gin and tonic, no tonic. On ice in a chilled whiskey tumbler. Who is charge of these book jacket quotes? Deranged people? Non-readers? Humans of no standards of any kind? The Germans did not need fake showers that emitted deadly gas to kill undesirables during WWII, they could have just lined up everybody and read this book out loud to them. Bodies would have fallen like fortune sticks at a Buddhist temple.

Anyway, in response to these quotes: really? Let me tell you what I think. I think this is one of the most boring books ever written. If I was a girl on the boardwalk in Pattaya and I saw this guy walking towards me I'd know one thing instinctively: whatever happens, it is not going to be fun. I can not even imagine how the conversations went when author and publisher sat together to discuss publishing his latest book. The only image I can easily see is the office cat expiring from boredom.

You know a writer who writes more skilfully and more entertainingly than Mr. Larkin? Me. Dana. I do. I write better than this turkey with both hands tied behind my back. Think I am bragging? You would not think I was bragging if you ever read this book Required Writing, Miscellaneous Pieces 1955-1982. And not just me but many other writers in the Thai-farang genre write more skilfully than Mr. Larkin: more interesting content, less turgid writing style, more humor, more connections with other humans, more exotic hooks, and more personal transparency. Except for some obviously low skill amateur efforts that read like one continuous run-on sentence, I think the standards of much of what we see on Thai-farang writing sites are pretty high, or at least competitively high. Clear declarative sentences, well put together paragraphs, interesting content, obvious point-of-view supported by personal reporting or anecdote, and impressions that are mostly happy and fun and emotionally stable. Adult writing by adults interested in displaying writing skill.

If I was a screening editor for a Thai-farang writing site Mr. Larkin would not get published. Boring. Really really boring. If you want a 'considerable literary event.' go to a Thai-farang literary site. If you are looking for 'outstanding contributions to English literature' go to a Thai-farang literary website. The unfortunate and charitable conclusion is that when Mr. Larkin was writing there must not have been much going on in contemporary English literature. Maybe England was still too busy trying to snap back from the war, although the years on the pieces (1955-1982) do not really support that charitable idea. I don't know. I guy like Larkin managed to snake through life and get prizes and attention for crap. I picture him carrying Hemingway's luggage on trips to Africa. Maybe Phil was Ernest's gun bearer or typewriter bearer. But I almost digress. OK, a little more. Too bad a lion didn't kill both of these numbnuts and save the world from boringass writing.

So let's all be happy with what we are and who we are. We are a bunch of pretty clever observational guys and we more than occasionally produce some great writing. Thailand and history are lucky to have us as readers and recorders and entertainers. Oh, and you don't think I am that great a writer? Point taken but I would ask you to review Einstein's great work from the early 20th century. Everything is relative, and I am ten times a better writer than Philip Larkin. Honestly, sometimes I wonder why the bar set for literature is set so low. Who was this guy sleeping with at the publisher's convention? I can honestly state without fear of contradiction (or pictures) that I have not slept with any website webmasters to achieve publication. And I feel confident in saying that no other Thai-farang writers have had to make such a commitment either. Obviously, publication is the ultimate moneyshot in writers' lives but Thai-farang writers earn satisfaction through high standards. Don't believe me? OK, read :Philip Larkin's book titled Required Writing; then go hunting on a Thai-farang site for writing that boring. Three cheers for us, we do a lot of great writing.

375. Sometimes a Picture is Not Enough

5/5/2012

You would think it would be. You would think that the incontrovertible reality that a photograph records would represent non-negotiable reality. All parties viewing the picture would be in complete agreement. You would be mistaken.

I had to have the north side of my garage re-shingled with cedar shingles. Phone calls were made, bids were taken, a contractor was chosen. Early inspection showed that the contractor knew what he was doing so I left him alone. On the evening of the second day I was looking at the jobsite after the guys had gone home and I noticed what looked like water leaking out of the bottom of a big shop-vac. You can vacuum water with a shop-vac but there was no water around or as a part of the job. In fact, the vacuum cleaner was not even plugged in. I pushed against the top of it with my foot and heard a tinkling sound. It was a hot humid August night and I had a chilled glass with lemonade and ice cubes in my hand. The ice cubes made a tinkling sound in the glass. I popped the top of the big commercial sized vacuum on the hot August night and was presented with contractor working class genius. The entire canister had been gutted and was full of ice cubes and beers. I returned to the house and got a camera. One of those big clunky cameras that gives you the picture right away. I took a picture.

When the shingling job was finished and the truck was loaded with all of the tools I asked the foreman to come into the house for his check. After writing the check and handing it to him I opened my desk drawer and pulled out the picture of the ice cubes and the beers in the vacuum cleaner. I thought it would be a fun thing. Something to share a laugh over. They had done a good job shingling my garage and I liked them. He flatly denied the picture. Not his shop vac, not his ice cubes, not his beers. The physical two dimensional reality of the photo as a recording device meant nothing. I put the picture back in my desk drawer and sighed. You would think that the incontrovertible reality that a photo records would represent non-negotiable reality. You would be mistaken.

How absurd can this be? Has your wife or your girlfriend (or both of them) got a great big fat rear end? Take a picture and show it to her. You may be surprised to learn and informed in no uncertain terms that the woman in the picture is not her. Debating the point may not be the best use of your time. If you are a photography gear head reading the photography magazines and perusing up-and-coming auction lot listings you are buried by a world of two dimensional reality beyond debate. But what of more contemplative photo matters? I'd like to see someone write an essay on when a photo is not a photo.

Example: there are conspiracy theorists who deny we landed on the moon. The photos that were taken are denied. The alternative reality theories are detailed and passionate. Clearly to these people a picture may be a picture, but at other times a picture may not be a picture. Holding a physical object, a photo, in your hand does not necessarily make the visual content real. Not in their minds. To these people, a picture may be a picture, or a picture may not be a picture. It certainly shows the open mind of the deranged. I think it would be fun to have a discussion about when a photo is not a picture. To treat the subject seriously. What do you think?

Not on board yet? Need some conversation starters? OK, how about pictures of ghosts, or X-rays that doctors reach wildly different conclusions about, or subatomic particle trace evidence on an impact plate (is it a neutrino or not—not everybody accepts the photo as evidence of the content), cranial or full body auras (if you do not believe in auras are you going to accept the photo), etc. What's the challenge? What triggers the discussion? Well, if you don't accept the theory, if you deny categorically the idea (ghosts); then you can not believe the photo. So the photo is not a picture. You boxed yourself in with a reality denying posture. Consider writing an essay on this subject and sending it in to this wonderful photography website. I love gear heads and technology talk but thinking outside of the envelope can be fun also.

Sincerely yours,
Dana

376. Sure I Am

TT&A Part 326 5/5/2012

Greetings Dana fans and ceiling fans (currently drinking with an Aussie at the Lick Me Kwik bar on Soi 6):

Have you ever calculated how much money you have lost picking up the wrong girls on the boardwalk in Pattaya and then just giving them 100 baht to get the hell out of your hotel room and your life? On the boardwalk you thought she was the future Mrs. Foreigner, then later in the hotel room you changed your mind. I have probably lost enough money making bad decisions to finance a Phantom motorcycle with a rainbow colored paint job and every conceivable accessory. Bye-the-way, sniffing the pillion seats of motorcycles is not on. Don’t get caught. Just sayin’ But I almost digress.

Anyway, I once picked up a nice lady (I thought) on the boardwalk and IMMEDIATELY upon entering my hotel room she started actively and transparently; as if I was not even in the room with her, looking for something to steal. It was bizarre. I just stood by and watched. It was amazing. A first. So I gave her 100 baht to just get out. At least I was alert to this crazy woman’s behavior so I did not lose anything right? Wrong. She managed to get a silver watch of mine.

The next morning I was standing on the curb getting ready to cross Beach Road and she came over to me and starting acting nice. She had my silver watch on her wrist. I did not respond in any way. This made her angry. She threw a little hissy fit and made a bad face. In her razor sharp steel trap Thai mind she probably thought:

"Hey, what's the matter with these farangs? You steal from them and then they do not want to have anything to do with you. Who can understand these stupid foreigners?"

But that is not really what I want to talk about today. What I really want to talk about today is?

Sure I Am

> *"On reading through the first part of this record I am shocked by the account of taking human life and the constant slaughter of big game. I do not pretend to excuse it, but perhaps I may explain it. I have no belief in the sanctity of human life or in the dignity of the human race. Human life has never been sacred; nor has man except in a few exceptional cases been dignified."*—Kenya Diary: 1902-1906 by Colonel R. Meinertzhagen C.B.E., D.S.O.

'Shocked by the account of taking human life and the constant slaughter of big game.' Etc. Imagine what the Colonel thought of the taking of small game? Answer? He never thought of it.

Here on the slopes of Beacon Hill in Boston liberal knee-jerk responses to this quote and this man are predictable. At cocktail parties where even the Labrador retriever dogs have master's degrees, he is a bad man with bad thoughts and a bad life. Nothing satisfies like certainty expressed and a martini.

Still … I wonder if in the lonely personal hours of the night some men do not envy the Colonel and his youth of senseless ego and senseless impulse. Many men envy the rapist, but only a fool would say so. I sometimes receive emails from gentlemen notifying me that engaging women on any level in Thailand without marrying them and/or giving them all of my money is morally wrong. I am an unreflective monster and the only contribution I can make to society is to not breed. One gentleman in particular has been dogging me for seven years. Points to him for a consistent world view.

Still … as I troll the boardwalk and Walking Street and South St. and Second St. looking for the future Mrs. Dana I sometimes imagine that if I were to suddenly wheel about and focus, I would see my critics behind me: like the turbulent but constant wake behind a ship ever ready to pick up something that falls overboard. In the lonely dark hours of their personal nights they have achieved illumination. Not Nirvana, but at least personal illumination; they want to meet a Thai lady of the fun kind also. Of course they will treat her completely differently than I would treat her because they are so much different and so much better than I am in every way. But the major idea streaking through the sky of their hearts and minds is that they want to meet a nice Thai lady also.

I once picked up an Isaan stunner named Lon in full view of a foreigner married couple. Their facial expressions were transparent, judgemental, and broadcasting. Of course it never occurred to either one of these moral brainiacs that out of all the world's wonderful possibilities we were both in exactly the same place. Anyway, didn't even slow me down. Hand in hand myself and my smiling Isaan stunner crossed Beach Road to the A.A. Hotel. I had the pure joy of unreflective pleasure that Colonel Meinertzhagen must have had in Africa. Nobody was going to get killed but nobody was going to be asking permission to be happy either. As we reached the top step and I held the heavy glass door open for Lon, I had the momentary impulse to quickly snap my head around and catch the married husband starring at me with envy.

But I didn't do it. You don't have to shoot, kill, wound, trap, embarrass, or humiliate every little jackass you come across. Be fun though, wouldn't it? We could call it the Colonel

Meinertzhagen program. I have a Pattaya friend named Pattaya Gary who has an ex-girlfriend named Oy who could take this married man and show him such a good time that his private parts would have to be held together with duct tape on the way home. He'd have to go to the Bumrungrad Hospital to have facial nerves cut to stop his smiling. God bless the Colonel and his disgusting life of testosterone, social power, impulse, and violence. Not everyone of our emotional touchstones are suitable for public display, but they all count.

Additionally … oh God, there she is. Holding up a palm tree. I saw her last night but before I could get across the road a horrible looking fat man got to her. Sweet Jesus on a cracker what an angel. I don't believe she is even human. No woman could be this perfect and be human. I'm talking science here. Anyway: gotta go. And this Thai lady? This Thai lady I am going to marry and give all of my money to. Sure I am.

377. Dick Duel

TT&A Part 327 12/5/2012

Hello Mr. Stickman: Here is Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes—Part 327 and thank-you. Additionally, I have, as usual, sent my fee for being published to Korski. As you know he got in touch with me almost ten years ago and informed me that he was your agent and that I had to pay a 'fee' of $300 per submission to get published. I was to send the money to him and then he would deposit it in your bank account. I hope there has not been a problem with this. At $300 per submission and 327 submissions the deposit in your bank should be approximately $98,100 by now. If you notice any difference between the amount of money that should have been deposited in your account by Mr. Korski and the amount of money that was actually deposited in your account by Mr. Korski just notify me and I will correspond with him. I am sure there won't be any problem.

Dana

Dick Duel

Thailand has three seasons: rainy, hot, and center-of-the-sun deathstar hot. It is the deathstar season now. Dogs are laying in the middle of the road hoping a car drives over them. Throw a cheezeburger at a dog and if it lands more than an inch away from its nose it will not even move. Too hot. Any girl will go home with you to your hotel room. Any woman. You've never been able to score a 10 before out of the ground floor Rainbow bar across from the Mothership? You will now. Why? It is the deathstar season and your hotel has air-conditioning. Suddenly you are a hansum man. Take off of your clothes and look at yourself in the mirror. Now consider how beautiful some of these girls are. That's how hot it is. So things are a bit slow here at the Bangkok offices of Dana Enterprises in the Rajah building just a stones throw from the Mothership. For that reason I am challenging everyone to a duel. The winner will receive forty-five minutes with tranny Emma of Pattaya. Time enough to push it around with a stick, take pictures of it, dress it up in a little costume, and drill-baby-drill. It's hot baby and we all need to have some fun.

The duel will be conducted thus: Principal parties (myself plus a challenger), seconds, medical people, photographers, courtroom artists, videographers, and Wan the retired doorgirl from the old Carousel Bar will meet in the 2nd floor suite at the Mothership. Both parties (myself plus challenger) will strip naked, face each other, and achieve rock hard erections. Wan will then tape 10 baht coins to our penises until they are horizontal. Next she will place a one inch soft lard candle on the end of each penis. The first one to flinch loses.

Like I said, things are a bit slow here at the Bangkok offices of Dana Enterprises. It's hot. Not inside a pussy hot, but center-of-the-sun hot. It's the off season. Hot. Nobody is cleaning the drains on Soi 4 in front of the N.E.P., nobody is repairing cars in the street in front of the Vientai hotel in Banglamphu, and the carpark girls at the Mothership have entered the 10th dimension of advanced whore 'Don't Give A Fxxx'. How advanced can 'Don't Give A Fxxx' be? The trannies don't even tell you to go in slow. That's right. They 'Don't Give A Fxxx'. Honk if you love the deathstar hot season in the Kingdom.

So if you want to try and win forty-five minutes at the A.A. Hotel in Pattaya with Emma-the-tranny come on by the office and challenge me to a dick duel. Duels are held immediately, no time for training; and all photos and videos are on the Internet within minutes. Call yourself a man? OK, come on by and challenge me. Emma in the sixth floor ocean facing suite at the A.A. Hotel on Soi 13/0 in Pattaya is 12 inches and growing. But that is not really what I want to talk about today. What I really want to talk about today is:

Boardwalk Conversations

It isn't easy being me. All I want to do is love and be loved. Every one of my thoughts is about giving and bonding and finding my cosmic companion. I saw an angel on the boardwalk in Pattaya and I said:

> *"The hocket effect between the violins is intensified after the first cadence, their tossed motivic ball now consisting of only two notes in an iambic pattern (that is, starting with an upbeat), while the bass continues its frenetic run, made even more athletic by the use of large skips—octaves, even tenths."*

She, my future wife and mother of my children, said:

"Farang ding dong."

So when I said as a happy hopefully bonding continuum followup:

> *"The ban on virtuosity reflected the old aristocratic prejudice, inherited from Aristotle, that found its most influential neoclassical expression in Castiglione's Book of the Courtier, in which noble amateurs are enjoined to affect sprezzatura ("a certain noble negligence," or nonchalance) in their singing lest they compromise their standing as "free men" by an infusion of servile professionalism."*

I was disappointed and surprised to hear my angel of the boardwalk, my cosmic companion, say:

"Me no like."

So, switching gears, I said something regarding physics. Physics makes whores hot and I know it so I said:

> *"Harmonic restlessness continues through an asymmetrical (because binarily indivisible) five measures—during which,*

> *with a single exception, every degree of the chromatic scale is sounded—before settling down on A minor, and at this point, stable thematics material is resumed for two measures—literally resumed at the very point at which it had been interrupted—only to be superseded by another five bars restless modulation, aggravated this time by quickened syncopes, during which every degree of the chromatic scale is sounded without exception."*

OK, that's not actually physics. Nothing topically and transparentally to do with physics but I figured it would sound like physics and my Isaan minx would be rubbing her legs together like a cricket on yaa baa.

Result? Zippo. Niet. Bupkus. Nothing. Zero. Goose Egg. The big yawn, followed by Go Away (in Thai). Usually, I am catnip to women and physics quotes never fail to charm. This time? I got nothin'. So I tried an oldie but a goody that always works with car park trash at the Mothership in Bangkok. I said:

"I can hold up a galvanized pail full of glass ash trays with my erection."

She took my hand and we crossed the street to my hotel. The rest was rose petals and moonbeams. Cosmic companions bonking like wire-haired terrier dogs on amphetamines. The next morning I felt like a shot dog that had been dropped off a cliff and dragged behind a car. Love is like that. My dick had a groove from the galvanized pail handle and the bed was full of glass ash trays and cigarette butts. It isn't easy to be me.

Announcement of our marriage will be on this website. God has sent me an angel and her name is Dung. I will spend the rest of my life sleeping with Dung. Just lucky I guess. I'm catnip to women and a great communicator. It all adds up.

(Music quotes from "Music in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries" by Taruskin)

378. Going Back to The States

14/5/2012

I once had a Thai lady named Fung tell me after we had been together for ten days that her name was not Fung, it was Dung. Or Sung, it was a long time ago. I could have used that occasion to complain about the lack of respect I had been shown the first ten days but I decided to let it go. Her breasts stuck out like funnels. You learn to adapt.

At least I was prepared a year later when a beautiful Thai lady from Isaan informed me after I had spent money on a trip to Krabi that her name was not Duck, it was Luck. We had been together three weeks, twenty days. Now a name change. Now I guess I qualify for her real name. Once again I did not point out to her how shallow and cheap and disrespectful it is not to tell someone your real name, but I did wonder if there was an evolutionary process here in Thai culture before we got to her real name.

To wit: in another month would she inform me that her real name was not Luck but Suck? Two months later would Suck be replaced by Muck? Would the end of our year of love (and two trips to her village) find Muck being replaced by Yuck?

“Honey, my real name is Yuck. I luf you too mutt. You should call me Yuck when we make love.”

All well and good, but I gotta tell ya: the day she tells me her real name is Fuck I’m going back to the States.

379. Bitten By A Cobra

TT&A Part 328 19/5/2012

Hello Stick

Just a short note to tell you that the content for Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes—Part 500 is probably going to run about 80,000 words. It's title will be Reflections in the Mirror and will be a review of all of my journal notes over the last ten years regarding myself looking at myself in the mirror and then making journal observations about the 'looking-at-myself-in-the-mirror' experience. Naturally I will not be able to cover every instance of myself looking in the mirror at myself and then writing about it because there are thousands and thousands of instances and long detailed heartfelt journal entries. So to keep this submission down to 80,000 words will require ruthless slash-and-burn editing. Anyway, just a little update on Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes—Part 500 to come. And of course I need not remind you that you promised to fly me over first class when #500 goes up.

Now on to Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes—Part 328 and thank-you.

Dana

Bitten By A Cobra

A little known and so little appreciated writing genre is post WWII (1946-1950, and the 60's) professional hunter and non-professional hunter anecdotes and stories of stuff that happened in Africa. Africa. Or AFRICA. A phenomenally dangerous world where sometimes it seems that everything with a beating heart can hurt you, maim you, terrify you, kill you, eat you. Most natives were not well armed if armed at all and many did not live long. Life was a crapshoot and most gamblers lose. Just going to the river for water was a duel with death. Example:

One native survived being attacked by a buffalo, horned twice in two separate rhinoceros attacks, bitten by a cobra, taken by a crocodile at the water's edge, bitten and constricted by an attacking python, and bitten by a lion. At night around the fire you can pretty much guess what the natives talked about. An elderly native might have had many skills, but he or she was also a lucky native. In addition to the above, natives died of thirst, starved to death, fell into their own pungy pit animal traps, fell from trees, and succumbed to many knife fights.

But all of the above is nothing compared to the attacks, miseries, surprises, acts of disrespect, maimings, and near death experiences suffered routinely by foreign men mixing with Thai females. To wit:

You come home to your lover and you find that she has smashed the aquarium and thrown all of the furniture off of the balcony. She explains that she found a picture of another woman in your wallet. It is a picture of your mother. At least you are not being bitten and constricted by an attacking python. Just go with it. Don't be such a baby.

You come home and your Thai lady meets you at the door with ketchup all over her face and the apartment is full of Thai police. She accuses you of beating her. The Thai police listen. OK, this is not good but at least you are not being taken by a crocodile at the water's edge. Of course while this is happening to you it will seem as if being taken by a crocodile at the water's edge would be preferable to having any kind of contact with a Thai female but we live in a world of relativity. Or something. Just be a leaf on the wind. Stop complaining.

You come home and your girlfriend is there and a dead body is there. There is a dead Thai male on the bed. OK, you could be forgiven for thinking that this looks much worse than being horned twice in two separate rhinoceros attacks. And you are right. It is worse, much worse. But what can you do? And let us not forget that her breasts are so high that they hit her under the chin. So act like a man. Heave the body out of the window and for Christ's sake stop whining. Don't be such a girlie about life. Sure having contact with a Thai female is more dangerous than anything that can happen in Africa but on the other hand; sweet Jesus on a cracker, what a body. You would never hear a native or a white man saying that about a rhinoceros.

One more. You wake up in the middle of the night because a part of your brain makes you wake up. She is trying to cut off your penis with a pair of scissors. Hilarity does not follow. Sure this is worse, much worse, than being bitten by a lion, or being attacked by a buffalo in a rice paddy. Under many circumstances the A.A. Hotel in Pattaya is more dangerous than Africa. I once pretended to pay Fa only fifty baht after we had spent some adult time together. Nothing in Africa was as frightening as her face. Anyway: you, like men before you, have fallen into the traps and the snares of the Thai female. But isn't it interesting that you are not leaving? You are not leaving Thailand. You are not packing to go to the airport. You almost had your penis cut off and your are not packing to go to the airport.

So don't complain. You caught her almost cutting off your penis and you are not leaving. Why? What difference does it make why? You are not leaving the Kingdom. In fact, you didn't even think of it. The idea did not even pop into your head. If you were attacked by a python and bitten by a lion on safari in Africa you would be headed for the airport immediately. You wouldn't even pack. Just grab your passport and haul ass to the place where the planes can get you the hell out of Africa. But you aren't doing that in Thailand. The place when combined with the Thai female is much more dangerous than Africa but instead you are carrying your furniture that she threw over the balcony back upstairs. You are going to the place that sells fish and aquariums to start over. You are getting rid of all of the scissors and the knives in the house. You are throwing out all of the ketchup bottles so that she can not pretend that you beat her up. And you are not complaining. You are actually smiling. Hey, maybe you are as crazy as she is. Maybe a place more dangerous than Africa is just what you need.

Somebody should write about this stuff.

380. Iconic and Iconic

22/5/2012

Greetings and salutations Sa Wa Dii Khraps and Hansum Mans and Dana Fans (note: no joke about ceiling fans because the following is incredibly serious):

Oh lucky me. I live in a world where authors are not supposed to make comment on their writing. The finished, published text represents my heart and my mind working together in harmonious literary simpatico to produce cut crystal shards of diamantine brilliance but I can't talk about it.

Rubbish. Buddha and Jesus and Mohammed had plenty to say. They didn't let just their actions speak for themselves. You couldn't shut these guys up. They had plenty to say and they said it. Same same for me kuhns and kuhnesses. We will start with some comments on the story written by me, then the story itself, followed by your ability to make comments on this website. I think that is what Buddha (I called him Bud), and Jesus, and Mohammed would have wanted.

Comments on the story to follow called Big Tranny Hands:

"Dana is my favorite writer: you are going to love this one."—Dana

"Iconic and iconic: there's a story here like no other."—Dana

"Does the Thai-farang genre thing with more power, gravity, and conviction than ever before."—Dana

"Truly remarkable: Grade A."—Dana

"Incredible storytelling."—Dana

"Action packed, edge-of-your-seat type stuff."—Dana

"He's not a writer, he's a God."—Dana

"The greatest living writer in the English language."—Dana

"Time spent reading other authors' writing is time you can never get back. Give yourself to Danaism."—Dana

"My worst days as a writer? Before they invented mirrors: I couldn't write and look at myself in the mirror at the same time. Just sharing. I'm a giver."—Dana

"Four words tell you everything you need to know about Dana and his writing: Stay Away From Fa."—Dana

"Engaging … no rumor, no myth: just hard hitting writer rebar slamming you in the head. You will love the story Big Tranny Hands."—Dana

"Delightfully wry and perceptive: a captivating visit to Danaland."—Dana

"Dana, one of the great myths of our childhood; now made as real as cast iron tailings and sulphuric pollution. This story, Big Tranny Hands, sets a new standard. After this, all you will be thinking about is Big Tranny Hands."—Dana

"Dana-of-Pattaya: mystic, visionary, poetical wordsmith. This story, titled Big Tranny Hands, strips away the myths of Dana as folklore hero and gives us the real Dana."—Dana

"A work of mongerism that also feeds the soul. No wonder birds land in his hair when he writes. His vibrations are natural and timeless."—Dana

"Dana's writing style? Heavy Metal magazine graphics, Joyce on ya ba, the operatic beginning to the movie Darkman, and … silly: you can't compare Dana's writing style. Just read and enjoy."—Dana

Just read folks. Read the story that follows with the title Big Tranny Hands and you will see why every one of the above quotes is true. Oops, all out of time. I am shattered with grief over this but I'm afraid we don't have enough time for the story. So we will make a substitution this week and publish Big Tranny Hands next week. Enjoy and stay tuned next week. Believe me, the hands will still be big.

Sheep Dip Tanks For Boardwalk Skanks

I've got an Aussie acquaintance who is the South-East Asian Regional V. P. for an international exporter in Perth who is penetrating the 'sheep-dip-tanks-for-boardwalk-skanks' business in the Kingdom. Go figure—I attract guys like this. Anyway, my friend Fa is his on-site contact person in Pattaya and they are currently working on a demonstration to be held opposite the A. A. Hotel on August 14th. If you plan on attending this demonstration you need to know about the corporate and community festivities to be held on August 14, 2012 by the sheep dip tank company. Mr. Clueless Sangsong, the mayor of Pattaya will be there; Kuhn Corndog Thumbuphisass, the chief of police will be there; and Dag Galah, C. E. O. of Sheep Dip Tanks For Boardwalk Skanks Ltd. will be there. The ceremony will start with a fifty helicopter fly-over featuring drugged up high heeled trannies screaming and jackin' door mounted 50 caliber machine guns, colored smoke bombs, and fireworks followed by a 500 tranny parachute show. You knew that. Then ten forty foot tractor trailer trucks will arrive and start unloading the boardwalk honeys who have volunteered for the demonstration. Each girl will have a numbered placard hanging around her neck that will allow you to look up her name and medical issues in the four color hi-resolution brochures made available by various Aussie corporate simps. For example:

#26: Lon Gofukyu—head lice, crabs, condom stuck up inside her, nose boogers, chilies stuck in teeth.

#214: Boom Boom Benz— facial and genital herpes, green mold under floppy breasts, generalized cheese smell, and flies buzzing around her rear.

#72: Lim Fim (nicknamed 'Infection')—foot and ankle rash from Vietnamese tire tread sandals, bleeding eyebrows from obsessive plucking, festering needle puncture sites, and infected motorbike scars.

Note: Lim was an early volunteer for the program and she brought her mother, two children, and pet chicken for sheep tank dipping. What price a mother's love?

Note Number Two: this is maybe the most beautiful woman I have ever seen. Thailand. Go figure.

Anyway, there will be a twenty foot Jumbotron screen so that you can see each girl enter and leave the dip tank. Remember, this is not a competition, it is only an exhibition—please, no wagering. After leaving the tanks they will be allowed to run around in a special paddock set up on the beach before being inspected by a Thai physician who will attest to their new more healthy medical profile. Naturally, the medical exams will be Jumbotron events. It's all about science and hygiene and girls you could take home to mother. Feel the love. This Aussie firm knows what it is doing. They have already sponsored events like this in Paraguay, Havana, Recife, and Miami. Be a participant in the future by being an open minded observer. Imagine how proud you would be if you spotted your neighbor's daughter or your daughter taking care of business by taking care of pustules and rashes and scabs and nasal discharges. It's all about evolution and high standards. Be all you can be. See you there.

381. Seduction and Production

TT&A Part 329 26/5/2012

Today three gifts in one. First a short Introduction that details my recent experience in a creative writing class at Chulalongkorn University in Bangkok, then a generic sidebar on editors, and finally the main event titled Seduction and Production that talks about a personal experience with an editor. So it all comes together. Give me enough yarn and I will knit a sock. It just may look a little crazy right up until the end. Anyway, enjoy. And as always, stop thinking about Fa. There, you are doing it now. You are thinking about her. Imagining her doing make-up under the palm tree. Imagining her moonwalking in front of you as you sit on a concrete bench near Soi 13/0. I told you not to think about her and you are thinking about her right now. Scum.

Introduction

I'm taking a course in creative writing at Chulalongkorn University in Bangkok and the assignment is to find and quote and submit something that is:

1. short
2. fun
3. whimsical
4. original
5. creative

I turn in:

"I wake up in the morning,
There's frogs inside my socks;
Your mama she's hiding
Inside the ice box."

—Bob Dylan (On The Road Again)

I receive a grade of F. Comments from the creative writing professor are:

1. Narrative does not make sense.
2. No sympathetic main character.
3. No plot that can be resolved.
4. No cultural framework.
5. Too short.
6. Quoted person, Bob Dylan, not a published writer.

I guess opinions can differ. Professor Saggybutt Fishpastebreath tells me to schedule an office appointment with him for counseling. He will pose questions to me and record my responses. He will then use my responses to give me the help in creative writing that I need. He reminds me that he was very successful in Thai advertising and took the West's campaign for the Pope on a Rope shower accessory and reworked it for the Singapore market as Dope on a Fope. T-shirt sales with this 'branding' printed on them became very popular. I am looking forward to this personal attention in my Chulalongkorn creative writing class. Last year when Da tried to cut off my penis I got some painkillers that were half morphine and half cocaine. I will swallow a few of these before I go to the Professor's office. But that is not really what I want to talk about today. What I want to talk about today is:

Breaking News: Dana Central

An international group of linguistic Shakespearian scholars at Dana Central has determined that Shakespeare did not say:

"The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers."—King Henry VI

What Willy the Shake really said was:

'The first thing we do, let's kill all the editors.'

Kind of reminds me of Milton's last words:

"Kill the devil's scourge—
Point a gun,
And do now purge.

Praise our Lord and make them run.
Kill the editors,
Each and every one."

And who can forget the dying words of Wordworth's son—Freeform Wordsworth?

"I've dropped some acid.
It's not daffodils I see,
But the heads of editors.

Let's fire up the lawnmower,
And cut them down.
I've got to pee."

And finally, who can forget crazy legs Ezra Obscure Reference Pound on the subject of editors?

"Black bough axes on a troubled sea—
Crucible's Ulysses yawning at the dawn ...
Kill the editors—
Make them gone."

Now you all know what you have to do. Go forth and multiply with extreme editor prejudice. And let not thought stall your step.

Never forget the words of that fabulous fun guy Hermann Goering:

> *"Shoot first and inquire afterwards, and if you make mistakes, I will protect you."*

and of course germane to this subject the heart fluttering inspirational words of Joseph Stalin who said:

> *"A single death is a tragedy, a million deaths is a statistic."*

My name is Dana. I will protect you. Kill the editors.

But that is not what I want to talk about today. What I want to talk about today is life changing without being epiphanic, a new experience but not a bragging experience: to wit—

Seduction And Production

I was recently solicited for story submissions by a Thai woman who is the editor of a new book on Thailand that is coming out. The book is part of a country series. Vietnam is already on the bookshelves and the plan is to do a lot of countries. I always say no to this stuff. My contempt for all human beings is exceeded only by my contempt for editor human beings. And the notion of crawling on my stomach for a female editor can barely be processed by my big brain. This time, however, I sent in five stories. Don't ask me why. She accepted three stories. Thought they were fantastic. Then it started. Changes. Rewrites. Different points-of-view to consider. Additional detail needed. Etc. And ... more etc. All forms of torture for the writer. I am actually doing this. Why? Well, three reasons:

1. I imagine this Thai editor lady is about 26-30 years old. Wide almond eyes, high cheekbones, pouty lips, black hair to the backs of her 6" stiletto heels, tiny waist, flat stomach, and breasts so high they are hitting her under the chin. She's got a throaty raspy voice from too many cigarettes and too many whiskeys and you've got to tie her legs down when you make love. She is a kicker. Kicks like a mule. Some women are screamers, some women are scratchers, some women cry; this editor is a kicker. Ever seen a naked kicker? Sweet Jesus on a cracker.

2. I imagine she likes to dance in high end Bangkok clubs wearing black open toe stiletto heels with those black straps that wrap around the calf. Those black straps wrapped around the calf give me stabbing pains in the tops of my eyes. And I know what she will never tell anyone. On her days off she likes to drive down to the Malaysian border and tease the towelheads.

3. She ends her emails to me with:

"I totally love this."
and
"Thanks Dana. I really appreciate this."
and
"Love this."

Hey, it's almost like we're dating. I'm so easily seduced it is embarrassing. I don't qualify to be a parent because I have no backbone. Can't set any standards for discipline or focus. I'd rewrite a tattoo for this woman and I have not even met her. I'm pathetic. Without form. Gutless, barely a man. Normally, I would rather cut off my writer testicles with a rusty hacksaw blade, place them on a table, and smash them with a hammer then submit to editing; let alone a female editing Beelzebub from the Prince of Darkness publishing company: however, I am doing it. Don't ask me why. I am so far down the well of mystery of my life I just give up. No fxxxing idea what I am doing anymore. Who knows—maybe the next time I try to jerk off I'll have forgotten how. Everything now is just a mystery. I am doing rewrites to make an editor (a female editor) happy. Put it there. That's right. Right there. Right there on my temple. Put the gun there and shoot me. No wait, hold it—I've got to work some more on these rewrites.

Gosh, I hope she likes them.

382. Picasso and Thailand

TT&A Part 330 2/6/2012

Greetings and Sa Wa Dii Khraps to all Hansum Mans:

Dana here to announce that today we have an Introduction that talks about myself and goalsetting, followed by a rigorously researched academically formatted little essay on possible Thai foreigner names. Enjoy. Or don't. What do I care? I am going to be meeting Fa in another twenty minutes and I will be with her for an hour after that. I don't care if the whole world catches fire. I'll be with Fa. So enjoy. Or don't … OK, I did that. My mind is on Fa. I gave her 200 baht yesterday to buy those white jeans I like. I hope she is wearing them.

Introduction

Recently, I won the lottery here in Massachusetts in the United States and so I had to go to Braintree to pick up my check and be part of a lottery winners TV show event:

Lottery Official: Well, Dana; now that you have won $142,000,000 U.S. dollars what are you going to do with the money?

Me: I am going to go to Thailand and drill whores like a wildcatter on yaa baa drilling for oil.

Lottery Official: Anything else?

Me: Yes, I am going to bang wholesale like a hammer at a nail convention. At the end of the first six weeks my private parts will be held together with duct tape.

Lottery Official: Is that all you are going to do with your winnings? Just whores?

Me: No, I've got a four part plan—whores, prostitutes, skanks, and cruisers.

Lottery Official: No bleeding eyebrow pluckers, spitters, hanging nose booger women, deranged talkers, or crazy arm wavers?

Me: Don't be silly. This is a serious four part plan and represents the rest of my life on Earth. I have enough money now to only spend time with quality people and engage in dignified behavior. It's all about setting standards, focusing on dreams, and building a personal legacy one whore at a time.

Lottery Official: Well said, just one question: What is (are) the differences between whores and prostitutes and skanks and cruisers?

Me: The differences between whores and prostitutes and skanks and cruisers are ... oops, sorry: all out of time. That's not really what I want to talk about today anyway—what I really want to talk about today is:

Picasso And Thailand

P.S. Last night I got another late night call from Dean Barrett: Thai-farang genre novelist, Black Russian devotee, and wonderful website author. He said his foot was stuck in a waste basket and could I come over and help him? Another cry for help. Sad. So so sad. Question. Is this how all Thai-farang genre writers are going to end up? Am I someday going to call Union Hill and ask him to come over to the Mothership and help me because my foot is stuck in a waste basket? Right there. The temple. Just put the gun right there at my temple. Shoot me. But I almost digress:

Picasso And Thailand

For years I have been having fun with the length of Thai names. Names like Ratharawarin Pichaironnarongsongkhran, and Napakapapa Sirivacharabhakdi, and Sruangsuda Sutithamrongsavat, etc. I think I saw Rathsudakhemarpawarin once but it is hard to be sure. It could have been just a seizure. Sometimes Thai names are a little like Russian names in an English translation novel. You just kind of zone out and skip over them. Then there are Thai male names like Somchai Snitwongse Na Ayudhaya, or Jesadaporn Supornsaharungsi, or Rattaphumi Pattanapongpanich, or Apichatpong Rattanajerungporn, or Phutanet Srirattanawutthi. OK, don't quiz me on this. I could be wrong about all of this but then who would know? Could this Thai name thing get any more challenging? Yes it can. Recently I stumbled across this whopper:

Pablo Diego José Francisco de Paula Juan Nepomuceno María de los Remedios Cipriano de la Santísima Trinidad Ruiz y Picasso.

Yup, you read that correctly. That is Pablo Picasso's name. You know, the painter guy. My feeling on this is that by the time he knew how to speak and read and write his name correctly they should have just graduated him out of school. Enough is enough. He had funny drawings to make.

But here is the historically really interesting part. Between Pablo's Blue Period and his One-Eyed Ladies Period he spent some time in the Kingdom. That's right art history mavens Picasso was in Thailand and he liked to spend time with pretty girls. So there is the possibility that there are some Picasso-Thai Lady offspring that share both his name and a Thai name.

I'd like to be in a classroom when little Thai children have to learn to speak, and write, and spell their names. Believe me I would be there out of respect. I do not know how they do it. And can you imagine if a Thai child was the offspring of a Catholic Spanish father and a Thai mother? That child might have a name like:

Pablo Diego Apichatpong José Francisco Phutanhet de Paula Juan Nepomuceno Jesadaporn María de los Remedios Cipriano Snitwongse Na Ayudhaya de la Santísima Pattanapongpanich Trinidad Ruiz y Picasso.

Or something. You know what I think? Just leave the little boy or the little girl alone. There are human limits. That would be my farang contribution to Thailand if I became the Prime Minister. Identify these Picasso offspring as soon as they enter the education system, and then just leave them alone. No wonder so many Thais have three and four letter nicknames (Yai or Dam or Pong or Ding). I used to think it was kind of juvenile, now I understand completely. I guess in the above case his friends would just call him Pab. Works for me.

383. Lest You Be Judged

TT&A Part 331 9/6/2012

Greetings Stickmanites and Dana fans:

Today the first in a new feature to precede the main submission events: stories and essays. A contest. Identify the title of the story or the essay the following quote comes from, notify us as soon as possible at Dana Central, and you will win a prize. Only one prize will be awarded so email times will be important. What does that mean? That means that if you are about to consummate boom-boom with a lady from the FCUK ME bar and you suddenly think of the answer to the question, you must roll out of bed immediately and hit the keyboard. It is all about competitiveness and high standards. If your lady friend is really unhappy with this then have her contact me and I will make her smile again.

All procedures, policies, paperwork, and prizes will go through Dana Enterprises. Do not contact Stickman. He's too busy making bank runs, doing deals. and entertaining powerful people. I'm the one who loves you. It's always been me. No prizes awarded to members of the Dana Fan Club. They have an unfair advantage. And no, we have already received this question; you can not sleep with me to win the prize. Sweet Jesus On A Cracker. We will call this the Dana Quote Contest (DQC). It will only run fifteen times. Fifteen opportunities for you to be somebody. And now the quote:

Dana Quote Contest #1

"Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing,

If that's not Isaan cooking I'll push a used condom down Beach Road with my nose."

Good luck and this one is easy. And now the main event titled:

Lest You Be Judged

It's hard not to be judgemental. We all do it. Sifting incoming data and making decisions about priority, or friend vs. foe, or pain vs. pleasure is part of what makes us successful as a species. But we sometimes forget that we are on other peoples' radar screens as well and they are doing the same about us. Judging us, often without all of the information they need to make accurate judgements. We live in and trod the drama boards of a giant judging play in our lives and we often forget that. The reminder can be shocking.

I'm cruising the boardwalk in Pattaya between Soi 10 and the Royal Garden Plaza looking for a player. Others on the net like to sound smart by saying that the boardwalk is full of skanks. OK, tell me something I don't know. But every now and then by sifting enough skank sand you find a skank diamond. A cheap diamond I might add. I don't pay barfines anymore, and I don't pay for short time rooms in bars. I also don't buy expensive gifts for the Mercedes, and the Rolls Royce, and the Mosler, and the Lamborghini, and the Tesla, and the Ferrari, and the Bentley, and the Pagani, and the Spyker, and the Porsche, and the Ferrari, and the Saleen, and the Gumbert, and the Jaguar, and the Bugatti, and the Koenigsegg, and the Hamann, and the Maserati, and the Lotus, and the Russian looking women hanging out in the Q bar and other much much more expensive and exclusive places for the smart set. I know these specimens exist because I have witnessed them, and I know the qualitative differences between these women and the women I pursue. But I'm not going to pay for them. My money is my money and I do not intend to be foolish with it. You would be amazed at the number of men in the Kingdom who have not mastered this concept.

What I am looking for when on the love patrol is someone with dark skin and wide feet who just returned from a month and a half in the village. She is stone broke. Hopefully she is also someone of low self esteem with a purse full of ya ba. That is the trifecta gentlemen. Broke, low self esteem, and cranked on drugs. Now we are in fxxx bunny land where you can feel the rising aorta from your heart clamping shut as you bonk your way to a second heart attack. It's the ride that counts; not the body panels, or the glitter paint, or the digital anything. I'm not interested in the maintenance problems, or the expense, or the operational moods of a Thai female candy cane red Jaguar starfish. Give me the dark skin and the wide feet of the village girl humper any day.

My second day in Pattaya I spot her. About four feet tall (we have a winner), not a bad face, and standard hair. She's not a glittering beauty but her mother probably loves her and if she would smile and laugh she could get attention in any mall in America. She is Thai and she is female. A roll of fat around the middle from the intemperate eating habits of the stupid; but hell, that is what the light switch is for at room 612 in the AA Hotel on Soi 13. I am busy with other lovers so a couple of days go by but I notice in that time that she appears to be slow, not retarded; but her book shelf is not going to have books on it with titles like:

Physics For The Layperson

The Zen Of Check Register Corrections

Roman Social Constructs: Republic vs. Empire

Japanese Haikus: Philosophy or Literature?

To the smarty-pants Internet commentators this is exactly the kind of woman of the boardwalk that would be beneath them, but I have discovered sometimes that the least likely candidate can sometimes reward with the humping and slurping of a fuck bunny on ya ba. I'm a numbers guy. I'm also a fuck bunny guy. I am looking for fuck bunnies. I know that virtually 100% of all females believe that men were sent to Earth to serve their needs and to listen to their riveting stories about sisters and about mothers, but that is not what I want. I'm also a salesman and all salesmen learn one inescapable fact if they stay in the sales business. Sales (life) is just numbers. Sifting through the No's to get to the Yes's. Sifting through the starfish to get to the humpers and grunters and grinders and smilers. And the No's don't matter. Most salesmen are risk attracted rather than risk adverse. They will wade into a hail of bullets at the front line carrying the newest ammo box. Maybe they can get a big order. Most successful salesmen have big egos and accomplishments to match. These are the winners. The winners who will have the word NEXT on their tombstone.

"You don't want to buy my pink ping pong balls? OK, NEXT."

"You are being offered a price just above wholesale and you have to 'think about it'? OK, NEXT."

"You are not sure I am young enough, or rich enough, or hip enough to fuck you? OK, NEXT."

Around the morning of the fourth day I sit down next to her. I have a sack full of the standard breakfast treat giveaways. I offer her a carton of orange juice. No smile. She tears off the packaging and drops it on the ground. I offer her a breakfast snack food. No smile and she tears off the packaging and lets it drop to the boardwalk. Another Thai who loves to bleat about how special Thailand is but does not see despoilment through littering as a just a tad contradictory. But no matter—this is not about philosophy or environmentalism. This is about me taking her back to room 612 at the AA Hotel and tearing her clothes off and bonking her silly.

It is not going well with Miss Unresponsive. She obviously makes her 'living' doing the basest of deeds and I should be at least acceptable with my three pound gold watch, custom made clothes, laminated sole and heel crocodile shoes, shaved chest, and engorged private parts. But I can not get a smile out of her, or any conversation, or bright eyes, or even grateful acquiescence. She has seen me with others and she knows I am a player. But so far nothing. Nada. Zero. Goose Egg. Not a smile. Then my little retarded one drops the bomb.

She points to a liver spot (hey, I'm 58) on my elbow and pronounces that I have HIV.

If you can successfully cross streets long enough eventually you reach an age where you get little brown spots on your skin. I do not have a lot of them but I do have one or two. The process of aging is inexorable. So I have on my right elbow a little light brown spot. Up to now probably not one other human has noticed; or barring that, taken notice. And this human mistake with the roll of fat around the middle and the social aspect of a beagle dog has concluded that I have HIV and therefore am not on her horizon of men she will bestow her charms upon. I sit there in shock. Boy, talk about a conversation stopper. I wonder how many other girls on the boardwalk she has told this story to.

I have spent the last couple of days thinking that I was holding her in reserve for the awkward time when I run out of class A Skanks and have to dip into the Plan B Skanks; and she has maybe spent the same last couple of days cutting my legs off telling all the girls I have HIV marks on my arms. Boy oh boy: talk about drama on the boardwalk. Talk about the Thai experience.

I just love the jerks that tell you that you should be taking a Thai cooking class, or attending a ‘Mahout For A Day’ session at an elephant training camp, or watching a gem cutter in eastern Thailand load up the polishing drum and that will allow you to get to know the real Thailand. Thai cooking is all about condiments and spices and combinations? Ooh, you are so International. The mahouts and their families would benefit from government social welfare programs? Wait a minute—I’ll contact the United Nations. The gem dealers are unfairly maligned as liars and cheats? You talked to one! No you tourists, and family value people, and bible thumpers: if you want to get to know the real Thailand mix with the Thais. Dance with the Thais. And I do not mean going to a disco and watching Thais dance. I mean get out on the floor and dance. I can’t know as much about the culture of Thailand because all I do day after day after day is mix with the Thais, and you took a cooking class at the Oriental Hotel? You are kidding right?

I know you have more college degrees than I do, and you make more money than I do, and you consider yourself superior to me; so ... you can see how this does not make sense right? Well, than have some international respect for the men who travel long distances to talk to women. You may not respect their activities but saying they are not learning anything about the culture is just stupid. Every time, no exceptions, I engage a Thai lady in an activity of any kind I am learning about the culture of Thailand. Ask yourself this question: if you got thrown in jail who would you rather have come and get you: one of your cooking class friends or myself and one of my friends? I think you will pretty much find it an axiom that when the rubber of international experience meets the road and you are sweating bullets of fear, a wok or a ginger recipe is not a part of the culture that is going to do you any good. What you are going to need is a monger and his prostitute girlfriend who can talk to the police. Now, that is culture.

You say you are a single white woman and you want to learn about Thailand on your eleven day vacation to the Kingdom? OK, have sex with two Thai men a day for eleven days. Hey, and it won't be postcard easy either. You'll have to do all the work, and take all the risks, and live in a world of chance without guarantee. That'll teach you something about another culture. Come on down to the boardwalk and dance with me and my girls and you may learn a lot about Thailand. Wade into the dramas of men and women. That is what learning about another culture is all about. Anyway, my little overweight minx has poisoned the well of love for me here on the boardwalk in this month of January in the year 2008. Time to move on. Time to walk up Soi 13 and catch the baht bus to Soi 6 where the girls don't let a little thing like HIV get in the way of love.

NEXT

384. Unfinished Reverie

TT&A Part 332 16/6/2012

Hello Stickmanites and everyone who owes me money. Today Part Two of the Dana Quote Contest and then a nice story. In case you have forgotten the procedures for the Dana Quote Contest:

All procedures, policies, paperwork, and prizes will go through Dana Enterprises. Do not contact Stickman. He's too busy making bank runs, doing deals. and entertaining powerful people. I'm the one who loves you. It's always been me. No prizes awarded to members of the Dana Fan Club. They have an unfair advantage. And no, we have already received this question; you can not sleep with me to win the prize. Sweet Jesus On A Cracker. We will call this the Dana Quote Contest (DQC). It will only run fifteen times. Fifteen opportunities for you to be somebody and don't forget the first email with the correct answer gets the prize. And now the quote:

Dana Quote Contest #2

> *"Idiot can not make phone calls. I charge him 50 baht for cell phone calls. I stand in the middle of Soi 13/0 and yell to make it look difficult. Idiot."*—Anna, A.A. Hotel Activities Director.

and now for today's story ...

Unfinished Reverie

What's a reverie? Well, it is kinda like a daydream. Not a night dream but something you would be thinking about in a dreamy way during the daytime. For instance you might be staring at the attractive woman sitting across from you at work and having a dream about the two of you together. Or you might be dreaming of giant bat-like creatures crashing through your boss's window and tearing his face off. Another common reverie or daydream we all share is what we are going to do when we win the lottery. Houses, and boats, and fancy cars, and trips, and acts of charity populate these daytime dreams. I would spend the money on international sign up centers for the Church of Dana, and the Dana Fan Club, and the movement called Danaism but that is just me.

Anyway: I have had a Thai, and more specifically Pattaya, reverie for years. Daydreaming this drama gives me pleasure. So what I want to do now is to give you my reverie right up to the climax and then you can finish it. I'll lay it all out with all the information and all the details you need to know, and then you step in at the end and take over. The last thing you will hear from me is:

"Now you finish."

Why? Because if you finish the reverie then you will be more involved. This dream needs soldiers. I am recruiting.

To wit: if you read the Thai newspapers regarding Pattaya the amount of crime, and escalating crime, and violent crime is now impossible to ignore. An excellent example of one of these newspapers is the Pattaya City News. The front page broadsheet that you scroll through on the computer screen is crime after crime after crime. Much of it directed at foreigners and much of it perpetrated by male Thai punks on motorbikes. It is either the snatch and run, or the hold up. Local scum involved in crimes of opportunity against defenceless people on the lookout for Thai smiles. I hate these punks. I would like to do a little dance with this scum. Here is the plan—the reverie. And don't forget: I'll start but you finish.

Equipment:

1. Twelve 24", 30", and 36" 10mm gold chains including concave curb, brick upon brick, dual sliced cylinder, basket rope, and Gucci anchor chain styles.

2. Two ghetto style gold spinner watches, cash symbol gold money clip, gold plated dog tags, gold and diamond skull pendant, and gold rings and ear studs.

3. One Aussie style long duster coat of purple dyed crocodile with Velcro closures instead of buttons. Collar and sleeves cut away.

4. One sawed off pump action shotgun. Right side leg holster.

5. One Uzi sub machine gun hanging in a sling off my left shoulder.

6. Full body armor front and back including skirt to the mid thigh.

7. Backpack medical kit.

8. One pair disposable blue nitrile medical gloves.

Note: No night time sighting systems. This is not about marksmanship or hunting. Just putting down trash at point blank range. Ballistically the shotgun is overkill but it does three things. It stops conversations, it stops vehicles, and it stops witness involvement.

Time: 12:00 p.m. to 2:00 a.m.
Location: Any night time empty soi near high density Thai punks on motorbikes.

Reverie:

I jump off the baht bus at the corner of a soi on 2nd Road and sit at the nearest bar. There are bars at this unlikely place and they are choked with foreigners. Lots of action. There are Thai punks all over the place on their motorbikes. And they are not hanging out to find some foreigner to help them with English. It is a thieves' paradise potentially and bad news for any farang fool who knows too little, drinks too much, and decides to use the soi as a shortcut to Beach Road. The soi is dark with little traffic. No lights, no houses or shops, no vehicles, no people, and brush and trash and trees and snakes on both sides of the road. Looking for a place to do some business and dump some trash? Perfect. I love this road.

After enough time spent at the bar broadcasting my big wallet, and my neck full of huge gold chains, and my stupid rich idiot gold bling accessories; I step down to the street, hang a right, and start down the dark soi. It is dig down deep time now. Mind control, and breath control, and final commitments made. As I start down the soi and the darkness envelops me I do two things: I start to drag my right foot as if I am a cripple; and I start to put on the medical gloves. No need to leave prints. Dragging my foot and snapping and pulling at the blue gloves I look like a little strange farang. Sending a message: I am old, I am short, I am small, and I am weak. Bullies never fight in their own weight class. It is almost too easy.

It is just myself and the dark road for about fifty yards. I have chosen carefully because there is no moon tonight and it is overcast so there are no stars. Oh what fun we can have in the dark. A quiet time in the beautiful tropical Kingdom with night time sounds, and gentle breezes coming up from the ocean. Then the surprise. The two lights do not come from up behind me, but from up ahead. No matter. The two lights do not follow each other up the narrow road, but come up side by side and with a little extra power because the road slopes upward from Beach Road to 2nd Road. Four guys on two bikes and the drivers roar right up to my face holding out big kitchen knives and waving them at my gold neck chains. The passenger punks start to get off the backs of the bikes. That is when the evening's entertainment begins. A personal reverie enacted.

I drag my crippled foot forward, tear open the coat, bring the sawed off shotgun up on my right, take a breath, insert my trigger finger, feel the soft night wind on my eyeballs, and …!

“Now you finish.”

385. Latin and Dana Contest

TT&A Part 333 23/6/2012

Hello Stickmanites and Dana fans: today number three in the Dana Quote Contest (DQC).

Dana Quote Contest #3

> *"Personally I found hairy pubed shotgun wielding raven haired beauties with Mickey Mouse quilted long underwear a turn on. If you have never piled into a woman with a hot body and a cold nose who is still wearing snowshoes you have not done everything yet."*

You know what you have to do and you have to do it fast and as a reminder: all procedures, policies, paperwork, and prizes will go through Dana Enterprises. Do not contact Stickman. He's too busy making bank runs, doing deals. and entertaining powerful people. I'm the one who loves you. It's always been me. No prizes awarded to members of the Dana Fan Club. They have an unfair advantage. And no, we have already received this question; you can not sleep with me to win the prize. Sweet Jesus On A Cracker.

and now today's story ... it's about a contest also. One submission, two contests; get wired.

Latin And Dana Contest

The original house had been a one story crackerbox built on the top of the cliff overlooking Lake Superior. Lake Superior is more like an ocean than a lake and looking north towards Canada the views were fantastic. My new Thai wife loved it. But also fantastic was the winter wind coming down out of Canada five months of the year. Blew right through the house. Every year I would have to order two hundred and forty bales of hay and pile them up against the north side of the house to break the wind and save on fuel bills. My Isaan wife swaddled in clothes and gloves and hat against the weak northern light of upper Michigan learned to heave, and lever, and punch, and drag, and push, and lift bales of hay. She giggled with laughter: "American grass good—no snakes." My chest nearly burst from happiness.

Summers were great though, especially the beach parties. Winter's blowy cold forgotten, everyone would conga line out of the back door with backpacks and smiles before descending the three hundred feet to the beach of bleached driftwood and clean sand. Old jungle safari movies with hundreds of load carrying African natives had nothing on us. We picnicked in style with tables and chairs and ... ever do a beach party with furniture the way rich people do? Try it. Anyway ...

When my wife Sookie and I had been married four years (three children) I bulldozed the crackerbox and built a new larger home further down the slope. No more winter wind from Canada crashing into the house, and no more piling up bales of hay with my Isaan angel. Much better. Now the beach party conga line of summer bonfire revelers would have to climb up before they could stumble down. Small price.

Our last beach party included twelve people plus Rufus the wonder dog. Myself and my wife plus our three children Lookie, Dookie, and Rookie. When we were discussing having children my wife (Sookie) and I decided that I would name the boys with American names, and she could name the daughters with Thai names. She then proceeded to make nothing but girls. So I live with Sookie, Lookie, Dookie, and Rookie. No wonder monkeys in zoos jack off. Sometimes life can just get to you. The other six people at the party were Homer, Melville, Beckett, Yeats, Shaw, and Pound (a charity invitation). Oh, and I almost forgot: Sookie's visiting sister was also there (God, what a body). Her name is Nookie. Yup, you heard right: Sookie, Lookie, Dookie, Rookie, and Nookie. Remember the jacking off monkeys? Welcome to my life.

Anyway, after all the tables and chairs had been set up, the kids rounded up and yelled at, marshmallow sticks cut and whittled, bonfire stamped down into glowing coals, and cooking started: the six writers would start in with questions for me. Homer, and Melville, and Beckett, and Yeats, and Shaw, and Pound wanted to know:

1. Am I gifted or am I just brilliant?
2. Where do I get my plot and character ideas?
3. Am I able to mix with normal people?
4. Etc.

While my wife and her sister were making hot dogs, and burgers, and s'mores, and marshmallows-on-a-stick, and baked corn on the cob; I would tell the visiting gentlemen of the pen the secrets to writing soul stirring, hair raising, chiselled in quartz, brilliantine stories about Thailand. Most especially, I would reveal to them a writer's secret so special that it had to be whispered to each one individually. That secret to writing great Thai-farang stories and essays was ...

But that is not really what I want to talk about today. What I really want to talk about today is another Dana contest aka Latin and Dana. That's right Dana fans: get ready to rub your farang legs together like a cricket on yaa baa, another Dana contest is being announced. Call me crazy but I take this as proof that there is a God. From what other source could so much love come? Exactly.

Anyway, the contest name is Latin and Dana Contest. Probably a good idea to get your yellow legal pad and Isaan buffalo horn quill pen for note taking. Anyway, this is how it works: send in a

Latin word, or a Latin phrase, or a Latin sentence, or a Latin saying that best exemplifies what Dana means to you and get ready to count your cash. You could be a Latin and Dana Contest winner. I know … I know what you are thinking. Kinda takes your breath away, doesn't it? Latin snobbism, useless public intellectual posturing, competition, Dana, and prizes. Just call me a jacking off monkey.

Obviously, this contest is only open to smart people. That should weed out serial contest entrants of the soccer loving kind, people just making up Latin stuff that makes no sense, and teeruks who think 'et al' should be spelled 'et ar'. Standard International contest rules will apply. Presentations of contest winners will be in a short time room at the Windmill Bar on Soi Diamond off Walking Street in South Pattaya. If you are not familiar with the Windmill Bar here are a few hints. Leave your Bible, and your mother, and your girlfriend, and your wife, and your underpants at home. And forget about who you are, and what you are going to do with your life, blah blah blah. Once you enter the Windmill Bar you are officially in We Don't Give A Shit territory. You are going to break laws in public and you are going to be very very happy.

All contest winners will be wearing togas. I will be wearing a pink silk suit with pink alligator shoes, and all the girls will be naked and hiding your $100 prize Dana bills. Hiding? That's right. Gosh, I wonder where they could be hiding the bills? Now we kill the lights. Party time.

Examples of Latin that are constantly being shouted out at the office here at Latin and Dana Contest headquarters that exemplify the Dana experience are:

1. Amicule, deliciae, num is sum qui mentiar tibi? (Baby, sweet heart, would I lie to you?)

2. Ascendo tuum (up yours)—OK, I can take a joke but this is very handy when chatting with Latin speaking trannies on the boardwalk.

3. non compus mentis (not of sound mind)

4. quod me nutrit me destruit (What nourishes me also destroys me.)—yes, but I'll fight the man who tries to take my Viagra away.

5. Merda taurorum animas conturbit (Bullshit baffles brains)—OK, once again I can take a joke; but consider who I am talking to.

6. Non Gradus Anus Rodentum (Not worth a rat's ass)

7. Estne volumen in toga, an solum tibi libet me videre? (Is that a scroll in your toga, or are you just glad to see me?). I get this a lot from Latin speaking boardwalk cruisers. You knew that.

8. O tempora, O mores! (Oh the times, oh the morals)—smacks of Bible thumpers; forget the morals, just consider the times.

Easy huh? Sure, and fun too. And educational? You bet. We've got 'educational' up the ying yang here at Latin and Dana Contest world headquarters (A.A. Hotel)*. We're so flippin' smart we have figured out how to sell used reconditioned condoms to moralists. Making a fortune.

* Note: Latin and Dana Contest world headquarters office motto: Cum catapultae proscriptae erunt tum soli proscript cataputs habebunt (When catapults are outlawed, only outlaws will have catapults).

Can you earn bonus points? Yes you can earn bonus points. We honor goal setting, trail breaking, alpha mongers. Send in soi dogs barking in Latin, or mamasans shouting in Latin, or teeruks screaming (or pouting or crying) in Latin and bonus points can be yours. What do bonus points earn you? Stay tuned.

So enter early and enter often. Be a winner. And remember: nothing pleases like Latin snobbism, useless public intellectual posturing, competition, Dana, and prizes. Just call me a jacking off monkey.

Sincerely yours (Sincereliosum tuum),
Dana

386. Someday We Will Own It

TT&A Part 334 30/6/2012

First, some Dana fan business. In Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes—Part 332 a story named Unfinished Reverie asked 'you' the reader to provide the ending. A reader who goes by the moniker 'thethaiprofessor' sent in the following. I like it because it has an ending that I probably would not have thought of. So read it and see how much fun it is to participate as a reader/writer. By-the-way, this guy 'thethaiprofessor' wanted to meet me. Silly. Then he wanted me to invest in a braiding business on Khao San Road. Even sillier. Then he wanted to meet Fa. It never ends. Once you return email some of these guys it's like a shitstorm. That's why my most finely honed computer skill is blocking. I can hit the right keys in the dark during a hurricane while people are throwing durians at me. I've blocked more guys than a bar mamasan in an Indian neighborhood. Anyway, have fun with this ending.

"… Sweet Jesus on a crutch, I see Fa. Beautiful Fa. Fa who has ripped my heart out and strewn it in a thousand pieces along the dark dank sois that splinter off Beach Road. I forget about the four guys. I forget about the two bikes. I forget about the long kitchen knives. I have thoughts only for Fa. Fa the Magnificent. I take my finger off the trigger of the sawed off shot gun, forget the limp and walk, no, run! to Fa. I am running to Fa. The bad guys see me flee, and run after me. I am running to Fa and they are running after me. Fa starts to run. She is running to me. I am running to her. The four bad guys are running after me, and to Fa. There is a confabulation of running. I reach Fa and open my mouth to jam a tongue that feels a foot long down her throat. She sidesteps me neatly and I go crashing into a pile of used Sprite cans. Fa is now facing the four bad guys. They leap upon her with a roar as she pulls out a ladies derringer and quietly pops all four of them neatly in the forehead. She turns to me as I lay there panting among the Sprite cans, kneels down, unzips me, and as she is moving her sweet mouth down to me, and breathes soft warm breaths on my exposed manhood she looks up to me and quietly murmurs:

“Now you finish.”

Would I make any changes? Yeah, maybe. I might have had Fa pull out two ladies derringers with two bullets per gun. A more dramatic visual. But it is a little thing. I like this. And now for a story titled:

Someday We Will Own It

One of the xenophobically inspired reasons given by Thais for not allowing foreigners to own property in Thailand is that they (the foreigners) might BUY PARTS OF THAILAND.

Lots of foreigners, lots of money—little Thailand, little money. The foreigners may end up owning everything. All the land, all the businesses. Many foreigners have already made inroads: the Chinese own the banks, Indians people almost control tailoring and are branching out into real estate, many of the Hi-So women listen to rich foreigners, creative financing and legal dodges combined with lenient leasing arrangements already place industries and companies in foreign hands, and some non-Thais have figured out how to buy (and sell) condos and other forms of property. The Thais sit on their hands and shuffle their feet in the dust hoping the government will protect them. Fat chance. They worry about the future. Hence one of the reasons it is almost impossible to get a Thai passport if you are a non-Thai.

A xenophobic snake is a snake and to be respected, but still; xenophobia tends to blind one to logic, and to reason, and to good government, and the strategy behaviors that make a success of the future. Not so the foreigners. Foreigners are smart and Thais know it. They have farang directed fun at our expense but they sleep less well if we are in the house. We are smart and they know it. Hence the juvenilia of misdirected hostility. Nobody has done anything to them and so why are they so hostile? They are nervous, that's why. Beware the nervous animal.

There are so many politically correct things we could say regarding this social-political situation but why don't we just say what is on our minds and what is in our hearts? Children act this way—why can't we act this way? To wit: it would be GREAT to own Thailand. Naturally, I'll be in charge and naturally we will change the name from Thailand to Danaland. You knew that. Some changes ...

1. No Immigration lines and no Immigration officers at Suwannaphum. All they do is terrorize you and be rude to you. Instead, the entire terminal building will be converted into one giant gogo bar. One hundred live bands, five hundred bartenders, ten thousand Go-Go girls, and fifty thousand freelancers. There's a party going on—welcome to Danaland.

2. Next, all incoming non-Thais will report to the H.H. Dept.—Handguns Handout. Every arriving foreigner over the age of thirty will receive one handgun and one thousand bullets. Run out of bullets? Just ask for more. This is Danaland. We understand your needs. You ordered a banana pancake and they brought you fish eye soup? You know what to do.

3. Currency Exchange Window. You don't have to do this anymore at the airport. There is no currency exchange in Danaland. Just tell them how much Thai baht you want (up to 100,000 baht) and they just give it to you. It is free. And if they shortchange you on free money ... you know what to do. Remember, you were issued a thousand bullets and more can be

had on demand. Don't ration your emotions. Let the Thais know how you feel. It is all about international relations.

4. Taxi Line. The taxi line is history. Taxies will be lined up in over-abundance 24/7, no meter and no charge, and all taxies will have prominently displayed customer service signs that say:

"If I Displease You In Any Way, Wait Until I Take You To Your Destination, Then Shoot Me."

5. Arrival at the Mothership. No front desk check-in procedures of any kind. You will be met at the door with a key, a wei, and a whore. I might also be there just hanging around. We'll shake hands and have our picture taken. No charge. Of course the hotel is free. This is Danaland.

Well, guys—you are now in the Kingdom. What other changes would you like to see as Thailand becomes Danaland? Just send in your ideas to Dana Enterprises c/o Buying Thailand Project and I will have my people get in touch with your people for a power lunch and a power point presentation. It would be GREAT to own Thailand.

Sincerely yours,
Dana

P.S.—Bad news for some of you. When we finally own the Kingdom and Siam has finally reached it's final incarnation as Danaland and I am in charge: I am going to get rid of all the white skinned Hi-So wannabes. No more skin whitening products will be sold. Back to basics. Isaan products only. You'll all thank me. If the skin is not the same color as belt leather and if the feet are not shaped like canoe paddles then those girls will be shipped to China. Again, you'll thank me.

387. Wrong Conclusions

TT&A Part 335 7/7/2012

Hello Stickmanites and Dana Fans: today number four in the Dana Quote Contest followed by the main story called Wrong Conclusions. Enjoy.

Dana Quote Contest #4

"Every farang a blond God—
Every teeruk's stomach soft as wheat ...
Imagine what Wagner could have written—
If he had visited Walking Street."

Remember: all procedures, policies, paperwork, and prizes will go through Dana Enterprises. Do not contact Stickman. He's too busy making bank runs, doing deals. and entertaining powerful people. I'm the one who loves you. It's always been me. No prizes awarded to members of the Dana Fan Club. They have an unfair advantage. And no, we have already received this question; you can not sleep with me to win the prize. Sweet Jesus On A Cracker. The earliest email with the correct answer is the winner.

Wrong Conclusions

Well, you've only got two chances when it comes to conclusions. Correct conclusion or incorrect conclusion. I guess the title should be 'INCORRECT CONCLUSIONS' because the word wrong refers to moral issues, but heck; everybody knows what I mean. And maybe, now that I think about it; the 'moral' part isn't so off base anyway. So what am I talking about? I am talking about the judgemental couple that was sitting next to us. Who's us?

I have a 7 p.m. appointment to meet an expat from Bangkok. He is driving up from southern Thailand where he has been on a professional photo shoot so we decide to meet in Pattaya for dinner. He picks me up in front of the steps of the A.A. Hotel and we end up at the new mall opposite Soi 13/0 on 2nd Road. The plan had been to go to the fabulous and tasteful New Orleans restaurant run by food impresario Steve on Soi Pattayaland 2 but my dinner companion made some negative remarks about the neighborhood (Gee, I thought it was a great red light district) so that was nixed. Anyway, we ended up at the brand new mall on 2nd Road. Neither one of us has been to this new mall before but we discover Shenanigan's restaurant on the second floor. It is a very nice restaurant. Big, western standards, and a nice menu. You have to be careful not to frighten the waitresses, but hey; that's normal in the Kingdom.

I go Irish and have liver and onions—I do this because it is a guarantee foodwise. It is impossible to screw up cooking liver and onions. I also order liver and onions because I delude myself into thinking that it will function as some sort of nutritional counter balance to my normal diet of Swenson's Ice Cream (I always order Chewy Chocky Fancy), and chicken breasts cooked over toxic hibachi coals. Lately, because of nervousness about how well the chicken is cooked; I have taken to lifting up the wire screen and putting the chicken directly on the coals. This usually causes the Thai cook to flip out but I insist. So now I do not have to worry about undercooked chicken meat, but it is probably even more full of poisonous charcoal fumes. Thailand. You can't win, all you can do is party.

Anyway, I have happy memories of Shenanigan's when it was in the basement on 2nd Road next to the Marriott; but this is even better. No loud band that makes conversation a chore. And for me, to be across 2nd Road and outside my briar patch - well; I almost feel as if I am on a date. Normally, I don't leave the Pattaya red light district except to get a bus back to the airport and

Boston. Jesus, I feel like I am having an adventure. A couple of hours without bad girls. Amazing.

The photographer expat and I have never met before except for Internet contacts. He asks me if I would like to see a photo shoot on his laptop of a modeling session. Who is going to say “No” to this? Pretty soon the laptop is on the restaurant table; and he begins to walk me through the pictures of a woman. There are many pictures and we scroll through them. Each picture is slightly different, or more than slightly different because she is posed, or facially expressive in different ways in each picture. Lots to look at, and lots to remark on, and lots to think about.

The screen is mostly facing me. No one else can see the pictures except me and my photographer friend if we move it a little bit. So it is private thing. He talks about the things he knows about; the business, and the professional social parts of the photographer model relationship, and technical stuff. I talk about what I can talk about; which is aesthetics, and reactions to each shot, and other more generic stuff. I am not a photographer. A camera coming in contact with me is a death sentence. I t is only a matter of time before I throw it away. I have no interest in model photography either; in fact if I had to take photos of beautiful women I would probably die from boredom, but this is a one time thing so it is fun. We are both having fun. Scrolling back and forth through the pictures and making comments. The model herself? A father’s daughter. A wonderful salt of the earth Thai person who does not deserve anything but respect. She is having fun having her picture taken. This is her idea. She is smiling. She is involved. She is an adult. A beautiful young woman reveling in her youth, at ease with her beauty, and excited about her life. The kind of person the world needs. A happy person. Emotionally stable and fun.

So who is the judgemental couple? Next to us. Next to our table was a farang couple. Looked like husband and wife and probably from the States. And you could tell: I could tell, and then later outside the restaurant I found out that my friend had also noticed, that they were disapproving of us. Through body language, and face language, and eye language they were communicating that they did not approve of us and what we were doing. They could not see the pictures we were looking at and remarking about on the screen, but they knew that if two adult males are having fun talking about a woman, and looking at pictures of a woman; it must be wrong. Fifty percent of the world's population is female but apparently it is wrong to ever look at one, or remark on one if you are a man. Funny, I must have missed that meeting.

So what did I do? What did I do when I noticed that we were getting disapproval? I didn't do anything. I did not alter my part of my life in any way. I was not doing anything improper. What did my friend do during this fun dinner in which he was enthusing about a part of his professional photography career when he saw that the man and the woman at the next table were disapproving of us? He did not do anything. He did not change, or alter, or disguise, or retool his self or his life or his fun or his enthusiasms in any way. He did not have to. We were not doing anything improper.

So if you are from another far away place and you decide to come to Thailand: be careful about making judgements. And do not make too many assumptions about your ability to influence. Thailand is a tough gig and only the tough survive. We are not going to pay any attention to whether you approve of us or whether you do not approve of us. We have left the need to defend our selves, and our needs, and our actions, and our enthusiasms behind. We are finally free. You are not a part of the equation for any one of us.

Did I have any regrets about this dinner date with my friend of accomplishment, and talent, and style, and education, and character? Only one: I kind of wished one of these stupid people at the next table had said something. Something aggressive, and public, and disapproving about what they thought we were doing. Then we could have turned the laptop around and shown them what we were looking at. And we could have said in unison:

“Be careful about reaching the Wrong Conclusions.”

388. Mothership

TT&A Part 336 14/7/2012

Greetings Stickmanbangkokites and Dana fans. Here is Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes—Part 336 which starts with Dana Quote Contest #5 and then the story titled Mothership. Enjoy.

Dana Quote Contest #5

> *"Coming down the highway there were eight coal black crotch rockets with Karen silver swords in scabbards in the front and four follow-up Harleys with handlebar racked four barrel revolving Belgian shotguns in the rear. All cycle riders were Bang Kwang prison parolees anxious to make a new start. A covering fire and communications helicopter flew overhead. Centered in this moving arsenal of success and commitment to leader were three gold flake, tinted window stretch limos with armored undercarriages and dragster fuel injection systems. All three cars were carrying passengers who looked like Stick. Two were impostors committed to decoy and protect. Only one vehicle had the leader and that was the one pumping out Ludicrous at maximum volume while back seat smilers tipped their heads at Stick's every word and contemporary history anthropology students recorded all for posterity. The Stickman was riding high again."*

OK guys (and guyettes), you know the Dana Quote Contest rules. Be the first one in with the correct source of the above quote and you win a prize. And now the main event. An essay titled:

Mothership

Greetings Stickmanbangkokites and lesser mortals: Dana here with a story you will at first glance be scarcely able to credit, but I swear with my balls on a pile of Ping's underpants that every word is true. To wit: I have been corresponding for years with a friend (well, not any more) in California who is also of the monger tribe. This Internet relationship has been OK I guess, except for the fact that he is wrong about almost everything; and I have to constantly email block him. You know how it is with the people in your life: you just consider the source. But there are limits.

On Wednesday the 16th of April I was sitting in front of the monitor screen minding my own business (farangdingdong.com) when I received an incoming email from him. In this email he apprised me of the fact that the Nana Hotel room rates had gone up, and a better deal could be had around the corner on Sukhumvit at the Majestic Hotel. And, by wrongheaded inference, the Majestic Hotel was a better hotel than the Nana Hotel. I know what you are thinking and I know what you are feeling. Me too. I sat and read this in slack jawed wonderment. A better hotel than the Nana Hotel? What's next? The moon is made of green cheese? There is such a thing as military intelligence? I am really tall? Exactly. Generally speaking there are only two things you can count on in life. And those two things are that in a descent into madness; it is a descent, and it is madness. But still; some things are beyond debate. Another hotel better than the Nana Hotel? Pleaaaassssse.

First of all, scientifically and objectively speaking, the Nana Hotel of Soi 4 off Sukhumvit Road in Bangkok Thailand is the finest hotel in the world. Ask yourself this question: where else can you stagger in with a drug addicted prison escapee tranny and absolutely no one notices or cares? Exactly. Who looks foolish now? Where else do you have to dodge and slalom through a car park full of skanks and cruisers just to get to the Mini-Mart? Exactly. Who looks foolish now? Where else is there a hotel with a lounge lizard known as 500 baht Walt? What are you paying? Exactly. Who looks like a horse's ass now? Where else does a simple return to the hotel any time of the day or night include getting propositioned in the car park, hit on in the lobby, smiled at in front of the ID card table, groped in the elevator, and followed by the world's most beautiful females right to your door? Think you are going to get propositioned and groped at the Majestic? Forget about it. That place is run by retired shrimp farm women wearing 'I Hate Men' buttons.

Not to put too fine a point on it: the Nana Hotel is known as the MOTHERSHIP and the Majestic Hotel is known as the 'hotel around the corner'. As Bernard Trink once blurted out when he caught me with my pants down: "Nuff Said". OK, that may be a little inside for some of you newbies, but believe me when I tell you; I just made a salient point. Anyway, checking into the Nana is like checking into Paradise. You have left all Earthly cares and woes behind, and you are now floating on a Thai hotel cloud so choked with hookers that it will be a miracle if your baby maker does not drop off. And if you are checking in during the daytime there is a front desk woman there with straight black hair to her rear and silver bracelets to her elbows. I don't care where you are from you have never seen a woman like this. Never has she not been charming, and never has she been accessible. Oh exquisite pain. What hurts more than the syringe just beyond reach? The lover beyond touch? The heart you can not share? Oh God, the needle like pains in the tops of the eyeballs from what you can not have?

A couple of years ago the management of the hotel made her start wearing a blue coat with long sleeves to cover up her jewelry. During her day shift it was just pretty much continual low level pandemonium with men from all over the world trying to chat her up, and look at her, and ask her name, and make inane conversation, and take pictures of her. Some of these jerks would push ahead of me. Pigs. Anyway, think you are going to get anything like that at the Majestic? Well, do you? I'll tell you what they have at the front desk at the Majestic Hotel on Sukhumvit. Harelips. Not that that is a bad thing. I'm just sayin'. Harelips. Harelips on old fat retired fish farm women. Not that that is a bad thing. I'm just sayin'.

Majestic hotel. What a joke. No car park hookers, no pool, no fabulous breakfast buffet, no whirlpool, no Pattaya bus service, no restaurant, no Angels Disco, no waterfall, no car park hookers, no great location opposite the Nana Entertainment Plaza, no car park hookers, no! I think I have made my point. Did I mention no car park hookers? Anyway, It is the MOTHERSHIP. Comparing the MOTHERSHIP to the Majestic is like comparing a 44" bust to an A cup. Hey, it's your choice.

So I think it goes without saying and saying and saying that I have once again (and for the last time) computer blocked this guy from California. What if my mother had read his email? How would I have explained that to her? Exactly. He is now known here at Dana Central as Mr. Insane Man (MIM) and we have initiated the paperwork to have him immediately and with extreme prejudice excommunicated from the IMS (International Monger Society). Standards. Loose lips sink ships and he turned himself into a regular Titanic when he made that bone head remark about the Majestic Hotel being a better deal than the Nana Hotel. Pleaasssssse. We knew gross and egregious monger treason when we heard it, and we knew what had to be done, and we took action. More surprise him on his next trip to the Kingdom when he is stopped at Immigration because they have a computer note that says he does not fulfill standard monger intelligence.

He is, as of this typing moment, officially banned by the IMS (International Monger Society) from picking up the most wonderful skanks, cruisers, drug addicts, diseased, wild eyed, anorexic, violent, and emotionally unstable honey bunnies in the world (aka Nana Car park). His punishment is stored on the karma wheel and his punishment will strike him when he least expects it. No one will help him. Ever seen a half dead snake in the road in Isaan because the first car did not kill it? What does the next car coming along do? That's right: it goes out of it's way to line up it's wheels and put the stupid useless snake out of business. This MIM (Mr. Insane Man) from California should be listening for the sound of cars coming.

You know what the real issue here is? Well, I'll tell you. Mr. Insane Man from California (who I am never speaking to again) has a bee in his bonnet about 'in the room' safes. He had a room safe in his tree house in La La Land when he was ten years old, so if a hotel does not have a safe in the room then he is not a player. Mr. Too Good For The Rest Of Us thinks he is slumming. Safes in the rooms? If he wants a safe in his room maybe he should go down to Soi Pattayaland 3 in South Pattaya and check into the Ambiance Hotel in Boyztown where the clients are all a bunch of poofs, and wiggly walkers, and limp wrists, and pansy talkers.

Ambiance Hotel: "No sir Mr. Dana, there is no problem if you are straight here. We support all forms of love. And if I can be absolutely candid; your engorged private parts pushing out against those thin blue elephant beach pants would be very welcome on the fourth floor in room 406 at 11:00 tonight. We have ways of delaying the inevitable and you will experience delicious love pain of the colon emptying kind."

Me: "OK, just one question. Can I bring a straight or tranny guest?"

Ambiance Hotel: “Of course, but any love child you bring to the hotel must have an ID card.”

Me: “What?”

Ambiance Hotel: “We have standards.”

Me: “Standards? It’s a bang house for back door slammin’ and butt darts.”

Ambiance Hotel: “Would you like to check in or not?”

Me: “How many of the mirrors here are one way mirrors?”

Ambiance Hotel: “Sir, I am very busy.”

Me: “OK, just one more question. If I do find myself in room 406 tonight after 11:00; and I end up standing on a box naked with my wrists in pink furry handcuffs hanging from the ceiling: where am I going to put my wallet?”

Ambiance Hotel: “Don’t worry, we have room safes.”

Safes in the rooms Mr. California? Come on, man up. Take your hand and put it down between your legs and see if you have any balls. Nana Hotel guys are not room safe guys. The MOTHERSHIP does not have any jive ass safes in the rooms. Hell, the lobby Gift Shop run by the two elderly sisters doesn’t even sell condoms.

Sincerely yours,
Dana

Postscript: Oh, and I just thought of something else that almost no one knows about the Nana Hotel of Bangkok. It is rated as a three star budget hotel but it is actually a five star luxury hotel. How is that you ask? Simple, the Nana Hotel pays fees and bribes and incentives all over the world to travel industry people to list and market the hotel as a three star hotel. Why?

Well, if it was listed as a five star hotel a lot of rich people would be attracted to staying there and they would inflate the car park skank market. The little dark skinned almond eyed honey bunnies would want more than 500 baht. And this would upset the hotel's regular customers. So as a service to their regular customers the Nana Hotel insists on only being listed as a three star hotel. If that is not five star hotel customer service then you can fish slap me with a harelip's panties.

389. Ass Itch

TT&A Part 337 21/7/2012

Dana note: I am seeking investors to help me register, run, and defend the domain name: StayAwayFromFa.com. I tried to get GoDaddy.com to help me with this and they said they did not do business with people who wave at trannies. So I am going to need some help with this. I mentioned this GoDaddy problem to Fa and she wanted to know how much Daddy would pay her for 'short time no anal'. So as you can see it is already a bumpy road here in Danaville. All correspondence on this issue is of course confidential. Ownership percentages will be zero. It's all about me. You knew that.

Contact:

Dana Enterprises
South Road
Pattaya, Thailand.
Attn: Bitchin' cool URL Dept.

P.S. Do not leave any correspondence or money with Fa on the boardwalk. You might as well just throw it out the window. There have been some incidents. Sweet Jesus on a cracker what an idiot.

and now for Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes—Part 337. Enjoy.

Greetings and salutations Stickmanbangkok.com aficionados and Dana Fan Club wannabees. I am temporarily in Boston where the last couple of days it has been 95 - 99 degrees. And humid. Reminds me of Thailand, except for the women. You couldn't get a smile out of a woman here if you attached a joke book to a howitzer shell and shot it up her ass. Oh well.

Today the next installment of the Dana Quote Contest (DQC6), and then a hard hitting, precedent setting essay called

Ass Itch. I'm sending Ass Itch in to the 2013 Nobel prize committee in the category of Dana Writing and the Humanities. I don't think the principal female character's name of Poontang Humpalot will have any effect on the essay being considered for the year 2013's top prize for Literature and Peace. Great writing is like that. Anyway, wish me luck.

Dana Quote Contest #6

Remember: all procedures, policies, paperwork, and prizes will go through Dana Enterprises. Do not contact Stickman. He's too busy making bank runs, doing deals. and entertaining powerful people. I'm the one who loves you. It's always been me. No prizes awarded to members of the Dana Fan Club. They have an unfair advantage. And no, we have already received this question; you can not sleep with me to win the prize. The earliest email with the correct answer is the winner. Bye-the-way, this is a competitive event. I have already received some complaining from losers. Try and act like men. And now the quote:

> *"Thailand has 96 national parks, and 100 wildlife sanctuaries, and 65 forest parks. I have never been to one of them and it is popular on Thai-farang websites for expats and tourists to say that they will never visit these natural oases that make up 13 percent of the country as long as the Kingdom practices double pricing. This ethical stand pales a little next to the fact that we are losing an opportunity to get to know Thailand, or to look into a kaleidoscope time machine and witness a little of what Siam was all about. Just an opinion."*

and now the main event:

Ass Itch

> *"It will be evident that the engine driver and guards having such time table with them will be enabled to regulate the*

> *speeds of the different trains with great exactness, and in cases where special trains are required the diagonal lines of their speed can at once be determined and ruled on the table, so as to enable the engine drivers to avoid all preceding trains which they may have to pass; for by the table the engineers will not only know the speed at which they are to move, but they will ascertain at sight positions where all preceding trains ought to be at any moment of time."* —Charles Ybry

OK, say this in Thai. Speak to a Thai with such fluency that he/she can do three things: hear you and save the aural information, process (comprehend) what he/she heard, repeat it back to you without error. That is cross language fluency. Oh, go ahead; remember, you said you could speak Thai.

Seem too tough? Does this seem unfair? OK, you give me three examples that are fair of your ability to speak Thai:

1. Me want rice.
2. Your nipples hard.
3. Planes land Bhumi.

You can't speak Thai. However, I am nothing if not accommodating to your complaint. So let me present you with a simpler fluency test. To wit:

> *"The issues of timetable design are at the heart of envisioning data—large arrays of fussily annotated numbers, thick information densities, type and image together, and multivariate techniques for narrating what is a four or five variable story."* —Christian Barman

OK, now you've got me? You say that is not a fair example test because the word 'fussily' is not easily translated into Thai? You shouldn't have to be a translator, only a linguistic transcriber with the proper tones to speak Thai fluently? Incorrect. Fluency does involve translation skills from one bundle of language concepts to another bundle of language concepts. That is your job as a communicator. You can't speak Thai. Three examples? You want to give me three more examples of things you can say fluently in Thai? OK:

1. Where is toilet seat?
2. Ass itch.
3. Where is toilet paper?

You can't speak Thai. But it doesn't matter. Your girlfriend, Poontang Humpalot, is genuinely glad to see you. Her 50,000 watt smile reflects the fact that you are going to make her so happy. Later, when describing to her friends your attempts at fluency she and her friends will laugh so hard they will almost lose control of their bladders. They will gasp and wheeze and snort, get rib pain, go temporarily blind and lose the ability to breath as they imitate your attempts at speaking Thai. You can't speak Thai.

But it doesn't matter.

Wait a minute: you are waving your arms like a customer trying to catch soap bubbles at a shower show. You want another chance? Challenge you with something difficult and you'll try harder? You weren't really trying before? OK, say this in Thai:

> *"Specifically, we show that variation in male secondary sexual character with two conspicuous extremes and the corresponding variance in female mating preference around no preference may jointly evolve into bimodel distributions with increasing modal divergence of male and female traits, pulling a population apart into two prezygotically isolated populations."*—M. Higashi, G. Takioto, and N. Yamamura

That example is not fair? Why not? You said to challenge you; that you were not really trying before. It's not a fair example because nobody knows what the word 'prezygotically' means?

OK, I give the floor to you. Give me three examples of something complex that you can say in the Thai language with 100% comprehension by the Thais:

1. Those are my mother's underpants you found under the bed.
2. I don't need to take Viagra for myself, it's a research project.
3. It takes big heavy balls to play Snooker.

Well, I'm breathless. Those are more complex sentences than 'Ass itch.' Congratulations. One can only wonder how many times you might need these sentences while resident in the Kingdom but still, they are complex communications. Two are somewhat stunning declarative sentences, and the third example sentence involves a comma. But remember, language fluency is not just repeating like a metronome set sentences that you have learned like:

"Where is the bathroom?"

Language fluency is tested by you being able to translate from your native language into the Thai language speech or text you have never seen or heard or used before. Example: deliver this to me in Thai. I know that your native language is Eskimo-West Greenland Danish but remember, you told me that you could speak Thai.

> *"In any case, whether the consciousness of activity is due to sensations and images of movements alone, or whether the outgoing part of the impulse and its preparatory organization help to make up consciousness, there is no doubt about the importance of incipient and imaginal movement in experience."*—Principles of Literary Criticism by I.A .Richards

Can't do it? Of course you can not do it. You can not speak Thai. But it is OK. And lying about it as a talisman of hipness is OK too. You are a simpleton and a fool but I forgive you. I like you.

You're a fun guy. You can't speak Thai and you can't stop lying about it but it does not matter. Oops, I see your girlfriend Poontang Humpalot coming and she has a 50,000 watt smile just for you. She knows you are going to try to speak Thai and it is going to make her very very happy. You are a lucky guy.

390. My Mother Died

TT&A Part 338 28/7/2012

Quote of the week:

> *"Whenever Mrs. Kissel breaks wind we beat the dog."*
> —from the movie '10'.

Try and say that in Thai.

Hello Dana fans and ceiling fans (I've had two scorpion bowls with Fa—we made them ourselves in her apartment):

First a quote from the Dana Quote Contest #7. Remember, the first email to identify the source gets the prize. And further remember, do not contact the Stickmeister about this. As usual it is all on me. Who loves ya baby? Dana does.

Dana Quote Contest #7

> *"Slow airspace responders were cannoned to the ground and then barbecue assed with flamethrower bloom just so they would not think it was an accident: "Eat dirt yet ped." Children and the elderly were encouraged to move with a Gatling gun firing wet soi dog turds. The combined zygopteras pink fuselaged firepower of 20mm cannons, and rocket launchers, and grenade launchers, and flame throwers, and anti-tank missiles, and 50 caliber door guns was impressive but nothing struck fear into the ground dwellers more than the giant bow mounted rotating cluster self-feeding reciprocating Gatling gun that could fire 900 huge wet soi dog turds per minute. Flame throwers? Scary. Anti-tank missiles? Not going to be a good day. Being harassed with 50 caliber bullets and tracers? A downer. But nothing was worse than being chased and surrounded and then targeted and brought down by wet soi dog turds. Forget face after that. You just had to move out of the neighborhood. Ever seen a soi dog smile?*

> *Dogs hiding and watching thought humans getting the Gatling gun sloppy soi dog turd treatment was the funniest thing they had ever seen. Another reason you had to move."*

And now continuing with the recent Bits and Pieces theme: an Introduction followed by an essay and then a true story.

Introduction

'At one time on the island of Madagascar there existed a lemur the size of a gorilla.'

Reading is not the same as gift receiving. You have to earn comprehension, and information, and pleasure. To make sense of 'At one time on the island of Madagascar there existed a lemur the size of a gorilla.' you have to know about the island of Madagascar, you have to know what a present day lemur is, and you have to know how big a gorilla is. Readers criticizing writers should ask themselves when was the last time that they used the dictionary, or a map atlas, or looked at a globe or a map or a chart. Active intelligent fun reading sometimes requires tools. Ask your average reader to list his/her reading tools. You will get a look of incomprehension.

I'm not a big fan of definition indexes because they usually seem too basic to me: as if the writer or the publisher was not really committed to the concept except as page filling fodder; but I sometimes think that a definition index for Thai-farang websites that feature Thai-farang genre writing might be helpful for new readers. For example: what is a teeruk? It can be kind of a drag for the writer to have to dumb down his story or essay by having to eliminate words like this.

> *"But I subdued myself, setting my heel on the throat of my own song."*—Vladimir Mayakovski

Anyway, I am developing the opinion that an attached index would be helpful to everyone. Maybe this Reader's Submission part of this website should start with a Thai-farang 'words-of-interest' dictionary. Another example: what is Danaism? You get the idea.

Anyway, that is not really what I want to talk about today. Let us start with an essay and then we will finish with a story. Enjoy.

My Mother Died

My mother died two years ago. I should be over it by now. I am not over it by now because I loved her so much and now I am sad that she is gone? No. Between my twenty-fifth year and my sixtieth year I never called her once and I never wrote to her once. OK, we were not exactly joined at the heart. She was not a perfect mother and I was not a perfect son. Still, I am left with regret. I wish I had been a perfect son.

Dad was part of the equation. From age twelve I loathed him. To visit or to call or to write to mom was to almost certainly make contact with him. That was not going to happen. I sacrificed my mom on the alter of my contempt for my father. I was not alone. My sister was the better more responsible sibling but she has informed the nursing home in Massachusetts that she is not going to fly 3000 miles from California upon his death. She told them to just throw the body in the street. Good for her. When she told me this over the phone it was our only bonding moment as brother and sister. I imagine standing on the curb taking pictures as cars and trucks run over him.

Of course life and your life should not be like this. Our personal fantasies of family should not be so filled with lack of contact, regret, contempt, and dreams of violence. We all wish for happier times and happier results and happier memories. Closure Counts is a fantasy mantra tune we all sing.

I sometimes imagine that it might be nice to be there at the end for the wonderful Thai ladies that have smiled at me. Closure and good intentions and a squeeze of the hand. Respect and well-intentioned love at the end. Me holding a hand and kissing their eyes. But, of course, for so many reasons, that probably wouldn't work either. I guess it is going to be a lonely life of failure and anger and regret. And the Thailand experience can not be depended upon to make up for previous emotional deficits. Not even the Kingdom's prostitutes want to receive a phone call, or a letter, or a visit in the hospital from me. They don't hate me, they are just indifferent. Even worse, and more evidence that you should not count on your Thai experience making up for the past. When you get off the plane Thailand is a start over and you can not reasonably expect anyone to care.

I miss my mother. I think. Maybe what I really miss is the opportunity to do our relationship correctly that I blew through youth, and stupidity, and selfishness. I'll miss every wonderful Thai lady that was nice to me. I guess that is how my life is going to end. Missing people who don't miss me. And what does the wisdom of age tell me? It is what it is. And time only moves forward. Do not expect Thailand to erase the past. God does not care about geography, only souls. Thailand or the place you came from, you will have to try very hard to be different. And while trying to be different than before you will clutch and grab at every nice moment and positive sign like a drowning man reaching and lurching and scrambling for debris in the water. Every good time and happy smile directed at you will be like fireflies of hope in your soul's night sky. Sure you are in a different place but you are still you. It's a tough gig.

Beware because it is easy to be beguiled by energy and motion. Endless hope and splashing in the water does not always mean that you are moving forward and leaving the past behind.

Listen to F. Scott Fitzgerald from The Great Gatsby: “Gatsby believed in the green light, the orgiastic future that year by year recedes before us. It eluded us then, but that’s no matter — tomorrow we will run faster, stretch out our arms farther ... And one fine morning ... So we beat on, boats against the current, borne back ceaselessly into the past.”

Looking at the broken poems having one too many beers in a Kingdom bar it is easy to imagine them as boats sailing forward but going backward. I used to be unkind about these human wrecks but now I wonder if I am so different and if I was correct. Maybe these men we are so quick to judge and so anxious to beat on are broken poems. Living haikus without sense or rhyme, facing forward but going backwards; prisoners of time.

Anyway, sizzling hot days and falling coconuts by night are not enough to make up for sins of omission and sins of commission in your past. You did not call your mother on her birthday? A sin of omission. You did call your mother on her birthday but you talked to her in a thoughtless manner? A sin of commission. My Fa is a mother now. I watch her daughter for future sins. Sins against a mother’s love. People are all we have and love is all that counts. Even a bad daughter of a good whore will be loved more than I will be loved, but I try to make a contribution. I try to set an example. The daughter will never see me treat the mother with disrespect. Thailand is my Petri dish for self-improvement.

I don’t dream of Buddha so I have no chance for reincarnation. I only have now and now and now. I do my best but life is a big equation with a lot of variables and diminishing time. Many parts and pieces. But without Siam’s desperation, and Buddhism’s fatalism, and Thailand’s abdication of individual respect maybe I have a chance to be a better son. I wish I had been a perfect son. Sorry mom.

And now today's story titled:

Another True Story

The Sisters of the Divine Church of Purgatory of Pattaya (SDCPP) asked me and asked Fa to do a slide show presentation on the life of a prostitute on the boardwalk in Pattaya. Priests, nuns, cardinals, noviates, and … everyone came. There were twenty-eight sisters in attendance. A sheet for a projection screen was hung up between two palm trees. Chiang Mai Kelly handled announcements and entry hand stamps, 500 Baht Walt provided the folding metal chairs, Bang from Isaan served refreshments (chili lemonade, chili donuts, chili mints, and chili hand wipes), and Pattaya Gary handled security. Emma and her pre-op transvestite friends provided Catholic hymn singing while chairs were filling up (Nearer My Tranny To Thee, My Farang Loves Me—He Tells Me So, and Silent Night, Whoring Night).

The Sisters of the Divine Church of Purgatory of Pattaya were hoping that the informational session would be able to give them the information they needed to lead the prostitutes away from the Devil and towards Jesus. At least that was the avowed intention and the agenda. Women who dream of sleeping with Jesus judging women who send hard earned money home to buy schoolbooks and new clothes for their children. Turning happy well adjusted ladies away from happy well adjusted foreigners and toward God. Anyway, I did the speechmaking and Fa operated the carousel slide projector.

The next morning all twenty-eight Sisters of the Divine Church of Purgatory of Pattaya showed up on the boardwalk opposite Soi 13/0. They wanted Fa to teach them how to walk, and how to talk, and how to smile at men from Tasmania and Tokyo and Boston and Christ Church and Manila. They wanted men in their lives. They wanted Fa to teach them how to stand under the palm trees and do make-up. Goodbye Jesus, hello Sven and Bruce and Pedro and Marcel and … a Cardinal showed up. He wanted to meet Emma and her tranny friends. No he did not think he needed to clear it with Rome first.

Fa and I doing good. Chiang Mai Kelly, Pattaya Gary, 500 Baht Walt, and Bang from Isaan: volunteers in service to a good cause. Smiles for everyone. Pattaya, paradise on Earth. Another true story.

391. Historical Benefits of Poverty

TT&A Part 339 4/8/2012

> *Dana note: "Opium, an equivocal luxury in the beginning daintily approached, becomes ere long under the clamorous demands of a perverted appetite a dire alternative, a magisterially controlling power."*—Alonzo Calkins

Quick, by a show of hands; how many who say they are Thai fluent can say this in Thai?

Hello Stickmanbangkok.com fans and Dana acolytes (couldn't resist—I never use this word). Today we start with the Dana Quote Contest number eight and then some Bits and Pieces. Those of you who have followed Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes from the dinosaur past know that sometimes we dip into the department called Bits and Pieces. Small ideas and stories served in small doses but great quantity.. We are going to do that for the next couple of months then we will return to essays and stories of more traditional length I am right now working on a 180,000 word essay on where you can buy used underpants in the Kingdom. They don't call me Cheap Charley for nothing.

Dana Quote Contest #8

All procedures, policies, paperwork, and prizes will go through Dana Enterprises. Do not contact Stickman. He's too busy making bank runs, doing deals. and entertaining powerful people. I'm the one who loves you. It's always been me. No prizes awarded to members of the Dana Fan Club. They have an unfair advantage.

> *"Pinpricks of light in our souls. That's what we steer for. It isn't gravity that runs the universe, or dark matter that determines the tumbling future, or chaos theory stabbing at the soul chilling randomness of the whole thing; it is hope*

> *springing eternal. The spiritual perpetual motion machine that powers our hearts. Surgeons love to say that our hearts are electrical devices residing in pumps. No. Our hearts are witnesses. Witnesses to hope."*

Dana Enterprises Note: and now, starting with DQC Number Eight we will have two quotes instead of one quote. The second quote is a bonus quote. Get the first quote and the bonus quote correct from DQC Number 8—DQC Number 15 and your application to the Dana Fan Club will receive most favored application status by the girls here in the office.

Bonus Quote:

> *"The result is that bargirls are on the ascendancy as a species. The notion that they are fellow homosapiens is all part of the past. Nobody believes that anymore. Are they mammals? Yes. Are they humans? Not sure. We know they are different and the evidence is that they are leapfrogging ahead of the farangs in power and knowledge. In fact the farangs seem to be losing ground faster than the enemy's successes can account for. Maybe it is all part of some grand plan. Maybe God has way way too much spare time or he's gone over to the other side and he and the Devil are playing butt darts behind a harp factory in heaven. Anyway, as usual; it is the results that count not the speculation. And the result is that with each succeeding generation the farangs pay more for less and engage the bargirls with diminished expectations. These are not the actions of winners."*

and now ...

Bits And Pieces

I'm leaning into the experience of looking at the early morning tableau of wing parachutes being pulled by motorboats in the weak blue Pattaya sky while simultaneously wondering about the physics conundrum of particle-wave duality, when I hear Mookie say:

"You want ab nam or boom boom?"

God, I love this town. But that is not really what I want to talk about today. What I really want to talk about today is:

Historical Benefits Of Poverty

It's hard to know how you are going to be affected by history; by commission or omission. In Thailand's case they won the omissions sweepstakes. No colonizers like the Germans, English, French, Belgians, Spanish, or Portuguese decided that Thailand had something they wanted and were willing to die for. That does not mean that Thailand escaped abuse and humiliation: read about the Burmese and the Japanese in the Kingdom. But they never stayed to suck the last bit of marrow out of the country. Colonists on the other hand operate on a guiding principle of staying; not the same as, but similar to the Malaysians of today who are infiltrating southern Thailand. At any rate, Thailand's poverty of natural resource riches was it's cultural savior.

The territory of Siam-Thailand didn't have anything else that anyone else wanted so after the male misbehavior (rape, looting, burning, etc.) was over it was time to go home. It was a negative that saved the country's ass. Early development agrarian societies can not defend themselves and luckily Thailand was not required to do so against colonial powers. The historical dream of the Belgians or the British with their accurate high powered rifles, organizational skills, home country financing, European-Christian ethic, and bottomless unstoppable racism just did not happen in Siam-Thailand. And it is a very good thing. It would have been a cultural and population slaughter. So being poor turned out to be a very good thing for the Thais.

Modern Thais anxious to be competitive on a world stage in the riches and power departments should be thankful for their country's historical poverty. It saved them from centuries of historical mortar and pestle grinding them fine and stealing their dignity. Modern Thais with their ignorant big talk strike us as pathetic and comic but we wouldn't them to have the wisdom that comes from generations of rape, murder, genocide, arson, slavery, cultural disembowelment, and theft. This historical wisdom can create a people very difficult to deal with.

It's true that Thais were never colonized in the way we usually use the word 'colonized' but it is also true that in many cases a primitive agrarian society can not take the credit for this. It was just luck. They did not appear to have anything a thief wanted. The should just be happy to be lucky and concentrating on going forward in a productive way. They should also be planting millions of land mines and stringing millions of miles of concertina wire in the Three Pagoda Pass. History has a way of repeating itself.

and finally in today's Bits and Pieces ...

Silly Jokes And Sillyisms And Silly Punchlines And Fa

OK guys (and guyettes) we are going to try a double experiment. The first part of the experiment is that I am going to post some jokes. Jokey stuff has never appeared on this website. The nice thing is that you can write stupid funny stuff drunk or sober. I am also going to post some of the jokes that Fa came up with that she thinks are jokes. Danger. Danger. Danger. You may lose control of your bladder from laughing.

The second part of the experiment is that I am going to try and give Fa some responsibility. She has been asking if she can work in the offices of Dana Enterprises on South Road. So don't mail your funny stuff to me, give them to Fa on the boardwalk. We'll see how she does.

Dana

P.S. No jokes or sillyisms should be about Stick. I tried this about eight years ago and he sent me an email that was hotter than a broken steam pipe in a submarine movie. I know, I feel your pain. I have about thirty Stick jokes in the vault and I do not know what to do with them.

Question: If Thais were squirrels what would they do?
Answer: : Put spice on their nuts.

Question: What do Thais call box seats on a bamboo raft?
Answer: Innovative technology.

Question: What do you get when you combine a farang and a bargirl?
Answer: Wild elation and sullen compromise.

Question: What do Thais call roadside litter?
Answer: Nature.

Question: What two words have seven letters?
Answer: Bangkok and Danakok.

Question: What would Dana and his transvestite girlfriend's baby be named?
Answer: Miracle

Question: What are yelling and screaming and crying in a Thai soap opera?
Answer: Plot devices.

Question: What two words both have six letters?
Answer: Farang and Sucker.

Question: In Thailand if you have a leper on a sled, what does the government call the sled?
Answer: A social welfare benefit.

Question: If Thailand is the Land of Smiles—how come you never see elephants smiling?
Answer: No idea—I just think about elephants a lot.

Question: What does Dana use as a comeback remark when bargirls turn him down?
Answer: Beats me—it has never happened.

Question: Why does a soi dog lick his balls?
Answer: Because he can.

Question: Why does Dana lick Fa's feet?
Answer: Because he can.

and finally ...

Some examples of Fa jokes. I think you will be able to see that she is not 100% comfortable with the concepts.

Question: What is the difference between a farang with money and a farang without money?
Answer: A bear shits in the woods.

Question: I once met a farang from Nantucket. He had had no money so I said:
Answer: Fooley maak cum bo bo ron narry. (Note: I think that is what Fa said. Her mouth was full of fried insects.)

Question: Knock Knock
Answer: Who's there?

Dana: Fa that is a Knock-Knock joke and it is not complete.
Fa: Fuck it.
Dana: Fa, that was the punch line for the 'Nantucket' limerick.
Fa: 1000 baht.

Dana: I'm not paying 1000 baht and I'll meet you on the boardwalk tomorrow morning at 9:15 a.m.

So, as you can see; Fa and limerick-like or standard construction format jokes are perhaps a dream right now. She plays along for a little while in the farang's stupidass language then gets back to money. If she had some English language skills she might say:

Dana comes for me at nine.
Smiles at me and it is sunny.
Holds me, laughs, and ...
All I care about is the money.

OK, it is not Shakespeare and it is not really a joke and it is not a limerick, more individual social commentary; but it is an improvement to her saying 'A Bear Shits In The Woods' to everything. Here is an example of a good Fa start and a bad Fa finish:

Fee Fie Fo Fum
My ten o'clock customer couldn't cum.
A bear shits in the woods.

She ran this little beauty past me one day as I was channel surfing through Thai soap operas and Thai game shows while lying on her bed with a big meatball in my mouth. Nearly choked to death. She topped that with:

It isn't easy being me
Too many customers to see see see
A bear shits in the woods
1000 baht

She thought my choking, arm waving, and red face was farang approval so she tried:

There once was a whore named pussy,
Who met a bear in the woods.
1000 baht.
Is the Pope a Catholic?

I nearly died.

I love my Fa. As we lie next to each other in bed in her apartment I work on my delicious home-made meatball while she stabs a nail file at a plastic-wrapped snack food package of octopus parts. The bed is now covered with meatball phlegm from my near death choking incident, octopus parts, children's toys, and wings and feet spit out from a paper bag of Isaan fried insects. The sheet is pulled up to her chin because she is 'off-the-clock' and she is sticking two lit cigarettes in her nostrils to try and scare me. If you looked up the word Stupid in the dictionary there should be a picture of this scene. But it doesn't matter and I don't care. I love my Fa.

or

I love my Fa
But she is dreaming.
I'm not paying 1000 baht,
In spite of her scheming.
A bear shits in the woods.

Get On With It

Sometimes great men use too many words and would have benefitted from an editor. Example:

> *"God in the beginning formed matter in solid, massy, hard, impenetrable, movable, particles, of such sizes and figures, and with such other properties, and in such proportion to space, as most conduced to the end for which he formed them."*—Optics (1704), Sir Isaac Newton.

What is Izzy (I call him Izzy) really saying?

‘Matter equals particles.’

All else is frosting on the cake. No need to wonder why Sunday sermons in those days lasted for hours. Learn from Newton. Use fewer words when you write. You don’t need twenty adjectives and nineteen commas to describe a Thai woman you pick up on the boardwalk. Just pick her up and get on with it.

392. Dana News Update

TT&A Part 340 11/8/2012

Special note: Dana Enterprises headquartered in the birdman's bar on South Pattaya Road is about to notify the world that a 99 year lease has been signed with the government of Thailand and the municipality of Pattaya on land at the maritime park. Building permits have already been approved for a sixty story skyscraper of black marble and reflective glass to house the international headquarters of the Dana Fan Club and other Dana organizations. The frieze quote of ten foot quartzite letters over the front entryway will say:

NOT MERELY THE WORLD OF THE LITERARY
TECHNICAL VIRTUOSO BUT ALSO THE RARIFIED
AIREY OF LINGUISTIC BRILLIANCE.
HE LEAVES BEHIND HIM FOOTPRINTS OF A GOD

An 80,000 word fact dense description of this building will follow next month complete with the ability to virtual tour online, photos, sketches, architect testimony, planning anecdotes, design contests entered, etc. Stay tuned. The party on opening day promises to be fun. The Thai government has agreed to suspend all laws on that day and at that location. Ice cream on rice and trannies on you will be free. And now … one more thing: I am giving some thought to interviewing Stickmanbangkok.com Reader's Submission contributors and asking them for their thoughts on this. Not sure yet. There is a lot of unresolved anger and jealousy out there. Let me know what you think. And yes, I know you are all thinking it: Fa will be there. A special booth has been built for her.

and now …

Dana Quote Contest #9

> *"Incense burning the evocative and aromatic smell of soi dog turds plus a pitcher full of gin-and-tonics with unwashed crystal glasses scattered about ..."*

and the bonus quote:

> *"The rest of the evening and the meal was superb. I fell in love with all four of the waitresses and I got to reflect on the beautiful weather. It is not always hot and humid in Thailand. Some evenings the weather is so perfect it almost anesthetizes you. Tropical perfume in a far away land that distracts you with postcard perfection."*

and now ...

Dana News Update

Attn: Dana fans

The office of Dana Enterprises is moving. The current address is:

Dana Enterprises
Rajah Building—first floor
Soi 4 (off Sukhumvit)
Bangkok, Thailand

or as Booger Jones of Cowcrap-on-Tyne: England, addresses letters to us:

Dana Enterprises
Rajah Building—first floor
Soi 4 (off Sukhumvit)
Bangkok, Thailand
Southeast Asia
Planet Earth
Solar System
Milky Way Galaxy

Universe
Philosophy of Danaism

Nine rejected applications to the Dana Fan Club and he keeps writing. God bless him. Under the category Hobbies and Interests he always lists:

1. Taking pictures of Thai ladies' shoes.
2. Hanging out near high end Thai ladies' shoe stores.
3. Walking around with a pair of Thai ladies' high heels in his underpants.

Not necessarily a deal breaker for acceptance into the Dana Fan Club, but still you can imagine his conversational contributions might be limited. Applications like these get special attention. Anyway, we are moving to:

Dana Enterprises
c/o The Birdman's Bar
South Pattaya Road
Pattaya, Thailand

Yes, we are inheriting the birds so if you are on South Pattaya Road and you see the sidewalk birdcages: that's us. Just pop in and say hello. Our new location will be more convenient to many friends and newbies and others vacationing in Pattaya. I know people vacation in Bangkok but I just do not know why. It's OK as a pit stop coming and going from Pattaya but that is it in my opinion. So, this move makes a lot of sense. The exact moving date will be on this website so stay tuned. On that day you can come by the Rajah building in Bangkok and help us load the vans. Office furniture, computers, etc. and of course boxes and boxes of pictures of me riding a horse wearing only a speedo (me, not the horse). About twenty girls will be helping with this move if you like to make friends. They will all have small brown arms and hands, flashing 50,000 watt smiles, and splayed toes on wide feet. None of them will speak a word of English or Swiss or Aussie and you won't care.

Or you can wait for us to arrive in Pattaya at The Birdman's Bar. Try and wait on the sidewalk, you never know when Korski is going to be coming down South Pattaya Road pedaling against the traffic with his bicycle and little red wagon. The next day after we move in will be a party day to celebrate the move completed. Free balloons, free food, and free drinks. I'm paying for everything. Yes, I know that this is nuts, but it is what people expect of me. And everyone is invited. We welcome all with open arms and big non-judgemental smiles. Well, everyone is invited except for the Indians, Pakistanis, Bangladeshis, all males wearing cricket or rugby or soccer shirts, all white women, all men who think a paradox is two piers in a harbor, Chinese, African Blacks, Japanese, all male Thais, all Asian males, Eastern Europeans, Arabs, Russians, Russians who say they are not Russian (I'm from Ufuckistan), obese white men, Germans wearing sandals and socks, all men with beard stubble, and of course the French (FTF). Small exceptions. Like I said, we welcome all. Chiang Mai Kelly, and 500baht Walt, and Pattaya Gary will be in charge of the door. We are not leaving our standards behind just because we are leaving Krung Thep. So be there or be square.

A free drink to anyone who can quote Frank Zappa. Well, OK: the drinks are free anyway but you get the drift. Hipsters rule. Anyway, scheduled entertainment will be a fashion show of Thai ladies wearing cartoon character underpants and cartoon character T-shirts. The second show will be Thai ladies screaming and yelling and throwing their arms around like demented windmills and pouting and crying and kicking their feet as if they are playing the lead in their favorite Thai soap opera. At the end of the second show all of the birds will be released. God knows they have seen enough. New birds will be coming in as soon as we have the cages sandblasted, acid dipped, and worked on with pneumatic chisels. Standards. You will find out that the Pattaya office of Dana Enterprises is all about standards.

Hey, and let's be fair to the birds. What would your cage look like if you had been hanging out on South Pattaya Road for five years? Enough said. At any rate, remember:

"Pox simpum domlik tooley core blinky."

Which reminds me, Marc Holt from Oz may be at the party. Translators will be available.

Sincerely yours,
Dana

P.S.—Yes, Fa will be there. She will be selling T-shirts with my picture on the front and her picture on the back. I will be riding a horse on the front of the shirt, and she will be leaning over and picking something up on the back of the shirt. I suggested that in the spirit of the party we could give the shirts away for free. The expression on her face could have cracked a rock. Fa does not give away anything for free. Once, while crossing Beach Road with her on the way to the A.A. Hotel, I mentioned that I didn't have any money but I could pay her the next day. She did a 180 degree turn mid-stride and went back to the boardwalk. In the next ten minutes she was smiling at a guy in a track suit with a gold chain around his neck. Anyway, don't talk to her. Fa is mine.

393. The Mothership and Fairness

TT&A Part 341 18/8/2012

Today's thought:

"IPSO FACTO FON DU LAC EL BEANO SHOSHONE ROE LOOPIS"—makes you think, doesn't it? Now say that in Thai.

I have a whole book of these sayings if anyone wants to contact me and be my pen pal. The above saying I have many times used on the boardwalk. It always works. God, I just love being international, and sharing common human vibrations, and communicating in a meaningful way with the daughters of Thailand. Don't envy me, these are just the cards God dealt me. When it comes to talking to the girls on the boardwalk I am a veritable polymath of words and meanings.

and now ...

Dana Quote Contest #10

> *"One of my enduring fiction writing fantasies over the years has been to be typing jacked on Burmese yaa baa, plunging needles choked with steroids and veterinarian drugs in my ass, and the table covered with dirty glasses of whiskey and Turkish cigarettes. Menthol sticks stuck in each nostril, incense burning a line in the desk top, and zonked out filthy whores laying around like broken toys. Moaning, and drooling, and rockin', and snapping facial tics back in place, and pumping my legs under the table; I have a heart attack and die at the exact moment that I hit the Print key on the greatest piece of fiction ever written. The best timing of my life. A literary orgasm."*

and the bonus quote:

> *"One thing led to another and ... her helper drove us to Som's house and showed me how to help with the wheelchair, and how to start the generator that charged the chair's battery. Between the two of us Som and I had one arm and one leg apiece—all that people need who also have hearts full of love."*

and now:

Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes—Part 341. Enjoy.

Introduction

On Newton —

> *"During 1665-66 he devised his law of gravity to explain planetary motion, developed the laws of mechanics to explain and analyze any kind of moving body or particle, invented both differential and integral calculus, and made major advances in optics."*—Taming the Infinite by Ian Stewart

OK, what have you done in the last two years? Me? I have discovered that if you stuff one sock inside the other sock in a pair of socks that it takes less time to find them in the sock drawer in the morning. OK, OK; I'm no genius. That's why I love looking for love on the boardwalk in Pattaya. The wonderful Thai lady I meet leaning against a palm tree may be ten times smarter than I am smart but neither one of us will ever know it. I don't speak Thai and she does not speak English. Bliss. Communication without the constant measuring of higher intelligence. I can see the curve of the tops of her breasts in her low cut blouse and she knows that I can see the curve of the tops of her breasts in her low cut blouse. Adult communication of the most primal kind. Everything else is just bragging with long equations and Latin phrases and chalk dust from a university blackboard. But that is not really what I want to talk about today. What I really want to talk about today is ...

The Mothership And Fairness

Recently, in the November 2011 issue of Conde Nast Traveler magazine there was on pp. 156-157 a list of the top 125 hotels in Asia. All the usual suspects showed up: the Peninsula in Tokyo, Pudong Shangri-La in Shanghai, the Taj Lake Palace in Rajasthan, Amansara in Cambodia at Siem Reap, Park Hyatt in Saigon, and the Raffles in Singapore. Of course there were a lot more but you get the idea. Luxury for the rich in faraway places. Thailand hotels made the list with the Oriental, the Shangri-La Hotel, the Sukhothai, Le Meridien in Chiang Mai, the Banyan Tree in Bangkok, and the Dusit Thani in Bangkok.

Again, you get the idea; more luxury for the rich in places far from home. Personally, I think the Oriental is way overrated but others disagree with me. Anyway, a list of the world's most wonderful Asian hotels. All good hotel choices by the readers of Conde Nast Traveler magazine for Asian and Thailand hotels. But where in all fairness is a listing for the Mothership, aka Nana Hotel of Bangkok? Located on Soi 4 off of Sukhumvit Road in Bangkok I consider this one of the top hotels in the world. Why? Prostitutes. The Mothership, aka Nana Hotel of Bangkok, is located right in the heart of a down market, filthy, sleaze infested red light district that offers more sex per square foot than most men can dream about. In short, paradise on earth.

And the Nana Hotel does nothing to discourage this environment. Prostitutes, and tramps, and thieves are in the parking lot, the lobby, the bar, the restaurant, the nightclub, the hallways, and the elevators. Enter an elevator and have a sex heart attack. Been there, done that. Anyway, can the snotty Peninsula Hotel in Tokyo, or the Taj Lake Palace in India, or the Raffles in Singapore say that? No they can't say that. In fact, these lameass elitist snob hotels actually have rules against whores in the parking lot, and in the lobby, and in the hallways, and in the elevators. Same with the Banyan Tree, Dusit Thani, Oriental hotel and others in Thailand.

What's with that? What about their online marketing talk about serving the customer? Well, this customer wants to see prostitutes and lots of them. At the Mothership girls of the commercial and smiling kind will help you carry your bags to your room after check-in. Need I say more? Speaking as a world traveler, without easily available nooky and poontang and tranny action why even check in? And now you know why worldwide it is known as the Mothership. This wonderful five star (five stars for nooky, poontang, prostitutes, free-lancers, and tranny action) has sex opportunities available 24/7. Four in the morning in the lobby? No problem. Seven in the morning in the parking lot? No problem. It's a new day in the Kingdom and there is pussy everywhere.

So if you feel this list of world class hotels in Conde Nast Traveler magazines should include the Nana Hotel of Bangkok send in a letter detailing some of your Thai thoughts and anecdotes relating to pounding pussy there. I am sure in service to journalism and in service to their readers they will appreciate it. It's all about the Mothership and fairness. And another thing … oops, I see Ming in a leopard skin lycra body suit with a 50,000 watt smile. She is smiling at me. Obviously she appreciates my handsome face and my manly body. She has been waiting for me and only me since the last time I was in the Kingdom. Gotta go.

Sincerely yours,
Dana.

394. Stupid

TT&A Part 342 25/8/2012

Today's thought:

Last Words of Carl Panzram (1891-1930), murderer. Executed after being convicted of murdering twenty-three people.

> *"I wish the human race had one neck and I had my hands around it."*

I wonder how he felt about lying bargirls. Anyway ...

Dana Quote Contest #11

> *"Wall top fast response by Russians will be by military camo green turbo charged tuktuks bristling with offensive weapons, communications antennae, and UN approved torture devices. The tuk tuk's roof and tire rim logos will be pictures of me with my foot on a feminist's neck."*

Bye-the-way, I have gotten some feedback from Stickmanbangkok. com readers and Dana fans that some of them could think of or remember better quotes. Point taken. Actually, a special app applied to my writing came up with 1587 fabulous quotes. It was just too much work for the girls here in the office. So basically we just got drunk and threw dice. These are the quotes we came up with. You can do the same thing with Milton and Shakespeare. Just get drunk and throw the dice. You'll come up with something that is great. Myself and Milton and Willie-the-Shake. Friends for life. Three guys from the neighborhood who did good.

Milton-to-Dana: You're the man bro. Shakespeare: Ditto that Milty.

and now the bonus quote:

"Who pulled the switch? Hey, who's asking? Viagra don't fail me now, the bonking train has left the station. The big wheels are turning, the whistle is blowing, steam is venting, brown skinned men are throwing baggage off the top, and the sun hot rails are being crushed under the advancing sex machine. Dogs are barking, and birds are bursting from the trees as sun blackened rice paddy faces stare in envy and in awe. She heaves, and grunts, and slaps me in the face."

Introduction

"Tiffany's Theater, Pattaya—4 May 2012—Miss Tiffany's Universe 2012 by Tiffany Show Theater Pattaya is the 15th anniversary of the beauty pageant. This year, under the concept "FREEDOM AVANT-GARDE", looks for the beautiful lady who has perfect face, smooth skin, good appearance and cleverness."

Attn: Stickman readers and Dana fans: the above quote appeared in the Pattayamail newspaper on the tranny beauty contest. Check out the last word in the quote. I give up—what is 'cleverness'. If a tranny uses a tampon to stop rectal bleeding is that cleverness? How exactly would she demonstrate that to the judges? Tying your penis back with leftover squid tentacles. Is that cleverness and how exactly would you demonstrate that to the judges and to the audience? Just asking. I'm only a foreigner not in tune with the specialness of the Thai culture. A tranny duct taping plastic funnels to her chest to save on the cost of surgery. Is that cleverness and I want to be in the audience when she explains that one. How about a tranny explaining to the Thai government that she does not have to do time in the army because she 'does not recognize the reality of her penis'. Damned clever if you ask me and again I want to be in the audience of this beauty pageant when she offers this as an example of cleverness. Perhaps she drops her pants on stage, leans over and says:

"I do not recognize the reality of you. You do not exist."

She'd get my vote.

Thai tranny contests and cleverness. I love this country. But that is not really what I want to talk about today. What I want to talk about today is:

What's in a Word?

Sometimes we can be so close and not see what is on the other side of the mirror. Example:

"The effort to understand the universe is one of the very few things that lifts human life a little bit above the level of farce, and gives it some of the grace of tragedy."—Steven Weinberg

Now substitute the word 'bargirl' for 'universe' and we have:

"The effort to understand the bargirl is one of the very few things that lifts human life a little above the level of farce, and gives it some of the grace of tragedy."—(with apologies to Steven Weinberg)

Makes you think doesn't it? Only one word separates us from the world of cosmology and the world of the boardwalk. God, these two-straw Chinese scorpion bowl drinks here at the Mickey Mouse Underpants Bar in Pattaya are great. For a premium they will lay a pair of underpants in the bowl before they pour the drinks. And now to finish with a small essay:

Stupid

Sometimes people call me stupid. It doesn't bother me that much, at least they are talking to me. I can't remember my parents talking to me. I know they must have talked to me but I can't remember them talking to me. Wouldn't you think I would remember?

So I don't really get too worked up if people call me stupid, and I am kinda used to people not talking to me at all. Like Fa. When I run up to her on the boardwalk in the morning she never wants to talk to me. I'm given to understand by her that she doesn't want to be seen by the police talking to a farang. She doesn't want to be taken to the monkey house because she is a prostitute. OK, this make perfect sense; except, there are not any police around at nine o'clock in the morning. Anyway, that's her story and she's sticking to it. No talking. To me. I am so happy to see her I am about to burst and I am wearing my T-shirt with her face photo laminated on it but there is no talking. To me.

Before, during, and after sex in my room at the A. A. Hotel she doesn't want to talk to me. For years I used to think she was just quiet. Deep water. At the end of our time together I always dress, and like a gentleman; I accompany her to the hotel lobby and the hotel door. I don't just pay her and then close the door behind her, I respect her too much for that. I like her. While we are dressing, and walking down the hallway on the sixth floor, and going down in the elevator, and walking across the lobby together; she doesn't say one word to me. Sometimes I wonder if she knew my parents.

Once, many years ago, she put her hand on my chest on the top step of the hotel entrance and smiled at me. I have been hanging on to that for years. Maybe she does care for me. Maybe not talking is just her way. Our way. I can't remember my parents touching me either. Prostitutes in Thailand. I have found a place and I have found a people that give me more than I got at home. Just lucky I guess.

395. A Picture Disappointment

1/9/2012

Growing up the family next door was husband, wife, four children, and the live-in servant named Edith. Edith, a Scottish foundling, was given to Mrs. Brooks as a wedding gift in 1919. Human chattel. Mrs. Brooks was sixteen years old on her wedding day, and Edith was fourteen years old. Edith served for life.

Much later the husband was dead and the four children had grown up and moved away to start their own families. Just Mrs. Brooks, aged 84, and Edith, aged 82, left in the house; linked by time and experience for sixty-eight years.

On a blistering hot July day an air conditioner salesman was summoned to the house. Edith polished the wedding gift silver in the glass case before he came. She had been polishing this goddamn silver monthly for sixty-eight years. Anyway, he explained that they needed an air conditioner in the bedroom of Mrs. Brooks, in the living room, and in Edith's bedroom. No, Mrs. Brooks said; we don't need to buy an air conditioner for Edith's bedroom. She's not family.

Edith came next door to my mother's kitchen to cry. As a Scottish orphan sixty-eight years ago she had not had any rights and now after a lifetime of service and love she had no dignity. Two days later she was back in my mother's kitchen all smiles and holding a picture. It was a picture of a mallard duck standing on a rock in a pond. Her camera club had sponsored a nature picture contest and her picture had one first prize. People smiled at her and clapped in support of her photographic skills at the meeting. She received a prize and she explained how the picture was taken. People solicited her opinions and listened to her when she talked. She was respected and treated as an equal.

At the next month's meeting of the camera club someone stood up and pointed out that careful examination of the picture showed a strand of fence wire. Nobody else had noticed it but there it was so the picture was not really a nature picture because something man-made could be seen. A vote was taken and Edith's first prize for best nature picture was taken away.

Two days later Edith came next door to my mother's kitchen to cry. She had the picture in her hand. Hot tears fell on the mallard duck standing on the rock in the pond. I stood and watched. Edith died while I was away at college. Later I wondered which one of the grown up children from next door got the picture and if any of them could connect the picture to a woman's heart.

396. Acronyms and Abbreviations

TT&A Part 343 1/9/2012

Today's thought:

LITERARY PHOTONS OF CUT CRYSTAL CLARITY PINPRICKING THE CURTAIN OF TIME (Tattoo on my chest).

and now:

Dana Quote Contest #12

> *"Do you know why you are looking right at me and you can not see me? It is because you do not recognize me. When I first started writing for Stickmanbangkok.com I was young and strong and hansum and sleek. But there have been some changes. My soul and my physique and my mind have been mortar and pestled by the inhuman load of having to submit submissions to Stickmanbangkok.com every week. Look again through the wavy purple imported English glass mullion panes in the bow front window. Do you see the monster with his flipper feet up on the bamboo coffee table? Do you see the scaled beak visage with the greenish hue? Can you see the fingers that have webbed and turned into claws? Can you see how the ermine collared red Chinese silki nightgown hangs from my narrow shoulders like a funeral shroud? Can you see the outline of a large oblate shell shape under the shroud?"*

and the bonus quote:

> *"Early Tuesday morning the body of world famous Stickmanbangkok. com writer Dana was found on the pavement outside the AA Hotel at the corner of Soi 13 and Beach Road. Blunt trauma wounds indicated that he had jumped/fallen from the sixth floor where he had been renting a seaside suite. No suicide note was found, no one reported*

> *domestic problems although he was known by hotel staff and neighbors to be quite popular with the ladies, no girlfriends were present, and no family has responded.*
>
> *Witnesses report that the body was very fashionably dressed and the gentleman extremely handsome. The only ID was a Church of Dana maritime park services schedule, a Club of Dana membership card, an Eight of Spades porno playing card showing anal sex, and a large forehead tattoo that said: DON'T OVERPAY (witnesses conjecture that he could see this every time he looked in the mirror). Additional investigation by the US Embassy Pattaya proconsul reported no condoms at the scene of the tragedy and only 500 baht in the gentleman's wallet creating more questions than answers."*

and now ... Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes—Part 343

> *"To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."*—Alfred, Lord Tennyson: Ulysses

T-shirts with this quote that so perfectly states the Pattaya boardwalk tourist or expat monger mantra were formally only available to Dana Fan Club members. They are now available to everyone in five sizes and three colors. It is all about spreading the Dana love. You can buy them in person at Dana Enterprises on South Pattaya Road or mail order through this website.

Sincerely yours, Dana

P. S. Do not place any orders with Fa on the boardwalk. There have been incidents. OK. look; don't even think about it. Getting Fa to pay attention to standard universally accepted business protocols is like trying to herd cats. It is because I love each and every one of you that I say: Stay Away From Fa.

Introduction

Do you ever think you are being asked to accept too much when you read something? Example: (Science News, March 13, 2010):

"Physicists cook cosmic soup to 4 trillion degrees."—'The cosmic soup derived in experimental gold atom collisions lasted a trillionth of a trillionth of a second.'

OK, Dana here: four trillion degrees (250,000 times hotter than the center of sun)? How exactly was this temperature measured? How? It does not matter what you tell me Mr. Physicist I am not going to believe that humans can measure the 4 trillion degree heat of something that happens in a trillionth of a trillionth of a second. Humans have limits and you have reached my limit with this story. I do not have the capacity to believe you.

That's why the smart expat or visitor to the Kingdom doesn't try to understand Thais, Thailand, Thai culture, Thai street signs, the wiring on telephone polls, public construction work schedules, police public statements after farang deaths, mamasan statements about anything, or a bargirl's brain. Humans have limits. Do what I do when I go to Thailand. Just be a leaf on the wind. Let your arms and your legs go floppy like a child's rag doll, and have a mind and a heart of Teflon where nothing sticks. You are human. You have limits. See you on the boardwalk.

and now ...

Acronyms And Abbreviations

Attention Stickmanbangkok.com fans and Dana fans, and ceiling fans (drinking with Ming at the Mickey Mouse Underpants Massage Emporium on South Street):

Anyway ... Dana Enterprises is now doing business of a communicating and shipping kind in 126 countries (yes, including Vatican City). As business volume and diversity have gone up so has complexity. In answer to complexity and volume issues Dana Enterprises is now using acronyms and abbreviations, some of which are listed below. In communicating with Dana Enterprises you may use these acronyms and abbreviations. In fact we encourage you to do so. Thank-you for your attention and your cooperation.

You know what acronyms and abbreviations are. Examples:

DOA—Dead On Arrival (hospitals)
FTFTFTFT—Find Them, Feel Them, Fxxk Them, Forget Them (monger mantra)
LGTBTGU—Let's Get Them Before They Get Us (police)
GIG—Greed Is Good (business)
DIG—Dana Is God (philosophy of Danaism)
BIC—Because I Can (soi dog reason for licking his balls)
HCCJ—Here Comes Commander Jackass (Fa on seeing Dana approaching)

So, that was a little review. And now Dana Enterprises acronyms and abbreviations.

1. AAH—(A. A. Hotel)
2. ADATT—(website All Dana All The Time)
3. ATDSM—(All Thailand Dana statue map)
4. BFP—(Bulbs for planting program, see Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes—Part 286)
5. BSTS—(Bargirl speech translation service—what they really mean)
6. CASD—(Chili antidote serum dept.)
7. COD—(Church of Dana)
8. CODPTSV—(Church of Dana pink tranny smoke bomb videos)
9. DFC—(Dana Fan Club)

10. DTB—(Dana the Book)
11. DTM—(Dana the movie)
12. DCATS—(Dana catapults)
13. D—(Danaism, philosophy of)
14. DFCA—(Dana Fan Club applications)
15. DSMU—(Danaism special mission unit)
16. DBIS—(Dana bargirl investigation service)
17. DMUM—(Dana magazine unsolicited manuscripts, note: Dana Magazine to start 8/2013)
18. DCC—(Dana Costume Catalogue)
19. DEME—(Dana Enterprises Media Events)
20. DBCD—(Dana Book Club Dept., to be inaugurated 5/2014. None of our book recommendations will have anything to do with self-improvement, dignity, or sensitivity to others. Accepting recommendations now. Internet or self-published books will get first consideration. Danger: do not give anything regarding this to Fa on the boardwalk.)
21. DPAC—(Dana Personal Appearance Calendar, no … I do not make outcalls to private residences or hotels.)
22. DSAQTPFO—(Dana Sayings and Quotes Tattoo Parlor Franchise Opportunities)
23. DEPTR—(Dana Expat Party Train Reservations: see Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes—Part 131)
24. DECC—(Dana Enterprises Central Command)
25. DEERP—(Dana Enterprises Emergency Response Program, note: you can get billed for this)
26. 12IEMMA—(12 Inch Emma)
27. FI—(Fa Issues)
28. FRATDWOI—(Fund Raising And Tax Deductable Write-Off Issues)
29. FTF—(Fxxk The French)
30. GPSFT—(Global Positioning System For Trannies)
31. SPECIAL NOTE: from time to time you may receive this

acronym from us—HOTDFC. This means that your inquiry or need is ‘handled only through the Dana Fan Club’. Sorry.

32. IDEACU—(Internal Dana Enterprises Anti-Corruption Unit)
33. IMLDD—(Indigent Monger Legal Defence Department)
34. LAJD—(Limerick and Joke Department)
35. MOTH—(Mothership aka Nana Hotel)
36. OCMCF—(Other Country Monger Coalition Forces)
37. OI—(OI issues, see PG)
38. 500BWD—(500 Baht Walt Department)
39. PG—(Pattaya Gary)
40. PMGD—(Penis Marmalade Gift Department, see Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes—Part 25)
41. RFDPD—(Request For Dana Picture Dept., note: do not even think of requesting Fa pics)
42. SWPCD—(Skank Whore Prostitute Cruiser Dept., note: try and be specific with your needs)
43. TRANDAI—(Tranny Department And Issues)
44. TDB—(The Dana Bar)

These acronyms and abbreviations should help you communicate with us efficiently. There are two more layers of acronyms and abbreviations for members of the Dana Fan Club, and for those who have given themselves over to Danaism but these acronyms and abbreviations should be all you need for now. You may have noticed that there is no acronym or abbreviation for Stickman Issues. You will have to get in touch with him on your own. Good luck.

SY Dana

397. On Condoms

TT&A Part 344 8/9/2012

Hello Stickmanbangkok. com fans and Dana fans: I need some feedback. I am thinking about publishing a big expensive coffee table sized book all about Fa. It would be big and heavy and all the pages with pictures of Fa would be detachable for easy framing. Heavy page stock, Singapore or Japanese quality color printing, probably around 200 pages. Some observational and anecdotal and interview text, but mostly just fabulous pictures of Fa on the boardwalk doing makeup, or sitting on a bench, or trolling for customers. Let me know if you would be interested in buying a book like this. Cost would probably be around $150. First printing would be 1,000 books and for a premium they could be made available in most languages except French (FTF), Chinese, Japanese, Ufxxxistan, eastern European countries, South Korean, and Russian. I think you can understand that there some things that I do not want to encourage. Let me know by emailing me. Do not mention this to Fa on the boardwalk. That will just cause big headaches.

Thanks Dana

Dana Quote Contest #13

> *"The best examples of these people are the legions of young overseas politically correct adventuring white women with bras made of hemp, and shoes made of goat's cheese, and backpacks woven from menstrual rags of famous feminist writers."*

Remember, the first one in with the correct source by email wins the prize. It is a competitive event. The prizes were cash prizes and I put Fa in charge of getting the prizes to the winners. There were incidents. Putting Fa near cash is like putting a shark near a guppy. My mistake. I am sorry. Should be all fixed now. I have an Isaan intern handling this now and she is as honest as the day.

and the bonus quote:

> *"We laid a towel over his dick so that the bucket handle wouldn't cut and then started betting on how many of those solid glass ash trays he could hold up. The trannies found this guy fascinating because after about ten years of hormone shots most of them could not hold up a paper cup full of cotton balls on their little doggie dicks. I don't want to say this guy was big; but if you asked this Scottish dairy farmer to count to four he would paw the rug four times with his hoof. Anyway, one thing led to another and ... "*

Introduction

When the white males of Scotland, England, Germany, Spain, Portugal, and France (FTF) stumbled across Africa in the 19th century they found an Eden choked with game. Shoot a bullet and you hit something. Hence:

> *"I stalked a flock of flamingo and with one solid bullet from my Manlicher killed 7."*—from Kenya Diary (1902-1906) by Colonel R. Meinertzhagen C. B. E., D. S. O.

No wonder men often prefer acts of violence to acts of love. You can often get bigger numbers. Patrolling the boardwalk from 9-11 a. m. and from 4-6 p. m. I am only looking for one lover. Someone to take me out of myself. One is never a big number and wouldn't have been respected by the white-skinned polluters of Africa of the 19th century. They would have brought stealth and elephant guns to the boardwalk trying to shoot 7 girls at once. Then gutted them, stuffed them, shipped them, and mounted them on the walls of their ancestral castles and mansions and homes in England and Germany and Scotland and ... these men were not interested in sex, they were interested in violence. We are different. I am interested in one lady, and I want to fall in love. But that is not really what I want to talk about today. What I really want to talk about today is condoms and writing and honor. Enjoy more from the Bits and Pieces Dept.

But first another Fa note: last week she told me she wanted to get out of the 'happy girl' business and get a regular job. I suggested she apply at the ice cream store on Walking Street. She applied and was told how much they would pay her to be a 'good Thai lady'. Today she was back on the boardwalk.

On Condoms

Christ. Why am I the lone voice? Isn't anyone else out there outraged and depressed at what human beings have done to each other, or outraged and depressed at what has happened to human beings? It's fine to line up and march in lock step down the politically correct pharmacological/medical/paranoid road but do you have to smile and whistle and grin and sing and pontificate while you are doing it? Isn't anybody pissed, or disappointed to abstraction, or depressed to ideations of suicide over the fact that your sex lives have been taken from you? Sex with a condom is sex with a condom, it is not sex. It is not the sex act. It is not part of the equation that was intended for you when you came out of the womb.

Are you really all so evolved that you accept with equanimity such horrendous primal and dignity losses? Or is sex really not that important to you? Remember, I am talking about sex, not 'sex with a condom'. When logic finally cruises into the final cul-de-sac and you all have to put big huge giant condoms over your whole body starting with pulling it down over your head, will there be no sad noises or dignity bruised dissenters? Will I be the last one to know the difference between sex and sex with a condom? Will it say: HE DID NOT USE A CONDOM on my tombstone. A place of veneration and hatred for hundreds of years to come?

Why so much education and energy and hormones poured into other much more trivial points-of-view in life but not a single dissenting or unhappy or depressed or heartfelt rage or rant on the subject of your only sex life in your only life on Earth being taken from and handed back to you in a condom? Big manly men everywhere with big manly flames and posts and name-calling on Internet chat sites but not one of you screaming with despair over your lost sex lives. You guys are easy. Marriage material. Good luck curtain shopping.

Insane Clown Posse

Insane Clown Posse filling the house, a fistful of Iggy Pop CD's to keep the party going, Gustave Klimt underpants, a picture of the nineteen year old Alma Schindler posing with bearskin, 1899, for muse, gold sprayed feathers in my hair, and enough hydrocodone to start writing for Stick. But a problem ...

The Stickmeister threw a literary rock through my mind when he reminded me that I have not written a trip report in a long while. Nope, stopped doing those years and years ago. I call that 'I did this and then I did that' writing. Easy to do tediously and difficult to do compellingly. Trip reports streaked with fiction-faction can engage, but that is not really what he is hinting at. Sorry Stick, not going to happen. Try a newbie.

He also wants to know (without coming out and saying it) if I can submit another story about one of my relationships with a Thai lady that started well but did not finish well. He likes these 'social history of Thai-farang relationships in the Kingdom stories'. I call those 'she done me wrong' stories. You know the formula:

I met a girl named Wan …
She took my money, and she stole my heart.
I still miss her,
But the love is gone.

or in it's more pitiful angry truncated version:

I met a girl named Wan,
The love is gone.

No Stick, I've stopped writing those accounts also. Interestingly, you never see these stories and these formats as straight fiction. I wonder if exploring this format from a fiction point-of-view has merit. Maybe. But not now. Sorry Stick, you are going to have to send these submission ideas to someone else. In the meantime …

Note: wait a minute, while I have the Stickmeister on my brain, I'm not saying he ever said this, I'm not saying that; but if he did tell me ten years ago that I would be paid $100 per submission how much does he owe me now? Just thinking is all, and I am not saying he ever said that; but if he did say that …

and now:

A Person Of Honor

Me: Hi John
John: Hi Dana
Me: John are you still telling people you can speak Thai?
John: Yes.
Me: I can't speak Thai so I'll just have to believe you because in addition to being more linguistically gifted than I am you are also a person of honor, correct?
John: Christ Dana, what is it?
Me: Say this in Thai:

> *"Suppose the money we pay in any one year for the expense of the Navy were in guineas and were laid down upon a large*

> *table in a straight line, and touching each other, and those paid next year were laid down in another straight line, and the same continued for a number of years: these lines would be of different lengths, as there were fewer or more guineas; and they would make a shape, the dimensions of which would agree exactly with the amount of the sums; and the value of a guinea would be represented by the part of space which it covered."*— Playfair (The Commercial and Political Atlas—1st. ed.)

John: I'm not even going to try and say that in Thai.
Me: Why not?
John: Too fxxxing hard and an unfair test.
Me: OK, give me in English a three word sentence you can say in Thai.
John: "Shove off asswipe."

Well, there you have it Stickmanbangkokites and Dana fans: this weeks musings from Dana Central that included some notes on Fa, some notes on Stick, and four stories. See you around the boardwalk. Oh, and be careful if your air-con goes out. I am sitting with my feet in a bucket of cold water with a desk fan blowing at me. I'm scared to death about touching the fan. Just sayin'.

398. Conversation on the Boardwalk

TT&A Part 345 15/9/2012

Attn: Stickman fans and Dana fans …

Like a literary supernova I am about to explode into retirement as a Stickmanbangkok. com Reader's Submissions contributor. Or something. Anyway, Stickman social anthropologists and Dana literati aficionados have seen this coming. Like the background radiation of the universe you can feel the heat regarding this event in the bars, and on the streets of the metropolises of the Kingdom. Don't believe me? Mention this subject to any Thai bus driver. Don't be amazed at what they say. Anyway, people are talking. Unfortunately, social upheaval and future novelty can breed rumor.

Example: there is a rumor that to commemorate my retiring Stick is going to … OK, it is only a rumor so I should probably not mention it. Just forget I mentioned it. It is currently only a rumor. Anyway, following is:

Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes—Part 345

Dana Quote Contest #14

> *"… the sleeping jungle snores and the hidden moon ain't talkin'."! "*

and the bonus quote:

> *"An old farang went riding out one dark and windy night: Unprepared for future, unprepared for fright. When all at once a mighty herd of red-eyed whores he saw: Flip-flopping through the ragged skies, and up a cloudy draw."*

Introduction

Attention men of the world, Dana fans, Stickmanbangkok. com aficionados, and mongers on all the ships at sea:

I have seen into the future and it shows so-called new and better condom technology. Below is an excerpt from a gentleman of the year 2070 describing his experience with a condom.

"... I'd reach down to pull in the clutch enough to get the motor rolling over. I could hear the air sucking into the engine because the intakes were right below my chest and a little ahead. After a couple of seconds, the sucking noise would change to a slurp when the alcohol fuel started to atomize in the injector. I was holding my thumb on the kill button until I heard the fuel ..."

Question: Is this the kind of condom experience we want. I vote NO. I have no objection to hearing a slurping sound or a sucking noise during sex but I don't want it associated with a condom. Hey, maybe that is just me. For more on future potential condom technology you can consult the book Michigan Madman by E. J. Potter. Potter was a rural garage technical genius but I am heartily glad he will not be around in the year 2070 to work on advanced condoms. Just me.

And now more from the Bits and Pieces Department:

"... we drove on through shade and patches of sunlight."—Hemingway (Green Hills of Africa):

So, what is great writing? Sometimes it's not what we think it is. We get too involved in writerly tricks. Great writing may include many clever stratagems, but ultimately great writing is just effective communicating. I love the above quote by Hemingway. Dead simple. Evocative. Memorable. The non-writer, non-reader might say:

'What's the big deal? I could have said that.'

But you didn't say it. A writer did. Sometimes great writing is just writing it down. So don't be so concerned about your writing ability. Just tell your story and send it in to this website. Maybe you'll be a farang Hemingway.

and on another subject:

"Any 'entanglement of predictions' that takes place can obviously only go back to the fact that the two bodies at some earlier time formed in a true sense one system, that is, were interacting and have left behind traces on each other."—Erwin Schrodinger

Well, obviously. OK, I'm no physicist like this rockin' cat Schrodinger but I think this has to do with standard farang-Thai female interactions. At any rate, we would all benefit from having physicists on the Pattaya boardwalk to reduce our clumsy efforts to pure science. But that is not really what I want to talk about today. What I really want to talk about today is:

Conversation On The Boardwalk

Pattaya Boardwalk Honey (PBH): Dana, what you thinkin'?

Me: Well, actually I was just thinking that gravity is not a force but a measure of deflection in space-time.

PBH: You think too mutt.

Me: Point taken. The reason we still refer to gravity as a force is because identifying it as a measure of deflection of space-time exceeds the brain abilities of most humans. 'Einstein may have been right but who can tell?' is on the little laminated card that many physicists carry around in their wallet.

PBH: 500 baht.

Me: OK.

PBH: Aren't you going to ask what for?

Me: Nope, I'm a price shopper; we have a deal.

PBH: I'll get naked and then I'll deflect your space-time.

Me: Works for me.

and finally, in today's BITS AND PIECES column:

Contemporary Parallels

> *"Late on the third day, at the very moment when, at sunset, we were making our way through a herd of hippopotamuses, there flashed upon on my mind, unforeseen and unsought, the phrase, "Reverence for Life."* —Out of My Life and Thought: Albert Schweitzer

and now for the spooky parallel ...

> *'Late on the third day, at the very moment when, at sunset, we were making our way through a herd of whores, there flashed upon my mind, unforeseen and unsought, the phrase, "Reverence for Hookers."* —Boardwalk Follies (2010): Dana

Just a few words. I guess it shows how we are all tied together in some wonderful way. Or something.

and this just in ... tied to a rock and thrown through the door here at Dana Central:

> *"The modified wave function is, furthermore, in general unpredictable before the impression gained at the interaction has entered our consciousness: it is the entering of an impression into our consciousness which alters the wave function because it modifies our appraisal of the probabilities for different impressions which we expect to receive in the future."*—Wigner

I speak for all mongers when I say 'Obviously'. What's next? Dogs bark? Bears shit in the woods? The Pope is a Catholic? Wouldn't you just love to see this rockin' physicist kat Wigner trying to talk to a South Pattaya boardwalk skank? The fun part would be to place bets on how fast he hears the words:

“Me No Like.”

and now for the latest in my Boston personal life …

FA ON MY ASS

For a fee the Registry of Motor Vehicles in the State of Massachusetts in America will allow you to have a vanity license plate on your car. It cannot repeat an exiting plate, it cannot be so obtuse that the Registry is unsure of what it means, and it can not offend. So far I have submitted:

N. E. P.
NANA
SOI 13
FTF
DANA
MONGER
VIAGRA
SAFF

None of these vanity plate ideas were accepted by the Registry of Motor Vehicles and I even went to hearings (pleadings) on NEP and DANA. They did accept, however; drum roll please:

FA

So I am now riding around in Boston with FA on my ass. If you see me, wave. If you see Fa in the passenger seat, do not wave. Fa is mine. Remember, SAFF: Stay Away From Fa.

Well, that is it for this week Dana fans; another column done and one column closer to retirement. Soon Fa and I will be braiding hair on Khao San Road and it will all be a memory.

She’ll be stealing money from the business and I will be letting her. Paradise.

399. It’s Hard to Find a New Idea

TT&A Part 346 22/9/2012

Dana Note:

Dreamers who dream about going to Thailand permanently focus in their research on the differences between Thailand and wherever they are coming from. They forget one of the things that Thailand and wherever they are coming from have in common. Both countries have 24 hours in every day. What oh what are you going to do with all of that time?

and now …

Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes—Part 346

Dana Quote Contest #15

> *“So there you have it Stickmanites and Latin lovers and history hepcats. Young men are young men and pussy is pussy and glory-to-God, thank-you Jesus; Thailand is Thailand. Nothing has changed except traveling there in a silk pillowed litter stuffed with olives and dates and cheese and eggs and wine and baked ziti and calzone and about 300 cannoli accompanied by servants must have been a hell of a lot more comfortable than going economy on Northwest airlines.”*

Note: we have so far some Dana fans with perfect records regarding identifying Dana quotes. In answer to their questions: yes, a perfect score should go on your application to the Dana Fan Club.

and now the bonus quote:

> *“by attaching a stringent, mordant vocabulary to a series of precise and horrific events, a species of gallows humor which is a defeated man’s last pride, the pride that he has, at least, not lost his bitterness. So it is the sort of humor which flourishes in*

> *prisons, in the Army, among junkies, race tracks and pool halls,”*—Norman Mailer

And expat hangouts in Thailand. OK, broken-down expats can be funny. They can be mordant—”biting and caustic in thought, manner, or style: incisive.” (Webster’s). Sift the bitterness and dashed dreams through the filter of wit, add some alcohol; and you are going to laugh until you think you will lose control of your bladder. The patina of barely suppressed depression is forgotten in the convivial bonding moment as two speakers of the same language trade stories. And it is not just silly story or clever joke laughing. It is the ‘us against them’ humor that makes you feel so smart, so superior. Laughter that feeds the ego and restores your pride and hope. You’re a winner surrounded by losers and the proof is that you can be so witty and funny about it. But a little can go a long way. You wouldn’t eat just pepper. Pepper is just something you add to your food for spice. Sometimes you can be too smart—too clever—too intelligent—too knowledgeable; and lose the plot. That’s when the laughing stops. When you lose the plot. Never stop laughing.”

And now the Bits and Pieces dept. Long pieces from Thailand-wide stringers have been a little slow in coming in. One of my stringers is being held over in Burma (oh, excuse me: The Republic of Mallomar) for some reason, one of my journalistic observers (gosh, Mr. Dana I would give anything to write for Dana Enterprises) has disappeared into the arms of a high-cheek-boned shrew in Udon, one of my reporters in Kanchanaburi is sorting through a big bag of pills he got for some mystery illness, etc. So today some of the film stock that ended up on the floor. I’ve been shuffling through and constantly refiling and gumming this stuff for years. Now it is on your plate (said the warden to the prisoner). Enjoy ...

Introduction

Your little hands,
Your little feet,
Your little mouth—
Oh God, how sweet!

Your little nose,
Your little ears,
Your eyes,
that shed Such little tears!

Your little voice,
So soft and kind;
Your little soul,
Your little mind!

—Samuel Hoffenstein

A useful poem to have on a laminated card in your wallet and to review every time you fall in love in Thailand. And now …

There the passions, cramped no longer,
shall have scope and breathing space.
I shall take some savage woman,
she shall rear my dusky race.

—Alfred Tennyson

Today’s thought: It’s hard to find a new idea. This sure sounds like Thailand’s farang dream to me:

> *“… and while our body lay in chambers (Nana Hotel), insentient (drunk), my consciousness was cast elsewhere—some netherworld of lost souls (mongers) … for what seemed like days, I was drawn helplessly forward, until at last I saw my doom—the horrible bottomless maw of some malignant entity of the outer realms (Nana Plaza)!”*

… with credit to the cartoon Prince Valiant (11-13-11) by Gianni. We all seem to be channeling the same dreams.

Note One: Word just in … it seems that my Chiang Mai—Chiang Rai stringer who is currently being held in Burma had made some smart remark at a border shop that Jim Thompson silk was better than Burmese silk. Obviously intelligence is not a requirement to be a Dana Enterprises story/essay stringer. If you front all of the expenses yourself, can write a declarative sentence, and avoid exclamation points; we will give you a chance. Many have dreamed the dream, many have applied, some have been hired, most eventually go down in writing flames. I fear that this 'writer' of mine in Burma may never see the office dog hump a chair leg again. Reminds me of the time that we hired Chiang Mai Kelly and he was given a restaurant review to do. In the restaurant his server was a woman named Dung and he turned in a nine thousand word report on why licking the feet of Isaan women was different than licking the feet of Hi-So women. That was his restaurant review and the last we employed him.

"By the shores of Gitche Gumee, By the shining Big-Sea-Water,"

Lines of poetry magic by Longfellow in his Song of Hiawatha. How many people remember the epic poem that followed these lines? Lots of people remember these two lines. Is that all people are going to remember of my work? Two lines? Which two lines? And Thai teeruks wonder why I can not sleep? Which two lines? How about:

My name is Dana.
Your name is not Dana.

OK, there is a possibility. Which two lines?

Ever wonder about Geography stuff? I do. I love looking at charts and maps. Sometimes mysteries ensue. Example: if you look at a map of Thailand, the Moey (Moei) river is a border river between Burma and Thailand for about … OK, I can’t read the distance legend on my Thai map but it is a large and a long river. It looks as if the Sarawin (Salween) river of Burma becomes the Moey river which on my large laminated Map of Thailand mysteriously ends south of Phop Phra. Wait a minute, that might not be correct; I think maybe the Moei river flows into the Salween river. Anyway, why is it that I have never read a single Thai centric story that mentions this river? A mystery. Some smarti-pants 50 year expat should do a coffee table sized book on all the river and lake parts of Thailand before they are all drained or damned or diverted or polluted or paved over … we do not really need another big fancy book on bargirls or customs or handicrafts or architecture. How about paying attention to the pre-Siam part of Thailand that will still be here long after the flip-flop prints are gone. Just thinkin’.

Note Two: I have just received word that my stringer who disappeared into the arms of a woman in Isaan is coming back on the bus. Something apparently went terribly wrong and it involved relatives, money, crying, and a bill for motorbike repairs on a motorbike he did not own. Personally I have always thought that a Thai bill for repairs on a motorbike that you do not own is a gift to the farang. It is a sky arcing rocket that you can not ignore. Make sure you have your wallet and your passport and your … go out the window and run. Run like the wind. Anyway, some people think that being the CEO of Dana Enterprises is all cookies and cream. Au contraire my little crepe suzette; it is one headache after another. And the stringers are about as easy to manage as Thai cooks being told Mai Phet. No, no; the stringers are about as easy to manage as herding cats. You do not want to be me.

> *“Get up on the bed big boy. Momma needs it and momma needs it now.”*

Almost every night of my life in Thailand. When will these Thai woman stop using me as some kind of sex toy meat to satisfy their primitive desires? I’m only a man. I’m not made of steel—sometimes a man just wants to be held.

> *“Get up on the bed big boy. Momma needs it and momma needs it now.”*

OK, there it is again and ... gotta go. While I am being treated like a sex object check out this next item.

Raise your hands if you just adore 18th century British feminism.

> *“The pure animal spirits which make both mind and body shoot out, and unfold the tender blossoms of hope, are turned sour and vented in vain wishes, or pert repinings, that contract the faculties and spoil the temper; else they mount to the brain, and sharpening the understanding before it gains proportional strength, produce that pitiful cunning which disgracefully characterizes the female mind and I fear will characterize it whilst women remain the slaves of power.”*—Mary Wollstonecraft, A Vindication of the Rights of Women—1792

What? And again: what? Let me see if I can understand the men who make fun of me because I shop for love on the boardwalk in Pattaya. You are looking for a woman like Ms. Wollstonecraft in the Hi-So bars? OK, if you say so. Me? I’m looking for a fifty thousand watt smile who would say to Mary Wollstonecraft: “You talk too mutt.”

> *“In some ways I wished it had been different, that I hadn’t waited for the dream to break before calmly packing and moving on. I disliked the complacency I felt. It took the poetry out of the landscape. Outside the window the flashing paddy fields looked flat and meaningless.”*

Hugo Williams (All The Time In The World), a young man and a young writer, reflecting on the end of his relationship with a Thai woman. Young when he experienced it, young when he wrote it. Some people can write.

Note Three: I have just received information regarding one of my stringers who quit last year because he would not use Spell Check and he would not allow anyone to proof his copy. He has been writing for a newspaper outside of Sanglaburi. I've been to Sanglaburi. The only way that region could possibly support a paper is if drug money is involved. So … he wants … ah, forget it: stay away from stringers. Nothing but headaches.

A personal look inside my life as a writer: When a pile of my first draft edited hard copies reaches an undisturbed height of three inches I wrap it in copper wire and go to the lobby of the Science Museum in Boston. There I hold the copper wire wrapped manuscript bundle in front of the stuffed platypus in the Plexiglas case. I think you know why. The copper wire keeps the spaceship people from stealing the words. You knew that. I don't usually get involved in sharing personal parts of my writer life but I can not be the only one who does this.

Next week I expect to have longer more traditional material because I am going to have a little meeting with my stringers. First I have to get my Glock fixed. Pattaya Gary knows a guy in the Talay apartments and he knows a guy who makes leather belts wholesale in Hat Yai and he knows a gunsmith … don't worry, I'll get it fixed; then we are going to have a little sales meeting with the stringers.

400. The Five D’s

TT&A Part 347 29/9/2012

Dedicated to the famous Chinese philosopher: GO FUK YU. An Asian I first spotted in Ni Tsan landscapes in the 70’s at the University of Michigan. He always had something to say and it was always pertinent to the situation.

Introduction

I was waiting for Pattaya Gary in the Superbabies Bar of Whacking—oops, I mean Walking Street when the guy next to me volunteers that he has some fantastic pick-up lines for moving things along with the Thai ladies. I give him some eye contact and a half smile. Mistake. Big Whacking Mistake. Then he starts in. Oh Christ, he is serious. He is now going to entertain/lecture me. Halfway through his second fabulous pick-up line idea I give some money to the waitress and leave.

The next night as an experiment I wrote these words on a 5”x8” note card:

> *“The theory of functions of two complex variables, a natural extension of complex analysis, required thinking about space of two complex dimensions—but each complex dimension boils down to two real ones, so like it or not you are looking at a four-dimensional space.”*—Taming the Infinite by Ian Stewart

Then I started cruising the boardwalk around 7 p. m. between Soi 13/0 and Soi 10. Soon I spied a brown skinned angel with the wide feet and splayed toes of the Isaan wonder. I went up to her, smiled, and pulled out my note card with the mathematical quote on it. When I was through reading, she smiled, took my hand, and we went to the A. A. Hotel.

You don’t need pick-up lines in Thailand. Only a newbie would think so. When your lips stop moving they put their hand in their hand. The rest is nature. Bliss. Paradise. Oh, and Pattaya Gary who expected me to be waiting for him at the Superbabies Bar? Don’t worry about him. He probably picked up #58 and believe me—he didn’t need a pick-up line. Oh, and for those of you who think it might be kind of fun to be with Pattaya Gary; let me just give you this warning. This guy is so handsome that standing next to him you will just disappear. Vaporize. Become a gas.

Just sayin’ is all. I like corresponding with Gary on the Internet but standing next to him is just flat embarrassing. His chin is more manly than my whole body. Sixty years old and he has a 32” waist. He’s got an eight-pack for abs and a body fat percentage of about 2%. This is a guy that is easy to hate. But I like him. Go figure. Anyway, that is not really what I want to talk about today. What I really want to talk about today is:

The Five D’s

If you stumble across a science book and if you actually read it (long odds) you will read that the six essential elements of life are carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen, oxygen, phosphorus, and sulphur. Not true. There are twelve essential elements of life. The other six are:

1. Grinding continual self-pity.
2. Dreams of violence.
3. Crazy person anger.
4. Happiness at other’s misfortune.
5. Irrational ideas in service to pointless goals.
6. Pride to no purpose.

Lists are important. They serve as reminders, warning signs, and helpful instructives. Reminds me of the list of the five D’s that should be given to all expats arriving for the first time in Thailand. The five D's describe for the expat their future in the Kingdom. They are:

1. Delight
2. Delusion
3. Despair
4. Depression
5. Death

The five D's: every expats future. There is a sixth D accessible to few. That is Danaism. More about that later. Anyway, for most homo sapiens who have decided to stumble down the expat road the five D's are their future. Now I want to talk about:

Performance Data

I think we can all agree that it is sometimes hard to get the respect we deserve. Take mongering for example. A lot of people (all white skinned foreign women) assume that all mongers are the same. Identical stripes on every zebra in the herd. Au contraire my little crepe suzette (FTF): there are differences, specialties, etc. Myself? I gather performance data on new systems from the field. It's a mission-critical specialty. I know that may look and sound like Army talk, but not in this case. Just look at the words again and think about the words again and apply them to your typical Pattaya boardwalk scene. I think you will see what I mean.

So don't make the mistake of treating all mongers the same. It's a big complicated world with lots of specialty and sub-specialty monger stuff going on. Easy example? The hopeless jerk you see on the boardwalk who does not have an iceberg's chance in Hell of getting a woman to pay attention to him. Then later he passes you on the way to the A. A. Hotel with a hotter woman than the one you've got. He must know something. He must have some kind of mojo and know how to work it. No doubt a sub-specialty of mongerism. Thailand. Place of mystery. Place of different stripes on all of the zebras. I’m gathering information as fast as I can.

and now …

Remember the potential 6th D? Danaism? Here is a mention of it in an essay titled:

Thrashing About Over Nothing

I’ll be leaving soon. Back to the Torndule galaxy. I came with gifts to see what humans could do. The first gift was Schrödinger’s cat and all humans could come up with was dualism. Additionally, they couldn’t explain the downward spiral of more and more subatomic particles. They couldn’t explain dark matter or gravity or neutrinos or the accelerating expansion of the universe or dark energy.

What have they come up with? Quantum mechanics and string theory and the Higgs Boson (what a joke). Birthday children shouting out guesses about where the magicians coin went to. First they get PhD’s and then they act like fools. In the Torndule galaxy we vaporize these nuts to keep them from breeding. What else have humans come up with? Article arguments on who knows more about publishing. Childish expostulations on who has less ego and who has too much ego. Life forms and beating hearts thrashing about over nothing. I had to force myself to stop the spasmodic laughing when I first came here because it robbed me of too much energy.

Those on Earth who have accepted Danaism will wait for the call and then meet me on the beach in Pattaya. Thousands of time travelers brought in on photons ready to hold my hand and hear the sound of my voice as we wade into the sea back to a place before emotion, before self, before mortality, before evolution (another human hoot), and before time. Lives without ignorance, days without surprise. The unalloyed joy of complete knowledge. Every particle of the Pattaya beach, a beach often described as inferior, will become a talisman of hope and future and chests nearly bursting from hearts full of love. Every photonic traveler will arrive at the Torndule galaxy with sand in their pockets. Danaism. Wait for the call. And make sure your pants have pockets.

Well, that is it for this week Dana fans. An Introduction, Go Fuk Yu note, and three little essays. Who loves you baby? Dana does. Throw in a book review. a movie mention, and some pics and you'd wonder if the wonderful days of Bernard Trink were coming back. Just sayin'.

401. A Picture of Me

6/10/2012

I have a friend named Fa. I'd like to say that I have a girlfriend named Fa, but I don't get a lot of feedback in the 'girlfriend' category from her. Love should be a two way street. At least that's what I think. Anyway, I am head-over-heels crazy, nutso, goofy about Fa. I just think she is fantastic and wonderful in every way.

We have been dating and spending time together for years, but sometimes I get the feeling that we are kind of stuck in a rut. I just can't seem to get us to the next relationship level. You know, a measure of adult intimacy where she might turn to me one day and ask me my opinion about something. Anything.

So I came up with a plan. Maybe you have done this yourself, or you know someone who has done this. I bought a camera. A 35mm camera first, then after that there was a Polaroid Land Camera, and a couple of those Instamatic cameras. But you don't need all that detail. The point is, I bought a camera. Why? Well, I figured that if taking pictures and doing camera things was a part of our relationship it might help us get to the next relationship level.

So, pictures were taken. I took pictures of Fa. I made her take pictures of me. I asked people to take pictures of us as a couple. I bought a scrapbook and filled it with pictures of us. I had some pictures made bigger and framed them. I gave some framed pictures to her. I even had a beautiful picture of her beautiful face laminated onto one of my T-shirts.

Result? Not much. I still have to prime the relationship pump when we are together; I have to start the sentences, make the smiles, and act out the enthusiasms. She has never once said that she would like a picture of me. Or us. A camera is a trickster, a magic act; it converts three dimensional reality into two dimensional reality. You can hold altered reality in your hands, you can freeze time, you can catalogue memories.

But a camera is no substitute for emotions. It can't make someone love you. Fa and I still spend time together but I rarely bring the camera anymore. I thought the camera would be a good relationship idea but I was mistaken. I thought it would somehow change things. My mistake. You can't change people, all you can do is decide whether to love them or not. And furthermore ... oops, I see Fa: gotta go.

402. Caveman Salute

TT&A Part 348 6/10/2012

Greetings and salutations Stickmanbangkok. com fans, Dana fans, and ceiling fans (Fa and I are making that straw-for-two drink that you can get in Chinese restaurants). Anyway, today a feature on Caveman. It's a great Internet moniker and he is a great guy. He's smart, he's funny, he's politically open minded, socially stable, and rant free. All in all, the kind of guy you'd welcome as a neighbor and you'd allow to babysit your children. He'd have them doing jumping jacks, and squat thrusts, and disassembling and reassembling their toys to a stopwatch. I'll say it for everyone: if I got a second chance I'd like to come back again as Caveman. But I guess right now that is just a dream. Anyway, everybody loves him. But I have gotten some emails from the international world of Stickmanbangkok. com wondering about his bike and his lifestyle. No problem dudes and dudettes. I have the information and I am happy to provide it in this article titled:

Caveman Salute

Ah, yes: Caveman and his motorcycle talk. You'll notice that we never see a picture of his bike in his lengthy submissions that detail his Chiang Mai adventures. Well, I have seen his bike and I have pictures. A Dana Enterprises investigative reporter sent the pics to me and I saw Caveman once in Chiang Mai taking a picture of a road. Nobody takes pictures of a road like this guy. Anyway, he is currently riding a tricked out Phantom motorcycle. I can't quite tell if it is the 200cc model but it is a monster and I understand that he had to take a performance driving and safety course before he could get licensed. It has a small car snow tire on the back, extra large pillion seat with extended luggage rack, and ape hanger bars made from aluminum tubes out of outdoor furniture. The seat is a child's bicycle banana seat from the southern California 60's, and his tool pouch that hangs in front is a Batman lunchbox. His side bags are flushed out medical waste pouches he found on sale in the Night Market, his rear view mirrors are from a Vespa motor scooter and tied on with vines from bamboo scaffolding at a construction site. Caveman is no fool with money.

He bought a three pound bag of red, white, and blue sequins at a bead shop for lesbians and then threw them at the bike after it had been sprayed with clear lacquer cut with acetone. The acetone rotted out the spray hose and it's side burst during the spraying. Caveman got it right in his eyes but he is tough. Ex-military tough. And he's also a patriot. Patriot tough. But then you knew that from the red, white, and blue sequins.

Anything else? Well, that's about it except for the sidecar. It is an old Korski little red wagon with built up sides and shock absorbers made from used condoms. Caveman condoms. He believes in condoms. And in saving money. Anyway, he uses the sidecar to store a generator, pieces of junkyard scrap metal, and a welding kit in case the motorcycle needs repairs halfway up Doi Suthep mountain. He has a decal on his welding helmet that says Monks Do It With Incense. He says the monks love that decal and also the painting of a naked woman riding an elephant that is on his gas tank. Gee what a hip guy. No wonder everybody loves him.

How can you tell when he is coming? Well, he is wearing a woven bamboo mahout's hat that has been sprayed to look like an American flag, his driving gloves are pink dishwashing gloves, and his sidecar looks as if it is growing an enormous tumor. Why does his sidecar look as if it is growing an enormous tumor? Because Mr. Expat Motorcycle Man of Chiang Mai spends most of his time driving around the wilds of Chiang Mai buying fruits, vegetables, nuts, seeds, berries, and grains. If he had the brains of a kumquat he'd be buying chocolate shakes and cheeseburgers but this carrot crunching nutter has just learned how to spell vegan so he drives around buying produce and other non-meat and non-dairy items from Thai rustics who probably think Vegan was a disciple of Jesus Christ. Sometimes he'll work a discount on rural melons and various mysterious tubers by getting his welding kit out and fixing stuff. You can always tell where Caveman has been! Spent welding rods have been saved and stuck in front yard Buddhist shrines. At any rate, if you see him coming; throw a mango at him. He loves that. It's vegan love and he won't turn it down.

Caveman: patriot, vegan, motorcycle alpha male. Skinny middle-aged man triceps hanging from child-sized ape hanger bars, Batman lunchbox for cellphone and Leatherman tool; and vegan fruits, vegetables, nuts, seeds, berries, and grains from the fields and farms and paddies of the Kingdom piled in his sidecar. Caveman I salute you. You know who you are and you know what you are doing.

Caveman is respected by the Thais of Chiang Mai. The smarter ones have figured out that this guy Vegan that the farang is always going on about was a disciple of Jesus and knew Buddha in India a long time ago. I mentioned that. Anyway, they take his welding helmet decal—Monks Do It With Incense—as a farang sign of respect for Buddha. Sometimes when the Caveman is not looking they slip an extra banana or an extra melon into his sequined sidecar. Respect is contagious and the fat young ladies of rustic Thai mothers and fathers find him sexy. Hence the need for the extra large pillion seat. In a land of physical moderation and slim Thai female figures, Caveman's motorcycle needs a small car snow tire on the rear. Personally, I'm not man enough for his girlfriends. I'd have to have helpers. And maybe a block-

and-tackle hanging from an eyebolt in the ceiling over the bed. Just thinkin'.

Caveman is different. He is a vegan in a culture that is just learning about the delights of western cuisine. Veganism? Fruits and vegetables and nuts and seeds and berries and grains. No meat and no dairy. Easy to remember. Just think of how your pigs and chickens eat. Hey, what could be greater than eating like a chicken? Who needs evolution? Let's all walk around with bobbing heads and peck at stuff on the ground. Or something. At a time like this it is helpful to remember the philosophy of Danaism. At Dana Fan Club meetings, services of the Church of Dana, the two Dana bars, office parties at Dana Enterprises on South Pattaya Road, and private Danaism events we serve chocolate shakes and cheeseburgers. Health conscious Danaites simply limit the number of chocolate shakes and cheeseburgers that they eat. Just sayin'.

Bacon cheeseburgers with double extra cheese, fryolater dipped buns, and chemically laced tomato and lettuce and onions. Beef from steroid happy cattle that were pumping iron in Argentina before being rounded up, stunned, eviscerated, and slaughtered. Man food. Vegans in Thailand? What's next? An oxymoron festival in Surin? Whores with hearts? Military intelligence? Men with feelings? Condoms without holes? Some things just do not pass the 'makes sense' test. Some things just don't seem right. Some things offend. Some things seem like an Isaan pickup truck full of ten day old fish paste. You can't put a happy face on that. It just stinks. Vegans in Thailand driving around on motorcycles that look like Pee Wee Herman's bicycle? Give me a giant break. Stop telling me to hold in the farts.

Real men in Thailand need a monger diet. Filleted steak sandwiches stuffed with salty butter, lathered in bug choked grease, and covered with pieces of melted chocolate. Desert? Hell yes we are going to have desert. Cheese and chocolate cannoli wrapped in super slim Canadian bacon and dipped in lard. Man food. Monger food. We are not buying crapadoo produce from Thais and we aren't fixing stuff. The kind of nutrition you need to sustain a long term relationship of commitment and loyalty and love. I once spent three days with a Thai lady. I mean 24 hour days. Admittedly the last day was a screamer and a headbanger but I did the time. Do you think you are going to have that kind of stamina on a Caveman diet of rice balls and watermelon seed extract?

Frankly, if the food I'm putting into my mouth isn't going to be a guaranteed contributor to clogged arteries, cancer, heart disease, diabetes, and howitzer farts I don't see the point in eating it. I'm a monger. I need dietary power and I am not going to get that from celery and lemon rind muffins. Do you think super stud breeder rabbits are chowing down exclusively on carrots? Forget about it. These rabbit mongers are swallowing burgers, fries, and cokes faster than a Soi 6 pro can satisfy a German with a wallet full of 1000 baht bills. I've met some of these super stud breeder rabbits and believe me they aren't bangin' with a celery stick in their mouth.

Hey vegans, I'd love to hear about your ballet tickets and your mother's photo album full of butterfly pictures, but right now I'm too busy eating this Caesar salad. Caesar salad? That's right baby, Caesar salad monger style. Man food. I substituted slabs of roast beef and slabs of cheese for the greens, beer soaked beef jerky chunks for the croutons, and pickled pig's feet rendering for the dressing. Salads? Love them. Monger style.

And what did the waiter bring me and my boardwalk companion as appetisers? You guessed it. Bowls full of bacon bits, whale tongue bread sticks, and little butter sculptures carved to look like baby seals. Fa had a great time and so did I. Whores know good food and respect men who know good food. Desert? Not for me. I had too many little baby seal butter sculptures before the main course. You eat too many of those baby seal butter sculptures and you start to feel as if you have seal fur stuck between your teeth. Maybe that is just me. Anyway, no desert for me but Fa ate a paper bag full of fried grasshopper, crickets, and worms. Monger desert Isaan style. She would bring the legs and the wings to the front of her lips and spit them across the table into my water glass. What a great woman. Class all the way and rock hard hooters. I love this country.

Note: Chiang Mai Kelly, Pattaya Gary, Fa, and myself are currently negotiating for space to open Pattaya's first all monger menu restaurant. We need a name for the restaurant. If you have any ideas send them in. This will be a family fare eating establishment for mongers and their friends, families, and whores. Try to be thoughtful. We have already rejected Screw The Whales, Baby Seal Steakhouse, and Death To Vegans. You get the idea.

So anyway, what is Caveman and his motorcycle good for in Thailand? Pizza delivery. That's right. His side car could house the oven and he could deliver meat and fish and cheese and pepperoni pizzas all over Chiang Mai. Just thinkin'. Carrot crunching nutter by day, monger diet delivery person by night. Hey, it's not any weirder than military intelligence. I think this idea has Ying and Yang up the kazoo. How do I think of these ideas? Genius. But I almost digress.

Carrot crunching nutters? These are massage people. Farangs who get massages, pay for massages, and talk about it. Farang expats teetering on the rim of their own personal black hole of pride deficit. Example? I whack off a lot, but I don't talk about it. Nuff said. We, here at Dana Enterprises, try to limit contact. I think we can all agree on this. When Caveman first came to

Thailand he was always coming to the office of Dana Enterprises on South Road with faux lemon meringue pie made from tapioca roots and bamboo shoots, or non-alcoholic beer made from soi dog piss and soybean puree, or snack food items made without sugar or salt or fat or food coloring or chemicals. Caveman's idea of chips and dip for watching football was diced desiccated prunes and some kind of Isaan nut mash. I didn't really care for this but who is going to argue with a guy who wears hemp underwear. Not me, that's for sure.

Anyway, the office girls Ting and Ming and Sing and Booger used to give him the cold shoulder and Rufus the office dog would bark at him. In fact, Rufus refused to even hump his leg. Maybe that is why he moved to Chiang Mai. No office dogs to bark at him, they have all been backyard barbecued; and the fat girls love him. His move could also have had something to do with a Pattaya Gary experience. He and Gary met at Swenson's ice cream parlor which to a vegan is a den of sin. Caveman was doing OK with mental stability until Gary ordered the house specialty which was a bowl of fish eggs and chunks of steak covered with ice cream and small pieces of colored sugar. Eyes bulging with the zealots focus he started in on how eating meat was unhealthy and not something a higher form of homo sapiens would do. Gary listened attentively and then said: Does that mean I can't eat pussy? Caveman left for Chiang Mai that night.

Anyway and to conclude: we have pictures of Caveman's bike here at the offices of Dana Enterprises on South Road in Pattaya. We may publish them as soon as we can figure out how to weasel around the standard ethical, legal, and moral issues. Until then, if you are a member of the Dana Fan Club, the Church of Dana, an investor in either of the Dana bars, or a follower of Danaism; come on by and we will show them to you. Someday maybe all of this Caveman stuff will make sense. Until then, if you hear him coming, throw a watermelon at him. He loves that.

403. Ode and Warning

TT&A Part 349 13/10/2012

Dana Note;

> *"The context of acclaim is always of interest and importance in understanding mass acceptance of cultural iconolatry."*—Sanford Sternlicht

Yeah, I guess; but just call me Dana.

and now:

Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes—Part 349

Dana Quote Contest # …

(no idea, it's hard to keep accurate records and listen to Fa):

> *"I was an adult about it. I didn't hustle her and I didn't try to charm her. I'd already tried that in the bar but the price was too high. Now it was early morning and everyone was tired and it was time for adults to go home. We ended up standing on the steps together outside the door opening our junk food. My instincts told me to keep my tourist mouth shut and not to look needy and not to push. We shared cashew nuts and yogurt. Then we went over to the Nana Hotel and banged like demented morons."*

Introduction

> *"Of the events of war, I have not ventured to speak from any chance information, nor according to any notion of my own; I have described nothing but what I saw myself, or learned from others of whom I made the most careful and particular inquiry. The task was a laborious one because eye witnesses of the same occurrence gave different accounts of them as they remembered, or were interested in the actions of one side or*

> *the other. And very likely the strictly historical character of my narrative may be disappointing to the ear. But if he who despises to have before his eyes a true picture of the events which have happened shall pronounce what I have written to be useful, then I shall be satisfied."* —Thucydides, Peloponnesian War, Vol. 1, 400 B.C.

Substitute the word 'Pattaya' for the word 'war' in the first sentence and you have some of my work and my intentions. Thucydides and myself. Buddies. I used to call him Thuc but history does not care. God, the stories I could tell.

But that is not really what I want to talk about today. What I really want to talk about today is:

Ode And Warning

I'm a Stickman writer,
And I want you to know:
This smile is from writing,
Not from blow.

But it's not just writin',
It's washing cars too.
Every Sunday at Stick's house:
Benz sedans, he's got two.

Stick is serious,
Ain't no fluff.
He and I are tight.
I know stuff.

Big changes are coming,
For Stick and Thailand.
Goodbye LOS:
Hello Stickland.

Ode and Warning

Change the maps.
Change the mind.
Thailand?
Can't find.

I've got the details.
I know the score.
For more information,
Meet me at the shore.

Big Stick changes are coming,
Not like before.
LOS to Stickland,
All that and s'more.

Bangkok will change,
Be known as Sticktown:
Siam will be turned,
Upside down.

Everything is changing,
And I want you to know:
I'm smiling at the future,
I'm ready to go.

Go to Stickland,
Sticktown too:
Just one thing ...
I'll give you a clue.

I'm a Stick soldier.
I'll march tonight.
But even in the Stick future,
Some things aren't right.

Don’t mess with Fa.
Know there’s a line.
Don’t mess with Fa.
She’s mine.

and now that you have seen the future, consider:

A Feeling For This Distance

What is a light-year as a unit of measurement? A light-year is actually a unit of distance. It is the distance light would travel at 186,282 miles per second in a year. Boy that is a long way. So how many seconds are there in a year? Times 186,282? It’s a long way brother: too hard to say, too hard to think about, too difficult to write. So we refer to light years of distance when talking about cosmic distances. For example: galaxies 13.3 billion light years away are (13.3) x (1,000,000,000) x (60x60x24x365) x (186,282) miles away. If someone tells you they can intellectually understand this they are lying. We can calculate it, but we can not understand it. The mind does not have infinite potential. There are limits. Is the universe ultimately knowable? Not by humans. But I almost digress.

Anyway, is there anything on Earth we can compare this to get a feeling for this distance? Yes, there is. Perform this experiment. The next time your Thai girlfriend asks for money tell her you are not going to give her any money. Now and forever. Suddenly you will instinctively feel an almost impossible to calculate distance between two objects: you and her. You are now learning about cosmic distances between humans. And you will learn about cosmological inflation also. To wit: she is speeding away from you at an ever increasing rate. So, you see; you do not have to have more degrees than a thermometer factory to understand astronomical measures of the universe. Just tell your Isaan minx she is not getting any money. Fa has twice hit me up for rent money. Twice she has been told No. Getting that money back from Fa would be like trying to get semen back once you have blown a load. It only leaves, it doesn't come back. She still takes my money for 'short times' but she is now far far away from where she used to be.

How do you avoid this Earthly knowledge of cosmological light-year measurements? Just keep shelling out the money. A little knowledge can be a terrible thing. Astronomers and cosmologists do not have to keep shelling out the money to interact with the universe but you do. If the Pattaya boardwalk is your universe, just keep handing out the money.

Denouement

(or something)

Well, that's it for this week kats and kittens: a quote, an Introduction, a poem, and an essay. And to think I once thought Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes—Part 77 was my retirement piece. Clearly I have no idea what I am doing. However, I am currently registering for a ten step program to kick this habit and as we all know the first step is to recognize the problem. I have just had a tattoo put on my chest that says Denial Is Not Just A River In Egypt. I know what I am doing. Actually it is a two line tattoo because I have a kind of small chest but that is not really the point. Anyway, I can hear the retirement train coming and I have instructed Stick to stock up on cheeseburgers and chocolate shakes for my retirement party and awards dinner to be held at his house. I will bring Fa and Caveman will probably bring something that grows in dirt and gets pissed on by dogs. Will there be a record of this retirement party written by me on Stickmanbangkok.com.? No there will not. It is a retirement party nimrod. Try and pay attention.

404. Boardwalk Friends

TT&A Part 350 20/10/2012

Introductory Bits and Pieces

> *"Information, that is imperfectly acquired, is generally as imperfectly retained; and a man who has carefully investigated a printed table, finds, when done, that he has only a very faint and partial idea of what he has read; and that like a figure imprinted on sand, is soon totally erased and defaced."*—William Playfair

OK, say that in Thai. Go ahead, say it: I'll believe you if I see your lips moving.

and now … but wait, Today's Thought:

> *"This just leaves what Thailand does have. Corruption and stupidity. Logic says that this is not enough to fuel and build and maintain a modern culture and lifestyle and banking system. Maybe in Thailand the rules of the accounting systems and the financial checks and balances all behave in a slightly different way. A way that doesn't demand logic. Maybe corruption and logic are enough. In Thailand."*—I.D.H.

and now …

Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes—Part 350

First, the most up-to-date Dana Quote Contest Number ???. OK, I've lost track. I don't know what number this is. The girls in the office were supposed to keep records that would be put in the office safe every night but instead they used the note paper to make origami penises. That is my story and I am sticking to it.

"At my age the race is on. There are eight chariots with four horses apiece headed down the long 800 yard straightaway in the Coliseum of my life and I am standing in every chariot. Instead of colors or team names the chariots are known by most probable life endings:

1. Cancer
2. Aids
3. Heart Failure
4. Stroke
5. Alzheimer's
6. Accident
7. Suicide
8. Post surgical complications—pneumonia—death.

All eight chariots want to be the first over the line. I am standing in every one of the chariots. The result is the same no matter what I do and no matter which group of lunging horses crosses the line first. My death is a certainty. The only question is time. So I intend to have sex with Thai women at every attractive opportunity. Fa knows this and loves me anyway. The fact that I have no immunity to Thai females and will follow any one of them home with my tail wagging is just something about me that she has factored in."

Note: we are coming to the end of the Dana Quote Contest folks and it was an open book test. My office staff (Ming and Bonk and Lurch and Quim—Booger and Licker got fired) say that they expect to see a lot of perfect scores. Don't disappoint them guys. Bye-the-way: Licker has a sister named Quicker. Honk if you love Thai culture.

Boardwalk Friends

Sometimes it is hard to make friends on the boardwalk. Last Wednesday I ran into Storndight Godsmack on the boardwalk. S.G. (I call him S.G) is from Cowcrap-on-Tyne, England where he has a PhD. in mathematics. His specialty is Statistical Analysis and the Visual Display of Quantitative Information and Other

Useless Crap. His thesis was titled: Medieval Corncribs, Rats, and Newton's Laws of Motion. His mentor saw the title and the length of the thesis and just gave him a passing grade. Less reading that way. Anyway, Mr. Brainiac has a scrawny neck, a facial tic, and a lisp. If he gets excited doing a crossword puzzle little flecks of foam appear at the corners of his mouth.

Anyway, on this day S.G. was sitting inside a U-shaped table one soi north of Soi 13/0. On the table he had files, reference books, plotting paper and plotting tools, clipboards, tape recorders, and cell phones. Investigation revealed that he had stringers working from Soi 6 to Soi 13. These fools (excuse me, interns) were interviewing farangs regarding what verbal and body language signals were most successful with boardwalk cruisers, honeys, angels, and bloody eye-brow plucking skanks.

This information, or at least the information turned in by stringers that fit the parameters of the project (white people talk) would then be scientifically filtered, plotted, and interpreted to tell farangs exactly what worked. Data science, and efficiency in service to mongerkind (oops, I mean mankind). In other words, follow S.G.'s information and you would be going through boardwalk denizens like prunes through an old lady.

I made the observation that his time might be more profitably spent by shaving his crotch to make his penis look bigger and showing a picture to the girls. I know, not necessarily a pretty picture. A thoughtful person might wonder if his penis gets little bits of white foam at the corners when it gets excited. Anyway, he turned his head and completely ignored me. If I had suddenly erupted into a pillar of fire he would not have written it down on one of his pieces of paper. Conclusion? Sometimes it is hard to make friends on the boardwalk.

Anyway, what I really want to talk about today is a Special News Note titled:

Stickman Party

Two weeks ago in an article titled Caveman Salute (Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes—Part 348) there was a hard hitting exercise in investigative journalism regarding Caveman, his motorcycle, and his lifestyle. Response has been an incoming (what else) tsunami wave of praise, wonder, conspiracy theory, yearnings from fat Thai females, motorcycle sales rep questions, vegan product wholesaler inquiries, and offers of volunteer services from psychiatrists.

Referring to the Screw The Whales, Baby Seal Steakhouse, and Death To Vegans restaurant name ideas mentioned in the article: T-shirts are now available in small, medium. large. extra large, and farang obese; as well as in pink, black, and grey colors. Imagine how proud you would be to be walking on the boardwalk wearing a pink T-shirt with black letters that said DEATH TO VEGANS. And the beauty part is that you could tell your new girlfriend anything you wanted to about what it means. Sweet Jesus on a cracker what a great country.

Anyway, shirts and shipping are free from Stickmanbangkok. Email Stick's underpaid, underappreciated, and overabused staff for details. Direct your order inquiries to either Crap or Dung who are handling this. They are proud Thais who will see that you get excellent customer service. Nothing beats either Crap or Dung. One T-shirt per customer until supplies last. Everything is being manufactured by Karens in Burma and we are using the same mule trains as the yaa baa trade. I'm sure you understand. Send us a photo of yourself wearing a shirt at a feminist convention, elite girl's college, or vegan convention and we may use it in our next catalogue. Fa already has her shirt. She chose

Screw The Whales. She knew what the word screw meant. She wanted to know how much the whales would pay. But I almost digress.

Get one of these T-shirts and become part of the publically expressing monger tribe. Other items such as coffee cups, mud flaps, hats, and umbrellas are in the pipeline. Stay tuned.

405. Caveman Sightings

TT&A Part 351 27/10/2012

R. I. P.

Kurt is gone. Mekhong Kurt of Bangkok is gone. The Washington Square scribe died recently. Not a surprise to those who followed his spoor, knew his habits, and made Kurt sightings. His lifestyle was simple and revolved around cigarettes and beer. Friends and family and Squaronians might offer a different opinion but it was hard to ignore. Nicotine and alcohol: worldwide popular addictions that give many much happiness. Some might say he was gone ten years before he actually died due to his body and mind being ravaged by twin drug addictions. The downward slope was sad, public, and did not reflect well on farangs for observant Thais.

His website that chronicled the comings and the goings of Washington Square residents, and other Washington Square news and minutia was entertaining and made a nice contribution to Thai-farang genre history. Kurt was a long time Asian hand and qualified to make comment on Washington Square events and people (Squaronians). He was interested, factually correct, and sympathetic. Information you got from his website was not available elsewhere and much of it was personal. He took an interest in other peoples' lives. Based on something I had read in his website I once tried to engage him in a discussion regarding physics and astronomy and cosmology while visiting him at the Texas Lone Star saloon. He replied that the Star Trek TV series in America had fostered an interest in the space program, space related subjects, and other things astronomical. Soon after, I got up and left. A more vacuous and absurd remark would be hard to imagine. I guess I am kind of hard on people.

However, I do remember another story he told on his website with perhaps more staying power. He hadn't been feeling well for a long time. He went to a doctor. After examinations and tests the doctor's diagnosis was that he was starving to death. Cigarettes and beer are not enough. You have to eat something. In my own country, President Franklin D. Roosevelt was an example to learn from. A double drug addict, cigarettes and alcohol, with a predictable end. Eventually, the body's immunity system just says: we aren't doing this anymore. In England, Churchill was a double addict who basically got away with it. The difference? He ate food. Still, his lifetime addiction to nicotine and alcohol was so prodigious that his body should have been donated to science. We might have learned something.

Kurt: if I meet you in heaven, dinner is on me. Steak tips, rice, mixed vegetables, and melon for dessert. No beer. No coffee. A nice glass of fresh squeezed orange juice. Beer and cigarettes are not enough. Even in heaven you've got to eat. R. I. P.

and now:

Pity The Poor Girl

Recently I made a trip to Ko Larn off Pattaya. I like boats and I like maritime environments and I like beach trips and I like the geography of the island. It is all good. I used to use Anna the tour director in the lobby of the A. A. Hotel to book trips for me at about 600 baht. Parasailing opportunities were included, more boat trips were part of the package, and you got lunch served on the beach. But then I discovered that for only 20 baht I could take the public ferry. Boy oh boy, what a big difference in price. Money that could be spent foolishly in some other trivial tourist way. Anyway, recently I made a day trip to Ko Larn.

I am a nut about punctuality. I always get to everything early. So I am on the ferry early waiting for it to leave. What to do? Well, I do the same thing everyone else does in situations like this. I sit and look at all the other people. There is a couple. A foreign male and a Thai female. He is attentive and obviously smitten and she is charming and very attractive. He has a camera. You can guess the rest. He is taking picture after picture after picture of her. Pictures of her leaning on the rail of the boat, pictures of her looking for something in her bag, pictures of her with and without sunglasses, pictures of her looking and breathing and sitting. Picture after picture after picture. I pity the poor girl. I want to scream at him to just stop. Give it a rest. Give her a break. Grab the reins. But of course only she can control him. She needs to put her hand on his arm, and look him in the eye, and say:

"That's enough pictures for now."

But she does not do that. It takes 45 minutes to get to the island and he takes pictures of her for 45 minutes. Of course this public display of love and attention makes me feel slightly superior. I would never behave that foolishly. I would never abuse the poor girl by taking so many pictures, and I am not so needy that I cannot go anywhere without a stupid camera. It's a beach and boating day. Just relax. I admit I have, sometimes regarding some things a borderline rant personality. This abuse of nice ladies, or worse, this boring of nice ladies with all this compulsive picture taking kind of drives me crazy. This young attractive Thai lady has probably had to endure this nonsense since she was sixteen years old. She must be bored and irritated. And her boyfriend isn't winning any points. How many pictures of this girl is he going to take? A thousand pictures? A million pictures? A million million pictures? I keep my mouth shut.

While negotiating with the mother and the son across the street from the boat landing that I use to give me motorbike trips, a female Thai tourist in their store hears the conversation. She interrupts. She would like to know how to get to the beaches, etc. Could I help her? We end up being taken to the beach together by the mother and the son. She rides on the back with the big son. I ride on the back with the big mother. We swim together. We buy ice creams. We have lunch. We lay side by side on the lounge chairs and talk. We walk on the beach. She shops for clothes. We laugh. I am so dizzy from being with her that if you took your finger and pushed against my chest I would just fall over.

I wished and I wished and I wished that my hands held a camera. I would have taken a million million pictures of her.

and finally:

Caveman Sightings

Last week I was in Shitburi picking up a load of petrified elephant poop for my petrified elephant poop necklace business that I run on Khao San Road and I happened to see Caveman taking a picture of a road. He was using a tripod and a fat young Thai lady to help him. Nothing new. But he was wearing a T-shirt that said Vegans Do It With Celery Burgers. I don't even know what that means.

Mark my words, this guy is going to end up as a towel boy in a Hat Yai massage place. Sad. I'm not judging but you would think that U. S. ex-military could do better than handing out towels to Muslims that have pictures of Osama Bin Laden on them. Just sayin'. Not judging. Anyway, stay tuned for another rockin' picture of a road. Nobody takes pictures of rural Thai roads like Caveman. Nobody. Don't even think about it.

A little birdy has told me that a compilation of these photographs is going to be produced in a coffee table sized book titled: Rural Thai Roads: A Farang Love Affair. Pictures will be accompanied by all the gearhead camera and setting specs as well as personal journal entries regarding the picture taking experiences. His Thai fat lady assistants will also be featured and asked their reactions and opinions regarding various Thai road picture taking assignments. Search the current Bookazine picture books and you will not see this book. The book stores have big expensive picture books of Thai architecture, and Thai crafts, and Thai ladies, and Thai commercial sex night life, and Thai general interest subjects but nobody else has had this Thai road vision.

Just thinking about this almost freezes my brain. There could be pictures of roads that go up in the distance, dirt roads, surfaced roads, narrow roads, wide roads, roads that lose elevation in the distance, roads with a soi dog lying in the road, maybe a picture of a road with a chicken by the side of the road, after rainstorm roads, dry season roads, and dead ends. The Dana brain boggles. God has a plan for all of us if we just listen. It looks as if Caveman's destiny is to take pictures of remote Thai roads. How I envy him. A life with meaning and a focus with value. I can't wait for this great big wonderful picture book to come out.

406. Rufus Has Died

TT&A Part 352 3/11/2012

Dana Enterprises Update: Dana Quote Contest

Hello Dana fans: we start this week with news about the Dana Quote Contest that has had the citizens of many nations in a competitive frenzy for fifteen weeks.

Many entrants to the Dana Quote Contest got all fifteen quotes correct. Some entrants to the Dana Quote Contest got all fifteen regular quotes and all eight bonus quotes correct. However, the grand prize for 100% correct quote identification goes to Fondork Blightster Bilarong of Flies-In-My-Eyes, Australia who was the first one in with all quotes. A champion is born. When the women of Flies-In-My-Eyes get the news about Fondork I do not envy his personal life. Being treated like man meat can get tedious. Sometimes a man just wants to be held. They will chase him down and tear at him with sex need frenzy. I feel your pain Fondork.

Upon receiving his congratulatory certificate and suitable-for-wall-hanging plaque he was heard to say:

“Somebody help me read this. I’ve got flies in my eyes.”

Congratulations Mr. Bilarong
Dana, C.E.O. Dana Enterprises

P.S.—The grand prize was … oops, I can see we are all out of time. We will have text, photo, and video descriptions of the grand prize in the very near future. Right now I have office girls Fum and Fong and Dum and Dong working on shipping and currency issues. Smooth follow-thru on these prize giving administrative issues is complicated by the fact that every time we try to talk to Australian officials we can not understand anything they say. Fondork (I call him Dork) has also consented to have his phone number made public for those of you who want to talk to him. The phone is attached to a tree so you may have to talk to others first but just be patient, the tree is front of a bar; they'll find him.

and now ...

Hanging Down Man Parts

Question: have you ever had a Thai girlfriend who takes her big giant pet turtle out of the turtle cage (to clean the cage) without telling you and puts it on the couch upside down (so that it won't crawl away)? Next you come out of the shower naked and sit down on the turtle? You have hanging down man parts and the turtle has pointy sharp turtle parts sticking up and you SIT DOWN on the turtle? Of course you have, we've all had this happen to us. Guys dream of living with a beautiful young happy smiling Thai lady but you pay. Boy oh boy do you pay. Nothing is free and the bill always come due. She may have breasts hitting her under the chin and a 50,000 watt smile but you are going to sit on turtle parts. Just sayin'.

and now ... and on a sad note:

Rufus Has Died

Rufus, the office dog here at Dana Enterprises in Pattaya has died. He was trying to get to a wedge of cheese on a tabletop and a vase fell on him and knocked him out. At the time we had flooding on the Soi and the front door was sandbagged. Foomy dragged him outdoors to give him some fresh air but did not calculate the flooded soi and he drowned. Sad. Anyway, a memoriam article and death notice is being prepared for the Pattayamail newspaper that will pay respects, notify the community, and detail his biography. Rufus started out in Udon, spent years at the Soi 4 office of Dana Central in Bangkok, and ended his career at Dana Enterprises on South Road in Pattaya. God, the stories he could tell.

No dog could hump a leg like Rufus and he was not fussy about love. Human leg, dog leg, table leg; all the same to Rufus the wonder dog. It was all about the love with Rufus and he spread his semen around like a broken paint mixer machine gone berserk in a hardware store. He was a combination Udon mutt, great Dane, hedgehog, Chihuahua, and mastiff. Nobody messed with Rufus. He would bark and warn us when he saw Korski coming, and he also had unerring bark radar that could detect incoming mail that had disgusting naked pictures inside. He found these photos disturbing and so did we. He was a humper but a humper with class: a key element in keeping up standards at Dana Enterprises.

An open casket viewing ceremony will be had at the Dana Bar and then his weighted casket will be carried down to the shore by office employees, bargirls, and a tranny in a dog costume (don't ask). He will then be rowed out to one of the offshore catapult barges. Rufus will be catapulted into the starry Pattaya night at midnight. Watch this website for the day and date. Dog friends and lovers will be bussed in from Udon, and Bangkok, and Pattaya. The most honorable Reverend of the Church of Dana will preside. There will be a fifty tranny pink smoke bomb aerial parachute show, top deck video clips of Rufus humping the legs of Ming and Bam and Foomy and Dong in the office, and a post video show stage presentation including naked office girls body painted to look like a great Dane, a Chihuahua, a Udon mutt, and a mastiff. Four trannies will be in dog costumes with their giant wangers connected to their wrists by bungee cords. Chiang Mai Kelly dressed in a hedgehog costume will mix with the crowd exchanging condolences and assigning grief counselors. Open bar.

407. Two Dana Enterprises Notes

TT&A Part 353 10/11/2012

Greetings Stickmanbangkok.com fans (Stick makes me include this) and Dana fans: the following is comprised of two Dana Enterprises Notes. An odd and rare event. Something like the incomplete rings of Neptune. Beautiful but hard to explain to others. Enjoy.

Dana Quote Contest Update

Recently, in Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes—Part 352 it was reported that Fondork Blightster Bilarong of Flies-In-My-Eyes, Australia was the winner of the Dana Quote Contest. A fitting conclusion to fifteen weeks of worldwide competitive frenzy. Response has been immediate. Examples:

1. from Picklip Snodgrass, Christ Church, New Zealand:

"Everyone knows that I was the real winner. This sucks and you suck Commander Douchebag."

2. Quimby Fotherton, Cows Udder, Ireland:

"Listen you little writer faggot, I was first in with the right answers. Why don't you get up on the stage at the Angelwitch bar in Bangkok and whack off. Homo licker."

3. Dexter Manparts, Edmonton, Canada:

"I won the contest instead of your little butt dart buddy in Oz and I can prove it. And Stickman is an asshole. You are all assholes. Next time I am in the Kingdom I'll stand outside your window so that you can look at a real man. Did I mention Stickman?"

4. Fleming Nosehair, Surin, Thailand:

"I was first in with the right answers and you give the prize to some Abo plugger in Australia? What a gaff. I'll bet you and Forndork both have pictures of Abos shoving leapin' lizards up the poop chute. Perverts. I hope you choke on your next cheeseburger. I hope you burn and twist in the fires of hell for eternity. How's this for a test question?

Question: What will happen to you if you come to Surin?
Answer: We'll roast your little writer weenie over a flaming soi dog.

5. Expat Weeping Boil Johnston, Saigon, Vietnam:

"I won your lameass little quote contest and you know it Captain Asswipe. And I don't get first prize? Know what I am doing right now? I am sitting in the sun in my apartment hammering a finish nail into my knee. The pain is excruciating, but not as painful as not receiving my rightfully earned first prize. But you don't care. Someday you might end up in Vietnam eating rancid rice balls and fermented fish heads with not enough money to fly home. You deserve it. Monster."

OK, I think you can see that the Dana Quote Contest attracted the right sort of attention worldwide. Men bonding with men in the sweat and joy of meaningful competition. Men men men men, men men men men. Gosh, I just love men. Anyway, stay tuned for the next Dana Quote Contest. It will include Danaism, ladyboys, guns, and good uses for second hand condoms. Essays will be required. The panel of essay judges will include Union Hill, 500 baht Walt, Thai lady Boom-Boom from the Mothership car park, Chiang Mai Kelly, and Fa who will throw a dart. Don't let the white hot crucible experience of international monger competition keep you from participating. Start reading and memorizing the last ten years of my text. I think we can all agree that this is what God wants.

Dana Enterprises Note

As regular readers know the funeral of Rufus the office dog was held recently. He was accidentally drowned by Foomy, open casket viewing was held at the Dana Bar, his casket was carried down to the beach and then rowed out to the catapult barge, entertainments were put on to honor his memory, and then at midnight he was shot into Pattaya Bay by the catapult Big Bertha, our largest catapult.

‘PULL’

Why review his death and passing? To help you remember a life worth living. Rufus knew that a male dog was put on Earth to hump. Human legs, chair legs, and female dogs of every description. He was a humper and a banger and a happy fxxxer. Climb a ladder and hold him in position and he would have a go at an elephant.

Note: I can’t remember if we actually did that or not. Some of my life is now in the ‘becoming a blur’ category.

Anyway, now to the main event: a ninety minute video of all that happened from Rufus’s unfortunate demise to his inspirational catapult into Pattaya Bay plus interviews and scrapbook pictures is available. It is being made available at no charge due to the philanthropic kindness of Mr. Stondule Heathcliff Glompus of Glasgow, Scotland and the Pi Pi Hotel on Sanglaburi reservoir in western Thailand. Mr. Glompus is a dog lover. Send your inquiries and orders for this video to Stickmanbangkok.com. Stick’s underpaid, underappreciated, and abused office staff is handling all fulfillment, currency, and shipping matters. Be sure and put: Attention Rufus Video in your correspondence with the wonderful people at Stickmanbangkok.com.

Why is Stickmanbangkok.com handling this instead of Dana Enterprises? We are tired of crying. It has to stop. Stick stepped in and said he would help. God bless Stick.

Pim Gally Fim Maak Loomster Kuhn Khrap Noodledick
Dana

P.S.—Just to squelch one rumor and mention a possible commemorative event:

1. There is no truth to the rumor that Rufus ever had sex with a French (FTF) dog. Rufus could bark FTF and he most certainly did not mean it literally. Rufus never had sex with a French (FTF) dog. Rufus had class. To iterate: Rufus never had sex with a French dog. There were some hot looking bitches at the Emporium but he never looked twice. Some of these dogs had perfumed asses that would make your head swim; but again, Rufus never dipped his wick. He made me proud. Once I had his coat cut with the letters FTF.

2. A groundswell of interest is building for a larger-than-life statue of Rufus to be prominently displayed in a public place in Pattaya. Some people are suggesting that the Dolphin Roundabout become the Rufus Roundabout. He could be humping a giant chair leg. Something like that. Anyway, send in your opinions and suggestions to:

Dana Enterprises
South Pattaya Road
Pattaya, Thailand
Attn: Rufus Statue Ideas

Min has been appointed the Rufus Dept. executive secretary. Do not give to Fa on the boardwalk any Rufus statue material. As you know, there have been incidents. Many many many incidents. The kinds of incidents that just make you cry. Also, and tangentially (white people talkin') relevant; Chiang Mai Kelly has not returned the hedgehog costume he was wearing at Rufus's catapult barge party. If you spot a five foot tall hedgehog in a bar please notify us. Don't tackle him. You might get something on you. Anyway, this is now a police matter.

408. Caveman Thoughts and Anecdotes

TT&A Part 354 17/11/2012

Recently, since his move to Chiang Mai and his new status as an American expat, Caveman's submissions to Stickmanbangkok have increased in frequency. You would expect them to and they have. It is nice to see an expat taking an interest in his new life and his surroundings and writing about it. Almost no expats do this. The usual format for these submissions is three part. The first part is text/pictorial and details his thoughts and experiences as he motorcycles around in the Chiang Mai area. The second part usually has something to say about his social life (read: girlfriend adventures or misadventures), and the third part usually has him expressing political points-of-view.

I must say I find the first parts of these submissions very enjoyable. They are fun and respectful and factual and interesting. They remind me of similar text and photo reports done by Pothole Research many years ago. Mr. Caveman makes specific comments about specific situations and his photos are wonderful. Chiang Mai is basically a valley surrounded by mountains so as soon as you leave the valley you can be treated to mountain landscapes and water features, etc. The best way to see this landscape situation is from the top of the Doi Suthep monastery where you have a high and long view of the valley and the mountains. I have made trips to Chiang Mai and I have to say that its good points are mostly to be had outside the city. This is what Caveman explores and he does it well. I particularly like the architectural pictures: not the temples so much but the houses. I find these house pictures very interesting and a subject that has been too little covered in the past. Caveman is doing good work here. I would buy a big fancy book of these house photos.

There have been some other noteworthy contributions to Stickmanbangkok.com in this genre of text/pictorial rural essay over the years. I wouldn't want to express an opinion about which ones I think are the best because I am all about wanting to be popular and well liked, but I think these rural essays done by Caveman are a lot of fun. For those of you who might say they are not too dramatic and a little same-same I would remind you that this is Thailand. Sometimes life's satisfactions are in the details. Read the text closely and look at the pictures closely. You'll be glad you did. And if you are not in Thailand when doing this reading factor in the fact that El Cavemano is on the ground doing it and you are in a studio apartment in Hamburg, Germany next to a chicken plucking plant. He should be your hero. I know he is mine.

Be honest, whether you are Manny from Mannheim, or Sven from Oslo, or Tug from Fiji you'd love to be on a nowhere road in Thailand taking a picture of a nowhere house in an area populated by nowhere people. Can you explain this to your banker father in Moscow or your uptown girlfriend from Paris? No you can't. It's beyond explanation. It's Thailand. One of the strangest Kingdoms on Earth. Don't stress over it. Just be a leaf on the wind of your own pleasure. And respect Caveman. He's maybe the historical front man. Someday there might not be any rural roads left in Thailand. But we will have his pictures. Someday a chicken might point to a picture of a road with a chicken standing beside it and say:

"That was your great great great great great great great great great grandmother, kids."

This guy Caveman is a God to me.

Caveman has a lot to say about various forms of fresh produce to be had in the Chiang Mai area, and by probably safe inference (white people talkin'), all of Thailand. He is a vegan and interested in these things. My personal interest is belly button lint. If I was writing these reports I would comment on that. Anyway, this is for me where the car of credulity flashes off the literary road. I find it inconceivable and monstrous (in Jack London's words) that he is not chowing down on cheeseburgers and chocolate shakes as he thunders through villages, screeches around corners, and brushes small children and animals into the mud. You can not travel the miles he does in making these reports on celery sticks and pumice stone powder for roughage. I'm talking science here. So the fact that he is chowing down on cheeseburgers and chocolate shakes and he is not telling us where these great places are in the outer Chiang Mai area is a little dishonest. Just my opinion. I guess that is how he and I are different. I would tell the world. Not judging. Just saying.

So this is my plan to right this wrong. Step One: I am going to win the Massachusetts Lottery here in the States and suddenly have millions and millions of dollars to spend. Step Two: I am going to move to the Chiang Mai area. Step Three: I am going to buy a 16000cc. motorcycle with side car. OK, now for more on Step Three. Fa will drive and I will sit in the sidecar so that I can make notes and make recordings as we search the area for the top cheeseburger and chocolate shake spots. We will militarily grid the entire area using satellite technology and some kind of GPS thing; and we will explore every single highway, road, unimproved road, and dirt track for great places that serve great cheeseburgers and chocolate shakes. There will be interviews, and spec sheets, and recipes, and rockin' photos. We will sacrifice our lives for humanity in search of this information and we will make it public. Those are the kinds of people Fa and I are. Again, science.

I am going to buy my lottery ticket tomorrow. I am going to dress up for the occasion. I don't know whether to buy it at the 7-11 where everybody is from Bangladesh and nobody speaks English, or buy it at the 7-11 around the corner where everybody is from Morocco and nobody speaks English, or buy my winning ticket from the 7-11 where everybody speaks Nepalese and nobody speaks English, or buy it from the laundry where everybody speaks Vietnamese and nobody speaks English, or buy it from the 'hole-in-the-wall' place on Winter Street run by a Russian and an Ethiopian who do not speak English; but I will get that puzzled out. Question: how do the Russian and the Ethiopian speak to each other?

Anyway, wish me luck and look for me in the Chiang Mai area soon. Fa at the handlebars and my fact recording self in the sidecar searching out the area's greatest cheeseburgers and greatest chocolate shakes. And if one day you hear two girlish screams, Fa and I have just rocketed by Caveman and one of his Thai lady photography assistants at 160 miles per hour.

409. Dreaming in Pali

TT&A Part 355 24/11/2012

Greetings Stickmanbangkok.com fans and Dana fans:

First of all. Stay Away From Fa. I have heard some things. Naturally, you would think that I could verify what I have heard by asking Fa, but she is a non-talker hooker so getting complete sentences out of her is difficult. Either she runs out of English words, or she runs out of interest, or she hits a mood pothole. The longest she has ever looked me in the eyes and formed words is on the two occasions when she was hitting me up for extra money for rent. Those little theatricals are practically soliloquies.

Anyway, I have heard some things. Fa is mine. Don't even think about it. If anyone is going to get stabbed by her, or a disease from her, or complete disrespect from her it is me. Try and show a little respect. And people think they want to be me. What a joke. Anyway, below is an essay called:

Dana Enterprises Note

As regular readers know the funeral of Rufus the office dog was held recently. He was accidentally drowned by Foomy, open casket viewing was held at the Dana Bar, his casket was carried down to the beach and then rowed out to the catapult barge, entertainments were put on to honor his memory, and then at midnight he was shot into Pattaya Bay by the catapult Big Bertha, our largest catapult.

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Why review his death and passing? To help you remember a life worth living. Rufus knew that a male dog was put on Earth to hump. Human legs, chair legs, and female dogs of every description. He was a humper and a banger and a happy fxxxer.

Climb a ladder and hold him in position and he would have a go at an elephant.

Note: I can't remember if we actually did that or not. Some of my life is now in the 'becoming a blur' category.

Anyway, now to the main event: a ninety minute video of all that happened from Rufus's unfortunate demise to his inspirational catapult into Pattaya Bay plus interviews and scrapbook pictures is available. It is being made available at no charge due to the philanthropic kindness of Mr. Stondule Heathcliff Glompus of Glasgow, Scotland and the Pi Pi Hotel on Sanglaburi reservoir in western Thailand. Mr. Glompus is a dog lover. Send your inquiries and orders for this video to Stickmanbangkok.com. Stick's under paid, under appreciated, and abused office staff is handling all fulfillment, currency, and shipping matters. Be sure and put: Attention Rufus Video in your correspondence with the wonderful people at Stickmanbangkok. com.

Why is Stickmanbangkok.com handling this instead of Dana Enterprises? We are tired of crying. It has to stop. Stick stepped in and said he would help. God bless Stick.

Pim Gally Fim Maak Loomster Drong Boolychang Fibber Khrap Dana

P. S.—Just to squelch one rumor and mention a possible commemorative event:

1. There is no truth to the rumor that Rufus ever had sex with a French (FTF) dog. Rufus could bark FTF and he most certainly did not mean it literally. Rufus never had sex with a French (FTF) dog. Rufus had class.

2. A groundswell of interest is building for a larger-than-life statue of Rufus to be prominently displayed in a public place in Pattaya. Some people are suggesting that the Dolphin

Roundabout become the Rufus Roundabout. He could be humping a giant chair leg. Something like that. Anyway, send in your opinions and suggestions to:

Dana Enterprises
South Pattaya Road
Pattaya,
Thailand
Attn: Rufus Statue Ideas

Min has been appointed the Rufus Dept. executive secretary. Do not give to Fa on the boardwalk any Rufus statue material. As you know, there have been incidents. Also, and barely relevant; Chiang Mai Kelly has not returned the hedgehog costume he was wearing at Rufus's catapult barge party. If you spot a five foot tall hedgehog in a bar please notify us. This is now a police matter.

Dreaming In Pali

A large, respected, well-financed language school with international reach named Rosetta Stone that sells Learn-to-Speak language courses is using print and Internet and TV ads to present the features and benefits of buying their courses. A new TV ad in the States has a happy customer saying:

"I love it when I dream in French."

Really? You now dream in French because you took these language courses? Learning a foreign language gives you the ability to dream in that language? Oh boy, I just love this stuff. The wacky world of language schools and courses. Anyway, your 'other language' abilities would be so ingrained that your unconscious self would dream in another language. Really? You've been taking learn-to-speak Thai classes now for one year. You go to class Monday, Wednesday, and Thursday. Your tone tutor comes over to your condo for two hours on Friday and you do next week's homework on Sunday. Can you now dream in Thai? Dream this:

> *"The presumption of achievement through money spent, energy expended, and good intentions is often a personal and societal chimera, not a guarantee."*—I.D.H.

OK, how did you do dreaming that in Thai? How much did your year of Thai language and Thai tone tutoring cost? How about two years? How about three years? Can you dream in Thai now? No? Maybe you should contact the Rosetta Stone language course people. You know, kind of help them out with your personal language learning/language dreaming experience. I'm sure in the interests of ethical advertising they will be interested in your story.

And this subject can get even more strange. Look this subject up on the Internet and you will read about people dreaming in languages they have not even been exposed to. Suzy Fon du Lac of Cow-flop on Tyne, England has never heard another language in her life except English. But she dreams in West Greenland Eskimo Danish. Sure, I believe this. Naturally the comments on these websites that follow include the words spiritual and ... you get the picture. Usually girls talking to girls. And we marry these woman? But that is another subject.

Anyway, the next time a German, or a Kiwi, or a Laplander, or an Inuit, or a Tierra Del Fuegian at the Superbabies Bar in Pattaya tells me he dreams in Thai I am going to buy him a drink. No questions asked. Just straight up give him a smile and buy him a drink. I have now achieved a Zen calm on the subject of languages and language learning. A kind of Buddhist non-connectiveness with the whole subject. So if you see me some morning in Pattaya staggering up Soi 13/0 to have breakfast at the Sportsman's Club, stop me and tell me you dream in Thai after taking Thai learn-to-speak courses. Hey, and don't worry: I won't ask you to speak fluent Thai in the daytime. I know without asking that you can only perform this feat at night in your sleep. And of course, I believe you; we all believe you. Anyway, I'll treat you to breakfast and help you steal magazines.

Oh, and those Buddhists? Do you suppose they dream in Pali? How would anyone know? But hey, I believe them. What Buddhist would lie? Who would doubt a Buddhist? Not me. Really, when you think about it, the Rosetta Stone company should be using Buddhists in their ads. No credibility problems there. Anyway, maybe in a few years the whole world would be dreaming in French. One question: the French who have disdain for all other languages, do you suppose they only dream in French? In other words, they are taking Spanish classes but they are dreaming in French? Gets kind of confusing doesn't it? Languages and language learning. Ya gotta love it.

410. Caveman Sightings Part Two

TT&A Part 356 1/12/2012

I seem to get involved in Caveman sightings. Not normally, or even abnormally, my first choice; but there you have it. Caveman sightings seem to be attracted to me like iron filings are attracted to a magnet. Hard to argue with science. It seems to be part of the big equation I have no understanding of or control over. I'm just a leaf on the wind. Some leaf. Some wind. Anyway, I seem to get involved in Caveman sightings. I need someone to step in and help me. Please help me.

Why do I always get the Caveman sighting calls? A retired Reuters reporter named Flimflam Brooster knows me from Budapest in the 60's when I picked up extra money on the weekends selling little doll outfits at erection parties. Eurasian women, guys with accents, erections, cameras, on-site film processing, and dressing up the erections with little doll hats and accessories and dresses. Picture time. You get the idea.

Anyway, Flimflam has friends in the Pattaya police department and sometimes when they have something strange in the farang category they call Flimflam Brooster and then he recommends that they call me. I guess it is a kind of Rolodex connection, but frankly; sometimes I could do without it. Maybe that is just me. You decide.

Anyway, way down on the end of Walking Street in Pattaya is an alley on the left. Turn down the alley and you end up in a cul-de-sac with a giant tree in the car park and little bungalow style rooms. Large spa style bathtubs and Thai style raised bed platforms. A cult hotel and an excellent place to fall in love or to hide out or both. Well, someone dropped a dime on a farang in one of the rooms. Apparently, the farang was not dead but he might need medical attention or at least looking in on. Concern for the well being of foreigners by Thais is practically a law of physics.

The police pushed in the door and found a farang in a bed full of various kinds of melons. Small, medium and large melons, horned melons, yellow melons, white melons, watermelons, cantaloupe melons, green melons, and melons of various odd or unusual colors and shapes. The police report detailed one hundred and twelve melons on the bed and under the covers. It was almost impossible to see the naked farang under and among all the melons. There was also a camera on a tripod at the foot of the bed with a string that lead from the shutter release to the man's big toe. So far, nothing too strange. Right? It's Thailand.

Except, except … there were also a number of big black marking pens in the bed and many of the various melons had faces drawn on them. Some of the melons had dolls' clothes on them. Kind of reminded me of Budapest. Anyway and apparently, the farang was getting naked in a bed full of happy and cooperative melons; drawing faces on them, dressing them, and then taking pictures of himself and his melon friends. Other things that might have been going on in that Right Spot hotel room were beyond the ability of the police to speculate on. I offered no clues.

Front desk hotel information showed that the farang had registered under the name Caveman. How many guys named Caveman can there be? Yup, it was him. Anyway, he wasn't dead, just exhausted. The hotel room filled up with Pattaya police, Walking Street volunteer police, maids, a tail wagging dog, and an Arab with a hookah in a backpack.

I was there. People looked to me for guidance. The Pattaya chief of police, Crazy Legs Choonayoondorn had called my Reuters friend, Flimflam Brooster, and he had recommended that they call me. I said that.

OK, it all got sorted out and I managed to convince the police not to confiscate the pics showing a naked farang consorting with melons. It's Thailand, who are we to judge vegan love? But here is my question for the universe. I'm old, I'm retired, I'm an expat who just wants to stay under the radar. I don't want any trouble. I don't want to get involved with vegan love. I've got my own problems on the boardwalk. So why do I always get these Caveman/police incident calls? This last adventure was the fourth time I had gotten one of these calls.

To wit: I have decided to take the high road on this. We farangs are all brothers under the skin so I am not going to talk in detail about my other Caveman involvements. God knows, he's probably got enough troubles. The time I was called to Chiang Mai because one of his young fat Thai lady photography assistants was caught on page six of a suicide letter? I'm not going to talk about it.

The incident in Chiang Mai where he and another farang rural road photography enthusiast got into a fistfight over who had exclusive rights to a picture opportunity that included a dirt road with a big pothole? I am not going to talk about it. No need and serves no purpose but I did have to pull in some consultants on that one. Pattaya Gary, 500 Baht Walt, and Fa had to get involved regarding legal issues, medical attention, and anger management counseling. But, like I said, I'm going to take the high road 'we-are-all-brothers-under-the-skin' on this thing. I'm not going to talk about it. I guess that is how I am different.

And, my journal shows a 2500 word entry on the call I got from the police regarding an incident at a Vegans vs. Meateaters rugby game. Flimflam Brooster was there also; ask him, I'm not saying anything. I'm taking the Fa vow on this one. She is a non-talker and so am I.

Apparently, the Vegan Team cheerleaders and the Meateater Team cheerleaders showed up with slightly different agendas and Caveman got upset and started complaining to game officials. Things escalated. Violence ensued. Violence at a rugby match in a third world country? No real surprise, but this was vegans vs. meateaters. Some of the language was shocking. I got there a little late but I saw the game film. Frightening.

I'm not going to go into detail but the following facts should paint a general picture.

The Vegan cheerleaders showed up in little outfits styled after Thai female public school uniforms, and the Meateaters cheerleading squad showed up in full camo, danced a Prussian goose step, and waved Remington 12 gauge shotguns around. As soon as the Vegans saw this display of meat manhood and heard 'Death to Vegans' in the cheer they lodged a complaint with the Rugby game officials. Something about the Meateater cheerleading song not being in keeping with good sportsmanship. Blah, blah, blah. That is when Caveman and some Meateater cheerleaders got into a fight.

It is hard to know about some of this stuff.

Here is the Vegan Team cheer:

We're the Vegans
We know what's right
We're the Vegans
Free recipes tonight

Don't eat meat
You know it's wrong
Big bad meateaters
Be gone, be gone

And the cheer from the cheerleaders on the Meateaters Team:

Sausages
Bacon
Pot Roast
Lamb
Death to Vegans

Hot Dogs
Cheeseburgers
Brisket
More lamb
Death to Vegans

We're the Meateaters
We're here to fight
We're the Meateaters
Death to Vegans
Death to Vegans

I don't know. You decide. Was this worth getting into a fight over? Game film showed Caveman waving his arms around like a demented windmill and displaying an interesting combination of facial tics and Turette's syndrome. So as you can see, this incident at the Right Spot hotel in the bed with smiley face melons was by no means a unique event. But I'm not talkin'. Only the high road for me.

The time he was caught at Immigration with a giant zucchini in his pants? The zucchini was wrapped in aluminum foil so that the x-ray machines would not pick it up but it was kind of impossible not to notice. Anyway, and to iterate, I'm not saying anything. Partly out of respect and partly because militant vegan nutters scare the shit out of me. I love this guy more than the smile on my daughter's face. You know, if I had a daughter, and if she had a face. So, you can see how all of this makes a kind of sense. Thailand.

Except for the one thing: I seem to get involved in Caveman sightings. Not normally, or even abnormally, my first choice; but there you have it. Caveman sightings seem to be attracted to me like iron filings are attracted to a magnet. Hard to argue with science. It seems to be part of the big equation I have no understanding of or control over. I'm just a leaf on the wind. Some leaf. Some wind. I seem to get involved in Caveman sightings. I need someone to step in and help me. Please help me. Oh no, my phone is ringing. It is either Fa or another Caveman sighting. I'm almost afraid to pick it up. It isn't easy to be me.

411. Lens Cap Stories

TT&A Part 357 8/12/2012

Greetings Stickmanbangkok.com fans, Dana fans, and ceiling fans (it is great not to have an editor):

Here from the Bits and Pieces Dept. file are some small things and some big things. Enjoy.

> *"In the '20s and '30s, the Globe was a bustling Vaudeville theater with leering, popeyed, baggy-pants comics and peroxide-blond ecdysiasts."*—Pat Jordan

OK, quick: say that in Thai. Couldn't resist.

and now ...

Thailand News
Dateline: July 30, 2012

Pimsiri Sirikaew of Thailand won the silver medal in weightlifting's 58-kilogram category. Boy-oh-boy, I had heard that Thai ladies were changing but this is ridiculous. Another reason to have diminished expectations when I go to the Rainbow Bar.

and ...

Thais And Gambling

Thais like to gamble. A lot. Thais like to gamble a lot. Stories about illegal small stakes gambling games being broken up by the police are common. Effect on Thais being attracted to gambling? Probably zero.

In spite of this Thai cultural love of gambling I do not remember reading one Thai-farang story where Thai's love of gambling was the storytelling centerpiece, or reading one thoughtful essay on Thais and gambling. The Thai bargirls waste of money on foolish gambling is often cited but only in a trivial way. There is room here for interesting writing. I have not got the time for this but someone should treat this subject seriously.

One of the most interesting gambling stories I ever saw on film was in a movie called The Gold of Naples by Vittorio De Sica (1954, black and white). The film is actually six separate Neapolitan episodes. One story is about an elderly man and a young boy gambling at cards. An original approach, superb acting, funny, and sad. The Italian child actor is wonderful. Adapting this story to Thailand would be easy. I won't tell.

and now ...

Lens Cap Stories

Greetings and Lens Cap Salutations (GLCS) expats and farang tourists to the Kingdom who are carrying cameras that have lens caps. Sometimes you forget and you leave the lens cap on. Right? Following are some absolutely true lens cap stories. Send in some of yours. Who knows, maybe Stick will start a new section of Stickmanbangkok.com lens cap stories.

1. So here's the deal. I'm in the newly renovated Foodland grocery store on Soi 5 in Bangkok when I see him. God. God was there looking at the 18 baht notebooks. Same notebooks I use for making journal entries when I am visiting Thailand. Anyway, we get to talking. He had kind of an Eskimo-Russian-Scottish-Japanese-Australian accent.

Apparently, after making the heaven and the land and the water and 'all that dwelled within' he just headed for the Kingdom. Six days of really hard work and then chillin' ever since. Said he had an apartment on Soi 22 and hung out at Denny's Bar. Anyway, I got a picture. Actually, two shots of him looking at mangos.

Only thing is, I left the lens cap on. Well, I didn't actually leave the lens cap on; it's more like I forgot to take the lens cap off. A small point but the result is the same. So I don't actually have the pics to show you but take my word for it, I got two great shots of God weighing up a sack of mangos. Lens caps. Whose idea was that? Oh, I forgot; God's.

2. Here is a lens cap story from many years ago.

Year: 1816
Place: Sanglaburi, Siam
Event: Siamese Astronomer and Witchcraft Club (SAWC) meeting
Speaker: Somchai Blsflfuwefhewnwdhchcidoidhweoh-oewhgwhl

"Thank-you fellow Siamese astronomers and witchcraft coven delegates. It is my pleasure to announce that February 18th of this year at 2:46 a.m. I saw a black hole explode in star formation X495SL. Yes, I got a picture on my toilet paper tube pinhole camera. Only thing is, I forgot to remove the lens cap before I depressed the shutter release button. But take my word for it, the most interesting photo in the history of heavenology was taken by me. I suggest now that I be addressed as Commander Somchai."

crowd sounds ... murmuring ...

"OK, look all you road kill gourmands; how many of you even have toilet paper?"

more murmuring ...

3. OK, this is too awesome for words, especially if you are a fisherman. Fishing near the headwaters of the Mekong river with specially designed rod, line, leader, hook, and boat I caught a 1957 pound catfish. In the ensuing battle my boatman was

knocked overboard and drowned but the important thing is that I was able to get this fish monster ashore and get a picture with my boatman's camera. I didn't know how to work around the telephoto lens so I had to back up two hundred yards to get the picture. But I got the picture. Only thing is, I forgot to take off the lens cap. Look, just take my word for it; I got the fish and I got the picture. One thousand nine hundred and fifty-seven pounds.

4. This man does not feel tainted by stupidity. He is going to run for mayor.

Year: 1921
Place: Udon, Thailand
Event: City Hall steps
Speaker: Somchai Gosdeuwehsh-eertyei

Hello, my name is Somchai Gosdeuwehsh-eertyei (I think) and I would like to announce that last night at 1:18 a.m. my wife gave birth to the Christian Devil. Before killing him with a hoe handle I got a picture. I'm sure this was the first picture of the Christian Devil in history. I accept your thanks and admiration. Unfortunately, I forgot to remove the lens cap on my camera so I don't actually have a picture to show you.

Angry crowd noises ...

OK, look; it could have happened to anyone. I just forgot to take off the stupid lens cap is all. Could have happened to anyone. How about a little love and a little credit here? How many of you have taken a picture of the Christian Devil as it came out of your wife's body? I plan to run for mayor of Udon.

Sound familiar fellow photo fools? Do the words 'been there, done that' come to mind? Stories about forgetting to remove the lens cap on the camera? I have a theory that the greatest photos in the history of photography were all taken with the lens cap on.

How about you? Got any lens cap stories to tell? Why not write them out and send them in to this website. And sure, we'll believe you; whatever you tell us. Sure, we'll believe you.

Sincerely yours,
Dana

P.S. In addition to the first story which talks about me getting a pic of God, I also have this story:

I once managed to hold up for fifteen seconds a maid's rubber bucket with 37 glass ash trays in it on my erection. There was a witness, Loy; and I got a fantastic color picture. Unfortunately, I left the lens cap on when I took the picture. Still, I did it and I took a picture of it. Just thought you'd like to know. People still talk about this at the Mothership bar. Don't believe me? Do you know anyone else they are telling this story about at the Mothership bar? Exactly. Fxxxin' lens caps man. How many beers had God had when he came up with that bogus idea? Something I should have asked him about when I got the pic of him weighing a sack of mangos at Foodland on Soi 5.

and finally ...

Dana Enterprises Note

We screwed a large framed picture of Rufus the office dog to the outside wall here on South Pattaya Road and the space under the picture and on the sidewalk has become a memorial to Rufus with people leaving flowers and cards and personal notes and snack treats and chew toys and bones. Next to his picture I attached a 4'x8' greaseboard to the outside of the building so that friends and lovers of Rufus could leave messages. Some examples follow:

1. “He had his bangin’ way with me and then he left me. He was a pig.”— Perfumed penthouse poodle at the Bangkok Emporium.

2. “He owes me 50 baht for a leg hump.”—Fa.

3. “He used to go cross-eyed staring at the bulge in my pants.”—Pattaya tranny Emma.

4. “Best goddamned dog that ever lived.”—Marc Holt, Sand-In-My-Crack, Australia.

5. “In the hot season when business was slow we used to put a sock puppet on his wanger and do shows on Khao San Road.”—West Bangkok Soi Dog Association.

6. “We miss you Rufus. Nobody could chew a used tampon like you could.”—Fong and Dong and Bong and Foomy.

7. “Rufus caused a lot of trouble on Walking Street on Tuesday nights when it was food vendor night but we miss him.”—Walking Street Volunteer Police.

8. “I loved Rufus. He didn’t love me but I loved him.”—English setter Franny.

PS Can somebody give me a haircut? I’m fxxxin’ dyin’ in here.”

9. “Rufus you never worked a day in your life and you didn’t have to chant in Pali. You out-Buddhists the Buddhists. You were our hero dude.—Manchester soccer fans Booger, Dickhard, and Feelit.

10. “We miss you Rufus. You were a dog’s dog and you never judged us.”—Pattaya boardwalk prostitutes, cruisers, skanks, and whores.

11. “Dana sucks.”—Anonymous.

12. "You're the dog Rufus: when you get up to heaven go to the nearest harp factory and start humping a harp for us."—South Pattaya Road Soi Dogs Association.

13. Soi 13/0, 9:15 a.m.—11:30 a.m. My name is Fa. 1000 baht short time, no anal. I can bling flend.

14. "The only thing longer than your wanger was the tiller on our boats."—Pattaya Sailing Club.

15. "Saw you at midnight, arcing through the sky: you left lonely hearts, not a single dry eye. South Road won't be the same, thanks to Foomy that bitch. I'd write more, but my balls are starting to itch."— Bruce, chief barker, Pattaya bus station.

Photos of the wall and sidewalk Rufus memorial are available at the office. Walk-ins only. No Internet sales. One per customer. 500 baht.

Woof Bark Maak Woof Khrap Dana

P.S. The subject of replacing Rufus with another office dog has already come up. We are willing to consider ideas on this. Send your ideas to:

Dana Enterprises
Pattaya, Thailand
Attn: Office Dog Replacement Dept.

Any office dog replacement ideas have to be for real dogs, man dogs. If it looks like something that you could lash to a stick and use to clean bar glasses we are not interested. You knew that. This dog has to be a real dog with a resume stuffed with humping, leering, and running like Hell when he gets in trouble. Torn ear, raggedy tail, a little mange; we don't care. But he has to have a swinging dick attitude and a wanger with scars. The girls in the office have to love him and the Pattaya police have to fear him. You get the idea.

412. Pattaya Gary Owes Me $500

TT&A Part 358 15/12/2012

Hello Dana fans: before we get started today, a little housekeeping of the warning and the informational variety. To wit: if you are corresponding with Stickmanbangkok.com on an issue do not put Attn: any particular girl's name anymore.

The turnover rate at Stickmanbangkok.com offices in Bangkok is now so great that you can not depend on anything. Apparently, Stick and his managers go through office staff like prunes go through an old lady. Foomy? She quit to work in road sewers cleaning out pipes. Said the job had more dignity. Clarissa Cleavage from Oslo? She quit to dress up in a little girl's costume and sell flowers to tourists on the ground floor of the Nana Entertainment Plaza. Said the job paid better and there were benefits. Boomer Slapshot's girlfriend Pencildick from Crotchburi? She quit to knock coconuts down on the boardwalk in Pattaya. I am not 100% sure what she said when I asked her why she quit working for Stickmanbangkok.com. There was a lot of arm waving and yelling and throwing things. For a second I flashbacked to several girlfriend experiences of mine.

And there is the sad, in my opinion, case of Lysol Porntip who spent many years working for Stickmanbangkok. com in Bangkok. She watched the rise of a small not significant personal hobby blog for friends turn into a financial colossus. She helped Stick branch out into petrochemicals, Hong Kong movie production, Indian telemarketing accent removal schools, ring-tone condoms, and mule rentals to the Burmese yaa baa drug shipments trade. She was great with Golden Triangle mules. Animals loved her. And, not to put too fine a point on it, she knew how to keep her mouth shut. If you know what I mean. Current female office support staff at Stickmanbangkok. com are now required to wear dog muzzles so that they can not tell any secrets, but Lysol was in on the game early and knew how to keep her mouth shut. Not that there is anything about Stickmanbangkok. com that you would have to keep your mouth shout about: just sayin' is all.

Anyway, even she jumped ship. Now she gives massages to obese foreigners on the beach on Ko Larn. Says she gets more respect. Like I said, a warning and information. Don't send any communications of importance to Lysol Porntip c/o Stickmanbangkok.com Worldwide Enterprises. She's not there anymore. She's kneeling on a fat farang's back: asking if he wants a 'special' massage. Beats working for Stickman. Sad.

To iterate: when communicating with Stickmanbangkok. com do not address your correspondence to any particular member of the office staff by name. She's probably not there anymore. Pretend you are a WWI British officer sending a letter to some soldier at the front. Just send it General Delivery.

And now: four fun ideas from the Bits and Pieces Dept. Stuff you won't get from 'real' writers. Hey, and do you know what real writers call non-production? They say they have writer's block. Do you know what we say? Who cares what we say? Why would we say anything? We are too busy writing.

Longest

The longest place-name still in use is: Taumatawhakatangihangakoauauotamateaturipukakapikimaung ahoronukupokaiwe—nuakit nattahu. No I am not making this up. It is a New Zealand hill. Imagine what a New Zealand mountain would have been called. Oh, those crazy Maoris. Stick is from New Zealand. I wonder what his name is in Maori. Somebody should do research on this.

and …

Dana Note: Pattaya Gary owes me $500. You can't change people, you can only decide if you are going to love them or not. I love this guy. Still, l I do not loan money expecting it to turn into a gift. I expect to be paid back. A loan is a contract. Contract law followed is a measure of adultness and respect and friendship. Like I said, Pattaya Gary owes me $500.00. Normally, I would not burden Stickmanbangkok.com readers with my personal life but I need advice.

To wit: I don't think he intends to pay me back and he feels guilty about it. So for the last couple of months he has been giving me the phone numbers of girls to call. When I make the call they always know who I am. They have been expecting me to call. They are well rehearsed and excited about us getting together. Sex with these wonderful ladies is always immediate and fabulous. So far I have been turned on to seven ladies by Pattaya Gary: Fem and Lem and Dem and Kem and Rem and Wan and a Caveman castoff called Kumguat.

I don't know quite what to do. Should I remind Pattaya Gary of his moral obligation to pay me back the $500.00 I loaned him, or should I just let it go and leave things as they are? Let me know what you think.

Today's Dana Memory Quote:

> *"I couldn't smell horse plop in an stable, but a woman in Honduras can smell a musk ox in Siberia."*

And you think you are going to fool your Thai girlfriend? Think again.

and …

On Veganism

There is no God and life has no meaning. We are insignificant carbon based life forms inhabiting a useless rock hurtling through an indifferent space towards an unimportant future. We make no mark, we leave no memory, we hold on to no love, and we have no value. And, in addition to this, I am not allowed to eat cheeseburgers or chocolate shakes? Oh please: give me a break. Grab the reins. Give me a cheeseburger. Give me a shake.

In service to monger and Pattaya humanity the Church of Dana service of December 30th will be making cheeseburgers and chocolate shakes available to everyone after the service. Sit down tables and no limits. If you want three cheeseburgers and two shakes you can have them. It's a church. It is all about the love.

I will be there, Fa will be there, 500 Baht Walt will be coming down from the Mothership, Union Hill will be there, Pattaya Gary will be there, Chiang Mai Kelly will be there, and the office girls from Dana Enterprises will be there. Ask yourself this question: what did they really serve at the Last Supper? Do you think Christ got ready for his future on carrots and lettuce leaves? No way. Just sayin'. Eat the way Christ ate. Cheeseburgers and chocolate shakes. Resurrection food.

413. Free Vodka to Street Girls

TT&A Part 359 22/12/2012

Greetings Stickmanbangkok fans, Dana fans, and Caveman fans:

Here at Dana Enterprises we are getting a lot of requests for Caveman material. What he is doing, what he is thinking, his hopes and dreams, etc. People find everything about him fascinating. I would like to pledge that this is my last Caveman piece but for that to happen his lawyer will have to get in touch with my lawyer and so far … nothing. Word is that he has gone to ground in a leafy wigwam in Chiang Mai and that he spends most of his days packing and unpacking his motorcycle sidecar, and talking to his sniper rifle. Not judging, just sayin'.

Anyway, below is a 100% true account of a part of my life that sort of includes Caveman. Don't envy me. You have to earn a lot of life's pleasures and so far Mr. Caveman and I are not exactly butt brothers if you get my meaning. Honestly, sometimes I do not know what to do next. I give and I give and I give and so far all I've got is tears nearly bursting from my eyes. Maybe these expat ex-military guys are all carapace and no soft center. Anyway, the following is a look into my life and some Caveman details that may someday be part of the history of Thailand. Enjoy.

Free Vodka To Street Girls

What should it say on my tombstone? I vote for THE GREAT COMPROMISER. Yup, that's me (or I). Anyway, why fight; that's my motto. Some people like a vegan diet, some people like meat. I like compromise. Why not combine them. Let's all be friends. So …

So that's why every Tuesday night half-way down Walking Street near the big tree on the right (prime tranny territory) you can find my restaurant set-up. Three office girls (Mooie, Shooie, and Looie), plywood tables and sawhorses, two outboard motors and outboard motor oil, chainsaw and chainsaw oil, whole water buffalo carcass suspended by block and tackle from an A-frame, large stainless steel cooking knives, stainless steel cooking spoons with razor sharp edges, greased brown wrapping paper, two 55 gallon drums, water, cooking oil, packing crate full of various sizes and kinds of melons, bags of wood and charcoal, rubber aprons and gloves and boots and gauntlets, two 3' x 6' open top stainless steel boxes with fine mesh grill tops, menu and price sign, rolls of paper towels, napkins (with instruction sheet for Thais), and various food miscellanea to be mentioned later.

Chainsaw pieces of meat off of the buffalo carcass and drop them in the 55 gallon drums. Add water, cooking oil, tins of red pepper powder, 100 eggs, 5 bottles of whiskey, and 2 quarts of melted butter per drum. In the meantime the girls have started the fires in the tabletop steel boxes and are now decapitating melons and hollowing them out with the razor sharp scooping spoons. There is also a lot of girl talk but you can just ignore that.

Slip the outboard motor mounting brackets over the edge of the drums full of meat and pull the starter cords. You do not clamp them because you are going to have to lift them up and down for mixing. Just let them hang over the edge of he steel drums. Obvious but I just thought I would mention it. The props chop the meat while the mesh steel grills are starting to glow red. The outboard motors are noisy. There is a lot of yelling. I love that part. Walking Street, unbearable heat, yelling, and commerce. No wonder God only worked six days and then went to Thailand. Paradise. Anyway, after a suitable amount of time (trade secret); scoop out the meat chunks and slurry and throw it on the grills. Honk if you have done this at home. Once all of the meat looks like burnt bacon, chop fine with the big stainless steel knives, and stuff in the hollowed out melons. Melons plus meat. Vegan plus non-vegan. Compromise.

Good eating. Bargirl requests for meat plus fried cockroaches, fried grasshoppers, baked chopped snake, boiled chopped birds, fried chopped granary rats (phone ahead), and a shot of whiskey in the melons are honored. This kind of mixed stuffing is a high skill job and Mooie does most of it with the larger melons and sometimes pumpkins (party size). Most of our customers just like to carry away a meat stuffed melon wrapped in greased brown wrapping paper. We used to wrap the melons in old Pattaya Mail newspapers but there was a lawsuit that I would prefer not to go into.

Melons plus meat. Vegans plus real men. Compromise and happiness. And how do we end our long hard hot busy nights on Walking Street? Free Russian vodka to street girls and then we take pictures of them licking the outboard motor props. Sweet Jesus on a cracker: is this a great country or what?

I thought in a spirit of collaboration (white people talkin') and friendliness that it would be fun to call this the Dana-Caveman Diet but when I emailed the recipe-name idea to Mr. Caveman he threw a fit, purchased a cheeseburger, and then beat it to death with one of his motorcycle wrench tool things. You never hear about violent nutter vegans but they are out there.

Sometimes new ideas and challenging relationships require conciliation (white people talkin' again), compromise, and follow-through; so the girls Mooie, Shooie, and Looie sent him a fresh melon filled with chopped seared water buffalo meat, chopped up tiny birds, and the outboard motor oil taste that everyone has grown to love. What is more hopeful and more civilized than gift giving? Opening yourself up and yearning for love. I sometimes think about that when I am chainsawing cuts of meat off the water buffalo carcass.

Result? He sent us a video of himself dressed in Chiang Mai camo and blowing the gift melon to pieces with a sawed-off pump action blunderbuss full of bits of gravel and glass he found on a dirt road. One of his fat Thai road photography assistants is also seen in the video and she is crying. We do not know why. She probably released some Good Luck birds just prior to the video and he reflexively shot them out of the air. Manly men: there's no telling what they'll do. It's a turn on, but still; there is no telling what they will do with their wrenches and guns and things. Question: if I had camo sheets and he was wearing camo, would I be able to find him in the bed? The mind wanders.

Anyway, he is not on board for the Dana-Caveman Diet idea so we need a name for the chopped meat/hollowed out melon taste treats that we make every Tuesday night down by the big tree on Walking Street. Send your ideas to:

Chopped Meat and Melon Name Dept.
c/o Dana Enterprises
South Pattaya Road
Pattaya, Thailand
Attn: Mooie, Shooie, or Looie

P. S. We also need a new outboard motor. Office girl Looie put cooking oil in one of the outboard motors instead of putting outboard motor oil in the outboard motor and the results were predictable. Killer body, but a moron. She thinks a paradox is two piers in a harbor. The replacement outboard motor should have a shaft extension to get to the bottom of the 55 gallon drums and a stainless steel prop we can edge grind 'till it cuts paper on contact. Get in touch with 500 Baht Walt at the Mothership in Bangkok or Pattaya Gary at the Superbabies Bar in Pattaya for shipping assistance. Thanks for all of your help and check us out next Tuesday. We have a shipment of dead soi dogs the Karen people brought in from Burma and we may add them to the mix.

414. Caveman Vegan Rap Song

TT&A Part 360 29/12/2012

Greetings Dana fans and Caveman fans:

Today a rap song and some other things from the Bits and Pieces Dept. here at Dana Enterprises. Also, before we get going; somebody has been messing with the birds in the cages that hang over the sidewalk here at Dana Enterprises on South Pattaya Road. Please stop it.

They are all taken care of by the office girls here in the office (Foogy, Poogy, Ba, Konk, and Donk). It is hard to concentrate in an office of crying girls. If you are that hungry please come in the office and we will find something for you to eat, but please stop scooping up what is on the bottom of the cages and eating it.

and now ...

I expect the following rap song to become the most popular rap song in the Kingdom. If any of you have Tata Young's address I would appreciate it if you would send it to me. My people will have to talk to her people. I've had a lot of my rap songs stolen in the past (something I have never talked about) and I do not want it to happen in this case. A complete compilation of my rap songs is available from Dana Enterprises on South Road in Pattaya. Walk-ins only and no charge. Ask for Donk, she is in charge of rap songs. Also, Gangnam style clothing is available and a tailor comes in Tuesday afternoon from 2:00-4:00. Tailoring is mandatory. No charge. Videos of myself in Gangnam style clothing rapping to the following rap song are available. You knew that.

Caveman Vegan Rap Song

I'm a rappin' vegan,
And I want you to know:
I don't eat meat,
And I don't do blow.

Vegans are cool.
Vegans are hip.
Meat and eggs,
We give 'em the slip.

Peppers are red.
Berries are blue.
I'm a rappin' daddy vegan,
And I I'm better than you.

Vegan Vegan Vegan,
It's all about plants.
Vegan Vegan Vegan,
I've got a zucchini in my pants.

I'm a big bad vegan:
A Thailand expat.
Two or three helpings:
Can't get fat.

Others eat burgers:
Chocolate shakes too.
Probably know Dana:
They belong in a zoo.

It's health and fitness:
Philosophy too.
I'm a big bad daddy vegan.
I'm better than you.

Caveman Vegan Rap Song

The vegan diet:
An expat's friend.
A new applied filter,
To a Thai girlfriend.

Tall, short, fat
Or old:
If she eats eggs or meat,
My heart grows cold.

Take her to McDonald's,
KFC too:
If she orders poultry or meat,
One date won't become two.

I'm a motorcycling vegan:
Looking for fate.
If she orders a burger,
No more date.

It's all about fitness,
And perfect health too.
I'm an expat vegan.
And I'm better than you.

Alone by night,
And alone by day:
I eat what's right,
Food's not for play.

I dream of burgers,
But I eat just plants.
I'm a Thai expat vegan
With a zucchini in my pants.

Dean Barrett Fon Project

I either imagined this or this is true. In any event, it is not the kind of thing you can take a chance on. So here is the deal: Dean Barrett of DeanBarrett.com is now in the preliminary stages of putting together a subscription program for fans of Fon. You remember Fon. He featured photo displays of her on his website many times. Married to an idiot farang named David (go figure) and living in Isaan, she is not a human but an angel who has been sent down from heaven to give us life. Look up the world 'perfect woman' in the dictionary and there is a picture of her. An Isaan goddess.

At any rate, for the respectful, and the worshippers of female beauty, and the cognoscenti: Dean is going to make available a private subscription program of a monthly nature that will be all about Fon. People have told me that meetings have been held, finances are being discussed with Hong Kong and Cambodian rich people, ideas are being accepted from fans of Fon, graphics and photo nerds are on board, and Fon thinks it is a great idea. The only problem is her stupid husband David who is dragging his feet. What a tool.

Anyway, if this information that I am receiving and that I am passing on to you is correct there will be a future that includes the ability to subscribe to monthly Fon information and photos. Fon doing the dishes, Fon carrying laundry, Fon sitting on a water buffalo ... etc. Sweet Jesus on a cracker what a great world. And God bless Dean Barrett: the most wonderful man who ever lived.

Current and future information on this can be obtained from Stickmanbangkok.com. Address your inquiries to Flirt or Dirt, the office girls who are handling this project. Inquiries on this project can also be sent to us here at Dana Enterprises on South Pattaya Road in Pattaya. Emails should mention The Fon

Project. Send your correspondence attention Foober or Goober, the office girls who are handling this project. Do not send inquiries to David, the husband of Fon. He just waves his arms around like a demented windmill and throws the paperwork out the window. What a tool.

Also, do not send any questions regarding this future Fon subscription service to Mr. Barrett. He is too busy selling his books door-to-door around the Sanglaburi reservoir right now to be able to help you. Kinda sad. I hear at night he sneaks into the temple at Three Pagoda Pass and sleeps on the floor. Anyway, kinda sad but I hear that Milton and Shakespeare were also rural book floggers so I guess he is in good company. Anyway, sweet Jesus on a cracker, so many rules; but that is the modern Kingdom I guess. Siam is gone, but we still have Fon.

415. Communicate in a Meaningful Way

TT&A Part 361 5/1/2013

Attn: Stickmanbangkok aficionados and Dana cognoscenti—

We start with a Dana Note, a short little essay, and a little story/essay and then at the end a Caveman Note. Anyway, enjoy. And on another subject. My people are talking to Stick's people and we are considering having a regular weekly feature in my submissions called FA SPEAKS. You would be able to send in questions to Fa and she would answer them. Fa is not a good Thai woman and she is no farang's wife. Perhaps a different point-of-view that could be informational and entertaining. I would serve as her proofreader and editor, but there would not be any rewriting. Let me know what you think. Or let Stick know. Do not speak to her about this on the boardwalk. That is the way of madness. As always: SAFF (Stay Away From Fa). Oh, and one more thing; if you are over age fifty you might wonder in reading the Dana Note: Service to Humanity if 'Rooting For Truffles' was a band in the 80's. Yes it was a band. I played the triangle.

Dana Note

A Stickmanbangkok.com contributor named Caveman has been espousing the health benefits of a vegan diet. Interested readers, with a sparked interest in health and nutrition, have emailed me and inquired about my health regimen in Thailand. Well, there are two approaches, the short stay of the tourist, and the longer stay of the expat. In other words, nutrition temporarily aside: how do I avoid getting sick in Thailand? Well, to quote myself:

"For trips under 30 days, the best Third World Health Regimen is to not eat or drink anything local. It is called water fasting. Bottled water only. I have my water shipped from America in sterilized shipping crates. Freight transferring and stevedoring is handled by white gloved virgins form Udon. They haven't touched anything bad; not even themselves. The water is then boiled and filtered on a need-to-use basis in local hospital labs. It is tested first on lab rats. Successful autopsies clear it for my use.

To review: No local water—no local food. No touching doorknobs, and I levitate when taking a dump. I try not to open my mouth when outside. I wear a jumbo condom that pulls down over my whole body. If asked, I mention rain.

I am not without self-interest or scientific acumen. So trips are made to the Bumrungrad Hospital clinic every four days for regimens of intravenous vitamin C, vitamins B, minerals, hydrogen, and photo-luminescence. Rigorous record keeping regarding vein sites prevents vein collapse. I swallow large capsules of blast-furnaced sand to keep involuntary large and small intestine reactions normal. I have no problem with regularity. The sand comes out like a howitzer shell. Nausea and vomiting are positive side effects. Everything is going well.

At the end of my vacations in Thailand, I always have to be delivered to the plane door with the assistance of two private duty nurses. I am too weak to walk. But at least I am not sick."

Obviously, for the longer stay of the expat a diet regimen like the above needs heavy supplementation with cheeseburgers and chocolate shakes. In Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes—Part 354 I noted that soon Fa and myself will be criss-crossing the Chiang Mai area identifying great cheeseburger and chocolate shake establishments. This naturally is only a preface to touring the whole country in search of the kind of diet regimen that expats need. Baby steps.

The email tsunami wave of worldwide interest in this has caused server meltdowns in Surin, Rangoon, Fiji, Stick's apartment, and

Vatican City; but we here at Dana Enterprises will persevere. Service to humanity is our watchword and our mantra. To facilitate this worldwide hunger for and dissemination (white people talkin') of dietary information we will be publishing a monthly subscription newsletter regarding great places in the Kingdom to get cheeseburgers and chocolate shakes. It will be called the Thailand Burger and Shake Report (TBSR). Subscription? Yes, we have enormous expenses. The 16,000cc cycle with sidecar that Fa and myself use for research purposes sucks gasoline faster than a Soi 6 bargirl sucks ... well, you understand. And there are other expenses. Fa has never seen a gold shop she didn't like and she likes to 'invest' money in plush animals that she sends back to her apartment in Pattaya. Don't ask.

Anyway, there are expenses. Of course, members of the Dana Fan Club will receive this monthly newsletter for free. You knew that. So stay tuned. Fan and her side car companion, me, will be digging up great Kingdom cheeseburgers and chocolate shakes like amphetamine laced French pigs rooting for truffles. And of course it will all be in the Thailand Burger and Shake Report (TBSR), another proud product/service of Dana Enterprises. So there you have it information seekers: dietary advice and information for short term tourists and long term expats. Who loves ya baby? Dana does.

Communicate In a Meaningful Way

> *"Categories such as time, space, cause, and number represent the most general relations which exist between things; surpassing all our other ideas in extension, they dominate all the details of our intellectual life. If humankind did not agree upon these essential ideas at every moment, if they did not have the same conception of time, space, cause, and number, all contact between their minds would be impossible ..."—*

Emile Durheim, Les formes elementaires de la vie religieuse (Paris, 1912, pp. 22-23)

How about you Mr. Farang Man: are you able to communicate in a meaningful way regarding time, space, cause, and number with your Thai girlfriend that you met outside Chulalongkorn University (she is getting a Bachelor's degree in Marketing)? I know you were only there to sniff bicycle seats; but then God smiled on you, and you got lucky and you met her. And you do not have to tell me how this changed your life. You have not thought about sniffing ladies' bicycle seats since then. She just took over your mind. But can you communicate with her? If she is crying are you 100% sure you know why she is crying? Maybe you are in over your head. People like to criticize me in a negative way because I form alliances with Pattaya boardwalk creatures. They are considered too primitive, not sufficiently intellectually engaging. But I think I am ahead on farang points. I think I know what I am doing.

Open Minded

I think one of the markers of being an adult is being open-minded. For example: people say a shrew has never mated with an elephant. Ah come on, never? Never? Are you trying to tell me that if you put 100 male shrews in a room and 100 female elephants in a room and a 100 whiskey bottles in the room that nothing would happen? Nothing? In Thailand? Seems silly now doesn't it? Like I said, I think one of the markers of being an adult is being open-minded. Ever seen a female elephant after about fifty bottles of whiskey? Ever seen swingin' dick male shrews after a few sips of whiskey? Believe me when I tell you: something is going to happen. And what would I be doing at this shindig? Renting ladders.

Caveman Note

In a recent Caveman submission he went into some detail regarding his desire to buy a motorcycle and various troubles with the process, etc. It put me to mind that I have attended two motorcycle gatherings (can't remember how they name themselves) in the past and had a great time. If Caveman lived in bad old Bangkok these great shows could be a part of his life and maybe he could buy a great used bike. Another topic we never hear from him: why doesn't he just get a friend to help him and a portable welding rig and go to a junk yard and cut out all the stuff he needs and build his own bike? I can't be the only person thinking this.

After the assembly he could go to a furniture refinishing shop and have the thing lowered into the acid tank. That would prepare it for chrome. Sweet Jesus on a cracker: do I have to do all of the thinking here? In other words, what kind of a pansy ass is this guy? Real men build their own bikes. Once I move to Thailand I intend to build a Phantom bike out of rebar and roadside litter. Difference? No chrome for me. I would dip the thing in acetone thinned epoxy and then throw sand at it. I'm a real man.

Anyway, I wish this Caveman dude a bright happy motorcycling future but I gotta tell ya; I think he would benefit from my advice. In fact, if he does not show signs pretty soon of wising up and doing the right things; I may have to take time out of my busy day and write an essay on the subject. I've got some photos of Fa and I doing some welding and I could include those maybe. I helped her weld up a make-up case but that is a whole other story..

416. Caveman vs. Dana—Recipes and Attitudes

TT&A Part 362 12/1/2013

People are different. From each other. People are different from each other. Not everyone is the same as everyone else. Of course it would be better if everyone was exactly like me but there you are. It is an imperfect world. Anyway, you can often spot the differences between people in how open they are about food. Take Caveman for instance. He is ex-military and a committed vegan. What is the connection? Well, he may know how to decoratively carve a giant watermelon into the shape of an M-16 rifle, but he is not going to tell you how to do it. Why? Secrets, the military is all about secrets and keeping secrets. Even though he is now a civilian he can't let the whole secrets thing go.

Thai girlfriend: Caveman, do you love me?
Caveman: I could tell you, but then I would have to kill you.

Like I said, secrets. So don't be bothering to ask him how he garnishes a shredded carrot salad. He is not going to tell you and he does not like the question. You don't want him painting your name on big bullets in his apartment.

Me, I'm different. I'm a giver. I don't have a whole bunch of secrets. For instance: I buy used underwear from a retired mamasan in an outer Pattaya neighborhood known for chain link fence, broken concrete building blocks, and barking dogs. There, see what I mean? Why keep that a secret? Anyway, Caveman is a vegan and I am what you might call a more manly eater. People ask me all the time for different recipe ideas regarding cheeseburgers and chocolate shakes. There are a gazillion different ways to make great cheeseburgers and great chocolate shakes. I tell everything I know. If I myself knew how to carve a giant cheeseburger into an M-16 I would tell you. You would not be able to shut me up. Like I said, I'm a giver. Caveman wouldn't give you one of his turds. It's an ex-military vegan turd and he's not giving it away. It might be holding a secret.

Anyway, I have recently invented a great new drink to augment the Dana-Monger diet and I am going to tell you the recipe right now. First, get either some thin lipped Tom Collins style drink glasses or some cut crystal glass whiskey tumblers and put them in the refrigerator to chill. Now go to your closest 7-11 near the Mothership in Bangkok or Foodland on Soi 5 and buy one can of beer (Thai or foreign) and one bottle of chocolate milk. Now go back to your hotel room. Mix the beer and the chocolate milk equally. Pour the beer in the glass first and then pour in the chocolate milk. The heavier milk does the mixing. No need for swizzle sticks. Ah, wonderful.

Ambrosia. Nectar of the gods. Paradise. Drink of the farang gods. Let's examine what this drink contains: fermented grains, mysterious toxic chemicals, milk, more mysterious toxic chemicals, chocolate, massive amounts of sugar, high probability of diabetic sugar shock coma, pretty colors, delightful coldness, alcohol, and affordability.

Maybe it is just me, but Caveman can keep his ex-military vegan turd and his vegan recipe secrets. Me, I'm making another run to Foodland for more beers and more chocolate milk. Man food for manly men who are doing manly things in a manly way. And I'm telling the world. That's the kind of guy I am. Go ahead, ask me for one of my turds. I'll give it to you. Don't even have to think about it. I'm a giver. Just the way I'm made. And you won't have to salute it either. Don't get me wrong. I love this Caveman guy but if he thinks we are all going to line up and salute his ex-military vegan turds he is mistaken. Just sayin'. I'm a go-along get-along guy, but I've got a line in the sand on this one. I don't care if it's got a pink silk bow tied around it and it is held in an antique Hi-So tampon box: I'm not saluting. You might wonder how this would even come up in a person's mind. Believe me, there have been incidents.

People are not all the same. Honestly, sometimes I wonder how this guy's mind works. I'm no Army expert but I wonder if he might have spent too much time in a bunker outside Godthab, Greenland counting snowball grenades. Around eight weeks ago I ran into an ex-photography assistant of his and she said that he has waterproof epaulettes that he wears in the shower. Hey, I'm not judging. Just sayin'. But if this guy thinks the world is going to line up and salute one of his ex-military probably secret organic vegan turds I think he will be disappointed.

However, I don't want to sound like an island. There is some overlap between Mr. Caveman and Mr. Me. I do have one secret that I will take to the grave. It is what I whisper to Fa in the middle of the night. You knew that.

Fa: Dana, do you love me?
Me: Yes Fa, I love you.

Caveman vs. Dana: Recipes and Attitudes. Something to think about. Oh, and if you want to know where to buy used underpants in Pattaya, just send me an email..

417. Farang Monger Action Figure Dolls

TT&A Part 363 19/1/2013

"If that is not five star hotel customer service then you can fish slap me with a harelip's panties."

Greetings Dana Fans and Stickman fans: today a business note and a personal opportunity. Due to the international aspect of this project including Chinese manufacturing and overseas investors (Dutch and Malaysian) this project has been a long time coming. I expect this to be a success of the tsunami variety but we will never forget that each and every one of you are individuals and valued customers. Any suggestions for additional product will be taken seriously. OK, I'm in the Kiss Me Kwik bar east of 3rd Road in Pattaya and I've been drinking, but most of that is true. Bye-the-way, if you are in a bar surrounded by falling down chain link fence, barking dogs, and broken concrete blocks you want to be a little careful what you take home with you. Standing in the shower watching her make-up wash off can be frightening. Just sayin' is all.

Dana Enterprises Business Note

You better sit down for this one, aka I'm up to something. That's right, Dana Enterprises and myself, Dana, are making a business announcement of original and awesome aspect. To wit: in a licensing agreement with Pee Pang Pung Industries of Shanghai, China we are going to be manufacturing and distributing farang monger action figure dolls. I know … I know. Are you glad you were sitting down? This is one of those 'Holy f@#$wad jumped up Jesus' moments in your life you will never forget. I mean, sweet Jesus on a cracker; how wonderful can life get?

Anyway, the dolls will be anatomically, facially, scaled, and fashion correct. Available as Pattaya Gary, Oy, Chiang Mai Kelly, Princess, Union Hill, Mekong Kurt, a Feminist doll (comes with package of pins), Fa, 500 Baht Walt, various Nana Hotel lounge lizards, Dr. J.A. Earnshawe BSc PhD, IndyUK, Jimmy Blonde, Sick Water Buffalo, Pothole Research, Boom Boom (a Nana Hotel car park friend of mine), Superbabies door men dolls, Caveman, generic Wan and Noi dolls, Emma the tranny, generic Northeast Thailand Vietnam veteran dolls, Dave the Rave doll, bleeding eyebrow plucker from the Pattaya boardwalk, Walking Street Russian mobster wife doll, volunteer police dolls, Hi-So department store shopper, Immigration official, taxi driver, blind Sukhumvit Road vendor, Boss Hog, farang owner of the old Electric Blue bar in Pattaya, Nana Entertainment Plaza child flower seller, two Rainbow bar 'shower girls', Robinson's Department store 'good girl retail clerk', and a Dana doll (worth more in an unopened original box).

The mix and match creative play possibilities are endless. Educational and fun action figure doll experiences to be had only in the Kingdom or the Kingdom of your mind. All dolls will come with two different outfits and extra clothing accessories are available. And, you better sit down for this one again, all dolls will have three different things that they say. For example, the 500 Baht Walt doll says:

"I only pay 500 baht."
"I only pay 500 baht."
"I only pay 500 baht."

OK, he is not exactly chatty but you get the point.

The Vietnam veteran doll says:

"It's all politics man."
"You wouldn't understand if I told you."
"I ain't sayin' and you shouldn't be askin'."

and Oy, the Pattaya Gary girlfriend doll, says:

"5000 baht includes pictures."
"I can replace any man's wife."
"You'll beg and love it."

Yes sir, the mix and match possibilities of these monger action figure dolls are as endless as your imagination. And there won't be any feminists around to tell you what to think and what to say and what to do and what to imagine. Just you and your own happy world and your own happy smiles. Creative play and lessons learned in an exotic south-east Asian nation. Imagine three dolls together: Boom-Boom, Fa, and Oy. And now here comes the Pattaya Gary doll. Oh boy, look out. Get the camera and start writing things down.

Dolls suitable for ages twenty-five to seventy-five. Age release documents accepted at point-of-sale, discounts for different doll 'sets', discreet shipping, biographies printed on all doll packages, clothing and shoe and jewelry accessories, and monthly purchase programs available. Paperwork and meetings are now in play internationally with investment houses to make these dolls a part of your estate. Details to follow. A Farang Monger Action Figure Dolls fan club and blog website will be available to purchasers. Share your experiences. Tell your stories. Show your farang action figure doll videos. Form meaningful friendships worldwide. Photos encouraged. And yes, and I was not going to mention this so soon; purchasers of the entire doll set will receive favored Dana Fan Club application status.

Special Note: try and show some respect and adult behavior. I was not really enthusiastic about manufacturing and distributing a Fa doll but the Dutch banks and Malaysian financiers insisted on it. I guess international business is all about compromise. Just show some respect is all I'm sayin'. And, of course, there won't be any French dolls. You knew that.

Send your inquiries regarding price, product, shipping, currency exchange, warranties, and membership privileges information to:

Farang Monger Action Figure Dolls Dept.
Dana Enterprises
South Pattaya Road
Pattaya, Thailand
Attn: Foomy, Doomy, or Pla

Walk-ins are welcome, just look for the hanging birdcages over the sidewalk. No trouble makers please: you know without being told not to speak to Fa on the boardwalk about this. That is the way of incidents and madness. And yes, the Caveman doll does have a motorcycle with sidecar plus photography assistant accessory package. You knew that.

418. Better to Perish From Fools

TT&A Part 364 26/1/2013

“Personally, I find hairy pubed shotgun wielding raven haired beauties with Mickey Mouse quilted long underwear a turn on.”

Sa wa dii khraps kuhns and kuhnesses of the most hansum man and suay maak variety. Today a number of unrelated items for your delectation (white people talkin’) and amusement. All Stick approved (he made me mention him). No mentions made of Professor Korski, or Chiang Mai Kelly’s various girlfriends. I can hear that gigantic whoosh as the tension leaves your body. You didn’t get that from Herman Melville as he penned Moby Dick. Just tension from start to finish.

Anyway … oh, and just a reminder of what you already know. There is no need to take notes anymore or make copies on your own. Free transcripts of these submissions are now available from Stickmanbangkok.com. The transcripts are unbound and there is a limit of one transcript per submission per request. All are shipped in plain brown parcels except for transcripts sent to Vatican City. They require ridiculous and silly special packaging attention. And as an addenda or corollary to this subject matter: do not put attention any particular lady on your request for a transcript. Turnover at Stickmanbangkok.com is now so great that no personnel can be depended on. Apparently, he goes through employees like prunes go through an old lady. Just sayin’.

Of course we welcome walk-ins at Dana Enterprises on South Pattaya Road in Pattaya but please no sandals and socks, or any clothing related to soccer or rugby. I am trying through exposure and example to lift up my female employees life expectations. Seeing Nammy, Pammy, or Lammy going off with one of these fools is like a knife in the heart. And please, please I am begging you … please do not give them a manuscript for them to give to me for 'just a look'. We have so much of this stuff that we used it for insulation between the studs before we put up the drywall on the office extension. I know someone who can be often be seen pulling a little red wagon around town who can review manuscripts. If you email me I can supply his address. Except for his crazy attraction to run-on sentences and commas he can be trusted to make good editing decisions and he just loves the attention. If you are lucky enough to get his address tell all of your writer friends about him.

Better To Perish From Fools

All is entropy and hope beguiles with empty promise. In the end only Satan smiles. But in the meantime there are airplanes. Get on one and come to Thailand. And now … but first: entering a writing contest or hoping to receive writing attention? Perhaps it would be helpful to consider this quote from Chekov:

> *"Better to perish from fools than to accept praise from them."*

Every sold book is a form of praise. More delicious intravenous ego entering a psychic vein. Another contest won. But how many of the books that go home are read from the first page to the last page? Here on Beacon Hill I go trash picking Sunday night, Tuesday night, and Thursday night. Lots of unread books and magazines. Being a writer is a morass of compromise. Best to choke down desire and just keep writing. Go Buddhist and think of the writing as a personal mantra not intended to influence or connect with materialism. So there aren't really any defensible reasons to enter a writing contest. Except vanity. Successfully deal with vanity and you can have a happy life. Good luck. And now:

There is no God and life has no meaning. There is only Danaism. In theory, after accepting this there would not be any reason to think or speak ever again. However, inertia and ego combined create a mighty force. That is my excuse for offering up this story titled:

Breaking News Dana Note

After consultations with friends, Fa, lawyers, international movers and shakers, Church of Dana deacons, super smart mamasans, Dana Fan Club members, United Nations humanitarian mission operatives, and published authors of influence and power; I have decided not to go all the way to Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes—Part 1000.

I know, I know; I can feel your pain. Upon hearing this, office girls here at Dana Enterprises (Ming and Ding and Bing and Bang) on South Road in Pattaya have been crying, soi dogs have been throwing themselves in front of Chinese tour buses, and boardwalk trannies have declared a one day moratorium on stealing. Furrowed brows of confusion, consternation, and disappointment are worldwide, Examples:

1. Flopnot Bumrash of Muddy Boots, Australia said:

“What the fxxx man? I believed in you.”

2. Garth Bussilini of Naples, Italy emailed:

“Why don’t you just plunge a knife in my heart you flaming Dickhead?”

3. and this from Tornlip Ferguson, labor organizer for wheelchair athletes, Peatbog, Scotland:

“Nice going Commander Jerkwad. Not only am I legless, but now I have no more Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes—Parts 400-1000 to look forward to. Why don’t you just stick pins in my stumps? Monster.”

4. and this: “Sweet Jesus on a cracker. No going to Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes—Part 1000? Did I hear that right?

What's next? Gravity is rescinded? Dogs stop barking? Try a new medication Dana. Grab the reins. Make a commitment. And we'll all meet you in the future at the Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes—Part 1000 party. Rock on dude."

from Booger Nation, Fanny Bay, British Columbia, Canada.

5. and lastly this from Stickman of Stickmanbangkok.com who yelled this at me at the Angels Bar in Bangkok:

"Don't forget, you still have to wash and wax my metallic flaked candy can red Benz convertible on Saturday. And try and be on time Jackass."

Tough talk from the Kingdom's most respected expat but you could hear the broken heart in his voice. I don't feel good about causing worldwide sadness but it is what it is. I can't make Fa happy and also write. I am 100% positive you understand and believe I have made the right choice. I had to make a choice between brilliant writing and a stupid drifter prostitute. If you have any further responses or comments regarding this Breaking News Dana Note please send them to Stickmanbangkok.com c/o Stickman, rather than to Dana Enterprises here in Pattaya. We have cried enough.

419. Ting Loves Me

TT&A Part 365 2/2/2013

“That is the trifecta gentlemen. Broke, low self esteem, and cranked on drugs. Now we are in fxxx bunny land where you can feel the rising aorta from your heart clamping shut as you bonk your way to a second heart attack.”

Hello Stickmanites and Dana fans and all the monger ships at sea: today we have some various and sundry. Enjoy. And do you know that woman that you still remember from the boardwalk from six months ago? The one you did not speak to at the time and now you have spent the last six months thinking of her? She was gone ten minutes later. You let pride get in the way. You did not want to look needy. Do what I do. Pounce like a dog on a meat wagon and look like a clown. You won’t lose anything because she does not care about you in the first place. The next day she will not remember you. It is a different reality. Just do it. Just sayin’. And now a personal look at my life in the following essay. And no, you do not need to take notes. Stickman at Stickmanbangkok.com will send transcripts for free if you make the request. Send your requests Attn: Noi Pants Zipper. She handles everything.

Ting Loves Me

I’m not as smart as I look. I look like a guy who has more degrees than a thermometer factory. I look like a guy who, in spite of numerous other guy possibilities, should get beat up first. I’m the guy who is always getting stopped on the street by black guys with prison tattoos that say: First Kill All The White People. What do they want? They want me to help them fill out a form for some social welfare benefit, or write a letter to their girlfriend. Like I said, I look smart.

But I'm not as smart as I look. Example: I once read that 'the two principal minerals of Missouri are lead and zinc'. Oh brother. Well, first of all; I'm not really sure what principal means. Not even really sure about the spelling. I don't think a lot of other people know what principal means either, but I'm not going to drag them into this. OK, now minerals. Don't test me on what minerals are. I'm pretty sure they are not fruits or vegetables but even there I wouldn't want to have to sound smart on the difference between tomatoes and potatoes. And potatoes is another potential spelling nightmare. Missouri? OK, easy: Missouri is a state in the middle of the United States of America. Don't ask me where exactly. Actually, in my opinion; the states need to be redrawn. Maine and Florida on the east coast, California on the west coast; and everything else is 'in the middle'. That's where Missouri is. In the middle. I think having this idea shows how smart I am, but again; I'm not as smart as I look.

Now the main event in:

'the two principal minerals of Missouri are lead and zinc.'

Lead and zinc. I don't think most people know what lead and zinc are. If they say they do I think they are bluffing. There, I've said it. Bluffing. So anyway, in a sentence that includes the phrase:

'the two principal minerals of Missouri are lead and zinc.'

there are five things I am not sure about. Imagine what a challenge a book of puns, or a children's illustrated book of astronomy represents to me.

But here's the kicker. I'm not as stupid as I look either. I know an exception when I see one. Example: there is a wisdom statement handed out to new men in the Kingdom of Thailand to Never Fall In Love With A Bargirl. As a social law of physics it is pointed out that whatever she is saying or doing to make you happy, she does not really mean it. She is playing you like a violin and her heart of stone only cares about your money. She opens her legs so that you will open your wallet.

All good advice, but what of the exceptions? Where do they fit in? How does the smart man like myself handle them? Simple. I handle the exceptions, the Thai women who really do love me; by just going with the flow. We are all just leaves on the wind in this life and a man like myself knows it is pointless to resist when a beautiful young Thai woman loves you.

Ting loves me. She loves me completely, primally, seamlessly, unintellectually, innocently, and without hesitation or qualification. She is as mysterious as Missouri and as irreducible as lead and zinc. How do I know this? I know this because I am not as smart as I look, but I'm not as stupid as I look either. I'm like Einstein when I'm strolling on the boardwalk in Pattaya. Alert to exceptions. I may not be really sure about the difference between a tomato and a potato, but I know that Ting loves me. You can't fool me. She loves me.

and now ...

Dana Enterprises Note

Office girl Foomy notified me today that November 29th was the occasion of my 29th email to Stickman going unanswered. 29 and 29. Meaningful? Foomy thought so and immediately put a small plastic children's' toy car up on the Buddha shelf in the office. I almost said something, but then I noticed a 29 in the license plate number of the toy car. Foomy knows what she is doing. Once again, Thai culture trumps farang ignorance.

At any rate, 29 unanswered emails from the all powerful Stickmeister. I give and I give and I give and what do I get?

Bupkus, zero, nuttin'. I wash and wax his car every Saturday, I carry his packages through endless mall treks every Sunday, I send him thoughtful gifts, and I have never ever mentioned his … well, you know. I guess it's all about tough love at Stickmanbangkok.com. If you have had similar experiences please contact me. Maybe we have the makings of a class action suit here. We can use one of those crack Thai lawyers whose specialty is framing foreigners for crimes they have not committed. Anyway, ever seen village boys with pointed sticks chase around a chicken? That chicken is Stickman. We're mad as hell and we aren't taking it anymore. Just sayin'.

and finally …

Buy Her Another Gift

The sun loses 4 million tons of mass as energy every second. Think about it. No, that won't do it. Too much too soon. So I will do in text what you will have to do in your mind a hundred times to even come close to the meaning of this. I will repeat it. The sun loses 4 million tons of mass as energy every second. And you think you have a big idea for how you and your Thai girlfriend are going to bond? You do not know what a big idea is. In the time it takes to read and reread these sentences, the sun has lost 60 million tons of mass. Do you even know how to write that on a blackboard and explain it to grade school students? You don't have a big idea for how you and your Thai girlfriend are going to be able to reach across the starry spaces of cultural miscommunications and become one. Grab the reins. Retool your dreams. Give up. Just become a leaf on the cosmic wind of foreigner-Thai relationships. Follow the Thais. They gave up trying to puzzle out the mysteries of Thai-farang relationships a long time ago? No, they never tried in the first or in the second place to crack the code on Thai-farang relationships.

Maybe their individual and cultural indifference to intellectual curiosity is their strength. Less stress, more smiles. Maybe yes, maybe no; but the result is the same and they know it. You and your Thai lady are never going to bond like the hydrogen and the helium of the sun. You are never going to have a starry fusion experience. Just go with it. Be happy. And buy her another gift.

420. Some Rules

TT&A Part 366 9/2/2013

Attention Stickmanites and Dana fans: I post this as a public service to millions. Information on how to obtain laminated copies appears at the end. A Dana quote contest based on this may happen depending on demand. Send us your feedback.

Since moving the Dana Enterprises office from Bangkok to Pattaya there have been some incidents of an unstructured and sometimes tourist variety. To wit: people have been dropping by the office on South Pattaya Road not always focused on the fact that we are currently communicating with and shipping to 120 countries (yes, including Vatican City). To do so effectively we have to become a lean, well-oiled, 21st century organization. Gone are the Bangkok days of open office bar, snooker table, girls sitting around smoking, darts for anyone who stumbles in off the street, and high heeled women's' shoes you can fondle.

We have to make some rules.

Rule One: No, you can not meet Fa.

Rule Two: Don't forget Rule One.

Rule Three: No, you can not meet me (come on, what were you thinking).

Rule Four: No, you can not have your picture taken with the office girls. They are professionals working for the greatest monger services organization in the world. Booger and Licker were both fired for violating this rule. Do not ruin lives.

Rule Five: No, you can not have the phone numbers or addresses of Pattaya Gary, 500 Baht Walt, Union Hill, Chiang Mai Kelly, Marc Holt, or Stickman. Some of these guys owe me money but you still can not have their phone numbers.

Rule Six: We do not talk to French (FTF), South Korean, Chinese, Japanese, Eastern European, Russian 'Stans' (Ufxxxistan), Thais, Indians and all white western women. Dana Enterprises is a world wide monger organization that welcomes all people except for obvious exceptions. We have standards. We also have Pattaya-wide cameras. If you are caught talking to these people you can just kiss off applying to the Dana Fan Club. I know it is tough love but Pattaya is a tough gig. Did you shave your testicles before you came to make them more attractive for others? I think the example has been made. Man up.

Rule Seven: No, we do not accept unsolicited manuscripts and we do not have proofing and editing services. And no, Fa can not help you. Giving her a manuscript to give to me is like pissing into the wind. No good will come of it. As soon as you turn your back she will page through the manuscript looking for money. No money? Into the trash.

Rule Eight: No we do not sponsor or recommend an Online matchmaking service. Hit the boardwalk. Stop farting around. The same men who use the computer to shop for love are the men who use condoms. Sweet Jesus on a cracker, man up. Hit the boardwalk. Find a bleeding eyebrow plucker and get busy.

Rule Nine: We do not accept or endorse naked farang and Thai girlfriend pictures being mailed to us. They used to make Rufus the office dog bark. Rufus was a full time humper, licker, and banger; but he didn't take pictures. Try to match his standards.

Rule Ten: No, we do not allow picture taking of our inside-the-office Buddhist shelf. We have pictures of Rufus the office dog and some of his favorite toys and bones and snacks sitting on the shelf with Buddha. It's too personal. This is a full-time 21st century international monger organization, not some amusement park for head bobbing Japs or tourists. Want to take a picture of something? Go to Bangkok and take pictures of the fake floating market.

Rule Eleven: Some fashion rules. Please do not come to visit wearing sandals and socks, soccer or rugby shirts, more than two cameras, telephoto lenses, Osama Bin Laden T-shirt, Bible anything, condom anything, or HIV anything. We have our own opinions. We are not interested in your opinions. Of course members of the Dana Fan Club, Church of Dana, and followers of Danaism are welcome at all times. These are the behind-the-curtain people that we respect. It may be that we will also respect you, but really; what are the odds?

Rule Twelve: Because of a personal weakness and enthusiasm of mine I used to think it would be fun to meet monger astronomers, and physicists, and mathematicians, and cosmologists. No more. Lesson learned. If you are still telling jokes about the Steady State theory and having fun at Newton's expense just do not come. Is there an exception to this? Yes. If you can explain the cause (cause Nimrod, not effect) of gravity I would really really like to speak to you. Tell the office girls that the password is 'Gravity' and they will get me. Be prepared: you may have to spend long long long minutes trying to communicate your needs. I used to try and filter for intelligence in the hiring process but finally just gave up.

Rule Thirteen: Yes, tranny Pattaya Emma has 12 inches and no you can not meet her. Tranny Emma pics are for sale but only on the Internet. We are an international organization. We are too busy to talk to walk-ins about Emma's wingwang. Emma is available on the Internet. Do your own shopping. We are not pimps, we are mongers. And no, there are no pictures of Emma and myself that are available. I personally feel that pictures just dilute the love experience. Maybe that is just me.

Rule Fourteen: Please do not come by to hang around and talk to the office girls. Yes they are fabulously feminine, and sexy, and beautiful but they have not heard anything original out of a man since they were fourteen years old. They have work to do. Well, actually; Booger (now fired) never really had any real work to do but that was a whole other thing. Holy sufferin' Jesus what a body. But I almost digress.

Rule Fifteen: Stay Away From Fa. I know I have said that before (Rules 1 & 2) but some hungry dogs have to be continually reminded to stay away from the meat wagon. Yes, she is on the boardwalk every morning at 9:15 opposite Soi 13/0 but not for you. She is now surrounded by Dana Enterprises security people. Do not even think about it. Fa is mind (OK, I meant to type the word mine—I get upset).

So, just a few rules guys. Transcripts of this are available to arriving mongers at the airport if you contact us ahead of time. Currently Boom-Boom and Booger are handing out the laminated transcripts to arrivals but that may change. Stay loose and see you on the boardwalk.

421. About the Typeface

TT&A Part 367 16/2/2013

Greetings Dana fans and Stickmanbangkok.com fans (Stick makes me type this):

Today a number of important text additions to your lives and we start with what in most cases would be publishing industry specific behind-the-curtain stuff but I am sure you will find it interesting. Normally this type of thing would be in a Dana Note but I felt that it was important enough to have it's own title. Who loves you baby? Dana does. Enjoy.

This submission to Stickmanbangkok.com was set in Mongertype Dana (MD), a typeface designed by Booger Johnston Phlegmlick (1949-2011) of the Kiss Me Kwik Bar on Soi Post Office in Pattaya, Thailand. A lot of people have asked about this. Conceived as a private typeface for monger writings: fiction, nonfiction, faction, lyrics, poetry, one act plays, academia, research monographs, articles, limericks, and all personal communications regarding the Dana Fan Club, Church Of Dana, and the philosophy of Danaism; Mongertype Dana(MD) has now thrown off it's chains of early development and can be seen as a worldwide typeface favored by mongers.

The early history of this typeface: Mongertype Dana(MD) was originally cut only for hand composing by 500 Baht Walt of the Mothership lounge lizards; a subterranean group of Thai monger enthusiasts, historians, publishers, writers, story tellers, and archivists. Though modeled on the CrazyAssWoman Phuket(CP) typeface used by Pattaya Gary for his opus treatise on Oy, titled The Story of Oy: Mongertype Dana(MD) is a thoroughly modern interpretation of that venerable set of letters, numbers, and punctuation marks together with thoughtful spacing issues to make reading and writing more interesting, legible, and fun.

So then how to explain how this essay appears on Stickmanbangkok.com? Well, obviously it does not appear on Stickmangbangkok.com. in Mongertype Dana(MD). Between being set and composed in Mongertype Dana(MD) in Boston and appearing on Stickmanbangkok.com in the Reader's Submissions section of the website, a change has taken place. The web administrator has taken it upon himself to set a different type. If challenged on this Stickman might lay the error on one of his office interns but I think we all know that is bushwa. This brings to mind the Latin saying:

'Assholius webus foolit erratum administratorium stupidass.'

Mark the calendar and pay attention to the day and mark the time when I say that this situation is going to change. Meetings have been held, money has exchanged hands, alliances have been formed, soldiers of fortune have been enlisted, and mongers have been notified. Stay tuned next week to read Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes in it's rightful typeface: Mongertype Dana(MD).

And if you have any ideas for improvements to Mongertype Dana: keep them to yourself. What were you thinking?

Monger Data

An Austrian daredevil (aka idiot), Felix Baumgartner, plans to jump from a 55 story tall helium-filled balloon at a height of 120,000 feet. Outside temperature will be 100 degrees below zero and he will fall at 690 miles per hour, breaking the sound barrier. I hope they have allowed for his spacesuit heating up as he re-enters thicker air.

Anyway, some speculate that this jump is not necessary to reach reasonable conclusions about what will be encountered and what will happen, but Richard McCall, a physics professor, says:

> *"the experiment still needs to be done, the data collected and analyzed, and the results studied. That's one of the reasons why we often try such things—not just to be the first or the highest or the fastest, but to see what can be learned and to hopefully have some fun doing it."*

So, what does this have to do with my twice daily boardwalk ambulations in Pattaya? Well, just everything. Just like death-defying human free-fall experiment Felix Idiot Baumgartner; I am gathering data and studying results on cruisers, whore, skanks, and prostitutes so you do not have to. Am I having fun doing so? Well sometimes yes and sometimes no. That is the beauty part for you. I am doing the miles and taking the hits. Personally, I am always looking for a Thai angel I can fall in love with. A bliss experience of commitment and loyalty and love even if we are only together for forty minutes. But I have found, to my surprise, that some men are looking for different experiences. Research by myself in Cuba and Recife and Rio and Saigon and Kuala Lumpur and Cambodia and Angeles City and Thailand shows that every category of woman has male enthusiasts.

If bleeding eyebrow pluckers are your thing, I have a list. Been there, done that; and wrote everything down. Mumblers and spastic head twitchers? Again, I have a list. You don't have to run the table. I have already done it for you. Random yellers and thieves? I have the phone numbers or I can take you to the boardwalk and point them out. There is a slight fee for this. Sure it is all about international monger love but I have expenses. Crazy loony spooky girls? Not as many as you might think but again, I've done the hotel athletics and I have the data; including the delightful nutter in the Mothership car park known as Boom Boom (ask her what her name is). God what a great girl. I miss you Boom Boom.

How about the No girls? In the hotel room they say No to everything. EVERYTHING. Some guys like being treated this way. Go figure. Anyway, I've got a list of these nutballs. Tens? I don't personally traffic in tens. Waste of time. But I have a contact named Pattaya Gary who has a list. I can make that happen. Stay away from his Oy though. She is a man killer. Just sayin'. How about trannies? Sure, trannies for tranny love. But wait a minute. How about a list of tranny criminals to avoid complete with pictures? Once again, I've got the information. I've done the free-fall from 120,000 monger feet over the boardwalk and I have the data.

The data has been gathered and analyzed and the results are known. Physics professor Richard McCall would be proud. It's all about the love guys. My life is now dedicated to mongers worldwide. And how do you get this information? Well, members of the Dana Fan Club receive this information automatically and at a discount Everyone else? Come to the office of Dana Enterprises on South Pattaya Road and make your needs known to Pussy, Bussy or Mussy. They'll contact me and we will negotiate. Good luck and remember, not all bleeding eyebrow pluckers are the same. You need the data.

Dana Note

I can hear the retirement train coming. Sweet sufferin' Jesus on a cracker it will soon be over. This will not doubt make millions happy. Stick is now working on a retirement party and awards dinner for me to be held at his country house in Sanglaburi overlooking the reservoir. The main meal will be cheeseburgers and chocolate shakes, appetizers will be little cheeseburgers and little chocolate shakes, and dessert will be fancy cheeseburgers and fancy chocolate shakes. Everyone is invited but there are probably some stupid rules about reservations so just get in touch with Fong or Long or Gong or Dong at his office and find out how to get your name on the guest list. Of course members of the Dana Fan Club are automatics but you probably still have to go through some kind of procedure. Just do it. If you have to wash and wax Stick's Benz, just do it.

Entertainment will be a costume show where everyone dresses like me, local girls will read us essays about their hopes and their dreams, elephants will be available for photo opportunities, rowboats for rowing, bamboo rafting, and local chefs will do fruit carving demonstrations. If you bring a picture of your favorite Thai girlfriend they will carve her face into a piece of big fruit. For those of you who forget cameras, we will have photos of me suitable for framing for free.

I will of course take questions and do readings. Many famous people are expected to attend and there will be a special tent set up for published authors to gather in since they are too good to talk to the rest of us. There will of course be no French (FTF), Chinese, South Koreans, Russians, Indians, Nigerians, 444's (Japanese), Pakis, or Bangladeshis invited. Same same white women or backpackers with guide books. Caveman? Yes, he will be there; and he will be giving a workshop on how to take a picture of a road.

And Fa? Will she be there? Yes she will be at my retirement party and awards dinner being held at Stick's country house on the shore of Sanglaburi reservoir in Sanglaburi. You will recognize her because unlike the local girls she will not have that stupid disfiguring white paste on her face. Of course you will not be allowed to speak to her. You knew that. There will be many local girls in attendance. These will be local high school girls who will be sweeping walks and serving drinks and helping with rowboat rides, etc. They will all be shy and you will fall in love. Its going to be a lot of fun. So put your ear on the rail. What do you hear? You hear the retirement train coming. See you at the party.

422. Size Matters

TT&A Part 368 23/2/2013

Hello Stickmanites and Dana fans: recently Mr. Stickman was in Pattaya and he sent me a picture of Pattaya Gary. This picture triggered some memories so below is an essay-story-article that may be helpful to you if you ever meet him. Enjoy. But before the story, an update on Dana Enterprises happenings.

Open Letter To All Dana Fans

Last week Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes—Part 367 looked good, good publishing, etc. But on that subject: Pla, Fla, and Bla, my Dana Enterprises record keepers, notified me that with Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes—Part 367 there have now been 237 straight submissions without something supportive, friendly, or kind being said at the end by the website administrator. Since all three of these Dana Enterprises employees were hired based on their abilities to successfully bet on Surin festival water buffalo races I am sure their numbers and their conclusions are correct.

Anyway, I think this is great and we should shoot for 250, 250 submissions in a row without something positive or happy being said at the end by the website administrator. This will contribute in a positive way to my mythology and further spotlight my Internet writing efforts. Another ignored 17 submissions will bring me up to Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes—Part 385, my anticipated retirement number.

Don’t you just love it when a plan comes together? Ignoration and indifference working hand-in-hand with Einsteinian social insight and brilliant wordsmithing given in service to humanity. My record keepers and statisticians here in the office on South Pattaya Road are excited by this:

> *"Just think Dana, no author's writing will have been treated as just mud thrown against the wall to this extent before. It makes us ploud to be part of Thai-farang genre writing history on the Internet. You may be the worst, most disrespected, and unloved writer in history. This is one of the things that we all love about farangs. You are all good at something. We are velly velly ploud (proud girls, proud) of you. We love Dana Enterprises and we love you Dana."* —Pla, Fla, and Bla.

Well, there you have it Dana Fans, an update on Dana Enterprises happenings. And now this weeks main event. Enjoy. Transcripts are, as usual, available through Stickman. On the subject of transcript policies, paperwork, procedures, rules, regulations, and prompt free mailing times I have learned that there have been some problems. Just yell at Stickman. It works for me.

Size Matters

I once read a fascinating, and for me, depressing article in a magazine for smart people about shark mating behavior. They used a big pool, male sharks, female sharks, and earnest academic types with clipboards. The male sharks were of three different sizes: normal, larger than normal, and monster big. The results were an illustration of relativity and biology.

The normal sized sharks got almost no attention from the female sharks. The larger than normal sized male sharks got attention but the females swimming by their sides did not look completely relaxed. They appeared to be slightly agitated or nervous. They were doing what biology compelled them to do but not totally charmed by the experience. The monster big male shark did not have to pose or posture or display or act aggressive. A female shark would swim right up to him, orient herself side to side, touch his side, and look blissfully composed. The social-biological contract was made. Size matters.

Watch my friend Pattaya Gary of Pattaya, Thailand at night and you will see the same thing. His pick-up time in a bar can be as little as three minutes. He walks in, orders a drink, and instantly there is a Thai lady shark lifting his arm to poke her head through, she presses up against his side, and if she has breasts she makes sure to press one of them against the side of the big monster male farang shark. Money is given to the waitress, barfine paid, and out the door. Time elapsed? Three minutes.

It would not surprise me if in his adult life Gary has never actually asked a girl for a date. No need to. And what am I doing in the same bar? I am letting girls stick their legs and their heads through my suspenders, wearing a northern Thai lady hat (women laugh so hard they nearly wet themselves), and juggling petrified water buffalo testicles to try and get some attention. I limit myself and my pride to ten bars. If I have not scored in ten bars I go home.

Note: you know the hats I am talking about. The hats with the coins, and the white beads on strings hanging down in front of the face, and the colored strings, the fancy embroidery against a black background, and sometimes the hollow silver balls of the northern Thai tribe ladies walking around the tourist areas trying to sell cheap jewelry and carved wooden frogs. When I go into bars wearing this hat I get a lot of attention. In the old Electric Blue bar on Walking Street the naked girls on stage used to just stop and stare at me and the mezzanine level dancing girls used to laugh so hard that tears would burst from their eyes.

Anyway, If you are not a monster shark like Pattaya Gary you need tricks. Not on board with this hat idea for helping you pick up women in Thailand? OK, consider this. Sometimes in my hotel room at the A.A. Hotel on Soi 13/0 the girls ask me to make love to them wearing the hat. I'm pounding away like a soi dog on yaa baa and they are screeching with laughter. Yup, been there; done that. Does Gary have to resort to stuff like this? Hell no. He could go into a bar with a blanket over his head while dragging two lobster pots tied to his ankles and the girls wouldn't care. And for those of you who are learning through note taking: I used to attract attention to myself in bars by taking a cylinder of ruby and exciting it with a xenon flash tube. The result was, obviously, a laser. Laser light production in a bar in Thailand. The girls preferred the juggling of water buffalo testicles. They were small and dark and shaped kind of funny (the testicles, not the girls) and a big hit. Laser shmaser, show us something interesting farang man. Anyway note takers, you need to keep it simple. If you can unwrap a Hershey's Kisses candy in your mouth with just your tongue they will go home with you and they will have sex with you. I'm just sayin' is all. I'm not lecturing.

So, you might be wondering what the difference is between Pattaya Gary and Pattaya Me? Well, Gary is 6'4" tall in his bare feet and I am 5'4". Actually, I am only 5'3". OK, I'm getting older and I am shrinking so I am probably only 5'2" tall. You get the idea. I am not even a normal sized shark in a pool where only the monster is getting any attention. Actually, I think Gary might be lying about his height also. Over 6'4" a lot of tall men start telling lies. They might be 6'5" tall or 6'6" tall but they will say there are only 6'4" tall. They don't want to be freakazoids, they want to be normal. Go figure. So who knows: maybe Pattaya Gary with his barrel chest, hands the size of dinner plates, and the chin that could split granite is really 6'5' tall, or 6'6" tall.

Anyway, if Gary can look down on the top of a Thai lady's head she might still be 5'9" tall or even 5' 10" tall. The long limbed seductresses with so much distance between their high breasts and their pussy that you have to use a rug installers tape measure to cover the distance. If I can look down on the top of my girlfriend's head she is so short she looks like someone pounded her into the ground with a big giant hammer. At least I do not have to go looking for stuff. Everything is kind of in the same place if you know what I men. Anyway, if one of Gary's girlfriends wiggles it looks sexy and willowy and snakelike. If one of my Isaan wonders wiggles (took eight bars and two hours to find her) people reach out to catch her before she falls. You go with what you got.

Yup, you go with what you got and it pays to know your limits. Recently, I met a Thai lady named Lek at Gary's condo. They have been together for some time. A couple. Sharks mating. Decisions made. Contract signed. He is paying for her to go to school, she is acting as a job foreman on some of his condo projects, and he has been helping her get employment. And what of Lek? Holy sufferin' Jesus what a body. Young, tight, long, and sexy. She reminds me of Amedeo Modigliani's painting Reclining Nude, c1919. Impossible length and youth writ large in reality. Gary is so under the ether he has probably not spotted her squash nose and who could blame him. She was the top dancer at a club on Soi 16 and now she only dances for Gary. Honk if you hate the big monster sharks. The only way I am ever going to get time with one of these Lek women is if I draw her picture on one of my bed sheets.

But there have been some changes over time in the Gary-Lek relationship continuum. When Gary met Lek she was simple and anxious to please. Without calculation and innocent. Now, whenever I meet her, I hear shark music. Gary may hear violin music because she is playing him like a violin, but I hear shark music that makes the little hairs on the back of my neck stand up. She'd eat me up and tear me to pieces. I wouldn't even fight back.

You can't beat biology and you can't beat the cards you have been dealt. All you can do is practise avoidance. And you do not get a second chance in the avoidance game. You have to know your limits and you have to act fast.

Do you know the difference between shark music and violin music? Hook up with Lek and you will learn the difference. I think right now in spite of a lot of bumps in the mating game highway Gary is still under the anesthesia. He only hears violin music. Me? I hear shark music whenever Lek is near. Scares me to death. The anxious-to-please female shark has grown up. She has been caught not going to the classes that Gary is paying for and she has not always responded well to Gary's efforts to get her a job. The list grows. She may only be a female shark tucked into the side of Gary's monster huge shark side but she is still a shark. The list grows: unpleasant mood changes, unreliable behavior, foolish things said, and juvenile actions. Sometimes I wonder if Gary can hear the female shark music when he is with her. I don't think he can. I believe he is so brain damaged by Lek sex that his hearing is faulty. But if you are not Lek sex brain damaged (I wish) do you know the one good thing about shark music?

You will know it when you hear it. Instantly and instinctively. Not so with the music of Brahms or Beethoven or Mozart or Mahler. You need educating to know those kats. Not so the music of predators. Put on your pants, grab your passport, and run. Run like the wind. Run for your life. And just because another man can handle a female Thai shark does not mean you can. All men are not created equal. Know your self. Know your limits. Know when to run. Gary loved Lek. She scared me to death.

Example: one day I was meandering down Beach Road and I thought I would stop into Starbucks for a fancy coffee. I'm not really a coffee enthusiast but sometimes I like to play adult games. As I am pushing through the door I get a shove from behind on my shoulders. I turned around and I looked up and it was the female shark Lek. Right on top of me. Smiling.

Me: Hi Lek, how are you?
Lek: OK.
Me: Where is Gary?
Lek: He take nap.

Now, what I was supposed to do was buy into the social situation with coffees for both of us and sit down conversation at a table. But no good can come from this. And if I hear violin music it will be because she is playing me like a violin. But I don't hear violin music, I hear the predator background radiation music of the shark, shark music. So, without another backward glance, I power walk right through the store and go out the Soi Yamato side door entrance. In the front door and out the side door like I have a cattle prod up my rear. Never looked back, and once outside the store; I just kept moving. If you are not the biggest shark in the pool you have to know when to practise avoidance. I'm not Pattaya Gary. Heck, I'm not even Pattaya Gary's girlfriend in size and scariness. It pays to know which shark you are in the pool. Size matters. You have to know your limits and you have to act fast. Later that afternoon I got a call from Gary. He wanted to know if I would come over and have dinner with him and with Lek that night. Of course I went. I knew Gary would be there. He would protect me.

423. Caveman Tattoo

TT&A Part 369 2/3/2013

When I was a young man I did not have a young man's body. I did not have Pattaya Gary's body, more like Pee Wee Herman's body. So you were not going to see me out in public with no shirt on. I had a boy-man's body that I did not feel good about and that no female wanted to see. Young men without shirts are advertising to females that they are young and strong and fertile. I could not do that.

In my middle years I was the vice-president of a financial company and the company had a discount member situation with the penthouse health club in the sixty story skyscraper next door. I joined. Pool and hot tub and bar-restaurant and weightlifting sixty stories up with big windows. You could sit in the hot tub in the winter and watch storms roll in. In wind storms you could see the water in the pool move as the building swayed. I started out in the pool doing laps and then graduated to the weight room. That is when it hit.

The disease. The addiction. The pleasure of weightlifting. I spent the next seven and a half years in various gyms in Boston lifting weights. I read all the magazines. I went to local shows. I made friends with knowledgeable people. I lifted every second or third day for seven and a half years. I loved it. And it changed my life because it changed my body. Weightlifting gave me a man body. Completely changed my body and my appearance and my confidence level.

Amazing. I owe weightlifting a lot. My comfortable weight was one hundred and sixty pounds and I was not overweight. I was 5 foot three inches tall. Very happy years with endorphins being dumped into my bloodstream and racing to my brain. I would have been happier and in less recovery trauma and made more progress if I had only lifted every fourth day but you can not talk new addicts out of their pleasure. Weightlifters would make more progress in less time if they would lift less but you can't get young men full of testosterone to listen.

Then the heart attack. After recovery back to the gym but I could not handle the fear of blowing out the back of my heart again so I quit. It is no fun to be doing standing military presses if you are worried about blowing out the back of your heart. It is no fun to be doing squats if you are worried about your heart. So I took up outdoor roller skating. Roller skates instead of inline skates because with rollerskates you get more lateral support. Weak ankles. But roller skates instead of inline skates are more of a challenge because the 'tripping moment', the fulcrum, is much further back. You can happily skate over anything in inline skates; in rollerskates a match stick will send you flying. I rollerskated all over Boston for twenty years. Every weekend weather permitting for twenty years. A nice full body exercise. But once a week is not the same as several times a week lifting weights. I lost mass and there was some slippage in appearance. Back came the sugar bloat, and few extra pounds around the waist. Still no public posturing without a T-shirt.

Then the cancer. Cancer of one organ without a treatment. If you ever hear the word oncology: run, run like the wind. Metastasizing will be to nearby organs, tissue, and bones. Is there any good news? Yes. Cancer is a great weight loss program. I have lost the sugar bloat and the extra pounds around the middle that I have been carrying around for years. I look pretty good. Not exactly young man tight and lean good, but pretty good.

Of course it is the look of incipient death but no one can tell the difference. So lately I have been enjoying the giddy young man's pleasure of sometimes walking around without a shirt on. Usually on beach and boating tours where I know I will not offend the Thais. It is fun to sample a pleasure that was not available to me forty years ago and I tell myself that the incoming photons of radiation are good for me. Going to Ko Larn using the public ferry is a deal. Fun and easy and cheap.

There is an attractive Thai woman on the beach at Ko Larn that sells temporary tattoos. She has a book that you can page through and you pick a tattoo. Dragons and skulls and other tattoo miscellanea. Of course, to the intelligent educated westerner this three ring binder of tattoo choices in clear plastic sleeves is evidence of the juvenilia and stupidity of an uninteresting and dead-end society. Sitting there on the sand next to the farang hating bitch who tells her small children racist jokes about her customers you can not help smiling internally, or not so internally, with bemusement at it all.

Add it all up: the sun, the sand, the sex, the financial transaction, the smiling, the pathetic and silly societal tramp stamps; and what does it spell? Vacation. I am on vacation. An experience that is supposed by it's very definition to temporarily take you out of yourself. To present different sights and smells and sounds sufficient for titillation, but not too great to be handled with reasonableness and safety. To wit: if on your last day you can find your passport and your airline tickets and you have enough local currency left to get you to the airport, it was a vacation. If you are missing any one of these ingredients then you are not on vacation anymore, you are in hell.

Anyway, I always get a tattoo when I see a tattoo lady on the beach. Don't even think about it. Just smile back at her, sit down beside her (right beside her, arm to arm and hip to hip), and pick up the book full of tattoo selections. And, of course, since I am on vacation, I temporarily fully invest in the juvenilia and the fantasy of the experience. Maybe this tattoo I pick this time will make me look badass instead of like some little elderly white guy foreigner. Maybe I'll look more noteworthy to the local women. Maybe the tattoo will publically display my counter-culture rebel spirit. In other words, I get these tattoos (oh excuse me, body art) for the same reasons that men have been getting tattoos since the beginning of time. Tattoos don't show your differentness, they show your sameness.

The perception is the opposite of the truth. No wonder God spends his days smiling like an idiot. Anyway, you know those stupid Abos who have been wandering around in Australia for the last 40,000 years? You are no different than them.

Example: there is currently a denizen of Pattaya to be seen on the boardwalk covered with male display. Tattoos (oh excuse me, tats) of numerous and testosterone detailed aspect. On the back of his shaved head it says: f@#$ AUTHORITY. That's putting it out there. He must be different. He must be scary. He must be interesting. No. Wrong on all three counts. He's just another loser Abo with a digging stick trying to repel males and attract a woman. Any woman. No, really; any woman. If her hips are wider than her waist she qualifies to be invited into his love temple, aka any hotel room in Pattaya. Ridiculous. Another jolly jackass who didn't want me on his team when I was young but who now just makes me laugh. Don't mess with men in their sixties. We have been retooled by life and by survival and we aren't buying what you are selling. Your colored handprints on ancient cave walls mean nothing to us. f@#$ AUTHORITY? OK, I'll tell that to the admissions people at the hospital the next time some tiny invisible microbe has almost delivered your great manly body to death's door. Fool.

Anyway, common. Silly. I don't want to meet him. But I enjoy the show. To vicariously dip my toe in male fantasy is a fun thing. I'm not evolutionarily hardwired for intelligence, but for experience. I always get my tattoos on the neck.

She rubs you dry (you have to make sure she does this well) and applies the tattoo. She will shave your chest if you are getting a chest tattoo. It is temporary. Lasts about one day or until your first shower. The best part, of course, is that you get to sit touching close to an attractive woman, hear her talk and talk to her, feel her breath and her eyes and her hands on you. Recently I was on the beach at Ko Larn paging through her book of tattoos and I was stunned, flabbergasted, shocked, and pleased to see this tattoo:

I dream of angels,
But I live with devils.
Eat a bean.

I dream of angels,
But I live with devils.
Eat a melon.

I dream of angels,
But I live with devils.
Listen to my rants.

My name is Caveman,
And I have a
Zucchini in my pants.

There are two letter font designs available: block letters not unlike the font on Stickmanbangkok.com, and a fancy Thai type script you might see in a Buddhist's suicide note. I chose the fancy script.

"So solly sir. No have."

OK, Thailand. So I got the simpler block letter design.

After chest shaving, an acetone based artist's fixative was sprayed on and quickly dried with a battery operated hair dryer. The pain was excruciating. You might consider shaving your chest and stomach (it is a long tattoo) the night before. Way before. The fixative used by artists to keep charcoal and pastel drawings from smudging was painful in the open cuts. Maybe that is just me: or HOLY f@#$WAD THAT HURTS.

“So solly sir, you have sensitive skin.”

Yeah, that’s right honey. Sensitive skin. Sometimes I think Thailand is the black hole of the universe for dumb humans, millions of them swirling towards a final immolation of dumb humanness. And we marry these women? No sex act is that good. But I almost digress. So, it’s another Mai Pen Freaking Rai in the Kingdom and we move on.

Anyway, she shaved my chest, taped the stencil on my chest, and sprayed the stencil. I spent the rest of the day walking up and down the beach with no shirt on, and later on; remainder of the daylight hours in Pattaya walking up and down the boardwalk with no shirt on. With little or no provocation that night I would take off my shirt in bars and show people my Caveman chest tattoo that can now be purchased and applied on the beach at Ko Larn. If people asked me if I was Caveman I was careful to tell them that I was not Caveman, but they could have this tattoo on their chests also. Or their backs if they were Thai girls who actually had breasts. Anyway, the tattoo is getting a lot of comment and it would not surprise me to see other shirtless farangs with this chest tattoo in the future. And I owe it all to weightlifting and to cancer. Is this a great world or what?

424. Everything

TT&A Part 370 9/3/2013

A Thai friend of mine here in the States gave me a little book to help me learn Thai. I doubt if she actually looked at it before she gave it to me. It was a gift giving experience. It is a little blue book called: EASY SPOKEN THAI—a practical speaking dictionary of the Thai language by Gordon H. Allison B. A. It was originally published and sold by the Chalermnit Bookshop, 1-2 Erawan arcade, Bangkok for 60 BAHT or $3.00 U. S. The format was slightly different, especially for a so-called book for beginners to the Thai language. It is sentences in English followed by the same sentences in phonetic Thai. Some of the entries in this book always seemed amusing or odd to me. And some of the statements in this tourist or early expat primer also seemed challengeable. For example:

A. "You do not have to understand the tone rules in order to be able to speak, read, and write Thai." (p. 3)

Yes, you do. Thai is a tonal language. What is wrong with this guy?

B. "With the assistance of our "EASY SPOKEN THAI" you can speak some meaningful Thai YOUR VERY FIRST DAY IN THAILAND (capital letters the authors).

No you can't. Not a single person on the planet Earth believes this. What is wrong with the author telling people this?

Anyway, now on to some examples in this book.

1. "Are you jealous of her (him)?"—KHOON IT-CHA THUH (KHAO) REU?

When is a tourist going to need this? Stupid.

2. “Are there any military police in this area?”—THAEO NEE MEE THA-HAN SA-RA-WAT BANG MAI?

When is a tourist going to need this? Looney.

3. “Are these roads useable during the rainy season?”—RA-WANG REU-DOO FON THA-NON LAO NEE YANG SA-MAT CHAI DAI REU MAI?

Once again, what is the author thinking? How did this get in a book with the title EASY SPOKEN THAI? I’ll bet no tourist or expat has ever used this question.

4. “Can you please help me get back to my unit?”—KHOON JA KA-ROO-NA CHUAY HAI PHOM KLAP PAI THEE NUAY KHAWNG PHOM, DAI MAI KHRAP?

Sure, no problem; get back in touch with me in two years when I have finally learned how to say this. Silly and totally impractical. Gordon H. Allison is an idiot and he probably teaches Thai to foreigners somewhere in Bangkok.

5. “Can you remember me?”—KHOON JAM PHOM DAI MAI KHRAP?

I give up, when would this be useful? So useful that it should be in a beginning ‘learn-to-speak-Thai’ book.

6. “the day after tomorrow”—MA-REUN-NEE

Useless.

7. “Did anyone come to see me while I was gone?”—MEE KHRAI MA HA CHAN BANG MAI KHA-NA THEE CHAN MAI YOO?

Yes, people were trying to find you so that they could get their money back on this stupid book.

8. “Do you hate me?”—KHOON KLIAT PHOM MAI?

Over the top stupid and useless. Can you imagine this guy trying to get a whole class to learn this?

9. "Does he have a sense of responsibility?—KHAO MEE KHWAM ROO-SEUK RAP PHEET CHAWP DEE REU?

OK, amaze me; when would I use this?

10. "Does the watch-dog bite?"—SOO-NAK FAO BAN KAT REU PLAO KHRAP?

Of course the watch dog bites. It is a watch dog.

11. "Don't annoy him now."—KHA-NA NEE YAI PAI KUAN JAI KHAO LUHY

How about later? Can I annoy him later? Foolish waste of time to torture yourself to learn this.

12. "Don't let him come back here again."—YA HAI KHAO KLAP MA THEE-NEE EEK.

Somebody should say this to the author of this silly EASY SPOKEN THAI book. Or maybe to the watch-dog.

13. "Go to the post office and check our post-office box."—JONG PAI THEE THEE-THAM-KAN PRAI-SA-NEE LAE PUHT KHAI TOO JOT-MAI KHAWNG RAO

I doubt if a five year expat can say this.

14. "How do you like military life?"—KHOON CHAWP CHEE-WIT KAN PEN THA-HAN REU MAI YANG RAI?

I doubt if a 15 year expat has ever said this. But we are going to learn it. Of course we are. Nonsense.

15. "How long have you been in the military service?"—KHOON PEN THA-HAN MA NAN THAO-RAI LAEO?

OK, I'll ask the question. I'll be the sacrificial node. I'll be the bad guy. Is Gordon H. Allison B. A. gay? Is he hanging around bars near military bases wearing Mickey Mouse underpants and holding a Barbra Streisand album? Hey, I've got no problem with a gay teacher of Thai but all these entries regarding the military are starting to creep me out. And there is more to come. Much more.

16. "How many brothers and sisters have you?"—KHOON MEE PHEE-NAWNG KEE KHON KHRAP?

This is a question that one Thai might ask another Thai but it is not an appropriate use of a foreigner's time in a 'learn-to-speak-Thai' class.

17. "How many people live in this village?"—MOO-BAN NEE MEE PHON-LA-MEUANG A-SAI YOO THAO-RAI?

When and why would you ask this?

18. "How were you swindled?"—PEN YANG-RAI KHOON JEUNG THOOK LAWK-LUANG?

When I bought this book.

19. "I am in the army (navy, air force)."—PHOM PEN THA-HAN BOK (REUA, A-KAT).

I'm telling you, this guy is a fruit loop with a thing for men in uniform. Now he is going to have all of his foreigner students learning to say that they are in the military. Can you say in Thai the word INSANE?

20. "I did not see him in his office."—PHOM MAI DAI HEN KHAO THEE SAM-NAK-NGAN KHAWNG KHAO.

Look in one of the gay bars near the military base.

21. "I need a new cook (gardener). Can you recommend someone?"—get ready for this:

CHAN TAWNG-KAN KHON THAM KHRUA (KHON SUAN) KHON MAI. KHOON JA NAE-NAM KHRAI HAI SAK KHON DAI MAI?

I'll get back to you in three years when I have finally learned to say this without tones and I am understood by Thais, that is; the Thais who do not run when they hear me speak.

22. "I prefer not to say anything more until I have discussed this with my attorney."—OK; you are supposed to learn this:

PHOM KHAW MAI PHOOT A RAI MAK KWA NEE JON KWA PHOM JA DAI PREUK-SA REUANG NEE KAP THA-NAI KHAWNG PHOM KAWN

Which brings to mind the question: Are you insane? Anyway, how many Thais do you think can say this? And if they do use the proper tones (which they will), are you going to understand them? Well, if the answer is No, of what use is this book? I say we chase down the author, Gordon H. Allison B. A., and beat him with sticks.

23. "If you improve your work, I'll raise your salary."—THA KHOON THAM NGAN DEE KHEUN CHAN KAW JA PHUHM NGUHN DEUAN HAI.

Thanks, but I still have not learned how to say "Where is the bathroom?" I have to wear adult diapers in this country.

24. "Is there a life-guard here?"—THEE NEE MEE PHOO KHAWY CHUAY KHOOM KAN CHEE-WIT MAI?

Maybe he can help me find the toilet.

25. "Is this place off-limits for military personnel?"—SA-THAN-THEE NEE PEN KHET HAM THA-HAN KHAO CHAI MAI?

Not for you Gordo, come right in. I like your pink shorts and your pink hat and your pink pants and your pink flip-flops.

26. "Is it against regulations?"—MAN PEN KAN KHAT TAW KOT KHAW-BANG-KHAP?

Not for trannies.

27. "Jellyfish! Be careful!"—MAENG-KA-PHROON! RA-WANG!

No comment necessary.

28. "Kindly give him this book for me."—KA-ROO-NA AO NANG-SEU LEM NEE PAI HAI KHAO.

Now Gordon is just out of ideas and his editor is insisting on nine more pages.

29. "Look out. The train is coming."—RA-WANG! ROT FAI KAM-LANG MA!

Good, maybe it will hit the author of this silly time wasting EASY SPOKEN THAI book.

30. "Many people."—LAI KHON.

What?

31. "No, not yet, but I'd like to try."—YANG KHRAP, YANG MAI KHUHY, TAE PHOM YAK JA LAWNG DOO.

I have an expat friend in Pattaya who hears this a lot from girls. He is still waiting to get to the 'I'd like to try' part of the relationship.

32. "Oh, I'm sorry but this dance has already been taken."—MAI SIA-JAI KHA, PHLENG NEE MEE KHON KHAW TEN SIA LAEO.

OK, imagine a class full of employees of international companies who have been ordered to learn Thai and they are learning this.

33. "Oh, what a terrible pity."—TAI JEENG, NA SIA-DAI MAK.

Yes, a terrible pity; the money you spent on this book. You could have spent the money on egg rolls and a boiled egg.

34. "Outsiders not allowed!"—BOOK-KHON PHAI NAWK HAM KHAO!

OK, let us try and be fair to me. Honestly, when is a tourist or an expat going to have the need to say this? I think Gordon just lost it. Probably got turned down at another gay serviceman's bar.

35. "Please don't disappoint me tomorrow night."—get ready: PROT YA HAI PHOM TAWNG PHEET WANG NAI KHEUN WAN PHROONG NEE NA KHRAP.

Ya, I don't expect your tones to be correct but I want you to look hot.

36. "Please don't take off your shoes."—MAI TAWNG THAWT RAWNG-THAO RAWK KHRAP.

Finally something useful. I feel the need to say this in the Kingdom at least three times per week. Not.

37. "Please take me to this military unit."—KA-ROO-NA PHA PHOM PAI THEE NUAY THA-HAN NUAY NEE.

I want to show off my pink rhinestone flip-flops.

38. "She's a very pretty young lady (little girl).—THUH PEN YEENG-SAO (DEK-SAO) THEE SUAY MAK.

Useful for the tourist who wants to be accused of pedophilia.

39. "Watch out. It's going to explode."—RA-WANG. MAN KAM-LANG JA RA-BUHT.

Gordon has taken too much Viagra.

40. “What are your military duties?”—KHOON MEE NA-THEE THAM A-RAI THANG THA-HAN?
and
“What branch of military service are you in?”—KHOON PEN THA-HAN SANG-KAT YOO NAI LAO NAI?
and
“What is your MOS (military occupational specialty)?”—KHOON CHAM-NAN KAN THA-HAN NAI THANG MAI?
and
“What is your rank please?”—KHOON MEE YOT PEN A-RAI KHRAP?
and
“Who is commanding officer of this unit?”—KHRAI PEN PHOO BANG-KHAP BAN-CHA NUAY NEE?

Give it a rest Gordon. We all know you tried to get into the Thai military and they turned you down.

41. “Are you a gay military man?”—PHOM GAY FAGGOT KUHN HANSUM DEE MAK MILITARY MAN?

OK, I’m just being silly; but you have to admit it is a little creepy to have so many references to the military and military bases and servicemen in a book that is supposed to be about learning to speak Thai. I’m no editor enthusiast but maybe a little input from an editor might have been helpful. I imagine the conversation might have gone something like this:

Editor: Hi Gordon.
Gordon: What’s up?
Editor: I noticed that there are numerous military references in your EASY SPOKEN THAI book. I wonder if before we go to galley proofs if we might consider how relevant they are to students just starting to use the Thai language?

Gordon: I'm not sure I understand.
Editor: Well, let me give you a personal example. My favorite thing to do is to play croquet wearing women's' undergarments, but if I were to include references like these in a 'learn-to-speak-Thai' book someone might challenge me on relevance.
Gordon: What kind of undergarments?

42. "Why have you arrested me, Sir?"—KHOON JAP-KOOM PHOM THAM-MAI KHRAP?

You ask too many questions about military guys.

43. "Why have we been arrested?"—THAM-MAI RAO JEUNG DAI THOOK TAM-RUAT JAP?

See 42 above.

Hey, and this is only a sample kats and kittens of Gordon H. Allison's book EASY SPOKEN THAI. There are approximately 994 entries. Because of its stunningly impractical entries and fraudulent notion that you do not need to speak tones correctly to be understood in a tonal language it can be an amusing book to read. I think my favorite entry was:

"Everything."—THOOK SING THOOK YANG.

I like the way THOOK SING THOOK YANG looks in English and I believe I could learn to say the tones correctly.

From now on, anytime a Thai says anything to me; I am just going to say: THOOK SING THOOK YANG.

425. Thai Ladies Names Redux

TT&A Part 371 16/3/2013

OK, kats and kittens; here is this week's gathering of missives and stories. First we start with a quote and then we will all cup our hands around our ears and listen. Hear that sound? That's right: that is the sound of the retirement train coming. Stick is going to host a retirement party at his house for me so if you want to get an invitation you need to let him know. And no, Caveman will not be invited because he will want to park his stupidass motorcycle in the living room and tell us about how he has applied for a U. S. patent for a new fuel made from tofu, mung beans, and atomized flip-flops.

and now today's blast from the past:

> *"It's been a great vacation: at 13,000 miles per hour and 60,000 feet you can cover some ground. Rio, Cuba, Cambodia, Angeles City, Vietnam, Dominican Republic, South Miami Beach, Tokyo, Recife, Amsterdam, Kuala Lumpur, Bali, Indonesia: and now Pattaya just over the curve of the Earth. Consorting with the women of the world is not only about sex and love; it is my right and obligation as the most superior man in the world. Millions of women fax and email and snail mail and eye mail me requesting my attention and my seed and my strong western arms. At headquarters in the poolside garden condos on the grounds of the 2nd Road Marriot hotel in Pattaya my staff enter incoming data and collate and file and schedule. Once a week I have my ground crew at the A. A. Hotel go over the plane and then I head out to spread more Dana vibes. Hang on girls. I'm doing my best. Dana is coming."*

and now, here we go:

Dana Alert

Fa has notified me that from now on 'short times' will be 1000 baht instead of 500 baht. No Dante circle in Hell can describe this horror. Poor blind Milton after ten crystal cut glass tumblers of Ron Jeremy 94 proof rum could not come up with words to describe this terrible happening in my life. 1000 baht in this overrated sleaze bucket metropolis to copulate with an over-the-hill Fa? Madness. The world has gone mad. It would not surprise me if quantum mechanics had taken over and basic laws of physics no longer applied. Up is down, in is out, and fair market value is now some kind of hopeless dream. So, Dana fans; I am sending out this supplication to you. If you have any ideas on how I can get Fa to forget this silly idea? Please help me. Send all emails, faxes, letters, and special deliveries c/o Stickman. He has volunteered to sort and categorize incoming ideas.

1000 baht for 'short time'? Madness. I have a 70 year old English expat friend in Pattaya who never pays more than 300 baht and the Pattaya ladies are knocking on his door. At 500 baht I am a philanthropist to Thai ladies of the commercial kind. Do I get any credit for this? No I do not get any credit for this. Instead, the love of my life, has suddenly started taking crazy pills. It isn't easy to be me. I give and I give and give and what do I get? A cobra snapping at my penis.

Thai Ladies Name Redux

Many years ago I wrote an article for this website in which I somewhat perplexingly, happily, and detailedly looked at the subject of Thai female names. I love Thai female first names. In the article, Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes—Part 122, I enclosed a long list of names. Was it a complete list? No it was not a complete list. Enclosed are some more Thai lady first names:

Aung
Gee
Naughty
Bo
On
BamBam
Rung
Jiew
Ducang
Nuch
Nee
Pupae
Fah
Minn
Tay
Goo
Take
Soem
Soonee
Tan
Yak
Pancake
Oay
Bua
Palm
Bank
Eatty
Pad
Kann
Por
Cheer
Jippy
Jeep
Ploy
Buwa
Noo
Namwan
Weaw
Gigie
Happy
Taan
Opo
Ice
Gluay
Neth

I don't think there are any repeaters from the first list. OK, more girls names. A fun thing, and of course we have to respect these names as legitimate names. I'm not really really sure we have to do this but it seems to be a social courtesy to respect peoples' names. Still though, as an educated foreigner; it is impossible not to wonder about some of these personal first name monikers (white people talkin'). Example: Pancake? Does she have two sisters named Waffle and Syrup?

And Thai lady twin names? What might they be like? Should we not be surprised to see:

Lug and Nut
Con and Dom
Test and Icles
Arm and Pit
Pen and Is

Kingdom of Thailand enthusiasts who like to posture that they are smarter and more sophisticated than I am smart and sophisticated like to say that these name speculations are silly. Really? Here in the States it is not hard to stumble across Crystal Chandelier, Jack and Peter and Bunny Rabbit, Moon Unit, Sincere, Atheist, Karma, Lust, and Zero. Idiocy respects no boundaries. Anyway, Thai lady names. I love them.

Desert Island

Question. What Asian music would you like if you were stranded on a desert island? Remember, you are going to hear this music for the rest of your life, or until you are rescued; and you can only choose one singer. I think it would be fun to write them up and send them in to Stickmanbangkok. com. Please God strand me with the haunting and personal and traditional and classical and rock sounds of Ros Sereysothea. Chilling, non-western, riveting, and womanly. God what a singer. God what a woman. Killed when she was young by the Khmer Rouge but fortunately some of her music remains. Pol Pot knew what he was doing when he had her eliminated. She was one of the best and the brightest. The Golden Voice of Cambodia. God knows we would not want any of those people around. Anyway, that is my choice. What is your choice?

There are many music videos of Ros Sereysothea on the Internet. She sang in many different styles and was prolific.

One of my favourites is Cambodia Rocks 02 Ros Sereysothea. Unfortunately it is now removed for copyright infringement. Two other examples in the rock category are:

Ros Sereysothea—Chnam Oun 16
and
Penh Jet Thai Bong Mouy (Ago Go)—Ros Sereysothea

If I owned a bar in Thailand her music would be the music I would play before the bar closed at night.

Shopping For Love

Some readers like to have fun at my expense and criticize me regarding shopping for love on Pattaya's boardwalk. I should consider other venues for gender mixing and open myself up to other possibilities.

Recently, while ensconced in the Mickey Mouse Underpants Bar, I was smiling and waving at the beautiful naked women on the stage and they were smiling and waving back at me. Then one of the ‘other possibilities’ sat down next to me. She was young, gorgeous, white, American, super educated, and really really smart. Conversation revealed that she had gone to a famous college in America where she had majored in Feminism and minored in Social Activism. Her four favourite college courses were:

1. I Am Woman, Hear Me Roar
2. One Parent Families, Men Are Obsolete
3. Sex Equals Rape, All Men Are Rapists

and my favourite …

4. I’d Rather Boom-Boom Myself

I immediately got up, left, and walked down to the boardwalk where I found Ting leaning against a palm tree.

Geometrization

> *“Perhaps his greatest accomplishment in a lifetime of breakthroughs was his Geometrization conjecture, which postulated that all possible 3-D spaces are made up of eight types of geometric pieces.”*

Yeah baby: right on. Kind of embarrassing though. My greatest achievement is figuring out that the best time to cruise the boardwalk in Pattaya is 9 a. m.— 11:00 a. m., 4:30 p. m.— 6:00 p. m. and 11:00 p. m. to midnight. OK, there isn’t much Geometrization involved but there are a lot of numbers so this mathematician guy and I have something in common. Maybe. Consider this:

“*To colleagues, Dr. Thurston’s most unusual gift was his ability to visualize complex shapes and problems.*”

Hey, isn’t that what I do on the boardwalk in Pattaya looking at the girls and speculating on best moves? Sure it is. I guess if you look at it that way I am a monger mathematician and physicist or something. Every girl is a complex shape with possible problems. It's a minefield requiring high intelligence and focus. It's like you have to be a scientist or something. I've been accused of just throwing mud against the wall: depending on numbers and luck to sometimes find a diamond in the sand. Not true. I'm a calculating machine taking in data, assigning categories and odds. reaching reasonable conclusions, conducting experiments, and recording results. Then there is follow through and risk taking. The boardwalk is my lab.

William Thurston and my monger self: boardwalk brothers.

426. Soul-Mate

TT&A Part 372 23/3/2013

Blast From The Past (BFTP):

> *"Free Russian vodka to street girls and then we take pictures of them licking the outboard motor props. Sweet Jesus on a cracker: is this a great country or what?"*—TT&A Part 359

and now, today's story. Enjoy.

Soul-Mate

The novel A Clockwork Orange by Anthony Burgess was a twenty-one chapter book. The American publisher published it as a twenty chapter book. Just eliminated the last chapter. I wish I had heard that transatlantic conversation and I imagine in my fiction mind that it might have gone something like this. I presume that Mr. Burgess will not mind being a part of my fiction mind.

Anthony: What happened to the last chapter?

Publisher: We did not like it.

Anthony: I'm the writer. I wrote the book.

Publisher: Mr. Burgess, don't be boring. When you give a book (manuscript really) to a publisher for 'treatment' it is not your book anymore. It is now our book. We can do anything we want to do with it.

Anyway, the British publisher published all twenty-one chapters. Makes you wonder what the Bible would have been like without Revelations at the end, or Moby Dick without the final chapter that includes the sinking of the Pequot.

More imagined fictional conversation:

Anthony: Well, OK—I guess. When do I get my money? I'm eating the putty out of the windows over here.

Publisher: You'll get your money, if there is any, when we decide to send it to you. But let's return to educating you about the publishing business. You are obviously an ignoramus and will benefit from listening to us. Do you honestly think God only gave ten commandments to Moses? An editor met Moses on the way down. He, the editor, knew the Jews were dancing and drinking and were not going to have very long attention spans. Moses showed up with only ten commandments and was a hit. No thanks, as usual, to the brilliant editor. Wake up and smell the burning bush Mr. Burgess. Your scribbling is only the start. We are the finish.

Anthony: OK. I guess.

Publisher: You see Anthony, when you give a manuscript to a publisher it is exactly like putting one of your children up for adoption. It's not your child anymore. It is someone else's child. Lay people of intelligence understand this intuitively: writers have to be taught this. We now have two staff people here who just handle incoming calls, and faxes, and letters (letters for God's sake), and emails from an author (?) named Dana. This little jackass expects truth and dignity and fair dealing for his stories related to Thailand (zero market). We have decided to eviscerate his scribbling with our publisher raptor claws and break him on the wheel of our indifference, criminality, and illiterate stupidity. At any rate Anthony, regarding the subject of editing, you may benefit from reviewing this quote by Thomas McCormack.

> *"The success of any novelist depends on a partnership, not unlike that of lovers. The writer woos, and counts on having an 'ideal intended audience' out there—readers with a sensibility that cherishes and appreciates the special strokes the*

> *wooer has to offer. If he's lucky, the first of those readers will be an editor, a soul-mate who can guide him to make his performance even more winning."*

This quote is the publishing industry's song and belief Mr. Burgess. We actually believe this presumptive soul destroying crap. You see, Anthony, removing your last chapter was just editing; something we are qualified to do and you are not qualified to do. You are a scribbler, we make novels. Think of us as lovers, but we are always on top.

Dana Note: This world-wide phenomenon idea that writers are of such low brain I.Q. and deficient wordsmithing skills that they need an editor 'soul-mate' to rewrite what they have written is an idea that you can not kill by driving a stake into it. The result is that you as the reader often have no idea what the writer wrote, you are reading a rewrite. A long time ago writers lost control of their world. This has not happened to airline pilots, or surgeons, or physicists; only the example of writers comes to mind.

Today it is hard (almost impossible) to find a human who does not believe that what the writers write would be improved by an editor. And many of these humans believe that they qualify to rewrite what the writer wrote. Can you imagine this situation in munitions factories: someone showing up off the street to repack and recalibrate everything?

Anthony: OK.

Publisher: By-the-way, if you run into Dana tell him we have assigned his manuscripts of his books Snakeskulls and Silver Suited Teddy Bears, Fa Chronicles, Boardwalk Follies, and Tranny Adventures to a twenty-six year old woman who hates men, thinks sex is dirty, can't spell the word punctuation, and who thinks a blog remark about her cat on Facebook is 'writing'. We are going to crush this jerk. He'll become roadkill smear on the publisher's highway and another excuse for us to start drinking early.

Anthony: OK.

Publisher: Oh, and one more thing Anthony; it might interest you to know that with our profits we have decided to diversify by purchasing a tombstone company. We will be offering tombstone services to all of our writers. All tombstones will say:

Only A Writer

Get with the program Mr. Burgess. You are only a writer. Probably most of your books that are purchased are not read to the last word. Do you honestly think that people finished reading most of Hemingway's boring drivel? It's all a game. You are lucky we did not cut out ten of your chapters to save paper, binding, ink, warehousing, and shipping costs. How about showing some gratitude?

Anthony: OK.

Publisher: Wait until Dana-the-Jackass finds out we are not even going to have sales reps deliver his books Snakeskulls and Silver Suited Teddy Bears, Fa Chronicles, Boardwalk Follies, and Tranny Adventures door to door to bookstores. We are just going to do airdrops. The airdrop costs can be deducted by our tax man and we will tell Dana we distributed his books. He'll probably send us a nice chatty friendly email thanking us. What a laugh. And do you know what else this so-called writer wanted?

Anthony: No. So far I do not appear to know anything and I am the author.

Publisher: He wanted to paid in a currency more favorable than U.S. currency. Wait until he finds out that we are paying him in Isaan buffalo chips. Jerk. But to be fair, it is not all downtime with this jerk. He makes us laugh so hard our systolic blood pressure has dropped office wide a few points. So in a weird way, having a few of these little turd wannabe writers in a publisher's stable is good for our health.

Anthony: I have a list of additional concerns here regarding my novel.

Publisher: OK, Anthony, gotta go. I've got a guy from Australia named Marc Holt on the other line. He wants to know if we will consider publishing his Thai stories (no goddamned market) and he is using Dana as a reference. Can you believe this? Dana as a reference. The office dog got to laughing so hard at this that he lost control of his bladder. It was OK. We used Chick Lit manuscripts to clean up the mess. Honk if you love the publishing business.

Anthony: About my money. You know, the advance that you promised me that has still not arrived, and the royalties part of my contract?

Publisher: Click

427. Just Kill Me

TT&A Part 373 30/3/2013

Attn: Dana fans and Stickmanbangkok.com fans

Today a nutritional piece followed by an essay. Enjoy. We start with a short insightful essay titled:

Just Kill Me

How do you make accurate non-controversial beyond debate judgements about various foods and diets? Roaches. That's right, nobody (noroach) knows more about foods and food tastes than roaches down through the thousands (millions?) of years here on Earth. So below are some reactions to monger vs. vegan foods by randomly picked roaches.

Reactions to standard monger diet of cheeseburger and chocolate shake:

"Best damn thing I ever ate."

"Ming at Spanky's in the N.E.P. in Bangkok is a 10, this monger food is an eleven."

"Ambrosia of the gods, no cruiser on the Pattaya boardwalk gives as much pleasure."

And now some remarks by uninvolved totally objective roaches to vegan food:

"JUST KILL ME."

"I'd dig my eyes out with a jagged spoon before I would ever eat another one of these vegan burgers."

"Carbonized toast with a side order of wire insulation tastes better than this. I'd kill my roach daughter before allowing her to eat this."

There you have it, tourists and ex-pats to the Kingdom; a survey of monger food vs. vegan food of the Caveman Chiang Mai ex-military variety. Another service of Dana Enterprises. I have a lot more to say on this very interesting subject but I see Fa and she is carrying a tray with two cheeseburgers and two chocolate shakes. God I love this country and I love this woman. Ever since Swenson's Ice Cream on the boardwalk added these items to their menu we practically live here. Sometimes we do not even have sex afterwards. We just go back to her place and lay on the floor like bloated whales and pass gas. Paradise.

and now an essay-article titled:

Sometimes

Sometimes you just have to wonder. Wonder about what? Wonder about the things you hear. Wonder about the statements of reality that are presented to you as incontrovertible, incontestable, non-negotiable, beyond debate facts. Sometimes you just have to wonder.

I'm sick. I don't mean I have a cold. I mean there is something basically wrong with my body and I require daily medication and daily monitoring. A refusal to accept this life condition and this protocol has landed me in the back of an ambulance twice. So I have learned. I accept my new reality and I do not complain (much). I take my medication daily (God bless those evil drug companies) and, again, I don't complain. Monitoring daily is part of the program. A simple device tells me my blood pressure and my heart rate numbers. I have a little notebook and I keep records.

So, what does this have to do with Thailand? Traveling in coach from Boston to Bangkok is so stressful for me that when I am finally behind the hotel door at the Mothership my heart rate is elevated and my blood pressure is elevated. A lot. How do I know this? Because I monitor myself daily and I keep records. That's right, I even take my blood pressure and my heart rate cuff on vacation. There in the hotel room I can look at high numbers and scare myself to death. It usually takes two days to bring my numbers down to acceptable levels. My first night in Bangkok I can lay on the bed and hear the noise of the bars coming in the window. But that is all I can do.

Two days after arriving in Bangkok last time Wan found my blood pressure and heart rate monitoring device in my luggage.

Wan: What is this?
Me: I'll show you.

Her blood pressure was 120/80 and her heart rate numbers were normal. She was right where she was supposed to be for a healthy unstressed human. A fun thing to do. So for the next two weeks I played doctor to twenty girls. Averages? There were almost no averages. Almost all of the numbers were identical. Healthy unstressed humans with textbook numbers. My point?

My point is that even a non-participating, oblique contact with the prostitute trade in Thailand will present you with the idea that these girls are inundated with unhealthy, unnatural forces that produce negative health consequences. Hey, what could be more obvious? Victimized (the West's favorite word) by trade particulars and circumstance they will be psychically and organically damaged. Really? That's not what the data on my girl-after-girl heart rate and blood pressure cuff survey showed. My survey showed they are perfectly healthy. Certainly more healthy than myself (and how many other western customers); someone who does not have to endure the demeaning and unhealthy lifestyle of a prostitute. Sometimes you just have to wonder.

Based on the opinion people of what is right, and what is moral, and what is natural with the backup singing of the always tuneful feminists; you would expect these horribly damaged, psychically abused, victimized angels to display shockingly out-of-whack health numbers on the display pad of my medical monitoring device. How could it be otherwise? But it is otherwise and in a modern world you can not choose which evidence to pay attention to. It all counts. These girls are healthy. Smiling when with me, trusting in the shower, laughing at stupid TV shows, and asleep in the bed like happy puppies. The next day they smile when they see me again, and again their 'numbers' are normal.

Sometimes you have to wonder. Wonder at the things people tell you and wonder at the things that you hear. Sick, damaged girls in a sick, damaging profession? You could not prove it by me. And there is an important difference between data and opinion. Maybe I would be healthier today and better off today if I was a prostitute. I wonder who has the numbers on that.

428. Higgs Boson Found

TT&A Part 374 6/4/2013

Attention and salutations dear Dana fans. Today a two-fer. A science announcement and a look into my personal life. Who loves you baby? Dana does. We start with a science announcement titled HIGGS BOSON FOUND and we end with a personal note titled EXTORTION. As always, enjoy.

Higgs Boson Found

Dana Note: Science News

Attention Dana fans and all the kat and kitten mongers at sea: today a science note of portent and import. To wit: the Higgs boson, the piece de resistance of the standard model of physics, the theoretical model of physics that defines the universe, has been found. It was found in the Mickey Mouse Underpants bar of Pattaya, Thailand during a police pee-in-a-cup raid. The boson had no passport or I.D. card, spoke no known language, had no pupils, and peed a two tone liquid-solid of orange and purple.

Police calls were made and conservative female Thai physicist Prongdosithlaming Kuddlechaufongdu verified that the Higgs boson had been found thus instantly vaulting the Kingdom of Thailand into physics fame outer space. The missing link particle of the standard model universe was taken to a holding cell at the police station on Beach Road. Prongdosithlaming Kuddlechaufongdu PhD. bought a rockin' Italian cut suit and got a facial.

What the sought after since the 1960's Higgs boson was doing in the Mickey Mouse Underpants bar east of Third Road is a question. A question so far without an answer. There is a saying that nothing grows faster than compound interest or cancer.

That saying is now being amended worldwide to: nothing grows faster than compound interest, cancer, or speculation about what the Higgs boson was doing in the Mickey Mouse Underpants bar of Pattaya, Thailand.

The bar, bar location, brick-and-mortar infrastructure, employees, patrons, and various sub-atomic, atomic, and molecular emanations are being examined closely to crack the code on this mystery. Fields of gravity, electro, magnetic, and various rays and energies are being plotted and measured. The SETI Institute is involved. Only the string theorists have been shut out. There have to be standards even in open and free scientific inquiry. Physicists are flying in, and are being flown in, from all over the world and special PR envoys have been stationed at Suvarnabhumi airport to help these somewhat startled men and women of science. Some of them have been seen to be having trouble getting the handle to come up on their luggage.

So far the most popular idea is that the Higgs boson was simply hiding out and hanging out. Formed in the first billionth of a second after the Big Bang it had been an exhausting time what with decay issues, dark energy, interactions of mystery and import, triggering events, unintended consequences, and the always lurking apocalyptic specter of a high-stress universe filled with black holes and oddly warped space-time.

Wait-a-minute: decay issues, dark energy, interactions of mystery and import, triggering events, unintended consequences, and the always lurking apocalyptic specter of a high-stress universe filled with black holes and oddly warped space-time? That sounds exactly like the Mickey Mouse Underpants bar of Pattaya, Thailand on any Friday or Saturday night.

Anyway, now the mamasan has changed her name to Quantum and conservative female Thai physicist Prongdosithlaming Kuddlechaufongdu is doing a stage presentation that includes nudity, a snake, whips, high heeled shoes, gold waist chain, red pupils, and slurred speech. Since the Higgs boson has been found everything has changed.

Extortion

Well, it had to happen. In a world of perversion and mean people and corruption and dilution of civilized values it had to happen. It was only a matter of time. I admit I did not see this coming but now that it has happened I can not honestly say that I am surprised. Disappointed? Yes. But not flabbergasted. My flabber has been gasted in the past so I am not naive about being flabbergasted, but this thing is just a whole new thing.

To wit: I am now receiving emails from mongers telling me that they will not speak to Fa but only in exchange for me sending them money. In other words: extortion. Sample email:

Hello Dana

I will honor your Stay Away From Fa (SAFF) rule in exchange for you sending me $100 in German money once per month forever. If you do not send money then I am going to talk to her.

Sincerely yours
Horst

So, you can see where we are now. There is apparently no honor among mongers. Everything is a knife fight and my relationship with Fa has been lowered to the level of mud wrestling in a Russian bar. You give and you give and you give and what do you get? Extortion.

And no, to iterate; this is not the only email of it's kind that I have received on this issue. Merely an example of a new problem in my life. Other examples, and I number them to help you with note taking.

1. Attn: Dana Faggot

Stay Away From Fa? What a joke Commander Butt Plugger. I am going to talk to her and I am going to rub up against her unless you send beaucoup French francs every month.

Francois Poopdoodle
Marseilles, France

and

2. Hello Dana Tiny Dick

I'm talking to Fa every morning unless you leave a package of U.S. $10,000 in the bottom of the closest trash barrel to where she does her make-up every morning opposite Soi 13/0. Wrap the money in the Pattayamail newspaper and paint it with ten day old fish sauce that has been mixed with durian paste. No money in the trash barrel? Then your honey is going to be spending time with me.

Clyde Foopnoggle
Anal Discharge on Tyne
Sheep Dip, England

and

3. Greetings Meateater

Send money or you aren't going to be eating cheeseburgers and chocolate shakes exclusively with your pathetic precious little Fa anymore. And by the time I am through with her she'll be using tofu as a lubricant. Vegans rule you little liberal weenie and patriots have the American flag tattooed on their chests. Send money lameass. Stay Away From Fa. What a joke. Send money.

Bif Bart
Hard Rock, Nevada

and

4. Heil Dana

My name is Herr Finkelstroop Bremerschnitzel of the Heidelberg Bremerschnitzels. Send money or I am going to rename Fa and tattoo Fa with one word: POLAND. After renaming her Poland I am going to march all over her. Unless you send money. Send money or you are going to have to beg the world to Stay Away From Poland (SAFP).

Goosesteppingly yours,
Baron Karl Freiherr von Finkelstroop Bremerschnitzelheimer

I know you dear reader, humanist, advanced evolutionary example of mongerism, and Dana fan are as horrified by this as I am horrified by this. But have you in the depths of fellow monger sympathy penetrated to the hottest furnace core of this hell? To wit: what if one of these letters is bogus? Fake. What if one of these letters is something that Fa has thought up? What if I am not only paying Fa for her adult time and attention, but also sending her extortion money? Yeah. What if?

It isn't easy to be me.

429. Mystic Chords of Memory

TT&A Part 375 13/4/2013

Hello Dana fans and international space station mongers and women who say they hate men (we can wait):

Today a number of pieces. If one piece does not cause you to question my character and my writing ability perhaps another one will. It is all about serving the Stickmanbangkok.com community here at Dana Enterprises.

Mystic Chords Of Memory

> *"The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely as they will be, by the better angels of our nature."*—Abraham Lincoln, First Inaugural Address, 1861

OK 19th century dude, OK historical bro, OK Mr. President; what exactly does this mean? Don't misunderstand me, you were a rockin' president. Preserving the Union? You get an A. Freeing the slaves? Another A. But

> *", as surely as they will be, by the better angels of our nature"*
> ????

Is there a phrase or a word or a sentence missing here? Do you just tack on ", by the better angels of our nature" to the end of every utterance to make it look 'mystic'.

All good questions we will never hear answers to from a 19th c. dude. But from me you can hear that the following is clear and without pretence and there are no 'better angels of our nature', whatever that means. And the Thai ladies you spend time with? Would you want them to talk like Abraham Lincoln? Again, no 'better angels of our nature' there either. Anyway, enjoy the following.

Hey, and Abe; I'm going easy on you. "mystic shroud of memory"? Really? A little advice here Abe, don't try that "mystic shroud of memory" stuff on the boardwalk. Just sayin'.

Relaxland

Get ready to rumble. Grab the corner of the bar for support or take a seat. Prepare to be amazed. To wit:

> *"The idea of deporting the Jews to Madagascar first appeared in 1905 in a book by a Viennese exegete who studied the Old Testament and zoology and invented a field of study he called the zoology. And he came to the conclusion that God did not exist and that the world was created by gods, who were of the same species as people, but were capable of transmitting electric signals, and had mastered telepathy and were immortal and spiritual, but in the course of time they started to mix with people and animals and became mortal. And he said that the closest to the gods and the first generation of God people were the Aryans, who still displayed remnants of electronic power and telepathic neutrons, and he proposed deporting the Jews to Madagascar and setting up ZUCHTKLOSTER, breeding convents, in Germany, where German women inseminated by Aryan males would be, and so God people would be re-bred and they would communicate telepathically by the power of thought and electrical charges."*—Europeana by Patrik Ourednik (first ed. English translation 2005, pp. 33-34)

You know, when I read something like this it makes me wonder if perhaps I am too tough on the Thais and their beliefs and their behaviors. If they want to believe in ghosts, who does it hurt? If they want to pray to Buddha as if he is a grant wishing God, who does it hurt? That behavior is not really Buddhist and betrays their ignorance of their own religion, but again; who does it hurt? If I really am smarter and more educated and wittier than them, of what value is it really? If they want to believe in 'good luck' birds and pieces of string tied around the left wrist, well; again, who does it hurt? Compared to the insane nutter in the above quote, a person taken seriously in 1940 by the Nazis; the Thais look pretty meek and mild. Maybe I'll just cut them some slack and give them a break. Maybe I should just think of Thailand as Relaxland. That's it, Relaxland; a happy place with fewer judgements and more smiling. Hey, I think I just saw a ghost.

Think You're A Man?

I spend irregular time with a Walking Street Russian tranny cruiser named Ivana Humpalot. She's big and tall and lean and covered with small cuts and large hematomas on her face and her hips. She's a tranny of cheap cast iron like Russian plumbing fixtures and a penile implant that makes her look like God was on a lot of illegal drugs when he made her.

Her thing is sex and violence. Think you're a man? OK, see if you can boom-boom her and punch her in the face and the hips at the same time. That is her measure of a man. Can you give a woman what she wants? Because that is what this cast iron Russian tranny freak from Ufxxxistan wants. I can't do the violence thing to satisfy her because I do not feel good about it, and because I am too small and too weak. So, when I finish with the boomsing part a third party steps in. But that is not really what I want to talk about today. What I really want to talk about today is:

Astronomy And Farang-Thai Lady Relationships

The sun's gravity-radiation pressure balance converts 5 million tons of matter to energy every second. It is called hydrostatic equilibrium.

Farang-Thai lady hydrostatic equilibrium is called bullshit. Lots of radiation, lots of pressure, lots of energy. Lots of spewing and throwing things. Just like the sun. The theory is that the energy of the relationship radiating out from the Farang-Thai lady core will prevent the relationship from collapsing.

Nope. Nothing will prevent the Farang-Thai lady relationship from collapsing. Farang-Thai lady unions are less stable than the nuclear event star process of our sun. Good luck. And remember to take pictures.

Dana Note

In the future I would like to be known and addressed as Herr Doctor Marie-Francois-Xavier Hansum Man Dana instead of just Dana. It is time. Feedback can be sent to Stickman employee Rat at Stickmanbangkok Enterprises. From this moment on I am going to dress in 19th century Spanish aristocracy clothes and wear a monocle.

No one will recognise me. It is a new start. Again, feedback should be sent to Rat. Some attention should be paid to email scheduling. Emails received at Stickman Enterprises M-Th will be received and handled by Rat. Emails received F-S-Sun will be handled (or mishandled) by her sisters Fat and Kat. You want Rat. There is a fourth sister named Lat but she is not allowed in the office due to the Thai confusion with L's and R's. You want Rat.

And finally:

Had A Dream Last Night

The mortar and pestle of the vegan's mental demise due to the lack of chocolate shake and sizzling cheeseburger nutrition grinds slowly but it grinds fine. No vegan has ever survived the inexorable mortar and pestle of the march of time. God willing I will still be alive at Caveman's deathbed scene bedside. His quavering pale emaciated arm and hand will reach out to me. Our eyes will meet, and I will hand him a cheeseburger.

Well, that's it for this week Stickman fans and Dana fans. Tune in next week for more insightful remarks and low class entertainment. And remember: who loves you? Dana does.

430. Thailand and Beastiality: What If She Is a Tranny?

17/4/2013

This just in. The country of Germany may ban bestiality (humans having sex with animals). Opinions on this differ. Animal lovers (literally) state that consensual sex between humans and animals is acceptable and a private affair. And yes, they say: you can tell if the animal is interested. At last count there are 195 countries. A survey on this issue would be interesting. For example: Denmark and Sweden have no bestiality bans. Maybe tough countries to be a hot sexy looking cow.

Thailand? The kingdom of smiles and Buddhism? Apparently, the middle and smiling way includes animal love. There is no ban on bestiality in modern Siam. But what if the animals were transvestites? What if your neighbor was boning a tranny sheep or a tranny pony? What would people think then? Are there limits? Beastiality OK. Beastiality with tranny animals disgusting? I ask the questions in other peoples' minds.

In Khajuraho, India the Lakshmana Temple features a horse taking it from behind. Let us consider this. For this scene to get carved in stone it had to pass committee review, financial review, and sculptor's concept review. And the horse is not exactly complaining if you get my meaning. Sounds pretty culturally acceptable to me in good old Khajuraho, India. Party town. Perhaps this would be a good time to express sympathy for the girlfriends and the wives. Gain too many lines in the face or gain too many pounds on the body and daddy was in the barn holding up a tail and making an animal smile. But tranny animal love? Hey, I'm just thinkin'.

Back to Thailand. There is a 10,000 word essay here for someone: Thailand and Bestiality. Subtitled: What If She Is A Tranny? Thailand and Beastiality: What If She Is A Tranny? Again, I ask the questions. Send your reader feedback to Stickmanbangkok.com. Stick is already considering appropriate lenses and settings and shutter speeds for picture taking. How do I know this? He calls me at night and tells me stuff.

And how best to start the fact gathering? I believe the first step is to interview all the transvestite animals of suspicion: horses, ponies, donkeys, burros, water buffalos, dogs, sheep, cows, more exotic zoo animals, and, of course; very large cooperative chickens able to accommodate small pencil dick Thai men. We need to get the opinions of transvestite animals on this subject.

Maybe it's not even an issue. I don't know. If none of them are interested in consensual sex with humans than the whole subject of disapproving human neighbors will just go away. And of course we need to survey the humans in the Kingdom. Beastiality is not illegal, but how do they feel about beastiality with tranny animals? We need facts. Lots of facts and from both animals and humans.

Facts gathered according to the highest standards of social science. Surveys conducted without preconceived results or judgemental agendas. That way, when a tranny water buffalo in Kut Daen, Chon Ngam, or Sai Pai says something: it means something. And ditto for the people of those towns. Sai Pai and Chon Ngam for example are will known hot beds of swinging dick tranny animal sex. Tranny animals that are more than consensual with humans. They'll knock you down and start tearing at your pants. But still, the questions have to be asked. No assumptions can be made or no one else on the international stage will respect Thai tranny animal social science.

It won't be easy: the fact gathering from animals and from humans. Greatness never is. Volunteers will have to be recruited and trained, clipboard pledges administered, and little red wagon 'rolling offices' assembled. Then it is door-to-door, paddy-to-paddy, barn-to-barn, farmyard-to-farmyard, and animal nightclub-to-animal nightclub. Some of these animal nightclubs have short-time stalls where humans and animals can pound each other like hammers at a nail convention. Prime social science clipboard survey territory. Once again, I am just sayin' what everyone else is thinkin'. Let the first man who has never dreamed about putting a sheep's tail over his shoulder raise his hand. Sure, we believe you. Put your hand down you moron.

Modern Siam. Beastiality. And the possibility of tranny love with animals of the third sex. All part of the wonderful future for some in Thailand: a country with no laws against human-animal love. But first we need facts. Who is with me on this? Who wants to combine the Kingdom, social science, and tranny beastiality? And yes, I know what you are all, each and everyone of you, thinking: what if the human is a tranny and the happy willing animal is also a tranny? What do you call that and what would the neighbors think? Tranny human to tranny animal sex.

Again, I ask the questions that others are thinking. Good luck. And remember: it is all about knowledge for knowledge's sake and embracing a happy beastial sexual future from Mae Sai to Sirin Thon to Betong. Honk if you love trannies. And a tail you have to put over your shoulder.

431. Chewy Chocky Fancy

TT&A Part 376 20/4/2013

Hello kats and kittens in Stickland. Here is Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes—Part 376 and thank-you for being loyal readers.

On a less happy note I am going to publish next week all of the loyal readers I have lent money to and not received anything in return. It is time to name names. No more Mr. Nice Guy. Here at Dana Enterprises on South Pattaya Road I have Ning and Ding and Flam and Bru working on the accounts and the names.

Dana Enterprises Note

From the All Things Dana All The Time (ATDATT) website writer's meeting of Feb 20, 2013: the Russian president Mikhail Gorbachev had a birthmark on his head that looked like a map of Thailand. And people ask why we need an All Things Dana All The Time (ATDATT) website. I suppose in the case of president Gorbachev it was not called a tramp stamp.

Chewy Chocky Fancy

> *SQUIRRELS OF THE WORLD by Richard W. Thorington, Jr. and John L. Koprowski and Michael A. Steele and James F. Whatton: A Johns Hopkins University Press production. Notice in Science News*—(magazine of the Society for Science & the Public)—December 1, 2012.

OK, Dana fans and all the mongers at sea: this is what I am thinking. It took four guys; Richard, John, Michael, and James to write the definitive worldwide book on squirrels. Squirrels. SQUIRRELS. Squirrels for God's sake. Squirrels. It took four fancy pants, smarter-than-you guys with more degrees than a thermometer factory to write a book on squirrels of the world.

So the idea immediately occurs to me (and I am sure you); how many authors would it take to write the definitive book on Thai commercial ladies. And not a book that covered all the Thai commercial ladies of the world (New Zealand, Canada, USA, Australia, England, Iceland, Germany, Singapore, Hong Kong, etc.); just a book, a definitive book, that covered the subject of happy commercial smilers of the Kingdom. Consider some of the categories: young, not young, pretty, not pretty, friendly, not friendly, mentally stable, loopy, bleeding eyebrow pluckers, other language fluent, hate men, cruisers, prostitutes, whores, part-timers (Robinson's girls), thieves, addicts, single, married, stretch marks, tramp stamps, 6's, 7's, 8's, 9's, 10's, etc. These human squirrels of Thailand are considerably more varieties and interesting than the squirrels of Richard and John and Michael and James.

These four squirrel guys getting a mention in Science News (magazine of the Society for Science & the Public)—December 1, 2012 might be good choices to head up the project. Each of them could be in charge of twenty stringers, interns, and research assistants. The resulting publishing project would be a multi-volume set of Winston Churchill seriousness and size describing everything about Thai ladies of the commercial kind. I'm guessing probably around five thousand chapter notes and footnotes, fifteen hundred pictures, charts, diagrams, government stuff, United Nations mentions, stories, anecdotes, measurements, maps, pop-ups, holographic material, banking records, legal matters, etc.

So if someday you are walking back to the A.A. Hotel from Swenson's Ice Cream with a bowl of Chewy Chocky Fancy and a plastic spoon, don't be surprised if a guy or a gal wearing a T-shirt with a picture of a squirrel on it runs up to you and starts asking questions. He or she is working for Richard W. Thorington, Jr., or John L. Koprowski, or Michael A. Steele, or James F. Whatton and he or she is doing important research.

Dana Is In Pattaya

> *"what little enthusiasm remained at local level gave way to resistance, flight, pilfering, theft … foot-dragging, misrepresentation, abject fear and sullen compliance."*—James C. Scott

Once again, Dana is in Pattaya.

A New Male Boasting Story

> *"Despite the recent clinical trials reporting clinical activity for HDAC inhibitors, several issues are still unresolved, including the optimal dose and schedule, the duration of treatment, the long-term side effects of chronic administration, integration with other biologic and cytotoxic therapies, the specific tumor phenotypes more suitable for this approach, and potential cross-resistance among different agents."*—Li Shen, PhD, and Roberto Pili, MD

Yes baby. Like I said. Anyway you Thai fluent expert: say that in Thai. Ah, I'm no fun. I know. You ought to be able to tell people you can speak Thai fluently without being tested. I mean, if you say you can get an erection, nobody asks you to prove it in public. Same thing, right? And why pick on Thailand? There are big bellied florid faced expats in fifty countries telling people they are fluent in the local language. This is one of those inconsequential social courtesy things. You ought to be just be able to say it without being challenged. Only thing is: the world has pretty much identified facts as something important. These expat big talkers? They aren't fluent in the local language. Why not just chill on the whole thing. Come up with some other boasting and bragging thing?

You are not fluent in the Thai language (central Thai to most non-Thais). You never were fluent in Thai (you should have heard me five years ago mate), and chances are overwhelming that you never will be a fluent speaker of the Thai language. In ten years the Thais will still be running away when you speak to them in Robinson's. Brain research shows that with many intellectual endeavors (chess, math, music, languages) if you do not climb the mountain right away, more time will not get you to the top. This is contrary to what many good parents tell their children but exertion and will in most cases can not trump biology. So, do us all a favor and come up with a new male boasting story. I'll still like you. I like you now. Just stop telling me that when you play snooker with a Thai that you understand every little aside that he is having with his girlfriend. Oh, by the way; I'm an Olympic class swimmer. You know, because everybody can be an Olympic class swimmer if they just try hard enough.

Letter To Stickman

I am currently working on an 18,000 word submission that will detail all the wonderful things you are going to do for me at my retirement party. I know that you have already given this a lot of thought and you have a lot of wonderful ideas. Communications on this subject need to go to my office assistant Bloomy and her assistant Doomy. I expect this up-and-coming historical event to be featured in one of your future Weeklies. Bloomy and Doomy can help you with schedules, wants and needs, entertainment choices, guests, incognito appearances by published authors, raffles, speech making, take-away gift bags, videos, on site film processing, standby doctors, food issues, security, paparazzi issues, open bar, light show, and other important miscellanea. No, on site weddings are not possible. Sorry. Bloomy and Doomy only work Monday through Saturday. If you call on Sunday ask for Twit or Twat.

Well, that is it for today kats and kittens: five little looks through the farang peephole here in the Kingdom. See you around the boardwalk and remember: Stay Away From Fa. Oh, and one other important thing: STAY AWAY FROM FA.

432. Boardwalk Stories

TT&A Part 377 27/4/2013

Sa Wa Dii Khraps and Chok Dii Maaks to all Stickman fans and Dana fans:

Here is something that has been on my mind to write for years. It could have been much much longer but you'll get the idea. I have had many many many bad or disappointing or scary or weird experiences meeting boardwalk ladies and other smiling ladies of the commercial kind in the Kingdom. It is all a part of the equation.

If you swim with sharks you are going to get bitten. If you spend time in a sewer you are going to get someone's turd up your nose. If you frolic in a meadow full of snakes a cobra is going to snap at your penis. If you roll the dice you are going to lose. A lot. You are going to lose a lot. If you put a ferret in your pants it might not go well. All part of the equation. So why do I do it? You know the reason.

But only a fool forgets that a coin has two sides. So here are four little stories that illustrate that every moment is not necessarily going to be the best moment in your life in Thailand. They are all Boardwalk-in-Pattaya stories but anyone else could come up with differently geographied stories. Anyway, enjoy.

Sometimes I get emails from gentlemen who have never been to Thailand. They have read Stickmanbangkok. com and they want to go to Pattaya and meet happy fun ladies on the boardwalk and have happy fun times. They send me an email and ask for advice.

I used to reply with lengthy detailed advice and note that it can be a tough gig sometimes. It is not all happy or fun, especially if you are budget shopping and dealing in volume which is my métier. You have to be a philosophy prize fighter and roll with the punches. I stopped that. Sending the lengthy detailed advice emails. I don't think anyone listened.

At any rate, here are some boardwalk stories that illustrate the other side of happy and fun.

1. I pick up a tranny opposite Starbuck's and take her to the A. A. Hotel. She is terrible. Incompetent. Without prostitute gifts, interest, skills, or charm. A zero. A waste of time.

Finally we are dressed and I give her three hundred baht while holding the door open. She staggers a little bit when she sees the amount but she leaves. Three hundred baht was all she deserved and more than she earned. She got money for nothing. It was a fair amount for just about zero product or service. She did not get abused or cheated.

But I still didn't feel good about it. I decide that I don't want to be a part of any more transactions of the three hundred baht kind. Somehow I need to be a budget shopper amongst boardwalk sleaze but exert a little more control over my decision making. No more 300 baht staggered humans. We need more smiles.

2. I pick up Fa at 9:15 in the morning and we say goodbye on the steps of the hotel around 10:00. She goes back across Beach Road and I go down to Soi Post Office to look for a cardboard box and bubble wrap and packing tape. I have bought a crocodile briefcase and I plan to ship it home to myself.

I'm in a happy mood. Fa and I have been sharing our mornings for years and years. I like her. I believe she likes me. Some of her smiles when she sees me coming would power a city. We are more than just customer and prostitute. More like friends. It's all good. The sun is happy, the birds are happy, and I am happy.

On the way back to the hotel with my box and my bubble wrap and my packing tape I see Fa sitting and talking to her friends. I sit down beside her. I smile at her. I say something friendly. She says:

"If you are going to talk to me you are going to have to pay me."

3. Coming back from my early morning session at the Beach Road Internet place near Soi 10 I see a troop of trannies (flock of geese, school of fish, etc.) gathered around a stone bench right in front of the A. A. Hotel. This geographic happening just shouts opportunity. I have a bag of breakfast treats and I start handing them out. Lots of smiles. I sit down with an arm around a tranny on either side of me. Trannies are gathered in front of me. Tranny hands are sneaking their way up my shorts.

Then I see them. The boots. They are all wearing boots. Sexy high heeled pointy toed boots. Part of the prostitute sexy lady outfit. But none of these boots, not one pair, has seen a wet sponge or leather treatment product or polish since the day they were purchased. They are all cut and scuffed and ripped and beat up and filthy. They look terrible up close. None of these former farmers' daughters knows anything about presentation or has any fashion instincts. They probably spent more time as girls preening their pet water buffalo then themselves. Time stops for me as I look down and examine all of the boots. Testaments to low standards and low intelligence.

Then I get up and leave.

4. I spot a woman on the boardwalk that I spent time with a year ago. It was OK and I wouldn't mind a repeat experience. She earned the money and her body was breathtaking. I did not mind paying the full going rate and she was happy to take it.

I sit down next to her and make eye contact and say something friendly. She ignores me. I move closer and say something else friendly. She turns to me and in perfect English she says:

“Excuse me, I’m tryin’ to work here.”

She did not even recognize me. I was less than a zero. I was a zero from her past. She did not even recognize me. And when someone does not recognize you from their own past there is absolutely nothing that you can say or do. Except get up and leave. Lots of men never go to Thailand. Maybe they are the smart ones. Sitting at home in Manchester or Berlin or Sydney or Narita with a magazine or a video no one is going to tell you to be quiet. You are never going to have to get up and leave. You get to keep your dreams and your pride. Adult games in Pattaya can mean adult pain and adult wounds.

5. Oops, there is no number five. Actually I could go on and on because I deal in volume on the boardwalk but four examples should be enough to make my point. There you have it gentlemen from faraway places with stars in your eyes: examples of the other side of the happy and fun coin. By all means come to Pattaya. And when you get to Pattaya, find the boardwalk by the sea. But come prepared. These are adult games.

Oh, and if you see Fa; Stay Away From Fa. And if you see both Fa and myself; stay away from the both of us. And if you see just me; you know the answer. I’m busy. Busy throwing dice and believing in the future.

433. Another Week and Another Five Ideas

TT&A Part 378 4/5/2013

Hello Dana fans and Stickman fans. I can not send you cheeseburgers and chocolate shakes through the computer so here is some Internet food for thought. And do not forget that Tuesday of next week is Take-A-Teeruk-To-Work (TATTWD) day. She'll be so proud and interested in everything you do to make a living. You can show her your Rolodex, and your executive washroom key, and your In-and-Out trays, and your screen full of work related logos, and your desk blotter and your calendar. Everyone will want to meet your 'daughter'.

Caveman Note

I am starting to receive packages with no return addresses here at my mansion on Beacon Hill in Boston. Every package has some kind of vegan meal item inside. I think we can all guess who is doing this. All food items have syringe marks so you know that Immigration and Customs here in the States is checking them for drugs. For instance: I received a veggie burger made from soybeans and the patty was full of syringe marks. Kinda puts you off eating I can tell you.

One time I put one of these vegan burgers on the counter while I went to answer the door and when I came back there were three cockroaches on their backs holding up little signs that said:

Just Kill Me

So if any of you can contact Commander Kumquat in Chiang Mai I would appreciate it if you would tell him to stop sending me vegan food items. Thank-you. Honestly, these vegans are more aggressive than the Jehovah's Witnesses or Feminists or Pat

Pong touts. OK, I'm not really complaining: just tell him is all. Tell him to stop sending me things.

and now:

Where Are You?

I haven't seen as much of Thailand as I would like to see. On my short little vacations wandering around does not take top priority. So I miss out on stuff.

A British expat acquaintance and his lovely Thai companion and their son live in Pai. Even with a magnifying glass I could not find it on my big beautiful laminated map of Thailand.

So I emailed him:

"Hey, where are you?"

It turns out that Pai isn't really near anything. Lots of blank spaces on the map. Throw a rock to the west and you might hit Burma. Go west out of Mae Taeng until you can pick up 1095 north: you'll hit Pai. Planes land there. They probably have electricity. Northwest Thailand. Pretty. Flooding when it rains. Temperate climate. I know I would probably be happy as a tourist to be there. I know I'll probably never go.

I had a three year affair once with a wonderful woman. Every night for three years we had adult relations of the boom-boom variety. After we separated I was surprised to realize I had never put my hands in her hair. Just never got to it. Now it was too late.

Thailand is like that for me. Tremendous variety and so many things to do and places to go. I'll never get to it all and I'll never do it all. Kind of sad. Everything about Pai on the Internet and everything my friend tells me about Pai looks interesting and fun. His Pai companion is beautiful and charming so I imagine that all the women in Pai look just like her. Probably never get there. Sorry Pai.

A Nice Standard

> *"This is Nit-nit, Noi, and Nat,"*—from the novel Bangkok 8 by John Burdett.

Hey, I thought only I did this alliteration name thing. Anyway, I am now finishing up this wonderful crime fiction novel for the second time. Maybe the best of the Thai-farang writing genre. Nail-on-the-head correct local and cultural detail and lots of it, page turning plot, and original story. You have never read this story and story ending. Even the publisher, First Vintage Books, weighed in with a nice soft cover July 2004 edition with attractive front and back covers with fun raised lettering. Thinking of writing a Thai-farang novel? This sets a nice standard.

Homo Lispers

> *"We shall not cease from exploration And the end of all our exploring Will be to arrive where we started And know, the place for the first time."*—T.S. Eliot, "Little/Gidding," Four Quartets

Really T (I call him T)? Here is my idea and you can call me Dana. I don't think this really makes much sense. And if we have to work really really hard to make sense out of it then it is hardly worth the effort. This is the kind of poet, mystic, smart person writing that gets everybody all wiggly but if you ask them what the phrase, or the sentence, or the poem means they get a frightened look. Suddenly you are not popular at the party. So, try my essay that follows. Simple, fun, easy to understand. Sure, you will get more attention at the cocktail party for homo lispers and self-centered literary psychic victims, but I will probably receive more emails asking for names and addresses. Enjoy.

Essay

I think as a part of Thailand's desire to be taken seriously on the international stage it is time to start applying western lawsuit language to poor performance of boardwalk cruisers (oh excuse me, personal services entrepreneurs). Example: last week I pledged my heart to an Isaan minx named Min and she pledged to provide in-hotel-room personal services of an adult kind.

Results? She did not provide services promised. My lawsuit declared that she was 'negligently operated, supervised, monitored, controlled, managed, moderated, screened, and/or policed.' OK, that legal lawsuit language was taken from a woman's lawsuit in the States against a public skating rink where she had suffered injuries but you get the idea.

I believe legal lawsuits and legal lawsuit language levied against underperforming Thai prostitutes are part of the Kingdom's legal modern future. Who wants to get involved in this with me?

We will charter five hundred tuk tuks, elephants, bamboo rafts, taxies, buses, and motorbikes to take ourselves and our petition to the Royal Palace. I will sponsor a kite festival for this. As usual, I am on the crest of the wave of modernity in Thailand but I don't flatter myself into thinking I am the only one with this idea. I'm sure there are many ex-pats and tourists to the Kingdom who have had a similar idea and already have some well thought out points to be considered. Perhaps we could reserve certain motorbikes and elephants and buses for just lawyers. Anyway, be a player and send in your feedback, questions, contributions, and legal samples to:

Prostitute Lawsuit Legal Language Dept.
c/o Dana Enterprises
South Pattaya Road
Pattaya, Thailand
Attn: Lot, Bot, or Snot

Well, there you go kats and kittens. Another week and another five ideas. And do not forget that next Tuesday is Take-Your-Teeruk-To-Work day. Imagine the pride and happiness you will feel when your workmates see how you are spending your personal time. Everyone will want to know all about her and about you and about the two of you. And you can show her where you work and what you do. Be sure and have a video camera ready so that you can capture her using a pencil sharpener for the first time.

434. Whiff-Whaff

TT&A Part 379 11/5/2013

Hello monger kats and admiring kittens: today if you combine the titles of the two essays you get Doo Foo Poo and Whiff-Whaff. I'll bet you do not get that from your published authors. When is the last time Steven King or that Clancy dude ever wrote anything with the words Doo Foo Poo and Whiff-Whaff? You have to read Internet authors to get that kind of literary pleasure. Anyway, enjoy.

Whiff-Whaff

> *"The sport of ping-pong was (has) also been called whiff-whaff, table tennis, flimflam, parlour tennis, gossima, house tennis, and Netto."*—Erin McKean (WSJ).

So let us make a list:

Ping-Pong
Whiff-Whaff
Table Tennis
Flimflam
Parlour Tennis
Gossima
House Tennis
Netto

Holy Other-Word Batman: imagine how many other words there might be in the Thai language for pretty much everything. Just like the Eskimos have lots of words for different kinds of snow there must be more than just farang for farang, or to make it more sporting; fleecing-a-farang. Luckily I'll never know 99% of this stuff because I am not Thai fluent but most farangs who say they are Thai fluent will never know this stuff either. This is the behind-the-curtain stuff that all languages have. Local linca not available to non-native speakers. So I think there are two kinds (two measures) of language fluency: what we will call practical fluency (you know just enough) and what I call 'shaving-the-cheese-thin' fluency. I don't believe most non-native speakers of any language can ever learn to ‘shave the cheese thin’. Native speakers do it instinctively.

I once pointed to my heart and said to Fa:

“There is only on Fa.”

I meant this in a friendly, possibly humorous, and adult sharing way. We had known each other for years. She could have said ‘Bagwan’ but she didn’t. Instead, in perfect English, she said:

“I know my Dana.”

Not quite the same. Languages are full of ‘not-quite-the-sames’ or ‘same-but-differently-worded’. This is what they never tell you in language classes, and this is one of the things that makes talking to native speakers in their language a challenge. You say something in ‘practical’ Thai and they respond in ‘same-but-differently-worded’ Thai. Good luck interfacing with people different from yourself and learning all those fascinating things about a different culture.

The notion is little examined and never dealt with in an honest way by the vermin selling ‘learn-to-speak-a-language’ courses that just want your money. This liberal notion that by spending ten years trying to learn a language that you will learn all about the culture and the oh-so-special people is an idea that you couldn’t kill by driving a stake into it. It is the same as telling a person thrown into the middle of an ocean that he/she is going to learn all about fish. Nonsense. He/she is not going to learn everything about the fish and make lots of fish friends: he/she is just going to drown a pointless lonely death.

I don’t think I would ever want to have Thai fluency that included all of this behind-the-curtain stuff. I just want to be happy and have fun.

Doo, Foo, And Poo

Sometimes the personal and the Kingdom experience overlap: no philosophy here or even a specific-to-myself comment, just a practical observation. In almost all cases, when you and your Thai girlfriend first meet in an adult way, the first thing she does is look at your equipment. Like a farmer faced with plowing a tapioca field, she wants to know what the tractor has for parts. She wants to feel confident and happy about the tractor parts and you want her to feel happy and confident also.

To wit: I am considering having a testicular sac lift and testicle botox injection procedure surgery. You can call this cosmetic surgery if you want to but I prefer to call it necessary surgery. At my age a little lifting and a little filling could only yield happy results. You can't make a first impression twice and I want my Thai girlfriends to smile when they see me. I can't be the only one in this situation and I am certainly no psychic island, so I would welcome speculative or surgical anecdotal advice on this. Perhaps Stick could sponsor a Stickmanbangkok.com department that speaks to issues of the tribal elder (aka elder monger). Something simple like Elder Monger Health Issues: Surgical and Otherwise. Send in your ideas to Stickman and he will have his crack office female staff (Dooma, Fooma, and Pooma: nicknames Doo, Foo, and Poo) filter and winnow. The crème-de-la-crème will then be sent to me via Dana Enterprises.

Have you ever thought of what kind of farang club slide show you would like to see at their next meet at the Henry J. Bean restaurant in Pattaya? I have. How about a lecture and two hundred slide presentation of before-and-after testicular sac lift and testicle botox injection surgical events? Now you know what the arrow feels like when it is about to hit the bulls eye. Bliss. Personal bliss and cathartic emotion entwined like two Isaan minxes mud wrestling in a Russian bar. Imagine, a room full of elderly farang expats with their tails still wagging looking at 15'x12' screen pics of surgically altered testicular sacs and testicles. Add a few drinks and hope and you would have screaming, yelling, and fist pumping. They have seen the future and it is a good thing. High and tight. Excitement and happy smiles for their girlfriends also. Ladies of the commercial kind excited about tractors with parts you can hit with a stick.

So, like I said: sometimes the personal and the Kingdom experience overlaps. No philosophy here or even a specific-to-myself comment, just a practical farang elder observation. If your balls hit the water when you sit down in the bathroom at the Mothership you may need to tuck them up. Tell me what room you are in at the Bumrungrad Hospital in Bangkok and I will bring you flowers. And if your Thai lady of the hour or night thinks of sun shrunken Isaan prunes when she looks at your balls, maybe you need to consider some botox injections. Just sayin'.

435. Stardust Chaos

TT&A Part 380 18/5/2013

Hello Dana fans and Stickman fans:

Here is Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes—Part 380. We start with an Introductory thought and then two little essays. Enjoy.

Recently, children's' names like Moon Unit and Chastity and Anal have drawn attention to themselves. How about Stardust Chaos and Tombstone as children's' names: the same names as these two essays? In fact, I may have finally received incentive to become a father. I could name my children names from the titles of my stories and articles and essays. Names for little girl babies and boy babies like Emerald Eyes, Iconic, Swandives, Pestilence, Pull, and Hitler's Panties. How do I think of these ideas? Genius.

Stardust Chaos

The arrow of time cannot be denied. And its universal symptom is entropy. All is entropy and time can not be denied. Everything will fall apart. Result? Eventually, your relationship with your Thai girlfriend (teeruk) will fall apart. It is written in the laws of time and physics and indifferent cold stardust. Every moment of joy and wonder will become a cosmic memory of no importance except as a personal highway marker of your life. 'I Remember When' as a mantra of memory. Every relationship has only decay and chaos as it's future. Dig up a long dead corpse and look at the degradation. You are involved in that process right now.

Order to disorder is your 'living together' future. Whatever you started with on your first day was your baseline for order. That is when the relationship was launched and from then on it is all downhill. The smart human harnesses this knowledge, masquerades it as wisdom, and smiles over time surrounded by chaos. There are few wise humans and they are usually impossible to spot. They do not call attention to themselves. Their acceptance of time and entropy places them in a different wisdom dimension. Who would they be able to communicate with? Singularity is the price paid for wisdom.

Your twenty year old Isaan minx makes comment on your sixty-three year old erections not being the same as the erections of twenty year olds. For her, time is a tool to hurt others. She has the power of youth. She hasn't ridden the arrow of time long enough to have achieved wisdom, only selfishness. Wouldn't it be fun to gather up one hundred of these Isaan wonders and speed up time? Now, suddenly they are all sixty-three years old. Enough?

No, we have only started. Now we strip them naked and place them on boxes on the Pattaya boardwalk. Far enough apart for variety and close enough for them to see each other. No longer young and tight and firm, now homosapiens evidence of time and entropy. Living examples of dust to dust. In this state would they acquire additional wisdom and kindness? Probably not. I spend part of every day hating women and hating time. Please God, please give me back my twenty year old erections.

If someday your monger amble on the boardwalk shows aged Thai minxes standing on boxes, that is my gift to everybody. You need to know every card in the deck to achieve wisdom, and you need to achieve wisdom to know happiness. Honk if you love Buddhism; even the pagan influenced and 'Buddha-as-God' flawed Buddhism of Thailand. The Middle Way is the way of the card sharp who knows where all of the cards are all of the time. Eternal life is only available when you put aging on ice. You substitute wisdom for the emotional hurts of time. Your selfish and mean-spirited Thai girlfriend can not hurt you because she can not surprise you. She thinks she holds the winning cards of youth, but you see all of the cards. Wisdom has released you from the binds of time.

Tombstone

"Just for fun I am going to come in from the west with the sun at my back—a mythic entrance of power and advertisement. I am the fastest homo sapiens on this third planet from the sun traveling without passport or obstacle. My existence is my political portfolio and all governments smile and turn away as I enter their airspaces and territorial trivialities. I am Dana."

I am thinking of having this chiseled into my black quartzite tombstone. Let me know what you think. Do not give any correspondence on this important subject directly to Fa on the boardwalk: there have been many, many, many, many, many incidents. I have said it in the past and I say it again as an act of love to each and every one of you: Stay Away From Fa. Fa has only three dependable skills: smiling, dropping her pants, and stuffing money into her purse. Anything else is like herding cats. You do not want to be involved.

I have twice loaned her money to make her rent. She was supposed to pay me back. Does anyone want to guess if I ever saw that money again? So if you have any contributions you would like to make on the subject of my tombstone text just leave it with an office girl at Dana Enterprises on South Pattaya Road. Look for the sidewalk birdcages and walk towards the sound of Isaan music. Ting or Ling or Fing or Fang can help you (stay away from Booger). I may be in but of course you know better than to try and attract my attention.

436. It's All Relative—Family Man In Isaan

TT&A Part 381 25/5/2013

"Eighteen million degrees? Ten million miles per hour? What? Who? What? What's Dana going on about now? Hey, and why can't this guy write normal anyway? Where's the broads, and where are the beers, and how much do they cost? That's what I'm interested in. My name is Nigel Crumley from the U.K. (England to you Yanks) and I gots what the Thai bitches want and … eighteen million degrees and ten million miles per hour? What's that all about?"

Greetings Stickmanbangkok.com fans and Dana fans:

Sometimes it is fun to bring a little relativity to the world we live in.

Example 1:

Foomy (soon to be known as Wife) and myself (soon to be known as Sucker) are in Isaan visiting the parents of Foomy (do not do this). It is summer in Isaan. Everyone is talking about how hot it is. It has been getting hot in the summer on this planet Earth every year for the last ten thousand years but apparently this year it is a big surprise. Anyway, the house is hot, and the sun is hot (knock me over with a feather), and the silverware is hot, and grandma's head is hot … etc.

OK, it is hot in the tropics in the summer but I can not help but reflect that on Jan 23rd 1999 Gamma Ray Burst (GRB990123) equaled the radiance of 100,000 trillion suns. That is 100,000,000,000,000,000 suns. Now I'll bet that was hot. I'll bet grandma's head in that place in the universe would have looked like a venting gas well.

It's a private pleasure that is hard to share with people who think the sun goes to sleep at night, and the moon is blown through the sky by the wind. Fun though. It can be lonely in Isaan if you are a farang. Sometimes the stars are my friends.

Example 2:

It is late afternoon and we are six miles south of the Friendship bridge on what will be a two day trip home to south-east Isaan when my wife announces that we need to get some refrigerator magnets and she wants strong ones that will hold up the kids' drawings. She wants velly maak magretoosem. OK, it took me about ten farang brain thrashing seconds to figure out what she was saying, and I want some farang husband credit for hanging in there.

About a week later (everything in Isaan is 'about') we are buying refrigerator magnets in a four-corners general store that appears to have everything except a sign on the front of the building. You can't love these places more than I love these places.

"Popsicle sticks sir? No popsicles on sticks? Yes, I have three. OK, I have two—the dog has the third one. Big discount on dog popsicle stick sir."

"Plutonium sir? I put on backorder. Come next week."

"Pink socks for baby feet sir? No ploblum. Only one sock—how many feet baby have?"

"Fish eyes and monkey balls sir? No ploblum."

"Spiderman pajamas with pussy hole? No ploblum kind sir."

"My neighbor's daughter is about to start work in a Bangkok massage parlor and she has to bring her own monogrammed penis cleaning cloths."

"Solly sir—all out. I do backorder—what her initials?"

"What are these—giant wooden whistles?"

"You put them in tailpipe of car sir. Make big sound like car broken. Velly big funny sir.

"Cell phone shaped like vibrator Mr. Kind Sir? No ploblum."

"Mystery snacks from China in clear plastic packages? No ploblum. Also good for farang constipation. Make you ass blow like whale spout."

"Unwashed women's underpants sir? Yes sir—big seller with farang sir. I have thirty seven pair: colored, white with brown stripe, yellow spotted, and cartoon animals—Mickey the Mouse, Goofy dog, Pluto, Roadrunner chicken, Spiderman, Princess Lea, Osama Bin Laden, Yosemite the Sam, and Froggy Kermit. Velly big seller sir. No discount, no sniffing in store, no returns sir."

"My underpants sir? No sir, my underpants not for the selling. Velly big solly sir. But we do have postcards of my underpants for sale—40 baht each. No … no autographs."

"Philippine copy of Indian copy of Viagra? Right here sir. Velly much guaranteed. Make you fighting rooster."

"Breast lotion sir? No ploblum and no backorder necessary. You rub on wife's breasts every night they get bigger. We also have for waterbuffalo penis. You rub on every night and he mate with even ugly female waterbuffalo."

Etc …! Anyway, with much girl talk and testing my Isaan minx finally pronounces the magnets have enough magletoosiem (different spelling this time). I can't help but reflect that magnetar N49 is a neutron star with a magnetic field 1000 trillion (1,000,000,000,000,000) times stronger than Earth's. A few refrigerator magnets from that star would be nice in case one of my talented (really dreaming here) children wanted to mount a granite or marble statue on the refrigerator door. Don't laugh.

If my wife ever gets to time travel to other worlds the first thing she is going to ask for in the galactic gift shop is Mickey Mouse refrigerator magnets. Anyway, just thinking.

Did I share this witty fun idea with my Thai wife? No, but not because of the education, or the interest, or the language gaps. You can't talk to most humans about these things. Astronomy and cosmology and big number enthusiasms are usually solitary pleasures. What are the odds that two cars in the Sahara desert would crash into each other? An interesting question but not to most humans. Sometimes you bump into someone who can talk of big things but not often. Most of the world is 'where are the broads and where are the beers' ?

Conversation between the retail clerk with hair to her waist and my wife regarding the features and benefits of Mr. Kitty and Teddy Bear and Spiderman refrigerator magnets had been long. If I had had my shooting star clicker with me I'll bet it would have logged in around eight thousand words. It was wonderful not to be included.

Why, you may ask, did it take my honey bunny, my life partner, the mother of my children so long to make a decision about refrigerator magnets? Hold on—it's going to be a bumpy ride. It turns out that the magnets were packaged in little blister packs and then hung on a revolving display stand hook. No refrigerator. Without a refrigerator to try them out on she had a hard time imagining how they would look in the house. Her brain spark just could not jump the gap. Then she got an idea—WARNING WARNING WARNING.

She came to me with that Asian Bambi soft-shouldered look and asked me if I would go to the house and get our refrigerator and bring it down to the store. Video of me would have shown a man who looked like stone. Just completely speechless and my big complex Western brain struggling like a fresh caught fish in the bottom of a canoe. Really, I think farangs in the Kingdom should have medals to hand out to Thais at moments like this. And perhaps we could sponsor a once a year ceremony in which we tell the stories of what happened to us and we have the relevant Thais come up on stage and receive their medals. Anyway, she didn’t push too hard with this idea. I think even the four synapse machine that masquerades as her brain knew this was crazy even for Thailand. Good for her. She is growing up. Jesus.

While Mom was exhausting the subject of kitchen accessories and children’s art the kids and I explored the pink and blue plastic world of pails and shovels for the beach. Experiment showed that if I put a pink pail over my daughter’s head and then made squealing pig noises she screamed and waved her little arms around. All pleasure is transitory but not all pleasure is equal. I used to be a free lance editor for an astronomy peer review journal. I never had this much fun.

Example 3:

An obscure relative (aka ahole looking for some of my farang money) of my wife’s shows up in front of the house in a TPC (Thai Punk Car). There is much gunning of the engine. No muffler, no tailpipe, no hood over the engine. Vroom. Vroom. Vroom vroom vroom vroom. Vroom. Vroom. Vroom vroom vroom vroom vroom. Etc. In the house there is lots of talk about power. He can confidently say the farang word power so he won’t stop. You could use his dick to ream out a soda straw but he has lots of power.

Power? Our sun burns at the rate of 5 million tons/sec. And that is just a local solar system baseline. Emission nebula N44F is throwing off 100 million times more mass per second than our

Sun. Now that's power. Kinda makes you wonder how big N44F's dick is.

Example 4:

We take the kids to the water park in South Pattaya. This is an under-utilized waterpark that is a lot of fun. There I meet Brian Turpin and Frank Yazdani from England. So much to see, and so much to do, and so much to reflect on in Pattaya; and all these two British (that's England to you Yanks) expats can talk about are the big construction holes in the beach boulevard. Over Brian's shoulder I can see my wife's breasts. When I first met her they were pointed at the stars, now they are pointed at the ground. I am having trouble paying attention to this big hole talk from my expat friends. Everything is relative, and when you mix in astronomy; well ...

Big holes? At the heart of galaxy M87 (NGC4486) is a black hole with the mass of two billion suns. TWO BILLION SUNS. Now that's a big hole. I once picked up a woman at the N.E.P. in Bangkok and took her over to the Mothership. She had just given birth and believe me when I tell you she had a big hole, but nothing compared to M87. Anyway, I don't think the Thais could ever leave a construction hole around with the mass of two billion suns for tourists to stumble into—but I'm actually rooting for them.

Example 5:

The wife and the wife's husband (me) are at the bottle rocket festival. You don't want to miss this if only for the charm of absolutely no safety considerations of any kind. Westerners are such sissies about safety. The kids are fascinated and I am getting a bottle rocket-by-bottle rocket blow-by-blow account regarding height and speed and noise and power. Where did this word power come from? Oh yeah, that idiot relative of my wife's with the loud car. I feel like saying to my small sun (oops, astronomical slip) and my small daughter:

“The clouds of the Pencil Nebula NGC2736, a supernova remnant, are advancing with tsunami speed at 500,000 kph (300,000 mph) and have been doing so for 11,000 years. Now that is power.”

But I don’t say anything like this to my children. They are just kids and sometimes Pappa is BORING. You know what else is a measure of power? My 4’9” Thai wife is now finishing eating corn cob number six. I don’t know how she does it.

Example 6:

“It’s so cold Pappa.”—We are north of Chiang Mai sleeping in a bamboo hut in the mountains. Please don’t ask me why. I can explain gravity’s effect on photons but I can not explain this. You can smell pig stuff on the ground under you. It is the season that is not the hot season in Isaan. People are walking around in sweaters and in wool hats. We go to another general store and hilarity almost ensues. I love these places. To wit:

“Galvanized gutter completely rusted out from one end to the other sir today’s best deal sir ka. I have sixty feet. No need for downspouts. Rain go right through gutter sir. Big savings. I give you lucky discount for first sale of the day. Ka. Ka.”

“String of Christmas tree lights on sale sir. No bulbs, just empty sockets. Yes sir—velly big discount.”

“Reconditioned bongs sir? No ploblum kind sir.”

“Green Wellington boots sir? Yes sir—no ploblum. We have seven boots. No pairs—just seven boots. Buy seven piece set get velly big maak maak discount. Make boom-boom wife. She wear boots. Big exciting. Is Thai way.”

“Fighting rooster medicine? Yes sir—no ploblum. We have testicle lotion make rooster bang dog. You must keep rooster away from wife. I joking you. We have today special rooster erection discount.”

“Hello hansum man kind sir ka.”

“I’m looking for a screw.”

“Yes sir—no ploblem sir—you have come to the right place for a screw. We have big screw, long screw, tight screw, old screw, and short fat screw. What kind screw you want?”

“What is this, a Chinese snack?”

“No sir kind sir ka. It is plastic dog poop. Put on wife pillow. Velly big maak funny. Also have plastic chicken poop. Made in Malaysia sir. Muslim approved. Buy both big discount. We plastic poop specialists.”

“Why do you have surgical tubing?”

“Two reason sir hansum man sir ka—for slingshot and for tourniquet for cobra bite. Snake in store.”

“WHAT?”

“Sa wa dee ka—bras for Thai ladies with no breasts? Yes sir, three sizes: (1) velly small (2) extra velly small (3) Sweet Jesus on a cracker can she be legal?”

“What are these—cherries?”

“Not for peoples sir—for dog.”

“Dog?”

“Mai dee dog kind sir ka—sick doggie—stopped up dog. Dip fruit in kerosene, add chili powder. Go through dog like bottle rocket. Take video. Big exciting.”

“Sa wa dee khrap.”

“Sa wa dee ka. You speak Thai well.”

“Do you have any American flags?”

“We have French flags. Same colors. Same ka, same ka—same same ka ka.”

Note: Ever try to order something you know they do not have? Try to keep a straight face and read on …

“Sa wa dee ka.”

“Do you have any atom bombs?”

“We have roach bombs sir—just as good ka.”

“Can I order an atom bomb?”

“Yes sir—no ploblum sir. 100 baht deposit.”

“Can I order a nuclear warhead for my little boy?”

“Yes sir—no ploblum sir—75 baht deposit.”

Anyway, I buy sweaters and hats that the wife and the children will wear for about five days. When my wife puts on her wool hat I can suddenly see her black mustache. I take off the hat. She puts the hat back on. Off - on - off - on: I am married. Think about it. If you are ever in my village looking for me, just ask the locals where the wife who is shaped like a bowling ball and has a black mustache lives. No, wait a minute—that’s half the village. Sigh.

“It’s so cold Pappa.”—Cold? Cold you say? A dark nebula named Barnard 68 is minus 263 degrees centigrade (-440 degrees Fahrenheit). Now that’s friggin’ cold. No amount of Viagra is going to work in Barnard 68 land. Anyway, it is just a thought about relativity and a private pleasure. I don’t say anything. Just pay the bill.

Example 7:

At the bottle rocket festival my Thai kids were trying to say the word explosion. Made me wonder how some words and phrases got started. Sort of a Dana rumination on language and astronomy.

In 1000 B.C. a supernova exploded and lit up the Earth’s sky for weeks. I wonder if that’s when the phrase ‘What the fxxx?’ got started.

And in 1987 supernova SN1987a blazed with the power of 100 million suns for several months. Luckily, we already had ‘What the fxxx?” in the IAV (International Astronomy Vocabulary). Coming shockwave? Glad you asked. Oh yeah … 10 million degrees centigrade (18 million degrees Fahrenheit) moving at 16 million kph (10 million mph). Don’t buy any green bananas Earthlings. How would my wife prepare for this cataclysmic astronomical tsunami? Buy more refrigerator magnets.

Example 8:

My wife announces in the middle of the night that we need (aka she wants) another flashlight. OK, like the conversation (aka wife announcement) six miles south of the Friendship bridge (remember the refrigerator magnets?) it took me a little while to figure out what she was saying.

Me: No problem—we already have flashlights in the house.

Wife: Me no like … etc.

It turns out that she wants (we need) one of those big giant black flashlights (torches for the U.K. tribe) that security people and military people use because it will be ‘blighter’. I grit my teeth and reflect that Pistol Star GO.15-0.05 is 25 million times as luminous as our sun. TWENTY-FIVE MILLION. That’s ‘blight’. Think of the batteries that star needs. In the half light of the bedroom I look at Foomy out of the corner of my eye. She doesn’t know anything about ‘blight’, and I am not 100% convinced she knows where babies come from. I buy the flashlight and the bag of expensive batteries. Soon it will be useless, unloved, and forgotten; just like the sweaters and the hats. Just like me?

Sometimes it gets lonely here in Isaan. I go outside at night. I look up. I think about the stars. Without the private pleasures and sipping fun of goofy relativity where would I be? Training the dog to sit? Selling myself to my next door neighbor as an interesting person? Taking a correspondence course in locksmithing? No, no, and no.

In an infinite universe there is no increasing rate of expansion, only accelerating expansion from a local point of observation. All else is the deception of locality and you forfeit any possibility of meaning in your life. The very small village myself and my family live in is maybe so remote that it does not even qualify as a locality. It’s a geographic singularity: beyond anything positive or negative. A cul de sac that captures without ejecting. No nebula flees this place. No stardust observer could ever find us. It charms but it doesn’t love, it exists but it doesn’t matter. On an absolute scale there is no difference between me and a gecko. In fact, I would not want to be challenged on this. Maybe the gecko knows more about physics, astronomy, and cosmology than I know. Anyway, my wife will make no imprint on the cosmos. My children have no value other than breeding. No wonder humans mainline emotion.

Renunciation of popular expansion theory takes away some of the fun, but without adherence to facts we are just roosters crowing and dogs barking. Nobody wants to be a negative person at the theory party but we owe it to ourselves to act with intelligence. We may be competing with geckos. Refrigerator magnets are galactic birds chirping—telling us of important things. I love the sound of my wife's voice, and I love the sounds of my children's voices; but I don't believe those sounds are as important as refrigerator magnets. You register sounds, but you listen to important things. Talk to me of electromagnetism and watch me listen.

Do cosmology and astronomy ever put their arms around each other without prejudice and labeling? Yes they do. The lines blur when a fact exceeds a human's ability to understand it in an experiential way. If you tell someone you understand 90 million degrees Fahrenheit what you are really saying is that you understand the math, or you understand the mathematical notation. No human can appreciate a temperature of 90 million degrees, or a speed of 22 million mph. This is when cosmology and astronomy start to copulate and blur at the edges like two melding nebulas. This is where wisdom comes from.

Humans may be able to pose the right questions and mathematically answer the questions: but that is not the same as understanding any of it. And there is too much to handle in a lifetime. You have to specialize. As the physicist Feynman said, and I paraquote—

'Einstein was a giant. His head was in the clouds and his feet were on the ground. Most of us are not that tall.'

You have to make a choice: abstract physics or experimental physics. Math or lab bench. Already you have restricted yourself. And those that can't do either? They teach. Beware the bragging physicist. Oh, and there is a fourth category—me. Where do I fit in? My job is to sit on the deck of my house in Isaan with a clicker and count shooting stars, or put a compass on the handrail and fumble with star chart updates looking for something new. I'm not qualified to carry Einstein's briefcase, but

I know an escape capsule when I see one. Staring at the stars is my escape from Isaan.

I wonder sometimes if someone out there in another galaxy is doing the same thing that I am doing. Yearning for a world of solar winds, galactic dust, and intelligent conversation—something new. If I can avoid a bottle rocket up the rear, and if I can avoid stampeding water buffalos; I'll live long enough to watch my kids grow up, and I'll live long enough to watch my wife age. When I met her she was fascinating. Now she is predictable. Then what? It all seems like a waiting game with no prize in sight.

Sometimes it gets lonely here in Isaan. I go outside at night. I look up. I think about the stars.

437. Dressed In Camo

TT&A Part 382 1/6/2013

Dana Note

In a previous Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes I 'Dana Noted' that a sixty story corporate obelisk of polished black marble and reflective glass is going to be built in the maritime park in South Pattaya to house Dana Enterprises: the Dana Fan Club, Church of Dana, Danaism, archived and microfiched Dana writings available for researchers and writing teachers, the website All Dana All The Time (ADATT), Dana the Movie, Dana the Book, the Dana bar (Dana's Delight), Dana costumes and T-shirts, Dana catapults, etc and etc. We need the space. And yes, the Birdman Bar birds will be there. There will be a thirty foot statue of Fa in front of the building and a ten foot statue of me in the lobby. That's what people have told us they wanted. All costs will be covered by donations and philanthropic mongers as will as United Nations contributions.

Response has been mixed. Two examples follow:

1. "I have read about your disgusting display of disgusting maleness. If I had a sixty story tall crotch I would urinate all over your filthy disgusting building."—Suzy Barnswallow, Feminazi-on-Tyne, England.

"And no, I don't swallow."

and a second example of worldwide interest:

2. "All hail Dana. Your sixty story monger monolith of glass and marble will serve as a navigational beacon for all pilots entering or leaving Thailand from the west or the south and for all inter-Thailand flights to Pattaya. It will become part of the South-East Asian commercial and private pilots navigational tools and

mythology. All hail Dana. This monger monolith is a service to mankind."—Air China pilot Fong Dong Ding Dong.

Well, as you can see; response to this building is mixed. Let us know here at Stickmanbangkok.com and at Dana Enterprises what you think.

Sincerely yours,
Dana

Next Week

Next week we may have a special commemorative submission in honor of Bernard Trink here at Dana Enterprises. In addition to the standard quotes, and poems, and introductions, and stories, and essays, and testimonials, and personal anecdotes, and pictures, and Pali chants recorded at temples we will also include a book review and a bar review and a movie review in honor of the great man. He left a large dilettante footprint and we miss him. If you have any ideas for this commemorative Bernard Trink submission send them in to Rufus, c/o Dana Enterprises in Pattaya. Rufus is the office dog but it allows us to sort through the mail quickly. Do not include dog food or dog treats. The mail just gets ripped open at the post office and we never see it.

Dressed In Camo

Last week a gentleman dressed in camo came into our offices here at Dana Enterprises on South Pattaya Road in Pattaya and started talking about Caveman and Caveman issues and what he purported to be Dana-Caveman issues. I was being a good listener until I noticed that his combat boots were made by Foulkes of London and his camo pants had tapered legs and six front pleats. Subsequent questioning by me revealed that he is Caveman's lawyer. He went on at some length. He seemed to be upset by some things. There were some threats and mentions about money payouts and me possibly going swimming with concrete tofu shoes.

Anyway, because he was Caveman's lawyer, naturally I can not reveal any part of the conversation; although I may touch on it in a future anonymous posting to Stickmanbangkok.com. Time will tell.

Ivana Humpalot

An enduring idea popular with the smart set is that by learning to speak a foreign language you will learn about the culture of the country. And apparently, learning about the culture of a country is a good thing. If one of the natives of that country invites you to their home for dinner you may be served fried dog turds, worm and fish bone casserole, and a salad of nettles and cactus. You will eat this while wearing funny hats and farting. Sign me up. Another mysterious, exotic, fun culture. So it is a double reward: you learned a language and you learned culture stuff also.

The Russians are moving into Pattaya as tourists, business owners, and whores. The men are thick and heavy, the women are tall and blonde and dressed in animal print stretch body suits. I have been having regular (well, OK it is highly irregular) sex with one of these Russian women. Her name is Ivana Humpalot. Sometimes she shortens the first name to just the letter I. I. Humpalot. Ivana Humpalot. I. Humpalot. Do I really need to learn to speak Russian to plumb the depths of this fabulous culture? I don't think so. I think I know enough.

Of Course You Are

"So can we say that if you recline today it's "lie," and if you reclined yesterday it's "lay"? Not exactly. Suppose you want to say that yesterday at your grandmother's you ate a lot and then made a decision to go and recline? It happened in the past, and yet the correct way to say it is, "I decided to lie down."

Why?

Because "lay" is the simple past tense of the verb "lie," but in the sentence "I decided to lie down," "to lie" is the infinitive form of the verb, which here functions as the object of the simple-past-tense verb "decided". That's why."—Joan Wickersham, "Navigating the grammatical thicket", Boston Globe, Feb. 22.

I am a literate educated person in the English language but I would not want to be quizzed on the above. So it is Uncle Dana once again throwing darts at the easy targets. You say that after learning to speak Thai you are going to learn to write Thai? Of course you are. You are going to learn to write Thai. We all believe that. And because it is already a fait accompli in your mind, you have been telling people that after you learn to speak Thai you are going to learn to write Thai. You have been saying this for four years. Of course you are. You are going to learn to write Thai. We all believe you. You are going to learn to write Thai.

Me: Bartender?
Bartender: Sir?
Me: A drink for my new friend here. Give him whatever he wants.

438. Extortion

TT&A Part 383 8/6/2013

Hello kats and kittens in Stickland and in Danaland. Here are two things for you to read and to think about. One is titled EXTORTION and he other is titled GO AWAY. They both chronicle parts of my life. Enjoy

Extortion

Well, it had to happen. In a world of perversion and mean people and corruption and dilution of civilized values it had to happen. It was only a matter of time. I admit I did not see this coming but now that t has happened I can not honestly say that I am surprised. Disappointed? Yes. But not flabbergasted. My flabber has been gasted in the past so I am not naive about being flabbergasted but this thing is just a whole new thing.

To wit: I am now receiving emails from mongers telling me that they will not speak to Fa but only in exchange for me sending them money. In other words: extortion. Sample email:

Hello Dana

I will honor your Stay Away From Fa rule in exchange for you sending me $100 in German money once per month forever. If you do not send money then I am going to talk to her.

Sincerely yours
Horst

So, you can see where we are now. There is apparently no honor among mongers. Everything is a knife fight and my relationship with Fa has been lowered to the level of mud wrestling in a Russian bar. You give and you give and you give and what do you get? Extortion.

And no, to iterate; this is not the only email of it's kind that I have received on this issue. Merely an example of a new problem in my life. Other examples:

Attn: Dana Faggot

Stay Away From Fa? What a joke Commander Butt Plugger. I am going to talk to her and I am going to rub up against her unless you send beaucoup French francs every month.

Francois Poopdoodle
Marseilles, France

and

Hello Dana Tiny Dick

I'm talking to Fa every morning unless you leave a package of U.S. $10,000 in the bottom of the closest trash barrel to where she does her make-up every morning. Wrap the money in the Pattayamail newspaper and paint it with ten day old fish sauce that has been mixed with durian paste. No money in the trash barrel? Then your honey is going to be spending time with me.

Clyde Foopnoggle
Anal Discharge on Tyne
Sheep Dip, England

and

Greetings Meateater

Send money or you aren't going to be eating cheeseburgers and chocolate shakes exclusively with your pathetic precious little Fa anymore. And by the time I am through with her she'll be using tofu as a lubricant. Vegans rule you little liberal weenie and patriots have the American flag tattooed on their chests. Send money lameass. Stay Away From Fa. What a joke. Send money.

Bif Bart
Hard Rock, Nevada

and

Heil Dana

My name is Herr Finkelstroop Bremerschnitzel of the Heidelberg Bremerschnitzels. Send money or I am going to rename Fa and tattoo Fa with one word: POLAND. After renaming her Poland I am going to march all over her. Unless you send money. Send money or you are going to have to beg the world to Stay Away From Poland.

Goosesteppingly yours,
Baron Karl Freiherr von Finkelstroop Bremerschnitzelheimer

I know you dear reader, humanist, advanced evolutionary example of mongerism, and Dana fan are as horrified by this as I am horrified by this. But have you in the depths of fellow monger sympathy penetrated to the hottest furnace core of this hell? To wit: what if one of these letters is bogus? Fake? What if one of these letters is something that Fa has thought up? What if I am not only paying Fa for her adult time and attention but also sending her extortion money? Yeah. What if?

It isn't easy to be me.

Go Away

I have been taking learn-to-speak Thai classes for some time now. Actually, the preponderance of evidence is that they have been taking me but you get the picture. Anyway, classes are on Monday and Wednesday and Thursday. Friday a Thai tone tutor (TTT) comes by my condo, Saturday I do homework, and Sunday I review. Sunday I stare into the maw of failure and continued failure. Sunday is not a good day.

After two years I can almost reliably say: Where is the bathroom? My constant linguistic nemesis is mixing up Nom and Nam. I still can not order a coke in a bar in Thai. I have been failing at this for twenty years. Apparently the Thai pronunciation for ‘cola’ is a mystery I will never penetrate. I have written about this in detail in the past so I will not repeat myself here. Suffice it to say that I have learned to just shout in bars KOKE. I look like an idiot and I sound like an idiot but I get served. However, I have made a lot of progress in other areas of communication. I am also sneaking up on mastering:

1. You are a jerk.
2. Go away.
3. You are lying.
4. I said ‘no spice’!
5. You are a thief.
6. I hate you, your culture, and your country.
7. No human would eat this fish sauce.
8. It’s not a mole, it’s a war wound.
9. Anal discharge is not infectious.
10. I’m allergic to condoms.

My big dream is that someday I will be able to speak fluent Thai and be able to learn all about the wonderful people and their interesting lives.

Baby steps. In the beginning I thought asking bar girls to help me would be engaging for both of us. I found that many of them can not really speak Thai and even more many of them can not read Thai. You might assume that a native would know how to speak the native language and could offer reliable information on the subject. You would be mistaken. So my intellectual learn-to-speak Thai adventure is a mostly solitary adventure. It is hard to hold the lamp in a dark windy forest.

For our latest assignment, the teacher, Ming Ding Sing Bang; has assigned each of us quotes from English writers. We have to say the quote in Thai; complete, naturally, with correct tones. I know it seems redundant to mention tones but tones are the weak link or the strong link, depending on your point of view, in the language. The tone thing is challenging but at least we do not have to master various throat, mouth, lip, and phlegm expostulations of other languages.

Clicking, grunting, yelling, arm waving, and throat hacking come to mind. And spitting. Don't believe spitting is a legitimate part of any language? Go to rural China. And not just China. In Bermuda once I decided to save money on dental expense by going to a native (Bermudian) dentist. There were three signs in the waiting room that said:

NO SPITTING ON THE FLOOR

My overactive brain wondered where spitting was permitted. The ceiling, the walls, the counter? Don't believe that hacking and hocking and spitting are part of a language. Try and get the natives to talk without doing it.

Anyway, I understand that in learn-to-speak Eskimo classes you have to speak and eat blubber at the same time. I don't think I would enjoy that. Do modern Eskimos know how to text on their phones and eat blubber at the same time? I guess that would be some kind of linguistic progress. A Brazilian tribe of fearsome naked aspect speaks while clawing at bleeding eyebrows. No word on how they text on cell phones. Honk if you love wasting your time learning stupid languages of stupid people. For me, personally; trying to master spoken Japanese with all of the head bobbing would be the worst. The United States was founded in 1776 on revolution and the notion that we are all created equal. I'm not bobbing my head to anyone.

So this tone thing as a part of learn-to-speak Thai classes seems doable and reasonable. I'm not complaining, and I am locked and loaded and ready to rock. Anyway, here is my assignment. The quoted author is William Percy. I have to say this at my next Monday class in Thai.

"To another way of thinking, which cannot reconcile that mechanical conception with the diverse character, intelligence, and capabilities exhibited by different individuals of the same species, that gateway to understanding seems as far removed from truth as the anthropomorphism of a previous generation, and more apt to raise a further barrier to a sympathetic understanding of animal behavior than a revelation of it."

Wish me luck. And as a last thought, I think this assignment by my teacher is great. It means that if I ever meet a Thai that talks like this William Percy dude that I will be able to communicate with him or her. I love my teacher, and I love my Thai fluent future, and I love my learn-to-speak Thai classes..

439. She Said She Was From Cracow

TT&A Part 384 15/6/2013

Dana here typing at Starbucks. I've got my WWI artillery spotting scope so that I can keep an eye on the boardwalk while I am writing. What's on tap for today? Well, for those cognoscenti of the Pattaya scene I have seen with my own eyes pictures of Pattaya Gary with a chicken. They are both wearing little blue dresses.

Now, since Pattaya Gary is an alpha male who can have any woman; I'm thinkin' this must be some chicken. This must be a rockin' beast of sexuality and hormones that'll make a weak man think of marriage. Still, I've seen pictures. She's a chicken. The kind of thing you would toss off a roof and throw rocks at. What is Gary doing with this chicken? He is walking around with her in his arms. Petting her and talking to her. To tell you the truth I don't feel good about this. I liked him better when he was just hanging out and smiling at every girl that came up to him. Anyway, not judging; just sayin'.

And the chicken (her name is Brandi) has incredibly skinny legs and really really big feet. Personally I would not be attracted to a woman with incredibly skinny legs and really big feet. But again, it is Pattaya Gary. I mean really, if I can be scientifically objective about this, Pattaya Gary has more experience with females than I can even dream of. So who am I to be critical or even observational? It is none of my business.

And as for the possibility of Gary and Brandi engaging in adult behavior, I am sure nothing like that is going on. Somehow that just seems wrong. I doubt if even one of us has had that thought. I'm no prude and I support hotel room love but I am sure nothing like that is going on. I mean, it is a chicken. Look up the word ‘platonic’ in the dictionary and get your mind out of the gutter. At least that is what I think I think.

Anyway, if any of you have any information or photos on this subject send them in to the Dana Central office on South Pattaya Road. We will check all text messages for truth and don’t even think of being clever with some Photoshop nonsense. We know Photoshopped stuff when we see it and you are not going to fool us. Anyway, some of this Pattaya Gary-chicken information I got from Fa on the boardwalk so we know that it is 100% true and every alleged fact has been checked, double-checked, and checked again. So that is kinda where we are at right now with this whole Pattaya Gary and a chicken thing. Really not so strange if you remember that Isaan ladies love their water buffalos and have pet names for them.

Oops, I see him coming towards Starbucks and he has that goddamned chicken named Brandi in his arms. I’m splittin’ out the side door. I don’t want to be involved. I do not want to say that I am embarrassed for him but what do I do if he says Brandi has a chicken friend for me to meet? Exactly. Didn’t think of that did you. Anyway, I’m haulin’ ass out the side door. If you want to catch up with me I’ll be at the office until five and then at the stage door of Tiffany’s for both shows. After the shows trannies come out into the parking lot to have their pictures taken by tourists and I am there panting like an eighty year old in a three-legged sack race.

Anyway and finally, I mean what’s next? Is the greatest alpha male to have ever lived going to start buying French love song CD’s, dress in floral print shirts and little short shorts, or have a traditional Thai costume tourist photo taken of him and Brandi the chicken? The mind boggles. Some train wrecks you just do not want to see so I am slipping out the side entrance on Soi Yamato. Nothing makes a bigger sound in your personal life than the crash of an idol and if Gary keeps carrying that goddamned chicken around I just do not want to be seen with him. There, I've said it.

And as for the whole Brandi thing. He tells everyone her name is Brandi to make things seem a little more normal but I saw her mamasan I.D. card with photo at Superbabies and her real name is Cluck-Cluck. Cluck-Cluck the chicken. Next he'll be telling people she is not a chicken, she just got off the bus from Isaan. Not to ramble, but if this chick just got off of a bus from Isaan, it is because she escaped from Somchai's rooftop luggage. And then, hard up for sunflower seed money, she ended up dancing and smiling and head bobbing at Superbabies. An old story.

So now, Pattaya Gary: legend, alpha male, 32" waist and 32" biceps, has a new Thai lady companion and her name is Cluck-Cluck. Normally, you wouldn't think twice about a woman's name like that in the Kingdom. After all, Thai ladies have names like TeeTee, YaYa, JeJe, and GaiGai. OK, no hyphens, but you get the idea.

However, in this case her name is Cluck-Cluck because SHE IS A CHICKEN. That's right. Gary has fallen for a sexy little chicken slut and she has got him doing things you would not normally expect him to be doing. For example (and to repeat): I have seen pictures of them vacationing in the Philippines (what happens in the Philippines stays in the Philippines) and they are both wearing little blue dresses.

But who am I to judge what attracts a man to a woman or a woman to a man? Some relationships just work from the very first second. And some ladies can be awfully charming. Gary told me that when he first met Cluck-Cluck (oh excuse me, Brandi) the conversation went something like this:

Gary: Wow, this is a very attractive short blue dress you are wearing.
Cluck-Cluck: Thank-you, I call it my airplane dress.
Gary: Why is that?
Cluck-Cluck: Because when I raise my wings over my head you can see all the way up to the cockpit.

I confess, I can almost see the attraction. A Pattaya bar, music, lights, drinks, laughter and a sexy slut chicken with no pants. Gary was on her like a bad suit on a used car salesman. He was out of the gate like a prisoner trying to beat searchlights. He was slobbering like a junkyard dog staring at a meat wagon. He was … you get the idea.

I myself once picked up a dancing fool sexy midget at the Lollipop Bar in the Nana Entertainment Plaza in Bangkok. If anyone was staring at us in a disapproving or judgemental or just overly observational way as we walked over to the Mothership I didn't notice. I imagine it was like that for Gary and Cluck-Cluck (oh, Brandi) as they walked down the boardwalk together the first time he paid her barfine (600 baht or ten pounds of sunflower seeds). Just two happy lovers hand-in-wing filled with the happy vibrations of love eternal.

Anyway, the chicken says she is from Cracow and can squawk the phrases Boom-Boom, Yum-Yum, and Ow-Ow in Polish and German. Gary told me this. Normally I would go to the wall for this guy but I am having a little trouble with this story. In most cases I'm a go-along, get-along guy. It's just easier that way. It's just easier to believe people than to examine every utterance for veracity. But if this chick's from Cracow, it is not Cracow, Poland; more like Cracow, some one buffalo berg between Khao Wong and Dong Luang that I can't find on my great big laminated map of Thailand.

My first suspicion was that she might be from some secret Isaan place between Senangkhanikhom and Phathumratchawongsa, but then looking at those place names it seemed doubtful that she would have a simple name like Cluck-Cluck. It would probably be some more complicated name like Clucksruangsuda-Clucksruangsuda. Or maybe Clucknapakapapa-Clucknapakapapa. Or Cluckratharawarin-Cluckratharawarin. Or maybe Cluckpicharnmeth-Cluckpicharnmeth. Makes you kinda wonder why the mamasan I.D. card in the Superbabies Bar doesn't say CluckCluck instead of Cluck-Cluck. Anyway, see how it is easier to just believe people? Too much of this thinking can hurt the head.

Personally, all I know is what Gary tells me, with some reservations; and what I can see in the pictures. Normally, I like a player but the skinny legs and huge feet on this chick are a little off-putting for me. Hey, maybe that is just me. I don't want to look down at the end of the bed and see that my girlfriend's feet are sticking up higher under the sheets than me feet are (trannies excepted). I guess it is all about what floats your boat. Nobody was asking me for the name of the midget waitress from the Lollipop Bar either.

Gary is crazy for her and is trying to get her a featured dancer job at Superbabies. If you don't mind wet droopy feathers and wild-eyed head bobbing she could do a shower show for example. Or fly around and stab at ping pong balls with her red lipstick beak. But the Superbabies Bar is pretty much a Jap joint. It's hard to imagine Commander Nippon flippin' over a German-Polish speaking Isaan slut chicken. I guess time will tell. If I was Superbabies management I'd have Cluck-Cluck dye her feathers orange, wear gold ankle bracelets (actually rings in her case), and always be smokin' a cigarette. Again, probably just me.

Anyway, if you see Gary at the Big C, or Starbucks, or the New Orleans Restaurant on Pattaya Land 2 don't mention the chicken. It's a new relationship and he needs space. He's currently putting her up at the Lek Hotel between Soi 12 and Soi 13. Spending a fortune. Still under the anesthesia. But most especially you don't want him to start showing you fifty chicken-in-a-blue-dress pictures. Sweet Jesus on a cracker, I thought my head would explode..

440. A Wife Named Faux and a Girlfriend Named Fa

TT&A Part 385 22/6/2013

Greetings Dana fans and ceiling fans (Fa and I are drinking): today a story/essay reflecting the always popular theme of Albert Schweitzer and a soi dog with his head stuck in a bucket. Enjoy.

Dana here upstairs on the balcony of the Hopf Brew House restaurant on Beach Road in South Pattaya with my Thai teeruk Fa and also up here on this two table balcony is an Australian named Strang Boots and his lovely Thai wife Faux. Faux as you all know is the French word for fake. I asked her where she got that name and she said that her original nickname was Lek but she saw labels that said Faux on a lot of gifts that Strang gave her before they got married so she asked the local Buddhists in Rayong to help her change her name.

At any rate, the two girls are shrieking with laughter watching the continuous loop videos of silly animal stuff on the televisions hanging from the ceiling, and Strang and myself are getting to know each other. He has just let it drop that he is 100% fluent in the Thai language. Can speak just like a local. Can pick up the ringing phone and just talk. I ask if he would like to be challenged on that and he says he's a real man, and real men love a challenge. In fact, when Faux gives birth, he is thinking of naming his son Challenge. This is what transpired on that two table balcony up over the main floor in the Hopf Brew House restaurant one hot and rainy night:

Me: Strang, say this in Thai —

> *"Think of the joyous writing in Judah's air of contrition, "Gebt mir meinen Jesum weider", ("Give me my dear Lord beloved"); of the wild two-part flute accompaniment in the*

> *bass arioso "Ja freilich will in vas das Fleisch und Blut zum Kreuz gezwungen sein", ("Aye, surely now can flesh and blood atone"); of the shapelessness—so senseless from the musical point of view—of the theme of the aria "Konnen Tranen meiner Wangen nichts erlangen", ("Though in vain be all my wailing"), of the remarkable affinity between certain ariosos and the arias that follow them,—in short, of all the things that surprise the musician the more he studies the work, that become, to his sorrow more and more inexplicable to him, and which he does not know how to perform, for the meaning of them is unknown to him, until he guesses that this music is not self-existant, but has sprung from some strong external force, that will not obey the laws of harmonious thematic structure."*

Dana note: yes, Dana fans, the above is one sentence from Albert Schweitzer's book J. S. Bach, a two volume tome published in 1911. All text quotes here by Albert Schweitzer.

Strang: Bloody hell, you crazy Yank; I can't say that in Thai. Nobody can say that in Thai. An unfair challenge. How would you like me to challenge you to go one-on-one in a drinking contest with an abo alcoholic in the Northwest Territories? Play fair.

Me: Well, actually Strang; Mr. Schweitzer's English translator, Ernest Newman, could say it in English and in German. The evidence is that it is translatable into other languages. I thought you were 100% fluent in the Thai language?

Strang: Bloody hell, the problem with you Yanks is you've got some kind of arty farty, airy fairy, liberal weenie government run by a monkey king. You don't even know what is important. What's important is sheep and sheep dip tanks. Have you got any quotes for me to translate into Thai about sheep and sheep dip tanks? And when is the last time you and Fa made love wearing sheep costumes? Exactly. Translate that college boy. And another … hey, look at the TV, that soi dog has his head stuck in a bucket with a whistle up his hairy ass.

Me: Maybe you are correct and I don't want to ruin a learning moment for myself by being unfair. Let's try another quote by the same rockin' cat, a guy named Al.

> *"We argue about absolute music, tone-painting, programme music and tone-language as about actual fundamental problems, and think it a matter for historians only that tendencies towards tone-painting, programme music, or avowed musical "narration" were noticeable in Italian, German, and French music as early as the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries."*

OK, Strang, friend of mine, I would love to hear this English translation of Albert Schweitzer's German words spoken in Thai. Your linguistic mastery will be a pleasure and an inspiration to me.

Fa: Look honey, every time the dog tries to pull his head out of the bucket his ass whistles. We should try that tonight at the A. A. Hotel. The Snickers candy bar maid Sruangsuda Sutithamrongsawat has a friend named Jesadaporn Pattanapongpanich who can make a whistle out of bamboo. We'll stick the whistle in your doggy ass, shove your head in a maid's bucket, and I will take pictures.

Strang: Dana, my new best friend, I can't say that in the Thai language, and I'll bet my wife Faux can't say it either and she is as Thai as you can get. Well, actually she is some kind of aborigine Khmer border mix but they're all the same. Doesn't this German cat Schweitzer use any words like condom, or beer, or baht, or Oz, or crapper, or abo, or dingo? What kind of a guy is not using words like roo, and tuk-tuk, and barfine, and boom-boom, yum-

yum, or ow-ow? I'll bet this Schweitzer cat in his sandals and socks knew plenty of Germans in Pattaya doing boom-boom but he didn't write about it in these bogus pain-in-the-ass quotes of yours. Come on Yank, play fair. Give me a fair chance to show my Thai fluency. I worked hard to be able to talk to these little peasant Orientals and I want to get some credit for it.

Me: OK, once again; I don't want to be unfair. How about this:

> *"We can partly comprehend this point of view, for the architectonic and contrapuntal perfection of his works gives such deep and pure satisfaction to the mind that appreciates these purely musical qualities of them, that almost everything else that could be found in them must seem of secondary importance."*

Strang: I got nuttin', but you and your charming bonzer sheila Fa are invited to our house in Rayong on Sunday. I'll show you how I can throw a boomerang out two hundred yards and as it returns it's last flight moment will allow it to just settle on top of my head. Admittedly there were some cuts and bruises during the performance curve run-up, but like I said; I am all about a challenge.

Me: I'd like to see that.

Fa: Yes, Dana will bring camera and I will bring whistle and bucket.

Faux: I will bring the monks.

441. On Editors

TT&A Part 386 29/6/2013

Hello Dana fans: today, two references, one actual and one fictional, from Italy based readers. I do not get many fan responses from Italians, maybe this will prime the pump. We start with Clod Puddentrot of Genoa. He says:

“Hello Dana. No servant of God has more regard for God’s works than I have for your writing, but sometimes if one of your submissions has multiple story/essays I sometimes get confused about when one stops and the next one begins. I know you start each new story/essay with an all caps title but still ... anyway, perhaps you could number them.

Regards,
Clod Puddentrot, retired., honorary colonel fourth Calcutta lancers

OK, I am going to number today’s different submission parts. I am not really enthusiastic about this but we will try it. The other Italian reference occurs in the first story. Enjoy.

Dana Note

Below is my standard email response to readers who criticise my writing. All I have to do is bring up the form, plug in the name, and hit SEND. Below is an example:

1. Attn: Ms. Angela Linguini of Burnt Sienna, Italy

Fill up an old Thai crone with fish paste and prune juice. Start walking her from Na Kae on a south-west course. When she drops her load in a fecal burst look around. You have arrived and you will see a special tree covered with flowers and creepers and vines and ivy and single orchid. It is a petrified tree. Impervious to time it holds a special book. Press a button behind the orchid and a door will open swinging on jade hinges. Diamond studded stairs will lead to an underground grotto of gold and in the middle of the grotto's black obsidian polished floor is a crystal table with a special book. The ruby crusted letters are inscribed on pages of cured soi dog hide and the book's cover is made of butter soft water buffalo foreskins all stitched together. It is the book of INSANE PEOPLE. Your name is in that book.

But that is not really what I want to talk about today. What I want to talk about today is the subject of editors, followed by a respectful look at a South Pattaya legend named Frenchie. When I used to live in the West Indies every beach had a guy named Frenchie living under an overturned boat, drunk, and looking like a human wreck. He was getting more pussy than anyone. The Hubble space telescope may someday eliminate all the mysteries of the universe, except the Frenchies of the world.

On Editors

> *"If we do discover a complete {unified} theory {of the universe}, it should in time be understandable in broad principle by everyone, not just a few scientists. Then we shall all, philosophers, scientists, and just ordinary people, be able to take part in the discussion of the question of why it is that we and the universe exist. If we find the answer to that, it would be the ultimate triumph of human reason—for then we should know the mind of God."*—Stephen William Hawking.

Really? Who believes Hawking wrote this? I don't. Not in its entirety. I do not believe the words:

> *"for then we should know the mind of God."*

came out of Stephen Hawking's word processor or his mind. I believe this is an example of editor meddling. Example:

Editor: Stephen?
Stephen: Yes?
Editor: We love this book A Brief History of Time baby but for the general audience and all the lesbo book buyers if we don't stick in something about God this little astronomy book is going to lay a giant cosmic egg. It would also be really helpful if you could stick in something for the book buyers about kitty cats but we are not going to ask you to do that. We are reasonable editors.
Stephen: Well, I don't know.
Editor: Look, Steverino— you just stick to your black hole and we'll sell books.
Stephen: Well, I don't know.

OK, what if I found out that Mr. Hawking did add this lameass tagline:

> *"for then we should know the mind of God."*

to his speculation regarding the ultimate exercise of human reason?

I would be disappointed. Disappointed in the mind of Stephen Hawking. How disappointed? Well, if I saw Mr. Hawking in his motorized wheelchair on the boardwalk in Pattaya trying to manoeuvre around potholes and puddles and piles of pipe, and construction debris in order to talk to Ling or Ping or Sing or Ding or Wan or Don or Mon or Gon or Bang or Fang or Gang or Lang or Nit or Mit or Sit or Fit or Poo or Foo; I wouldn't help him. Yes, I know that sounds cruel. But letting editors muck around with speculations about the universe is a crime and Mr. Bigshot Hawking would be an accessory to a crime. Thank God (what a joke) I am around to set the standard.

Editors—give me a break. Mr. Hawking never said those words. I'm sure of it. I do not believe those words came out of his mind and were typed into his word processor. This is why we should be happy about Stickmanbangkok.com.

No editing. When I send in a submission to Stick he either accepts it or he rejects it. No editing talk nonsense about changing the tone, or eliminating a paragraph, or pumping it up three hundred words, or adding an anecdote about a female Thai having sex to become a male sex monger. All or nothing.

So if I ever see Stick in one of those motorized wheelchair things trying to manoeuvre around crap on the boardwalk to get to Fooby or Benz or Chicken or Mak or Fong or Lum or When or Knob or Song; I am going to help him. I'll attach a GPS unit to his head so that he always knows his location, outriggers to his seat to keep him from tipping over, and waterwings under his arms to keep him from drowning in a giant construction hole filled with water. He deserves it.

Better Than You

His name was Frenchie,
And I want you to know;
He loved and was loved
On very short dough.

Fish seller by day
Across from the park;
Brain dead and waiting,
Waiting for dark.

Fifty baht for a barfine,
Out on the pier;
That's all he paid,
Straight or queer.

Then up to the room,
And fish basket smell;
Stains on the sheets,
Girls not well.

The fish market farang
Thin as a rail;
Bumping and grinding,
Still chasing Thai tail.

Fifty baht and a beer
And a handful of fish.
Enough for the girls
Without a wish.

The fish market farang:
Out in all weather;
Foam on his lips,
Skin like leather.

Abandoned by his own:
Out of lies;
Circling the drain,
Taken in by the Thais.

Fifty baht for a barfine
Out on the pier:
That's all he paid,
Straight or queer.

Shambling and old,
But happy and fun:
Still smiling and touching,
His race not run.

It’s stars up
And sun down:
Another dead day,
For an old French clown.

Time to head for the pier:
Barefoot and slow;
Which girls will say yes?
Which girls will go?

Hosed down and clean,
Feeling like new;
He’ll be doing better,
Better than you.

So save your tourist sympathy.
Keep your cameras to your self.
His tail’s still wagging,
He’s not on the shelf.

Out on the pier:
Each night his spirit new;
He’ll be doing better,
Better than you.

442. Cat Suicide

TT&A Part 387 6/7/2013

Dana Note: Geneva, Switzerland, Trannies and Science

The Compact Muon Solenoid (CMS) experiment at CERN's Large Hadron Collider (LHC) near Geneva, Switzerland has confirmed that groups of trannies display liquid plasma-flow posse behavior when they spot an Indian or ethnic bearded foreigner wearing sandals and socks. Collisions lead to violent anarchy and foreigner breakdown confirming the quantum mechanical theory of trannies and non-trannies. Expected and unexpected effects of tranny-nontranny foreigner collisions have caused the Large Hadron Collider to reschedule many coming events. Random top scientist quotes follow:

1. Myron Poopnozzle Yazdani, chief scientist PR attaché for the Geneva, Switzerland Matter & Energy international experiment consortium said:

"Sweet Jesus on a cracker, we don't know what is going on; there are trannies everywhere."

2. Vijay Seth was quoted saying:

"I love physics. Physics velly velly good. I'll bet my brother who owns two 7-11's in Bayonne, New Jersey has never seen anything like this."

3. Gunther von Braun of the Berlin University Physics Dept. was heard to exclaim:

"Holy shitenheimer. Look at the log that one is draggin.'"

4. Plonbern Dingo of the Perth, Australia visiting group of string theorists was heard in hallway 7, section 19, lab building 2R screaming:

"Someone get some pants on that tranny."

5. Ezra Pound Nutball PhD. of the Venice, Italy Nutballs, chief prognosticator of neutrino unprovable theories was quoted in both the Compact Muon Solenoid Experiment weekly bulletin and the Obscura Poetica Insufferable Asses Quarterly (OPIAQ):

“Holy sweet sufferin’ crabcakes. Look at these security photos of trannies in building 6. Naked and dragging penis logs like Thai elephants dragging teak logs. Tight lean stomachs (scientifically tight lean stomachs that is), small boy waists, high breasts, and everyone swinging at least 15.”

Latin petals
On a wet black bough.
Laughing neutrinos
Without future, past, or now.

Trannies in building 6,
Primal memories of sexual dance.
Trannies in building 6,
I’m pulling off my pants.”

Dana Science Note Addenda: Needless to say, all building 6 security photos of tranny activity were destroyed in the Large Hadron Collider experiment involving visual matter annihilation and quantum theory conservation of mass. Ezra Pound Nutball PhD. of the Venice, Italy Nutballs can receive mail at the Lake Baikal sanatorium and sturgeon egg processing plant in Russia.

6. Barney Blickstein, NASA’s European associate administrator for international science data platforms said:

“The 2018 launch of the James Webb Space Telescope, the successor to the Hubble Space Telescope, will allow us to see even deeper and closer to the birth of the universe. We should be looking for post hydrogen gas tranny formation and formations. I volunteer to look for early trannies.”

Well, there you have it Dana fans and fanettes: another hardhitting bugle category science note from Dana Central here on South Road in Pattaya, Thailand. Emma-the-Tranny has volunteered to go to Geneva to sort things out. Her cover letter-resume-proposal was a Manila envelope full of pictures. The pictures are being examined very carefully by the world's top physicists. We will keep you apprised of any further developments.

Ballyhoo Bar

> *"What was sent, therefore, was scanty but sufficient to keep informed those who prefer a straightforward statement to surmise, sensation, and ballyhoo."*—H.W. Tilman

Graduates of the Dana Enterprises stringer school receive T-shirts with this quote on it. Tilman is my personal hero and I love these T-shirts. Anyway, hopefully, the quote will remind them of their responsibility to only send in information, reports, stories, interviews, and essays of the incontestable kind. Dana Enterprises does not, will not, and has not supported surmise, sensation, or ballyhoo. Especially ballyhoo. You can hoo if you want but when you ballyhoo we have nothing in common. If we publish that tranny Emma is 14" long someone on staff has measured it and we have pictures in the files that have been witnessed and notarized by an expat of sterling standing.

If a stringer sends back a report stating that the flooding in Pai is worse than the flooding in Pang Ma Pha we run side-by-side photos of local waterbuffalos. The waterbuffalo in Pang Ma Pha is up to his balls in water, and the waterbuffalo in Pai has only his mouth, eyes, and horns showing. Ask yourself this question: do you get this kind of straightforward statement in other Thai newspapers? Exactly.

If we receive a report from a Bangkok stringer on a kite festival that stringer knows that we only want historically accurate information on the winners even if they are a bunch of lameass ugly crippled up old Thai guys with crooked teeth and lizard eyes. Sending us gratuitous pictures of beautiful Thai ladies with kites is definitely skipping a stone across the publishing waters of surmise, sensation. and ballyhoo.

In fact, that gives me an idea. During the high season in Pattaya, there are approximately nine hundred bars and other venues of adult entertainment and disportment. I may dispatch Chiang Mai Kelly on a stringer survey mission to see if there is a Ballyhoo Bar. If there are two girls in the bar named Surmise and Sensation we need to know about that. Dana Enterprises: your source of information without ballyhoo.

Cat Suicide

Not everything I write about Thailand is a happy thing. Not every memory is a vase of flowers. Some things just rip your heart out.

Example: I received another anonymous tofu burger in the mail from Mr. You-Know-Who from Chiang Mai. One look and I got out my monogrammed stainless steel samurai style bread knife and chopped it into bite sized pieces.

Put it down on the floor for the cat. The cat took one look and two smells and jumped out of the window. My penthouse is on the thirty-third floor.

Now I have no cat. I used to have some kind of pussy in-between my tourist trips to Thailand but now I have no pussy. The pet coroner said it was cat suicide triggered by tofu burger instead of cheeseburger. Cats have been around for a long time. There are pictures of cats on the temple walls of ancient Egypt. They are eating cheeseburgers, not tofu burgers. You can't fool a cat.

Like I said, not everything I write about the Thailand experience is a happy thing. Not every memory is bunch of daisies waving in the wind. Some things just rip your heart out. A friend noted that if I had just eaten the Caveman tofu burger the cat would still be alive. Screw the cat.

443. Dana Digital Wonder Camera

TT&A Part 388 13/7/2013

Greetings Dana fans, Stickmanbangkok.com fans, and ceiling fans (Fa loves that joke). Here is Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes—Part 388 (does anyone remember me retiring at #77?). Enjoy. It is all about our camera future. I am not a camera hound but sometimes I just have to step up and help humanity.

Ever have something bug you so much that your mind can not let it go? Last weekend I was supposed to spend Saturday chillin' in my crib and messin' with the bitches, then on Sunday hip hop down to Funkytown and hang with my bros. I'm a light skinned black. Rappin' and puttin' boogy in my step are what I am all about. Instead I wrote this article. I hope you like it. I was of a mind to do a rant rap but I settled more for observational scientific academia. Or something. Peace motherfxxxers. Oh wait, first a Dana Note:

Note: recently the office girls at Dana Enterprises here on South Pattaya Road in Pattaya have noticed a huge increase in international requests of pictures of me riding a horse wearing only a Speedo bathing suit (me, not the horse). Server filtering and other computer stuff probably too complicated for you to understand has pointed the finger at a carrot crunching nutter in Chiang Mai. We know who he is and this is now a police matter. We will honor all requests for these pictures (pics to the smart set) up to this date even if we have reason to believe they are bogus, but requests after this date will be shredded for the bottom of the bird cages. And now today's main event:

Dana's New Digital Camera

Hello photography enthusiasts: I can't be the only one. I'm getting sick to death of hearing the 'it-fits-in-your-pocket' brigade in Thailand brag about their digital cameras. Did they invent these cameras? No. Did they manufacture these cameras? No. Do they hold any patents on these cameras? No. Did they do the original drawings for these cameras? No. But you can't shut them up. These cameras on their person are now talismans of specialness augmenting them.

Well, normally I am too busy to get involved in juvenilia but just to shut these guys up I have invented the ultimate digital camera. I call it the Dana Digital Wonder Camera (DDWC). First of all it has a faster, sharper optical system. Way bitchin' better dude. The Dana Digital Wonder Camera employs a fast f/8 ACF system with high-contrast baffling that guarantees crisp, pinpoint imaging to the very edge of the field. It has an internal Crayford-style zero image-shift focusing system. Don't know what this means? You need to buy this camera. Constructed of stainless steel and aircraft grade aluminum the mount presents a rock solid platform with precision roller bearings on both axes, brass worms, 225-tooth aluminum gears, a fully computerized GoTo mount with GPS, super stable tripod (the camera weighs 812 pounds), and a fully washable snap-on attachment to hold beef jerky strips.

How skilled do you have to be to use this Dana digital wonder camera? You don't have to know nothin'. This camera automatically takes pictures that would make God weep. Note: this camera take pictures, not pics. Just a personal thing. I hate the word pics. Anyway, you know that guy Ansel Adams who was always yelling at his mules to get out of the rim-of-the-canyon sun shot? Mr. Nature? Mr. Artist? Mr. Sensitive? He'd have beaten a fellow picture taker senseless with a latrine shovel to get one of these cameras. Yes, that's right; this camera may foster violence and be responsible for the deaths of others but I don't care. The ultimate digital camera had to happen. You can't stop progress. Bye-the-way, you might be wondering how you would transport this 812 pound digital wonder to the top of Mount Shasta to take a picture of a crystal. Simple. Just tie two mules together side-by-side like a catamaran. As usual, I have to do all the thinking.

Anyway, target acquisition on your imaging sensor is automatic. I told you. You don't have to know diddly squat. A nineteen inch monitor screen is attached for instant computer viewing, you carry the cube in a backpack, and a communications radar dish on a telescoping pole attaches to a headband on your head. Yes, all of these were my ideas. I invented this digital camera. Be careful with the head mounted radar dish in a high wind. You could get your head ripped off. Just sayin'. I know what you are thinking. You are thinking: "Hey, Mr. Hotstuff Inventor, what about telephoto lenses?" Way ahead of you Mr. 'It-Fits-In-Your-Pocket'. Telephoto lenses for this ultimate digital camera will be manufactured to look like standard issue RPG's so no one in a crowd will object to you pointing a camera at them. Question: when is the last time you heard someone say that pointing an RPG at them would steal their soul? Exactly. They won't even know you are taking a picture of them. They'll just assume someone is pointing highly illegal tank busting uranium tipped military ordinance at them. Neat, huh; and I believe this functions as a good example of the kind of advanced thinking that has gone into the design of this camera from dream to reality.

Additional details and miscellanea gleaned from patent paperwork and patent application schematics, manufacturers notes, prototype field use feedback, and personal experiences: not necessarily to appear in marketing or advertising materials but of interest anyway especially if you are a visionary photography gearhead like myself. To wit: full frame image buffer, even illustration photometric shutter, 10 Mp/sec download, RPG style telephoto lenses available in four colors, 32-bit and 64-bit Windows Software, infrared capabilities, anti-theft pulsating siren, STF-8300 8.3 Megapixel Monochrome side mounted camera for preliminary shot field capture (my original idea from old astronomy days), integrated FW5-8300 filter wheel, dry ice container for box of canolies, thermos for Vietnamese noodle soup, 36mm LRGB and H-alpha filters, eyepiece image fidelity maximized by glass matched multi-coatings and anti-reflection surfaces, laminated document pages (Guarantees, Warranties, and Instruction manuals), carbon fiber apochromatic refractor, motorized filter wheel (an option), backpack strobe light (an option), 10" pneumatic tripod wheels, application forms for Dana Digital Wonder Camera Fan Club (DDWCFC), T-shirts that say DDWC front and back, no off-axis astigmatism across a large field due to Flomberie Doodymacs (some kind of French thing), button activated electric motor that triggers turning mechanism for your head mounted radar dish (or you can just move your feet), chest apparatus (patent pending) to support tired arms, two three foot long ten pound steel stabilizer bars attached to camera, tripod mounted portable bar (optional), GPS system for on-site logbook entries, tape recorder for on-site notes, and belly pack for iPhone and iPad. Special personal note: the bottom of the tripod buggy system has a triangular piece of half inch epoxy coated Brunzeel plywood. This is where the three 60 pound batteries sit. However, in my case this is where my dog Rufus sits (mostly lies). He likes to come with me on photo excursions but his legs and feet and knees aren't what they used to be.

Rufus: I don't always feel tip top. Bark. Woof.

So what to do with the batteries? Simple. I wear a mountain climbing harness with a snap hook on the back and pull a little red wagon behind me that has the three 60 pound batteries in it. Something to think about and an excellent example of engineers solving problems. Any downside to this? Well, if you are about to take a picture of the rising sun through the feathers of a hummingbird's wing and Rufus starts scratching because of fleas you can get a migraine headache. Trust me on this. Carry flea powder. Anyway, that is a partial list of additional features and benefits and details and miscellanea regarding the new Dana Digital Wonder Camera that should make the current Thailand digital 'It-Fits-In-Your-Pocket' brigade shut up.

Contact this website's webmaster (or abused office staff) for shipping, monogramming, packaging, insurance issues, and T-shirt size and color offerings. No, I am not available for instruction manual signings or personal time of any kind. What were you thinking? And what of the price? Well, here at Dana Central we don't really know yet. So just send us all the money you have and any money we do not need we will return to you. If you want to sign a waiver on this we will use any excess funds for partying. It's an option. Up to you. So that's it: the new Dana Digital Wonder Camera (DDWC).

444. Monger Thrift

TT&A Part 389 20/7/2013

Special Note: My birthday is coming up. Stick has my clothing sizes for those of you who want to get me a nice gift. I like faux black armadillo hide pants with cotton linings, crocodile shoes with goatskin interiors, and pleated silk shirts. Cummerbunds, cravats, and spats are not necessary. I do not like to attract attention to myself. There is no need to send me waist length black banged bargirl wigs. I am now getting those myself at the first shop on the left inside Big Mike's Department Store in Pattaya. Just sayin'. Anyway, my birthday is coming up. An excellent opportunity to remember that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

A Friend, An Axe Blade, A Bladder, And A Penis

> *"If your hand freezes to your axe blade at 50 below, urinate on it. If both hands freeze to your axe blade, you'd better have a friend along."* — Vilhjalmur Stefansson

Well, at least we don't have that problem in Thailand. But that is not really what I want to talk about today. What I want to talk about today is:

Sharp Predatory Teeth

> *"she had little sharp predatory teeth, as white as fresh orange pith and as shiny as porcelain."*
>
> *"her face fell apart like a bride's pie crust."*
>
> *"She worked the smile. I was having the eye put on me. I was being brought into camp. I was going to yell "Yippee!" and ask her to go to Yuma."*
>
> —quotes from The Big Sleep by Raymond Chandler

Hey, wouldn't this Raymond Chandler kat have been great writing about the Thai-farang scene? I think so. Someone should do an article on all the past authors (authors from the past) who would have been great (or interesting) describing foreign men, Thai ladies, and Thailand. Some of these writers might even have done better work. Example: Hemingway wrote about bulls and bullfighting et al and we all looked for high intelligence and gifted writing and special meanings because it was all so boring.

We wasted our time and our emotions and our money on books we could not finish reading. But Hemingway actually believed he was a writer. Maybe the problem was that he had not discovered his place and his subject matter. Maybe a small town reporter and an outsized ego could have made a success of describing the Pattaya boardwalk love games. Maybe Mr. Hemingway would have done better work in Pattaya, etc.

Anyway, I think imagining past writers of note as Thailand scribes would be fun. Poor blind Milton would not have been able to see the offshore restaurants and the pathetic tramp stamps on the girls, but he would have been able to listen. What would he have written back at the A.A. Hotel? And a good/horrific example: Charles Bukowski, with perhaps Chiang Mai Kelly as his guide. I tend to think that Mr. Bukowski was supposed to be in Thailand from the start but there was some kind of scheduling mixup. Imagine Melville taking the scene all so seriously and at such great length. Or perhaps ... you get the idea.

So maybe this is an idea that some Stickmanbangkok.com reader can follow up on. A new and fun approach to the Thai-farang genre. I would chase this idea around but ... oops, sweet sufferin' Jesus, look at that woman over there holding up a palm tree. Gotta go.

Works For Me

> *"Freeman is an improvement over "Rings" lead Elijah Wood, who turns up briefly as Frodo in the framing story, where the older version of Bilbo (again Ian Holm) relates his youthful adventures. That's when Bilbo was recruited by Gandalf (the wonderful Ian McKellen, who appears throughout) for a quest not unlike that undertaken by his nephew Frodo decades later."*—from the movie review of THE HOBBIT: AN UNEXPECTED JOURNEY by Lou Lumenick in the New York Post newspaper.

OK, again:

> *"Freeman is an improvement over "Rings" lead Elijah Wood, who turns up briefly as Frodo in the framing story, where the older version of Bilbo (again Ian Holm) relates his youthful adventures. That's when Bilbo was recruited by Gandalf (the wonderful Ian McKellen, who appears throughout) for a quest not unlike that undertaken by his nephew Frodo decades later."*

Holy Frodo Batman: say that in the Thai language you Thai fluent alpha expat. OK, OK; probably not 100% fair. I'm not certain all English speakers could say this in English in smooth sounding comprehension the first time. But it should alert you to the complexity of languages and the long odds of learning to speak a language.

It does, however, happily remind me of one of the things about the Kingdom that is welcome to me at my age. To wit: I am not going to have to think like this (white man) or talk like this (white man) anymore. All done. Finished. Retired. Finito. Sitting on this bed with the TV channel clicker in my hand watching my girlfriend Na hand washing clothes in the hotel sink nobody is saying anything to anybody. Works for me.

And finally a report on:

Monger Thrift

On the fascinating subject of practicing monger thrift, you don't actually have to use the rooms at a hotel. Just take your teeruk honey bunny to the top floor in the elevator and walk down the stairs one half floor to the landing. Nobody who lives near the top floor of a hotel ever uses the stairs. Your Isaan minx will appreciate your money saving cleverness.

Note: I didn't get this idea on my own. One night Chiang Mai Kelly was showing me how he can place a satang in his butt cheeks and squeeze out a 5 baht coin and he mentioned this great thrift stratagem of using top floor stair landings for lovemaking. In fact, sometimes (many times) he does not even check into hotels; he just camps out on the top floor stair landings. You've got to respect that. He also has a source on discounted used lube if you are interested. You've got to respect that. Monger thrift. A subject that does not get enough attention.

There is a similar money saving technique that involves hanging out in food courts. When a party gets up and leaves you wait until the waitress or waiter is not looking and then you hustle on over and finish the drinks and food. Again, not original but a money saving tactic for mongers that does not get enough attention. I could go on but I think it would be more fun for you guys to send in your own personal ways of saving money. Send them to Stickman. Maybe he will work up a new department for Stickmanbangkok.com or maybe he will work them up into a Weekly. Saving money is important. Every 500 baht you save is 500 baht that you can spend on the boardwalk. I recently gave Fa 200 baht to be spent on those white jeans that she wears that I like. That 200 baht splurge was only possible because of money saved elsewhere. A warning: counterfeit money, egregious lying, and aggressive behavior should not be a part of monger thrift. Just sayin'. So send your personal stories and recommendations and ideas into the Stickmeister. When, after a suitable amount of time, absolutely nothing has happened: send them to me. And, as always; Stay Away From Fa.

445. List Connectiveness

TT&A Part 390 27/7/2013

Greetings Stickmanbangkok.com fans and Dana fans. Today a three part submission consisting of a social science idea, a biology science idea, and a party note. Other contributors to this website give you a hard hitting interview with a Rangoon rustic working in a tire recapping plant followed by a photo of the author's cellphone on a restaurant table. We scatter diamonds before you. Nuff said. Oh, and one more thing: I am, for a limited time, making Fa available to interested farang. Read on for details.

A politically correct idea espoused by those that want to pose as smart and insightful is that everything is connected. If we are just interested and open and watchful we will spot the connectiveness of all: an idea too easy to parody. Still, sometimes you have to wonder.

For example, the following are the names of some British destroyers: Daring, Ferret, Lynx, Banshee, Dragon, Rocket, Shark, Ardent (a velly British name), Boxer, Bruiser, Spitfire, Swordfish, Charger, Dasher (velly British again), Fervent (oh those British), Conflict, Hasty, Desperate (a little odd to American ears), Thrasher, Hunter, Vulture (again, odd to American ears for a military vessel), and Sparrowhawk—paraquoted from Compass by Gurney.

Do you see the connectiveness here to the Thai experience for foreign males? Of course you do. Me also. At one time or at another time, or more likely times, I have met girls working at the Mickey Mouse Underpants bar in Pattaya (past Third Road—look for broken cinder blocks and rusty chained link fence) with the exact same names and personalities. I have pleasant memories of Spitfire and Lynx (you can call me Rynx). Memories of

Banshee and Desperate and Shark still creep me out. Real destroyers.

Pattaya Gary, monger alpha male, can tell you stories about Thrasher (aka #68) and Vulture (aka #12) that he engaged in action at the Superbabies bar off of Walking Street. Personally I would not have the guts to chat up a Thai woman named Vulture but that is how Gary and I are different. Anyway, you can contact him for details if you want. Hint: do not ask about Oy. Her name was never on a British destroyer. There was no HMS OY, but there should have been. Actually, Oy's name should have been on a cruiser or a battleship. Again, contact Pattaya Gary for details.

So anyway, what of this social-science-spooky theory that somehow everything is connected? Maybe. In Thailand.

Science Note: Sea Slug Penis

This just in Dana fans and relevant-to-Thailand science fans: Susan Milius in an article on p. 9 of the March 23, 2013 issue of ScienceNews (magazine of the society for science & the public) entitled SEA SLUG CARRIES DISPOSABLE PENIS (all capitals mine) announces that hermaphrodite sea slugs have disposable and replaceable penises. According to Ayami Sekizawa, evolutionary biologist of Osaka City University; some twenty minutes after copulation, the penis just falls off. Later, like lead being extruded from the end of a mechanical pencil, a new penis appears.

So, losing a penis (imagine an angry Thai lady cutting off her man's penis) for a sea slug isn't a tragedy, it's an opportunity. An opportunity for a new penis. Apparently, the new penis appears when needed and this writer's mind boggles. When I think of all the time in my life that I wasted worrying about my penis and all I had to do was be a hermaphrodite sea slug.

Several convenient applications of this idea immediately come to mind regarding foreign male-Thai female couplings and relationships in Thailand. I am too busy with my monthly allotment of self-pity and unfocused anger to follow up on this very interesting subject so I ask Stickmanbangkok.com readers to do the requisite pondering and writing. Maybe the website Stickmanbangkok.com could have a section called Sea Slug Penis Dynamics and the Future of Thai-Farang Relationships?

At any rate, Mr. Stickman is too busy with Stickmanbangkok franchising issues, pharmaceuticals manufacturing, screenplay negotiations, and custom monogrammed condoms to be the front man on this. Send your articles or essays or stories or research regarding this science news to Chiang Mai Kelly or 500 Baht Walt. They will handle the initial reading of manuscripts, proofing, and editing. Note: can they be bribed? Hey, I'm not sayin'. I'm just sayin' is all.

Dana Enterprises Note

February the sixteenth will be the eighth anniversary of Dana Enterprises new location here on South Pattaya Road in Pattaya. In keeping with now mythic anniversary party fun I am going to be dressed up as a bar girl and ensconced in one of Pattaya's bars. I will be wearing the standard Bangkok schoolgirl outfit of white shirt, pleated short skirt, white socks, and black shoes. My black wig will be of the bangs variety and my hair will poke through the hole in the back of a Hello Kitty baseball cap.

Underneath my skirt I will be wearing a brass temple bell with hanging brass leaf. If you can find me and ring my bell you will win a prize. However, if what you are trying to ring under my short pleated skirt is not my brass temple bell you will be beaten senseless by an angry mamasan who remembers when she was pretty.

The bar will be somewhere between Soi 15 and the alley to the Right Spot Hotel before Soi 16 and Second Road. Chiang Mai Kelly will choose the bar, Pattaya Gary will serve as personal security for me, and office girl Bong will take pictures. The grand prize will be awarded at the office of Dana Enterprises the next day and you must show to win. And no the prize is not transferable. Remember folks, it's a party to commemorate the eighth anniversary of the move of Dana Enterprises from Soi 4 in Bangkok to Pattaya. Drunken Kiwis and drunken Aussies who can't stop grabbin' for my bell and ringing my bell will become police incidents.

There's a party coming,
And I want you to know:
There won't be tofu,
And there won't be blow.

Just me in a skirt
Hiding a brass bell.
Your personal flirt
If you can tell.

So hit the bars
And take your chances.
I'm somewhere out there
Not wearing panties.

February the sixteenth Dana Fans: the eighth anniversary of the new Dana Enterprises office in Pattaya. In the words of Frank Zappa: be there or be square. The Lido Beach Hotel will be party central, the dead end soi will be a block party, and all food and drink will be free. 500 Baht Walt will come down from the Mothership in Bangkok and handle the pig roast Hawaiian style, Pattaya Emma will serve drinks in a dress that is 1" too short, music will be by a twelve piece band of nothing but horns, and Fa will be available. Yes, Fa will be available. Every 100 baht you give her is 100 baht I do not have to give to her. There is always time for good money management. The dictum Stay Away From Fa will be temporarily lifted for the eighth annual Dana Enterprises Pattaya commemorative party. And yes; that's right: food and drink will be free. Who loves you? Dana does..

446. Really? What? Really?

TT&A Part 391 3/8/2013

Hello Dana fans from Lapland, to Tierra del Fuego, to Minsk, to Bhoomi Shoomi Loomi Doomi in Isaan (OK, Fa and I have had a few whiskeys): today a critique of a Thai government sponsored magazine ad that appeared in a business magazine in the States. I had a lot of fun doing this and it occurred to me that it would be fun to feature once in a while critiques of these government sponsored ads. Many governments pay big money to present the features and benefits of their country chiefly to investors and other governments.

Sometimes the text reads like fiction. After all, who really knows how much bauxite Somalia exports? And who is going to fact check a country saying that their mangos taste better than the mangos of any other country? A little puffing is OK and looked on indulgently the way a parent smiles at a fibbing child, but hyperbole that strays over the line into fiction should not be necessary or allowed. I love Thailand like the smile on my daughter's face (if I had a daughter and if she had a face), but sometimes it asks a lot of the thoughtful alert modern person. So do what Fa and I are doing: get some ice and get some glasses and get some whiskey and read the following:

In 2012, in a U.S. based business magazine, the country of Thailand in the advertising section posted a four page three section presentation of the Kingdom as a good place for international businesses and individual investors to do business. One section was an interview of Prime Minister Yingluck Shinawatra. Another section talks about Thailand's desirability as a place of commerce. For example:

1. "2012 GDP (projection): USD 373.3 billion."

Excuse me, shouldn't they be posting the 2011 GDP?

2. "Foreign Reserves (November 2012): USD 180.5 billion."

OK, I would very much like to know what the government of Thailand defines as reserves. 180.5 billion? Really? I admit I am kind of a nutter about this but most people do not know what a billion is. How many department heads can articulate accurately a billion?

3. "Unemployment Rate (November 2012): 0.7%."

Really? 0.7%? Countries with full employment don't have numbers this low. Does Thailand count all of the beggars and table top sidewalk merchants who do not pay taxes and non-registered workers as employed? This is so absurd that there is not enough whiskey to handle this. Fa and I might have to order in some beers.

4. "2nd largest sugar exporter."

2nd largest sugar exporter? Raise your hands if you have ever seen any sign of sugar production in Thailand. Hundreds of thousands of acres of sugar cane stretching from horizon to horizon. What? Me neither. How many of the people involved in this four page advertisement have ever seen any sign of sugar production? OK, too hard; how about Thai legislators? No hands? OK, I don't want to be unfair. Maybe the plants that are grown to produce the sugar (beets and cane) are grown in secret underground caves. I would have appreciated some information on this in the 'invest in Thailand' advertisement in the U.S. based business magazine. Just me. Sometimes it is just too easy. How many Thai tour guides could give you any information about sugar exports? I am guessing the answer is none.

5. "11th top tourist destination by receipts (UN World Tourist Organization)."

11th? Is this something to brag about? Receipts? How about tourists? The island nation of Bermuda is better at tourism. Another marker of successfully selling the charms of a country is by the number of returning tourists. How many tourists come once but do not come again? Receipts? Silly. How many people? That is how tourism is measured.

6. "10th in Asia for economic freedom (Heritage Foundation)."

Wow, impressive. 10th. 10th out of how many? Looks like last to me, and I am sure many of the international business people contemplating investing in Thailand would like to know what 'economic freedom' is. I know I would. Is that anything like endemic corruption or double pricing for foreigners? Just asking. If I was an international investor and I saw this I would never invest in Thailand. Makes you wonder about the wisdom of putting this in as a feature/benefit article.

Well, I don't want to look like I am unfairly piling on. These are just the skin on the custard. The feature/benefit statements that got my extra attention. There were many other examples of the desirability of Thailand for investing. Who knows, maybe all of the other statements in the four page three section presentation would meet my standards for veracity. I hope so. The nation would benefit from international investment and international exposure. All I know for certain is:

> *"Oh what a tangled web we weave, When first we practise to deceive."*—Sir Walter Scott (Marmion, 1808)

Sincerely yours,
Dana

P.S. I'm sorry. I just can not let this go because I was brought up in aviation. My father flew torpedo bombers off of carriers in the Pacific during WWII, later managed an airport in Indiana, designed planes as an engineer, and convinced my mother to become a pilot. The bathroom floor was covered with aviation magazines, there were pictures on the walls, and airplane models in the basement. To wit:

7. “28 commercial airports.”

OK, just tell me where the crack party is. I give up. I would very much like to know if the public relations people working for the Thai government know what the word commercial means to investors who have to import and export material. Stating that you have 28 commercial airports means that you have 28 airports with the infrastructure to handle receiving, warehousing, documentation, and freight carrying planes. If you went to many of these airports and mentioned the word infrastructure what kind of a response do you think you would get?

I would be curious to know if the people who got the account for this advertising know what a commercial airport is, or even have Thailand Immigration stamps in their passports. 28 commercial airports? The air should be thick with commercial planes bringing in material and shipping out product. It isn’t.

Just sayin’.

447. Expat Dreaming

TT&A Part 392 10/8/2013

Sa wa dii khraps (or cups for the linguistically lazy Thais): Dana here with three little stories. Enjoy. And remember … OK, I forgot.

> *"You're at Kimpo USAFB, Korea, 1952. That piercing whine you hear is a flight of F-86 Sabre jets running up for take-off. In a few minutes, you're going to be airborne with Major Pattaya Dana, clashing with MiG-15's. At the speed of sound, 33,000 feet above the earth, where winner and loser are determined by whoever manages to get … the edge."*—stolen from Blazing Combat, c2009, p. 145

OK, reality check—I'm in a bathroom in a room at the A. A. Hotel in Pattaya, Thailand using tweezers to pull hairs out of my sixty year old

(Jesus, I am starting to look like my father) face. After that I'll shave, and shower, and brush my teeth 'till they bleed.

I gave Fa two hundred baht yesterday to buy a pair of those white jeans I love to see her in. Hope she has them on. So, I'm not about to be airborne over the skies of Korea. Just dreaming I guess. But wait a minute—aren't I livin' a dream? How many men would like to be hittin' the boardwalk this morning to engage the enemy? OK, the girls are not exactly the enemy but it is for sure engagement.

"You're at South Pattaya, Thailand, 2009. That deep throaty roar you hear is a fighter group of mongers running up for boardwalk engagement. In a few minutes, they're going to be crossing Beach Road, jumping the curb, crashing through the bushes with Dana, clashing with hookers. Not above the earth but under the palm trees, where winner and loser are determined by whoever manages to get … the edge.”

Fighting MiG-15’s over Korea, dressing to go meet Fa: I guess life is just dreams. But they are good dreams—man dreams. Dreams of engagement, glory, and happiness. I’m a lucky sixty year old man. I’m still dreaming and still dropping out of the clouds with both guns blazing. In a couple of minutes I’ll have my arms around Fa. Well, OK; I won’t have my arms around her on the boardwalk because she does not permit public affection, and she does not want the police to take her to the Monkey House; but you get the idea. Life. It’s all dreams.

Crime Scene Tape

Sometimes when I mention that I have just returned from Thailand, or that I am about to go to Thailand; I get this:

“Oh, I just love to travel.”

Do you? I sometimes want to see their passports (if they even have one) but I never ask. And traveling from New York to Bermuda, or Detroit to Montreal, or Spain to Portugal is not traveling. ‘Traveling’ is when your chances of loss of health, loss of dignity, or loss of life are existent-to-high: in some cases, guaranteed. This is traveling:

> *“On top of smallpox and yellow fever, I got shots against typhoid, plague, cholera, polio, and tetanus: pills for dysentery, diarrhoea, and malaria;”*—from Travels with Myself and Another by Martha Gellhorn.

I once had an attack of food poisoning on a plane departing Bangkok. My rectum opened up like a valve on a three inch pipe and then my entire system evacuated. Since I had spent the previous twenty-four hours (my last day in Bangkok) eating a lot, there was a LOT to evacuate. No, I didn’t make it to the bathroom in time. The stewardess got my carry on bag and escorted me to the bathroom. I had already destroyed the seat I was sitting in, and he placed blankets in the aisle for me to walk on. It was pouring out of my pants legs and over my belt. I left my shoes, socks, pants, underpants, undershirt, shirt and belt on the bathroom floor.

Everything was impregnated and destroyed with brown liquid fecal matter. By the time I had gotten out of those clothes and then into new clothes there was brown stuff on the ceiling, walls, floor, sink, mirror, and toilet. The bathroom was destroyed and not available to about three hundred people in coach class for the five and a half hour flight to Narita.

The crew did not attempt to clean the bathroom. They just sealed it up with yellow crime scene tape that zig zagged from side to side.

Now, that is traveling.

Tension In The Force

Lately there has been some tension in the Force on this wonderful website regarding the proper way for non-Thai males of the visiting and the ex-pat kind to behave while in the Kingdom.

If I could share with all of you a part of my personal life: I have developed an idea that works wonderfully starting with the bus driver of the tarmac van, then the Immigration officials, currency conversion staff, the lady at the taxi line desk, the taxi driver, the check-in clerks at the hotel, the porter, and then all of the other Thais I meet while in the Kingdom. Since this is the holiday season and since it is more blessed to give than to receive; I freely and happily gift this idea to you.

What I do is this. On arrival at Bhumi, coming down the stairs from the plane to the tarmac; I reach into my carry-on bag and pull out a large sign that I hang around my neck. In the Thai language it says:

I AM NOT IN YOUR COUNTRY TO
HAVE SEX WITH YOUR DAUGHTER

Try this. I recommend it. Nothing is more important than being a good guest in a foreign country, nothing is more important than being culturally sensitive, and I believe this sign would be influential if you ever wound up in a Thai court over some 'situation'.

I know this kind of idea seems like the kind of brilliant idea I could just throw off like the sun throws off bursts of heat and light and radiation; but a lot of thought has gone into this sign. The main material is mulberry bark and the white vinyl frame that surrounds the words is cut from new Go-Go boots. The words are superimposed over a picture of rose colored glasses, there are various smiley face and elephant decals—-glitter, lots of glitter. Sure, technically the words are enough, but presentation always helps. I think the Thais appreciate this. Walk around with one of these signs around your neck and I guarantee you will get attention. It's all about the love.

448. Thailand Pestilence

TT&A Part 393 17/8/2013

Hello Stickmanbangkok.com fans and Dana fans: well, we have managed to stagger into Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes—Part 393. Three little items. Good luck. And remember … OK, I forgot. Oh no, now I remember: Stay Away From Fa.

Koot Hoomi

> *"The Secret Doctrine takes the form of an immense commentary on certain stanzas in the Book of Dzyan, originally written in the language of Senzar that HPB had learned from Koot Hoomi in Tibet."*—Madame and the Masters, John Crowley

Yeah, baby; all that and a bucket of Koot Hoomi to go at your local Tibetan KFC. Sometimes I get emails from humans not in the Dana Fan Club (DFC) or the Church of Dana (COD) doubting the veracity of one of my stories. Ask yourself this question. Have you ever seen one of my paragraphs in which Koot Hoomi, The Secret Doctrine, the language of Senzar, and the book of Dzyan all appeared together in some unlikely alliance of cosmic connectiveness and content? Exactly. I think I have made my point. So following this preamble is a simple story and every word is true.

It's Dana time,
And I want you to know;
I don't eat tofu,
And I don't do blow.

Every word in the following
Is simple and true.
Distilled from my life,
And sent to you.

No need for Koot Hoomi,
An unlikely kat
Just Boom Boom Boomi
And like that.

Or something. Enjoy.

Fun With Astronomy In Thailand*

I receive a lot of emails from stargazers and cosmology hounds from all over the world wanting to know if there are any ways to understand the Thai-farang world using astronomy definitions. OK, so far I haven't received any of these emails but I probably will pretty soon. Anyway, that is not really the point. Here are six ways to understand the Thai-farang experience if you are an astronomer.

1. Absolute zero: the point at which a substance has no heat. You know, like your Thai wife three years after you have taken her to Manchester or Liverpool.

2. Atoms: tiny particles of a substance. If you look you may find one in a bar girl's head but what's the point? I mean, what are you going to do with one atom?

3. Big Bang: a super-powerful explosion that scientists believe created the universe approximately 13.7 billion years ago. Similar to what will happen in your hotel room in Pattaya when your girlfriend finds pictures of other girls. No use trying to explain this. You have already been obliterated.

4. Black Hole: extremely dense invisible object that forms when a massive star collapses from its own gravity. Nothing inside a black hole can escape, not even light. What you will be in if you stop giving your Pattaya girlfriend money.

5. Galaxy: a huge collection of stars, star clusters, dust, and gas that measures thousands of light-years across. Similar to a

Rainbow Bar dancer's brain. No focus, and anything can be in there, and anything can happen. Beautiful to contemplate at a distance, dangerous and possibly lethal up close.

6. Singularity: an infinitely small and extremely dense point at the center of a black hole where time and space stop. Experienced by me when I am talking to Ting under a palm tree at night on the boardwalk in Pattaya. I can see her soft brown shoulders, I can see her chest rise and fall as she talks, and I can smell her hair: time and space stop. Bliss.

Well, there you have it astronomy enthusiasts: ways to understand your new world from your point of view. Just don't overdue it. The only inflation theory the girls are interested in is in your pants, carrying a tripod and telescope will work against you later when they find out it does not take pictures of them, and mentioning Einstein's anything will cause them to pass out from boredom. Think of time on the boardwalk as telescope time you had to book in advance and that is costing you money: be efficient, be focused, be happy. Supernova 1994D can be seen on the outskirts of galaxy NGC 4526. At least that is what they say. I think I saw her on the boardwalk six years ago and her name was Mort.

Sincerely yours,
Dana

* with apologies to The Mysterious Universe by Ellen Jackson

Pestilence

Women have three stages of life.

Youth—"I love horses Daddy."
Adult—the estrogen pestilence years.
Elderly—they become clean freaks or religious freaks. Sometimes both.

The only years available to women to make material societal contributions are the adult years. But they do not make infrastructure or material contributions and have not done so in five thousand years. In fact, the subject never comes up because there is nothing to talk about. Look out your window. Everything you see was envisioned, and designed, and risked, and financed, and built by men. Contributions to physical civilization by women are approximately zero.

What do adult women do? They bleed, and they breed, and they shop, and they complain. An estrogen pestilence is man's reward for building the world.

Women have no interest in morals, achievement, progress associated risk, or philosophy. And as soon as they no longer need the eggs fertilized through the sex act they have no interest in men. This is the future.

So, if your Thai girlfriend or your Thai wife treats you trivially—do not get upset, get smart. She's the harbinger of the future. Your future. She's the warning shot. She is the bugle sound before the social charge. Her indifference and her predation is your future. She's the future estrogen pestilence you can't survive. Start packing.

You are holding doors for women? You are dancing around like a pathetic bear in a Russian circus trying to attract their attention and earn their approval? You are living with a Thai woman? Would you choose to live with Dengue fever, or Malaria, or a twelve foot king cobra? What is the matter with you? Are you crazy? Start packing.

449. Too Much Fun

TT&A Part 394 24/8/2013

She Looks Fabulous

She is coming home today. Oh God, I've missed her so. When we are apart time just stops for me. The hands on the clock do not move. The sun in the sky seems to be stuck. I believe it is the same for her. Neither one of us are real talkers but when you spend years together as a couple you just develop a mystic simpatico. You know what the other one is thinking and feeling. I love her.

I had to go into Bangkok's most reputable hospital for ego reduction surgery. Too many complaints at home. Anyway, I had my friend Kurt from Chiang Rai come down and pick her up. She'll stay with him for a week. She does not like to be alone and she has hip problems: needs help going up stairs, and needs help getting into cars. She's spent time with Kurt before. It's all good.

We've been a fixture in the neighborhood for years. A happy couple. Bonded. Committed. Flowing into each other like water. Never a word said by others. Just happy acceptance by wonderful Thais. We are both getting older but the Thais can see mutual love in our dimming eyes. We walk together, we sit together, and we eat ice cream cones together. It's all good. A life spent with a kindred spirit and happiness I never knew until I came to the Kingdom. Her name is Binky. My name is Dana.

Kurt is going to bring her home today. I'm all dressed up, vibrating like a tuning fork, and fighting back tears. I'm standing taller and walking rather than staggering. Excited. I'm also a little late. Hurrying down Soi 22 I can see Kurt helping her out of the car in front of Denny's. She looks fabulous. And it looks like Kurt spent some money on her. She's wearing a new sparkly necklace called a choker, sporting a new haircut, and her nails have been done. Sweet Jesus on a cracker I had forgotten how beautiful she is. And the fact that she is an older woman now is irrelevant. Love does not pay attention to the years, only the moments.

Then I am close enough to shout out a greeting. To declare my presence. To advertise my love and to advertise my need. It's 7:30 in the morning and I am surrounded by Thais hurrying to the start of their day. Nobody notices the ex-pat or his love like two lonely wires about to be rejoined. It's a private rushing moment. I call out:

Me: Hi Kurt.
Kurt: Hi Dana.
Me: Hi Binky.
Binky: Woof.

Too Much Fun

> *"The comedy of correction, which would include the Aristophanes of The Clouds and The Wasps, Leon Battista Alberti's allegorical comic tale Momus (written in the 1440's), Erasmus, Rabelais, some elements of Cervantes (though Don Quixote amiably contains many comic modes), Swift, Moliere, and Flaubert's Bovard and Pecuchet, is satirical in impulse, frequently violent and farcical, keen to see through the weaknesses of mankind, and essentially prenovelistic."*— James Wood, from The Irresponsible Self: On Laughter and the Novel.

Well, of course: who could disagree with this. I mean really, it's so obvious you have to wonder why Mr. Woods (I call him Jimmy) even took the time to write it down. I think. OK, I'm not really sure what I think. Sixty five words and thirteen punctuation marks in one sentence. There are 312 pps. of these whopper sentences in this book including one stunner on page 303 that I simply did not have enough life left to copy out. And get this: the subtitle is On Laughter and the Novel. I didn't laugh once.

And yet, Mr. Woods (I call him Jimmy) is considered by many people a gifted literary critic. So the fact that I often stared at some of his passages like an Egyptian hound staring at the Rosetta Stone is really a comment on me. I'm just not big enough in the old brain department. I'm not smart enough. I'm just not as smart as Mr. Woods.

I think of this book sometimes when I get emails telling me that my writing, and my storytelling, and my wordsmithing skills stink and I should just skulk away from the Thai-farang writing scene. Well, possibly my critics are correct: but before I put down my pen, I'd like to see my critics wrestle around in the mud first with this book and come up victorious.

I freely admit that Mr. Woods will probably never find my writing as attractive for his literary criticism skills as some of the unreadable books from the past; on the other hand, I think I have a more accessible notion of laughter than he does. This book is so dry you would not want to read it in the sun; it might spontaneously combustulate (Woodsian word) in your hands.

This book made me feel intellectually and academically inferior and I deserved it. Still, I am glad that the Thai-farang writing genre is so young that dissectatory (Woodsian word again) literary criticism like Mr. Wood's is just not possible yet.

We are still having too much fun.

Dana Note

September 12, 2013

At 1:16 AM two of my Beacon Hill mansion windows were broken by rocks. Not meteorites or errant space debris but cobblestones dug up out of Acorn St. and then carried over to my house in Louisburg Square. Big heavy 18th century cobblestones hurled by agitated humans through my purple 19th century glass windowpanes. Police were called.

Cobblestone hurlers were arrested, paddy wagons were summoned, photos were taken, witness accounts recorded, cobblestones labeled and bagged for the lab, and the unhappy humans transported to Long Island in the harbor to have their heads shaved, bodies examined for vermin, and new clothes issued. To be transported to Long Island in Boston harbor, incarcerated, stripped, hosed down, deloused, and counseled because of temporary mental instability over a Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes issue might seem harsh, hyperbolic even; but I demur: I believe every individual of the populace should be transported, incarcerated, stripped, deloused, and counseled once per year. It would benefit everybody. Naturally, I would be in charge. But I almost digress. Anyway, my attorney was summoned. Military scramble jets out of Hampton Roads, Virginia picked up him and his staff in Nassau and flew them to Boston.

The early morning crowd had been building and fomenting for hours. Normally I do not pay attention to the little people but in this case I made a mistake. Speeches had been made, signed affidavits presented to my servant staff, and local Dana Fan Club members listened to by my head butler Somchai. Gossip had turned to rumor, premonition to paranoia, civilized values to social unrest.

The problem? Dana Enterprise leaks had made it known that Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes would not be going to number 500. There would not be a Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes—Part 500. Hearts and hopes were ripped asunder. People felt abandoned and bereft. Grief counselors had to be called. None of the speech makers or rock throwers were sufficiently advanced on the evolutionary scale to be able to handle the depression and sadness. It was a problem without a solution.

Then the descent into madness started as people lost their mental stability and all hope. Grief counselors were beaten up. Unkind and unnecessary things were said about Fa. The front garden bronze statue of Pattaya office dog Rufus was treated disrespectfully. Flowers were trampled and one demented Dana Fan Club member (#24,567) burned his membership card.

There will not be a Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes—Part 500. I have been asked by nations, institutions, and individuals to make contributions to humanity in different ways. Please don't hate me because I am special. I am from the fourth spiral arm of the Torndule galaxy. It can not be any other way. The retirement train is coming and we should all be happy to hear it. I am ascending to godhead status and I can not take you with me. You knew that.

Love Dana

450. Whence Does Credibility Come?

TT&A Part 395 31/8/2013

The printed word with an author's name attached in a prestige magazine like The New Yorker? What greater credibility? But how much of our acceptance is based on props? The printed word on a page in a prestige magazine that you can hold in your hands with a well known author's name attached? What if the same text ideas had been presented on the Internet by an unknown writer? Same result? Same acceptance by the readers? No. Props always augment credibility. The clothed man gets more respect than the naked man even though they might both share the same moral-ethical core and have the same worthy insights and entertainments. The hat on the head helps.

Example: In the November 21, 2011 issue of The New Yorker magazine on page 122 there is an article by Martin Amis titled Laureate of Terror. Cue instant respect. In the Introduction (two long paragraphs), Mr. Amis approaches with examples the idea that:

> *"When we say we love a writer's work, we are always stretching the truth: what we really mean is that we love about half of it. Sometimes rather more than half, sometimes rather less."*

Depending on your enthusiasms you might not share all of Mr. Amis's conclusions regarding great author's works but the props will carry you along. You will read the Introduction and nod your head in agreement. But what if I, a literary nobody, had made the same remarks on the Internet? And would Mr. Amis ever consider sending in his essay to the Internet rather than the prop heavy magazine?

My point? My point is almost a sidebar rant but not quite. To wit: where are the heavy hitter writers on the Internet and why don't they want to play? In many ways the Internet is the new front line. At the battle of Thermopylae 300 Spartans held back the Persians. Every Spartan died. But every one of those Spartans did not die at the same time. The bravest and the most noteworthy were in the front line. Others had to wait their turn to win historical honor. Why are the Martin Amis writers hanging back on the Internet? Why aren't they in the front line?

Many men go to Thailand to engage in the sometimes life altering pleasure of holding a beautiful smiling naked woman in their arms. Some of these happy foreign male participants must surely be book reviewers, poets, screenplay producers, playwrights, and writers in their own countries. How come we never hear about their Thai pleasures on the Internet? Where is the writing about your Thailand experience Mr. Famous Writer? I know I saw you looking at my Fa on the boardwalk in Pattaya and a couple of days before that I saw you throwing ping pong balls in the Electric Blue bar on Walking Street. Nothing to say? The experience did not have an effect on you or stay with you? I don't believe it. I think 'famous' writers not making contributions to the Internet is a kind of fraud. They want by their lack of participation to sell an idea that is a fraud. You made a trip to the Kingdom and no part of the man-woman experience was life enhancing? You are a liar.

Don't want to throw the dice in our game? Don't feel we are qualified to read your writing? Don't want to be in the front line? It makes me wonder how much we are losing about the farang-Thai experience because so many opt out of participating. It is a loss to the genre not to be regained because time is linear and the past unrecorded is forgotten. I know of one prolific farang-Thai arena writer who is sometimes pilloried because he writes ‘so much’ about Pattaya and adventures therein. Well, who else is recording the present that will someday become the not forgotten archived past? If not him, then what other him? Unrecorded history fades fast, maybe he is doing history a favor by writing and recording. Anyway, one of Pattaya’s recorders won’t be Martin Amis on the Internet, that’s for sure. He’s too busy waiting for his message machine to record the next editor’s message from a fancy magazine:

“Dear Martin: a very thoughtful, well researched essay. We just need to make basic changes to the beginning, the middle, the end, the font you chose, the margins, the concept, the tone, word count, number of paragraphs, references (too many), polysyllabic words (too many), facts (too many), and alternative points-of-view (too confusing). Also we are going to eliminate all historical and religious and literary references as well as the interior story that happens in Albania (nobody cares about Albania). We are very glad you have decided to come on board Fancy Pants Magazine as a part-time, unpaid, freelance famous author stringer. Don’t even consider sending this story into the Internet. Nobody there reads or would understand your brilliance.

Bye-the-way, your next assignment should you accept it will be to examine writers on the Internet. Since there aren’t any real writers on the Internet, we expect you to do an in depth hard hitting overview in about 800 words.

Best regards, Mortimer Limpdick”

Conclusion? Hey, Mr. Famous Writer, do you manage to mention at every August cocktail party on Nantucket that the whole writer thing is just beyond you, you are just a leaf on the wind of compulsion? And do you then let it drop that you couldn’t finish Norman Mailer’s The Armies of the Night because it was too ... and then you use a French word? And is this bit of New York cleverness followed by the unasked for information that you bought your red yachting pants in 1968?

Hey, I'm just the little waiter guy in a white jacket with brass buttons serving you fish paste on Ritz crackers but I love the act. I'm high fiveing you in my mind and giving credit where credit is due. You are one Woody Allen alpha male. Of course I never see you body surfing at Madaket beach but that's because you are molding and sculpting text art at home. Sure you are.

So, how about showing us a little of this gifted-from-God writer compulsion on the Internet? How many people read The New Yorker magazine? Now, how many Internet viewers watch videos of a moose with his foot stuck in a bucket? I think I have made my point. So let's try to be nice to the current writers on the Internet who are making contributions in the farang-Thai genre. They are in the front line and soon we are all going to be dead. How about you? Isn't it time you made a commitment and threw the dice with us?

451. Letter From My Editor

TT&A Part 396 7/9/2013

Hello Dana fans and Stickmanbangkok.com fans and Pattaya ceiling fans (I have found a bar that will make Chinese bowl drinks): today we five fun things. Enjoy.

Finally Free

Recently, I was reading, or trying to read, a story in The New Yorker magazine called No Secrets (June 7, 2010).

The author's name was Khatchadourian. In the story there is a volcano called Eyjafjallajokull (no, I am not making this up). There is talk of W ikiLeaks, an international organization I never heard of. A politician is named Daniel arap Moi. A person appears named Rop Gonggrijp. Mr. Sang appears. Dandenong Ranges National appears gets a mention and Buddhism pops up (people love to mention Buddhism). The surname Solzhenitsyn appears to remind you of why you will never take a class in Russian literature with impossible to pronounce Russian last names. Oh, you recognise the name Solzhenitsyn do you? OK, what do you know about him? Exactly. And last but certainly not least Al Jazeera stumbles onto the stage of this story (the organization, not a guy named Al) and competes for my attention.

The final straw on the camel's back that buckles his knees also releases him from struggle and performance guilt. Finally he can rest. It was folly to try and carry that much straw anyway. We all have limits. There is no pleasure and no future in trying to exceed your limits. Like the camel, this article in The New Yorker magazine reminds me with finality that globalism and the future has left me behind. Finally I can take a breath. The unequal struggle is over. Finally free, free to be me.

I think this is why I enjoy vacationing in Pattaya, Thailand. My world is 90% from Soi 10 to Soi 16, I no longer even try to speak Thai, and the girls I meet seem mostly to have one syllable names like Ping, and Ling, and Bang, and Wan, and Na, and Da, and Num, and Mel, and Benz, and Fa, etc. Nobody tries to speak to me in a global way, I'm not required to struggle with spellings and names and ideas beyond my comfort level, and no one arrives to arrest me because I am not trying trying trying. Trying to improve myself, trying to fit in, trying to understand, trying to smile, trying to speak a foreign language, trying to be twenty-five years old when I am really sixty-one years old, and trying to be and sound globally hip. Thailand for me is like a hyperbolic chamber for overextended divers. Divers who went too deep and tried to come up too fast. Divers who tried to be something they weren't. Divers who tried to carry too much straw.

Nobody knows my name and nobody cares about me between Soi 10 and Soi 16 in Pattaya, Thailand. OK, right back at you. I'm here to recover from all this pointless social global deep diving that postures as modernity and the craved for future. Sitting in the sun on the boardwalk, talking to the girls, and smiling: it's enough.

Letter From My Editor

Salutations and Permutations Kuhn Maak Hansum Man Dana:

As always a happy Hello and a 10,000 watt ex-bargirl Thai smile to my favorite writer and most brilliant wordsmith. My editor days are cloudy until I receive another one of your stories and then the sun bursts forth and the birds sing. You are my most favorite writer in my stable of 427 writers. You number one G. I.—I no lie.

Anywho, I received you latest installment that contains the English translation of the name for the capital of Thailand, Bangkok. I requote below:

> *"Great city of angels, the supreme repository of divine jewels, the great land unconquerable, the grand and prominent realm, the royal and delightful capital city full of nine noble gems, the highest royal dwelling and grand palace, the divine shelter and living place of the reincarnated spirits."*— Guinness

A few things Dana:

1. First of all the word Bangkok contains a last syllable that sounds like 'cock' and for obvious reasons we need to change this so that we do not lose our Catholic, virgin, schoolteacher, prude, or idiot markets. My extensive editor experience tells me that a medical word would solve the problem so instead of Bangkok we will use Bangpenis. And you didn't want to use an editor ...!

2. Another idea: ",the supreme repository of divine jewels," smacks of obtuse and not necessary euphemism—to wit: jewels for testicles. Everyone in our modern world is familiar with the concept of the family jewels being in a man's pants but we do not need to be that obtuse. Just say it Dana. Testicles—", the supreme repository of divine testicles,". And you didn't want an editor ... just let me hold your hand. Feel the love.

3. Etc.— I have emailed under subject heading: Penis, testicles, et al several more ideas on how to pump up this description of Bangkok (oh excuse me: Bangpenis) for modern readers. Please respond ASAP.

OK, my new Milton of the 21st century; that about wraps it up. Just a few little concept ideas and hairsplitters that my editor instincts tell me will put the glossy sheen on the coat of your writing that all writers dream of. No need to thank me. And, as always; my name is Petchabula Ignoni Song Sung but you can call me PISS.

Today's Monger Dictionary Definition

Danaism: the Thailand farang-Thai experience. A Petri dish for monger growth, influence, and happiness. A future where men and women are equal: no dreams, no agendas, no opinions, no needs, no wants, no emotions, and no regrets. Just smiles and happy mating. You are wasting time in a cooking class, or riding an elephant, or bargaining for a gem? We will find you. Danaism will rule and you will smile.

Hear That Bell?

Hear that bell? It is not tolling for you. Think you are smart. Not getting the attention your mighty intellect deserves? You should be remembered after you are gone? You shrink from no brain measure?

OK, read Music in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries by Richard Taruskin. Or try to read it. Welcome to the text viewing portal of an intellect so much smarter than your intellect that the measure would sag in the middle like a suspension bridge cable. Welcome to your self. You are ordinary. Just another dog in the pack. So stop yapping. Time to book another trip to the Kingdom where you can mainline delusion and feel special. See you on the boardwalk.

Thai Thoughts And Anecdotes—Part 400

Retirement redux sing hosanna: cue the bugles ...

Hear those birds singing? See those dolphins leaping? Hear the Dana haters cheering? That's right. Time is linear, only goes forward, and is measured in units, not in waves. Photons can be measured as waves or particles, not time. And it is time. The time has come. Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes—Part 400 is going to be my last Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes. No doubt in my future there will be other Thai thoughts and anecdotes, but it will not be in your future. No more writing. My tail is still wagging but I'm not pawing at the pen anymore. Stickman has all the party details. Dana Enterprises will still operate from South Pattaya Road; but the weekly epistle era is over. Good luck to everybody. See you on the boardwalk. Stay Away From Fa.

And for those of you who still owe me money, it is time to get those loans in. After Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes—Part 400 is published I will have time to start collecting. And I think we can all agree that you do not want me showing up at your expat hovel in Isaan, or your home in Fiji, or your office in Manchester. We have a new office dog named Hans and he will be accompanying me on these collection forays. He is the biggest blackest low hipped German Shepherd you will ever see. So do the right thing, get your loan in to me. Money can be wired to my bank in Boston or dropped off at the Dana Enterprises office on South Pattaya Road in Pattaya. And do not give me some lame excuse about how you gave the money to Fa to give to me. Nobody in the cosmos would ever believe that.

452. Devolving

TT&A Part 397 14/9/2013

Hello Dana Fans: three things to ruminate about today. Enjoy. And a bit of Dana Enterprises mail order inventory business: we are all out of T-shirts of me riding a horse wearing only a speedo bathing suit (me, not the horse). Sorry.

Recently I have been perusing and reading and examining a book titled: The Life of the Right Rev. Daniel Wilson, D. D.,—Late Lord Bishop of Calcutta and Metropolitan of India by The Rev. Josiah Bateman, M. A. Published in 1860 in two volumes—total 942 pps.

So, what is so interesting about this? The book was published in 1860. Why is that interesting? I'll tell you why. There are no typo, spelling, punctuation, grammar, or formatting errors. As a matter of fact I have not been able to find a writer or printer error of any kind. The text is dense and complicated with different margins, and different fonts, and different page layouts, and lots and lots and lots of words. No errors. Still not impressed? This book was written out longhand and then a giant pile of handwritten pages was submitted to guys at the print shop who had to hand set the type. And believe me this text had to be set by highly focused professionals because the content is no testosterone filled adventure story. We've got one church guy doing a biography of another church guy. I don't want to say this book is dry but … still no errors.

What does this have to do with Thailand? Simple. Go to a book store in Thailand that has foreigner clientele and pull down some of the modern Thai-farang novels and non-fiction 'true-life' accounts. Many of these books are riddled with printing, spelling, grammar, sentence structure, tense, punctuation, and formatting errors. Mention this to the author, or mention this to the printer, or mention this to the editor and they always have a story (excuse). Do you know what an excuse or a 'story' is? It is a reworking of reality. Reality does not need to be reworked. Just be sincere, set high standards, and do excellent work.

Here is my take on this. In 1860 the author Rev. Josiah Bateman and the publisher John Murray of Albemarle Street in London cared. Today we don't care.

We are going backwards. We are devolving. Maybe in terms of Darwin's ideas on evolution we peaked in 1860. It would not surprise me. People today with low standards always have a story to explain their low standards. We have become a race of story tellers, excuse makers, dissemblers, salesmen, and frauds. I think I'll just put this Thai scene novel back up on the display stand. If the author and the publisher do not care, why should I?

Oh, and one more thing I almost forgot. Do you know one of the guaranteed threads in any response from authors or printers or publishing houses that I get when I admonish them regarding low standards? Get ready. They say I do not understand the publishing industry, or 'what it takes to get a book published'. Sort of like the daughter who has become a whore telling her mother that she just does not understand the modern world. Get real. We are not launching rockets to the moon here, or conducting subatomic particle research experiments, or ... it is writing, editing, proofreading, and publishing. This excuse delivered in an aggressive, self-righteous, self-serving juvenile wail is the same excuse Thais offer foreigners for low standards—you do not understand Thai culture. Get real: and set a standard you have never even thought of; your next book will be perfect. Not one error. They did it in 1860.

I’m A Fool

I’m moving with focused single-minded butt clenching purpose down the alley that connects Khao San Road to the road that the Vientai Hotel is on. In my opinion this is the best hotel and the best location in western Bangkok but right now I wish it’s location was a lot closer. Gotta go to the bathroom.

In the hotel room I notice that everything that is coming out is yellow. I don’t feel bad and I don’t feel sick but the yellow color in the toilet bowl is attention getting. What could it mean?

I review my recent eating habits. Then it hits me. Spring rolls. I have been eating a lot of Khao San Road spring rolls. Four at a time piled on a little white paper plate and I never take the dipping sauce. Love the spring rolls.

Well, the spring rolls are fried in oil and the yellow color in the toilet bowl must be the oil. Time to change my diet. Act like an adult. Heed the warning. Modify my behavior. Easy.

Later that night I have to go back over to Khao San Road to look for something at Boots Pharmacy. There is a lady selling spring rolls on the sidewalk. I buy another four on the little white paper plate with the toothpicks stuck in them, and I take a napkin and the dipping sauce. Back at the hotel I cut the spring rolls up with scissors and use the toothpicks to dip them in the sauce which I emptied into a glass hotel ashtray. Delicious.

I’m a fool.

Email To Gary

It is another beautiful early morning in Pattaya and the parasails are already zig zagging through the sky. Sitting in my writer’s nook in front of the picture window of my sixth floor ocean facing suite in the A. A. Hotel I was penning an email to Pattaya

Gary when my computer notified me that I had an incoming message from my attorney.

“Sex poured out of her like milk from a bottle when it is tipped over on a table.”

I had to wait for additional lines to Gary while I examined my attorney’s message. He is on full-time retainer at the Boston law firm Dewey, Cheatem & Howe and he was informing me that Korski had petitioned his county court in his state for a legal name change and it had been granted.

His legal name change petition paperwork showed that he wanted to become G. S. Korski. Goodbye Korski, hello G. S. Korski. Courtroom testimony, deposition statements, and application paperwork filings provided the back story that G. S. stood for Green Star. He wanted his Green Star awards on the Stickmanbangkok. com website to become recognised legally as a part of his persona. Green Star Korski. The legal system in service to well earned achievement and pride. Green Star Korski. G. S. to his friends.

Korski in a two table restaurant outside of Crapburi, Thailand talking to the waitress:

“No Wan, I don’t really go by the first name Green; just call me G. S.”

My attorney, Fenner Wicker III, wanted to know if he should pursue this name change thing in a more aggressive way: document acquisitions, public records, etc. I said no, I had more pressing matters because G. S. was once again In My Neighborhood. That’s right, like a bee buzzing around a disinterested flower; he was asking local real estate agents to show him apartments near where I lived. Friday afternoon I saw him being escorted by a real estate broker into an apartment building on Charles St. Before that he had been spotted at the

Riverhouse on Pinckney St. where someone from Old Forge Realty was doing a lot of head bobbing and smiling. So apparently, he is still trying to live near me. This has a lot of elderly blue-haired Beacon Hill ladies and patrician men with canes worried, especially on the money side of the Hill from Charles St. to the Statehouse and from Mount Vernon St. to Beacon St. Additionally Louisburg Square residents are updating lock, security, window bar, and camera systems. There is Tension in the Force here on the Hill. Most of us have more money than God and consider our prejudices to be examples of high standards. Then there is some humanoid who is proud of getting recognition on a website about Thailand. We have real estate values to consider and there is, of course, the issue of exposure to children. Not our children, they are all in Swiss and English boarding schools, but you get the point.

I offered to act as a mediator, an intermediary, between G. S. Korski's people and the Neighborhood Action Committee Against Korski (NACAK) people, but it turns out that that he does not have any people. Just a lone Green Star writer with a Dana obsession and unresolved anger issues over numerous Dana Fan Club application rejections.

Anyway, back to that email I was sending to Pattaya Gary about a lady named Mel I picked up last night at Superbabies on Soi Diamond. I've got to get going with this because I am picking up Fa at 9:15. What was my last line? Oh, that's right; here it is:

"Sex poured out of her like milk from a bottle when it is tipped over on a table.".

453. I’m Not Normal

TT&A Part 398 21/9/2013

Stranger In Paradise

In 1953 a play called Kismet featured a song called Stranger in Paradise. Sample lyrics below:

Take my hand
I’m a stranger in paradise
All lost in a wonderland
A stranger in paradise
If I stand starry-eyed
That’s a danger in paradise
For mortals who stand beside
An angel like you

The lyrics were by Robert Wright and George Forrest and the melody was based on music composed by Alexander Borodin. Everyone wanted to sing this song from the dramatic evocative styling of opera singer Robert Peters to Tony Bennett to Isaac Hayes. Sometimes this song comes to me as I am going down the hallway to Immigration in Bangkok. I am once again in Thailand and so so happy. A stranger in paradise. Sometimes this song comes to me as I am once again going into the Rainbow bar at the N.E.P. on Soi 4 in Bangkok. A stranger in paradise and so so happy. And often I think of this song on the boardwalk as an angel opens her arms and I stand starry-eyed next to her. I’m a stranger in paradise and I am so so happy.

I’m Not Normal

Is it different when you get older? Yes, it is. I wouldn’t have necessarily thought so but it is. This attraction to women thing. For most men, as the age increases and the testosterone decreases, they find women less addicting. Not me. I’m not normal. I find women more interesting now than when I was twenty years old. It’s as if I am living my life backwards. No matter, I’ll take it.

But age yields experience and familiarity leads either to contempt or additional interest. I find women endlessly interesting. My age has expanded and deepened my needs however. No longer is every thought or action directed towards copulation. Sometimes a smile, a laugh, another smile, or a soft spoken word is enough. Contact with a Martian. I’m satisfied. I couldn’t have gotten the pleasure from anything else but a woman. I’m satisfied. You would never say:

“Now take me to a real Martian.”

You know it was the genuine article and a genuine experience. Women. Outer space creatures admitting of no substitution.

It’s a hot night during the holiday season and I am ambling up Soi 8. I’m ambling because Soi 7 and Soi 8 do not really work for me. They do work for other men but not for me. But once or twice a year I go back. Anyway, I’m ambling: no agenda, no needs, no hurry. I’ve had sex in my life. I’m not twenty and keeping score. Whatever happens happens. And if nothing happens that is OK too. I’ll just stagger home and go to bed. Tomorrow morning the parasails will still be in the thin blue morning sky, and there will still be wonderful women on the boardwalk. This night on Soi 8 however is different for some reason. Women are dancing in the street, and women are dancing in front of the bars, and beautiful young happy Thai women are dancing on the tops of the tables. I have never seen this before. I have just come over from Soi 7 and there was nothing like this going on. Soi 7 was dead. Soi 8 is cranking. Makes you almost want to look around to see where the movie cameras are. There is an unreal quality to it. Spontaneous happiness and fun wrapped in the costumery of youth and sex and hope and hormones. No matter, I’ll take it.

I spot a guy who is selling women’s lingerie. He’s got some kind of little wagon festooned with hangers and a mirror. I’ve never seen this stuff being sold on the street at night and it looks great. Lots of colors. Great looking. I start looking. I spot a beautiful woman who also seems to be ambling without agenda on this hot Thai night and ask her to join me. She’s about thirty years old and all grown up. We don’t exchange names and she doesn’t ask any questions. I had a man’s body and a man’s voice. She had a woman’s body and soft brown eyes. The basics.

There, one step up from the curb on this happy Soi 8 night, she and I look at all of his bras and underpants and other fancy dressy lingerie for ladies. She starts out by stealing glances at me from under hooded eyes but soon relaxes and smiles and participates. She knows instinctively that I am not going to pressure her or disrespect her. I have a good heart. I’m just a man who wants contact with a woman. She probably has stretch marks and a child at home. I’m certainly not a perfect man. None of it matters. This whole man-woman thing is just beyond us. Why dissect a mystery that brings so much happiness? She gave to me and I took from her. I gave to her and she took from me. What’s to understand? Just smile.

The lingerie items she likes go in a bag and I pay the vendor. As I give my mystery lady friend who has not said one word the bag she takes the edge of my hand and puts it in her mouth and gently bites down with her teeth. Martian contact. Beyond explanation and beyond improvement. I walk away. Time to go home. She doesn’t follow me. She wasn’t supposed to.

Dana Note

> *"The methodical parallel in cosmology is the coincidence problem that came up after resolving the cosmic age problem with dark energy."* —Unzicker and Jones

Thank Christ, something else I will never hear from a bargirl's lips. Another reason to sink to my knees in gratitude and lower my brow to the sacred boardwalk of Pattaya.

Hey, and here is another:

> *"We review the theory of inflation with single and multiple fields paying particular attention to the dynamics of adiabatic and entropy / isocurvature perturbations."* —Inflation Dynamics and Reheating

Sweet Jesus on a cracker, all hail Pattaya and the girls with the 50,000 watt smiles. Brainless amoebas of paradise plunging through us like humanoid neutrinos and leaving smiles in their wake. Randomly combining words could not produce a statement like the above with more improbability or incomprehensibility to a bargirl's brain. And who would suggest a change or an improvement? Paradise.

So anyway ... no wait, just one more:

> *"It will be recalled that in strangeness-conserving strong interactions, all the production is of neutral K-meson, which has a definite strangeness, or its antiparticle, which has the opposite strangeness."* —J. Bernstein

No mongers and lovers of mongers, I did not make that up. You need multiple college degrees of the PhD. kind and a seed stuck between your teeth to even think of such a thing. However, just as there is now assumed to be anti's to many things of a cosmological and sub-atomic nature (matter and antimatter, etc.), I can take some comfort in the fact that I have participated in the anti of this intellectualism. To wit: her name was Bong and every night before we would start adult activities she would have me kneel beside her naked self on the mattress and face the headboard and pray to Buddha. Two heads of two naked people at the A.A. Hotel in Pattaya bowing up and down. I do not know what her prayer to Buddha was but my prayer every night was:

“Viagra, don’t fail me now.”

At any rate, the experience was in all ways the anti to the above quote by J. Bernstein. In his twenty-nine word statement he uses the word strange (strangeness) three times. Apparently, in his world the word strange appears (occurs) every ten words. Well, I haven’t knelt beside a beautiful naked Thai woman and prayed to a headboard Buddha every ten days but it still counts. Pattaya delivers the anti-strange experience that I need to stay sane. God bless Pattaya.

454. Mountainside Buddhist Temple

TT&A Part 399 28/9/2013

Hello Dana fans and Stickmanbangkok. com fans: today a multiple piece submission.

We start with a DANA NOTE of importance to all Dana fans, then a short Preface of a personal nature followed by an article and a story. So we have a Dana Note, a Preface, an article, and a story. Who loves you baby? Dana does.

Dana Note

After the publication of Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes—Part 400 Dana Enterprises will be making available commemorative T-shirts in honor of the publishing event. There will be three colors offered: black, grey, and pink. There will be five sizes: large, very large, very very large, ex-pat fat, and farang huge. Contact Stickman for ordering details. Do not talk to one of his office minions or interns. There have been incidents. Just sayin'.

Anyway, with a belt your Thai lady friend will be able to wear these commemorative T-shirts as dresses. Also useful to her as nightwear and beachwear. The farang huge size can be used on a water buffalo calf. You will, of course, wear these T-shirts as talismans of pride, involvement, and uber hipness. I expect to see many fellow mongers wearing them at the annual Dana Look-a-Like contest held at the Mickey Mouse Underpants Bar on Third Road in Pattaya. If you send in pictures of yourself wearing one of these commemorative T-shirts while standing on a remote mountain top, or dining in a four star European restaurant, or surfing in Indonesia, or getting married in Rome we may publish it in the Dana Enterprises newsletter.

On the front and on the back in block letters the T-shirts will say:

I SURVIVED
400 THAI THOUGHTS AND ANECDOTES

This commemorative T-shirt will be a part of the "I SURVIVED" series already populated by:

I SURVIVED
MY FIRST THAI GIRLFRIEND

I SURVIVED
EMMA THE TRANNY

I SURVIVED
THE VISIT TO HER VILLAGE

Contact Booger, Ran, or Yogurt at Dana Enterprises on South Pattaya Road for price and shipping information if you can not get this information from Stickman. Deep discounts for Dana Fan Club members. You knew that.

Sincerely yours,
Dana

P. S. T-shirts that say STAY AWAY FROM FA are available from the South Pattaya Road office for free. Be part of the solution, not part of the problem.

Preface

Are you like me? Do you have in your office and at your home over 400 statues and statuettes of penguins? Porcelain, and clay, and glass, and plastic, and stone, and wood penguins? Penguins that are very small for key chains and enormous full sized taxidermied penguins? Of course you do. Everybody is like me. No: wait a minute; maybe they are peacocks. Not penguins, but peacocks. OK, they are either penguins from Antarctica or peacocks from Antarctica, but that is not really the point.

And Fa? Every time I say penguin, she says peacock. I think. Maybe I have been in this country too long. Anyway, the point is … OK, I ‘m not really sure what the point is. Too many goddamned penguins and one full sized stuffed spook is starring at me right now. But that is not really what I want to talk about anyway. What I really want to talk about today is:

Life Numbers

We've all got life numbers. They can either be happy little parasites to your life that you do not mind carrying around or they can be parts of your life that stick and burn like napalm reminding you of failings, regret, and humiliation. Sometimes life numbers are a good thing. Anyway, we've all got them. Here are some of mine that come to mind while I am sniffing coffee beans in the upscale Whole Foods grocery store in my neighborhood.

It is:

Day 947 since I last received an email notifying me that "Obviously you don't know what it takes to get published."

Day 1029 since I received an email stating that my writing stinks and that I stink. I'm calling this progress.

Day 2 since I received an email notifying me that any writer that does not have an editor rewrite his writing is a faggot.

Day 2052 since I last received an email from a bargirl asking for money. "The water buffalo needs a hernia operation and momma needs the foreskin on her penis removed." I stopped handing out my web address to bargirls many years ago.

Day 2543 since the girl who sells me Viagra at the pharmacy on 2nd Road in Pattaya sent me an email. It seemed out of character for her to do so and she only did so once. A mystery. I'd think it is possible that she got me confused with another man but of course we know that is not possible. Like I said, a mystery.

Day 64 since our last request (request number 9) came in for an application to the Dana Fan Club from Bengali Clodfupt of Timaru, New Zealand. This one was attached to a big giant weather balloon so that we would not miss it here at Dana Central in the Rajah building here on Soi 4 in Bangkok. Mr. Clodfupt, we know who you are and the weather balloon made the office dogs bark. Please stop doing this. Anyway, many aspire, but few are chosen.

Day 4 since I have needed Viagra. OK, a little confession here. I don't actually need Viagra but I use it. It is really a research project. I just take it so that I can provide scientific data to other men. Yeah, that's right; it's a research project.

Day 449 since I received an email asking if the Church of Dana is real. Yes, it's real Mr. Dogleash Fimby of Turd-on-Grass, England. And no, you can't jump with the Sky Tranny team.

Day 56 since I have sent an email (one of twenty-six emails) to Emma-the-Tranny of Pattaya. No responses to my cries for help. I guess she must be back in Tokyo dancing naked in front of hotel windows for Tojo Murata. He tapes a small teddy bear plush toy to her wing wang and then shoots at it with a paint ball pistol. He's got videos of this but he won't sell them to me. Why are people so unkind?

Day 18 since I used a catapult to send a Pattaya lady of the commercial kind screaming into the starry night. Honk if you love to laugh like a hyena.

Day 17 since Stickman has emailed to remind me that I owe him money and he would appreciate it if I would repay him. I do not owe him any money. Sweet Jesus on a cracker.

OK, Dana fans; there are a few of my Life Numbers. What are your Life Numbers like? Write them up and send them in. And don't sleep with full sized stuffed penguins. I'm just sayin' is all.

Mountainside Buddhist Temple

Nothing has been the same since she left and I have missed her terribly every single day. Her legs up on a chair in the morning sun as I serve her breakfast on the balcony and try to get her to try my latest fish paste discovery, the sound of her voice in the wholesale markets as she tells the girls she isn't going to pay this price and she isn't going to pay that price for the curtain material we are looking for, watching her small soft hands rip and tear at lobster shell as we eat over the water in Pattaya. Ex-pats and others told us that living together would never work. We were too different. But we have been together now for years. Bliss.

But my days of missing her are soon to be over. I'm going to Bhumi airport to pick her up. She is returning to the Kingdom and to me. To us. Soon, we'll be together again: sharing stories, laughing, discovering new things to do together and repeating the old things that are part of the tapestry of our lives. She emailed me and told me that as soon as she got back to Pattaya she wanted to go to Ko Larn and visit the mountainside Buddhist temple. I think it is a great idea. I have thought about doing it for years but always got sidetracked by beach and boating stuff. Anyway, we'll go over on the public ferry and then get the mother and son who run a store across the street from the ferry landing to take us to the temple. I'll ride on the back with my arms around the mother, and she will ride on the back with her arms around the big handsome Thai son. Simple pleasures. When we get to the temple she'll talk to the monks and take pictures. I'll find a place to sit and look over the land and the sea.

I'm at the airport now and …"Oh God, she's there. I can see her coming towards me."

The flight from Japan was right on time and landed precisely at 11:55 p. m. Midnight and humid and hot for this time of night but no matter. I can see her. She's striding directly at me and smiling directly at me. A fifty thousand watt smile just for me. Sandals, tight capri pants, Indian top with exposed stomach, lots of jewelry, and nothing in her hands. She doesn't believe in carry-on luggage. She believes in elegance and the erect posture of the confident woman.

Oh God, my heart is about to burst. My life has come back to me. I can't believe that God gifted this woman to me. I'm starting to lose control. I am going to do an uncool Thai culture thing and just explode with happiness. I am going to shout out and call attention to myself and I don't care.

"HI MOTHER."

455. Random Thoughts on Photography 10/11/2013

Hello Photography Phans: below is an essay of little essays aimed towards picture takers whether they be of the hobby or commercial category. There isn't a light speed, equipment option, or home darkroom accessory mentioned. The ideas presented here are intended to possibly steer the photographer to think a little more expansively about the subject of photography. Enjoy.

I am sixty-four years old. I have been thinking about photography for over twenty years: but I am not a photographer. How is that possible? Oh sure, I have held cameras in my hands, and looked through viewfinders, and pressed shutter release buttons; but the number of pictures taken as a numerator over the denominator of the number of adult years available to have been taking pictures gives away the game. Too few pictures, no noteworthy skills or content, no compulsion masquerading as hobby, nothing to brag about or to feel quietly prideful about or to submit to a photo contest (I don't really care if I win but I will just submit this pic anyway) or place in front of someone hoping for a favorable response. After over forty adult years it is what it is and I am what I am. The evidence is in and no excuses can be made or stories told. I am not a photographer.

Heck, for thirty of those years I had trouble taking photography seriously as an intellectual exercise and craft that could sometimes yield art. I now have one foot across the line on this. Baby steps.

I am making progress. Before you throw a rock at me, try and open your mind sympathetically on this. To wit: if you are an Art History major at the University of Michigan being exposed to the greatest examples of the greatest works of art in the world it is pretty difficult (impossible?) to find competitive photo images that are unequivocal photographic works of art on par with Michelangelo, Bernini, Dali, Ya Liben, Jan Vermeer, Gu Kaizhi, Zhao Mengfu, Kandinsky, and Ma Yuan. A few examples but the list could be numerous. I'll mention some other examples later but the point is made. Photographic works of art? Maybe in one hundred years. Now? Not so much. Anyway, like I said: I am starting to bend a little on this, but I am still sympathetic to the comparison and the argument. Are there currently examples of great photos on par with examples of great art?

So, with the above preface in mind; why have I spent the last twenty years now and then thinking about photography? The key and the clue and the word is image(s). Cameras (and the attendant photographer) perform a feat of legerdemain. They take the data that is sent to the brain by the rods and cones in your eyes and reproduce it on a two dimensional surface. Paintings are a similar kind of magic but the painter has considerably more leeway for how he decides to manipulate reality. At any rate, the word is images. The big format expensively produced photography books with an image on every page are addictive. Hidden in some cozy nook of the library of my university with a pile of these fun photography books was never disappointing. My real interest over the last forty years has been aesthetics, photography is part of the big equation.

Recently, at the Boston Public Library, I decided to stroll down memory lane. Cruise the photography book stacks like the old days. The card catalogue lists 9158 items. Too much. So off I go to the stacks on the second floor.

Some thoughts:

Many of the most artfully composed photographs were by commercial photographers fulfilling contracts to compellingly present an object (car, clothing, art object) as an image. From my Art History student slide show days I remember that the Japanese commercial photographers were skilled at this. So skilled that often a sense of scale was lost. You could not tell if the carved green jade asparagus was two inches long or twelve inches long. You could not tell if the modern art sculpture was six feet tall or sixty feet tall. The reality of scale was sacrificed to art. Nobody complained because the images in the text books or the slide show images on the screens in the auditoriums were so compelling. Take a Rembrandt painting that is fourteen inches high and make it eight feet high. Now you have got something.

The scale issue can yield disappointments and the photographer has to be mindful of what he/she is doing. Does scale matter or can effect be everything? Example: in the Detroit Museum of Fine Arts in the late 60's there was a Rembrandt painting and it was very small. Projected on a screen in an auditorium Art History class the same painting was huge. Quite a come down viewing experience for the aesthetically interested. You have to will yourself to stand in front of the actual paintings and take them as seriously as you did the huge photo slides of them. This does not make the photos frauds necessarily but you have to know how to dance to stay image grounded. When is the last time you heard photographers take responsibility for this?

Another thought: randomly pulling books from the shelves I found DAVID AKIBA: Photographs from the Collection of the Boston Public Library. Mr. Akiba's work is not that interesting, but the fact that the Boston Public Library has a photograph collection should be electrifying to photographers who have a greater interest in photography other than just holding a camera in their hands. I'll bet many large metropolitan libraries in the world have photograph collections. Also college and university libraries. Have you visited the photography collection of the library nearest you? The next time I am in St. Georges or Hamilton, Bermuda I am going to go to the libraries and ask to see their photography collections. Who knows what I will find? And the beauty of this is that in many cases it will be like tipping over rocks. Buried material that has not seen the light of day in years.

Of course, one of the key words for photography aficionados is collection. First comes image, then collection. Put down that photo magazine with the pretty girl on the cover and figure out what treasure trove you could drive to. Example: there is a book titled THE EYES OF THE GLOBE: Twenty-five years of photography from the Boston Globe. All large metropolitan newspapers have staff photographers and photography departments. It isn't all about luck, and deadlines, and page fillers, and record shots, and darkroom craft; some of these salaried commercial image makers have an artist's eye. Advice: don't call ahead, just go.

Where else can you find photo collections? Museums, camera manufacturers, photo film makers, auction houses, magazine publishers, engineering and architectural firms, patent documents, local historical societies, book publishers, commercial photographers, law firms, hospitals, non-profits, prisons, airports, clubs, etc. Maybe the subject of photography is bigger and more interesting than just snapping 'street scenes' with the latest digital wonder. Put down that DVD on Double Exposure Techniques and get in your car and go somewhere. Collectors love to show their collections. Be the person standing in front of them.

Another random thought: legacy. I rarely (never?) hear the world legacy when people talk about photography. To wit: what kind of legacy is your work going to leave behind after you have gone to the big darkroom in the sky? Maybe it is time to stop hoarding and time to start purging. Many libraries have a purge policy. Example: if a book has not been checked out in five years they get rid of it. Maybe you should consider doing that with your pictures. If an image does not make your heart jump, or make you smile; get rid of it. Any writer of experience will tell you that a key editing skill is the ability to swallow your pride and cut out the second rate and the repetitive. How many seagull and baby and kitten pictures do you need? Is that all your friends and family are going to remember of you after you are gone, that you had 200 pictures of seagulls?

The subject of legacy is always personal and often challenging. You have to be tough. How do other photographers' collections stand up over time? What legacy are they leaving behind? Example: all academic photo cognoscenti know who Henri Cartier-Bresson is (was). Famous, historically important, prolific, internationally respected, etc. But wait a minute, my opinion (and your opinion) counts also. We are on the field and we get to kick the ball. Have your library order the book HENRI CARTIER-BRESSON by the Aperture Publishing Co. History of Photography Series (1976). I think many of the photos are second rate. Somebody should have been thinking harder about what kind of body-of-work legacy Henry wanted to leave behind or what kind of body-of-work record they wanted to record for Henri.

Random thoughts ... the words legacy and purging are not going to make you many friends among photographers. If a Swiss flower lover wants to take thirty thousand poorly framed and incompetently exposed pictures of mountain flowers that is his business and he should not have to defend it to anyone. But he is not really my primary interest. I am more interested in considering the history of photography, the present status of photography, and the future of photography as an act of expression that can lead to art. Photographic masterpieces. And I think that considering some of these issues would benefit all picture takers. Photography seems to attract the hoarder, the compulsive, the endless cataloguer rather than the discriminator, technology enthusiasts, and the short attention spanned. But if you are not willing to practice critical observing of your work and the work of others, then you should not let the word Art issue from your mouth. Nothing is meaner and leaner than art. Many are invited to the party. Few are invited back. I think one of the best examples of this is in the subject of glamour photography. OK, I get it; she is a real attractive lady. But you saved fifty shots of one lady? And you have eleven thousand glamour shots? After you die your son, or your daughter, or your grandchild is going to discover eleven thousand pictures of pretty girls? When does the activity travel from hobby to needy to creepy? Should you have started thinking about legacy before you went up to the big darkroom in the sky? Maybe you should think about having a personal purge party and consider it part of the big equation called Photography.

Last random thought about things photographic: excellent think-about-it books for some of my ideas can be had in Diane Arbus Magazine Work (Aperture Publishing) and Annie Leibovitz: Photographs 1970-1990. You should read them in that order and have them both on your lap. Leibovitz carries on the Arbus pictorial tradition with more skill and attempts at art. The text is excellent. But a reasonable person might say:

"Is this the best there is? Is this Gauguin, or van Gogh, or Picasso, or Ando Hiroshige, or Chen Hongshou, or Hasagawa Tohaku?"

I know this journalistic 'warts-'n-all' tradition of photography does not represent the best of photography. Pretension to art and sometimes photos as works of art can more often be found in fashion advertising, landscape, nature, commercial, art object, and one of my favorites; some of the train photos of O. Winston Link. But unfortunately, this magazine drek sold to the masses as photo excellence is what many individuals think of as photography. This isn't even derivative crap. There is no originating higher source in most cases. Just models, props, or spasmodic shutter release plunging as one roams indoor or outdoor venues. With the other arts in stone or paint for example: time has to be spent with preparation, hand mixing of pigments maybe, sharpening chisels, blocking or gridding or sketching, and the psychic buildup to the first blow of the hammer against the chisel or the first application of paint on the canvas, glass, wet plaster, vase, furniture, scroll, plateware, satin silk, face, or cave wall. I believe the ease with which a photo can be taken works against the odds that art or excellence will be created.

Defenders of photography mention that nuances and fine tuning can be achieved with post production work. True, but shouldn't the idea come first; and the post production work only nuance the art, not produce the art? Never has an art form had the ability for post production fine tuning as photography. Oh sure, oil paints can always be scraped off and redone, but mostly that does not happen, and mostly that is not successful. Because of technology and computers, photography is different. Maybe photography as a medium of expression will never produce great masterpieces, it is just too easy to take the picture and too tempting to be lazy — "I'll fix that on the computer." The idea has to come first. In most cases, art does not evolve.

Consumers of photo images should be paging through the magazines in the Dr's office waiting room, or the airport gift shop, or the hair salon saying:

"Where are the photographic equals of monastic illuminated manuscript calligraphy, or innumerable forgotten sculptors of Buddhist images, or Asian flower painting, or Japanese block printing?

Where is this level of excellence in photography?"

They don't say these things. Another victory for the merchandisers of taste.

OK, I'm not a photographer; but because photos are images that can test our critical aesthetic faculties and give us an opportunity to achieve excellence, I think about photography.

Gauguin, the French painter said:

"Where does the execution of a painting begin, and where does it end? At the very moment when the most intense emotions fuse in the depths of one's being, at the moment when they burst forth and issue like lava from a volcano, is there not something like the blossoming of the suddenly created work, a brutal work, if you wish, yet great, and superhuman in appearance? The cold calculations of reason have not presided at this birth; who knows when, in the depths of the artist's soul the work was begun—-unconsciously perhaps?"

Big words and big thoughts and challenging to read for comprehension the first time through, but Gauguin meant it and he lived it. Artists can be maddeningly inarticulate when discussing their work but they are thinking and the act of creation includes intellectual engagement. Gauguin's painted ideas and images violated rules for image making but he achieved excellence because his ideas and emotions were part of an originating higher source—his original mind. Do photographers think this way? Do photographers make statements like this? Or, is it impossible for photographers to think this way because the mechanistic requirements of photography are just too easy? Hold the camera steady, frame the picture, depress the button. Congratulations, you are a photographer. Stories of twenty year old photographers are not that exceptional. You do not hear many stories of accomplished twenty year old painters, or sculptors, or calligraphers, or jewelers. Is it possible that photography as a medium of expression will not produce many great masterpieces? I'm willing to be open minded about this; but please, no more pictures of seagulls.

Will photographers ever achieve the status of western and eastern artists and their masterpieces? Maybe in one hundred years. OK, maybe in fifty years. I am rooting for them.

456. Thailand Tombstone—Retirement Redux

TT&A Part 400 5/10/2013

Greetings and Sa Wa Dii Khrap (OK, cup for the linguistically lazy Thais and deluded uber hip tourists): this is my last contribution to Stickmanbangkok.com. The main essay is long (about 4400 words) and serious; but first, we will examine an email I recently sent to Stickman about a very important matter. So far I have not received any feedback from him. If anyone can help me with the main content of the email I would really appreciate it.

Hello Mr. Stickman

I am hoping you can help me with this. After I retire from writing for Stickmanbangkok.com I intend to start a website dedicated exclusively to Thai Tranny Rock Bands. It will include music videos, interviews, online gift shop, music criticism, costume and fashion features, as well as tour dates and densely researched academic features on the girls and their personal lives. Emma-the-Tranny of Pattaya will be one of the featured spokespersons, and Fa will be one of the on air interviewers.

Neither of these ladies has any discernible intelligence or abilities so they are, of course, perfect. Thai trannies in heels and guitars kickin' out rock 'n roll. This concept has 100% guaranteed success written all over it, but I need some investors for start up expenses. I do not want this website to be a one man band constantly chasing crumbs and worrying about payroll, so I estimate my start up costs as approximately four million dollars; about the same as the GNP of South Island. Naturally I will be in charge of all budgeting and expense and money spending issues and no line item information on any of these subjects will be generated.

Do you know any people I could get in touch with for investor funds? And yes, Emma-the-Tranny has agreed to meet investors of $50,000 or more for personal time. This rate is a little above her usual rate but believe me the value is there. Ever seen a tranny pound an aluminum tent peg into a bucket of sand with her dick? Like I said.

And yes, no French (FTF), Koreans, Chinese, Indians or Russians will be included. Again, I would be grateful if you could steer me towards investor funds. The time is now to focus a light on this type of entertainment and investors could feel good about themselves for doing it. It is all about the love and serving the community.

Dana

and now … Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes—Part 400. I would blow a bugle but I am too tired. This is also my scientific excuse for not using condoms. Too tired. It is very important to have excuses in life. Enjoy the heat and light from this last candle.

Acknowledgments

I recently finished reading a nonfiction book about a man and a family who had a pet chicken. No, I am not making this up. Things happen, thoughts are revealed, family dramas make you smile. An entertaining book about a man, a family, and a chicken. 310 wide margined pages. The author has been a journalist and an editor for a large well respected high standards U. S. metropolitan newspaper for twenty-five years. He has received awards. He has also written and published other books.

Twenty-five years a salaried newspaper employee and journalist so he has pretty much drunk the Kool-Aid. Why do I say that? Because in the Acknowledgements section of the book, three pages; he thanks twenty-one people. Twenty-one people helped him write a book about a family that had a pet chicken.

It makes me wonder what the Acknowledgements section for Melville's novel Moby Dick would present as a list of helpers. Using the chicken book as an extrapolatory device, maybe Herman Melville (I call him Herm) had two hundred helpers. Maybe three hundred people helped him write America's greatest novel. Too bad he did not list them. It would be a fun list to look at. How about the Acknowledgements page for Milton's epic Paradise Lost or the Acknowledgements page for Dostoyevsky's doorstop novel Brothers Karamazov? No doubt casts of hundreds might have been involved. And hey, those examples are fiction, non-fiction yields much higher numbers for thanking people.

Back to the chicken book. Sometimes there are so many fingers in the pie I wonder who the real chef was. Who really wrote Ulysses by James Joyce? Was James Joyce the author or should the credit go to the editors who took a pile of sloppy 'manuscript' and created a masterpiece?

This, or the opposite of the above, is one of the reasons why I enjoy writing that appears on Stickmanbangkok.com in the Readers' Submission section. No acknowledgements are necessary because no others were involved in the writing. A fiction or nonfiction or example of faction (fiction plus non-fiction) or essay or article or poetry or song lyric or one act play contribution is by the author only. You are reading his/her words out of his or her mind without the pollutions of editors or helpers. And some of the writing is all the more pleasurable for it's idiosyncratic style; someone speaking with a familiar tone and style that has not been neutered by 'publishing' people. I do not want Union Hill or Turk Fist to sound the same, to be improved, or polished. I want them just he way they are. Please no

Acknowledgments page writing unless it is short and sweet. Just spew at me from your heart and from your mind. I can take it.

Still not on board? Friday I was in the Boston Public Library and in the second floor maritime section I spied a book titled:

Our Point of View, Fourteen Years at a Maine Lighthouse.
Pictures and text by Mr. & Mrs. Szelog.

The Acknowledgements page lists 115 people and organizations. The list was so long I started to look for my name. Three of the acknowledgements were, I kid you not; Karen, the FedEx lady; and the two lighthouse cats, Puffin and Dupa. The two cats? The mind almost boggles. Were there no other pets: gerbils or turtles or birds or ants (ant farm) or bees or dogs that should be acknowledged in the Acknowledgements section for their contribution to the book? I tell ya, if I was a gerbil that did not get attention and thanks I would be one angry gerbil.

Headline CASCO BAY GAZETTE newspaper: CRAZED GERBIL ATTACKS LIGHTHOUSE KEEPERS

Question: when is this Acknowledgements page business just silly?

God made the whole world and everything in it. Number of helpers? Zero. Imagine if he had to run everything through a publishing house? His Acknowledgements page? None. Some writers are like this. They get an idea. They write it down. They assign a title and then they make it available for others to read. I call these people writers. Sometimes, I don't know quite what to call the Acknowledgement page scribes.

Two published writers chatting about their next books at the Mickey Mouse Underpants Bar just off Third Road in Pattaya with Dana listening:

Murphy: Hi John, how is your latest book coming?

John: Great, I have 6000 notecards. How about your book?

Murphy: I'm rockin'. I've got 7200 notecards in two different sizes and four different colors.

Dana: Gee guys, that sounds great. How much writing have you done?

Murphy and John: why don't you shut up you Internet asswipe. We are talking about real writing where none of the ideas presented are our own and we admit to it. Sometimes we get tagged and sued for plagiarizing, but the books still hit the stores and we still get paid. Asswipe.

Call me crazy but I do not think the Acknowledgements page should qualify for it's own Library of Congress Control Number. I can't help but wonder if we are observing a new phenomenon whereby writers imagine that they are garnering respect based on the size of their Acknowledgements page. Are we now in a hopefully short-termed ego-intellectual era where we imagine we accrue value to our writer selves based on the number of people and institutions that we gathered unto ourselves? Is the size of the tent now more important than the sermon? A reader with scientific training might conclude that writing about a lighthouse is more demanding than writing about a family's pet chicken. What if it was a story about a chicken that lived in a lighthouse? Is it possible that the Acknowledgements section would be longer than the actual story?

Here is an almost example: Old Shipping Days in Boston—1918—54 pps.

You read that correctly monger kats and kittens: this book is only 54 pages long and has in it's Acknowledgements section (hidden in the Forward) thanks given to:

1. 32 people
2. 2 organizations
3. 31 books, pamphlets, and periodicals

I submit this vanity publication for the State Street Trust Company of Boston may set the bar for an Acknowledgements-to-Text ratio. Hey, I'm not an idiot. I understand the value of being honest and, especially with non-fiction books, telling the reader the source of your ideas and statements. But are we writing books or term papers? I expect adult writers to be able to do better than High School term paper writers. I am not some kind of crank Luddite regarding literary references but I am beginning to wonder if I smell smoke. If you have to credit another source for every other sentence maybe you should not be writing the book. It has already been written by others.

Try and imagine how unworkable this would be with speech. Recently I was trying to find the weekly market in Pattaya. It is not a tourist thing, it is a local Thai thing that Fa goes to. I got lost and ended up in a hole-in-the-wall Norwegian bar asking for directions. These guys were educated and smart and fun. Hilarity ensued. But what if every time they made a statement or I made a statement we had to follow it up with an acknowledgement of where that idea came from? Speech would be impossible.

One more example: David Halberstam's book The Coldest Winter—America and the Korean War says thank-you to:

1. 220 individuals (once again, I looked for my name); seventeen of which worked for Hyperion, the publisher. Seventeen. SEVENTEEN? Seventeen people were required at Hyperion to take this book from draft to book? And 220 people? Hey, and how much do you want to bet that he will tell you that it is not a complete list? You and David at the cocktail party on Nantucket and he says:

"Well, actually; the list should have been much longer but Hyperion cut me off at 220. Working with the seventeen people assigned to my book was very difficult. I sent them 4000 handwritten yellow legal pad pages and they complained. Sometimes it is hard to be a famous writer. I once sent a manila envelope with a handwritten story to Stickman in Bangkok and did not even get a reply. The Internet is so stupid. And if I asked for a gin and tonic, dry gin; these summer immigrant waiters from Jamaica wouldn't know a dry gin from a Rastafarian's donkey turd.

2. The Notes section (pp. 1175-1240) takes up sixty-five pages. OK, let's just take a deep breath and repeat that. The Notes section (pp. 1175-1240) takes up sixty-five pages. Based on this you would think this famous author would get respect. You would be mistaken. To wit: there is no Index in this Large Print edition of the book by Thorndike Press. I guess everybody was too tired. Actually, I could easily be persuaded to go on and on about this. No Index? My short stories and articles and essays in the Thai-farang genre do not require an Index. But this giant bit of research by Mr. Halberstam should have an Index. No doubt, somebody will email me and tell me I do not understand the publishing industry. Apparently, while I was spending time with Fa the other day the publishing industry decided to do away with Indexes.

David to Hyperion: hey, where is my Index?

Hyperion: The edition you are referring to we farmed out to Thorndike Press ('Published in 2007 by arrangement with Hyperion,'). The small print editions do have an Index. Anyway, we do not like to spend money on those Large Print books. The target market is mostly half blind elderly fools who don't buy books. They take books out of libraries. Scum.

David: I am a half-blind elderly person.

Hyperion: What's your point Shakespeare?

David: Well, non-fiction of a research or documentary kind always has an Index. It does not matter what the size of the type is. And you are responsible for what Thorndike Press has done if you subcontracted to them. You can not avoid responsibility for this publishing crime. You are connected by an ethical thread.

Hyperion: stop complaining. Your Pulitzer prize is gathering dust. You are just an old man still submitting longhand written pages as if it is the 19th century. Obviously, you do not know anything about the publishing industry Somchai and you have forgotten that once you submit a manuscript to a publisher it is not your book anymore. We can do anything we want to do with it. You are lucky we did not publish every other page. Who would have noticed? Come to think of it, I'll bet our crack publishing house editors only read every other page, and I am sure the Large Print publisher did not read anything. Large Print readers do not complain. Hell, they are too weak to hold the books up in the bed or in the bathtub.

David: Yes, but what about standards, and respect for the reader, and respect for the writer, and the sanctity of the book form? Maybe I should start to consider publishing on the Internet. Maybe I should contact Stickman.! Hyperion: I'm kinda busy here. I may be only twenty-six years old but I am smart enough to wonder if you have an important reason for calling. I have Tom Clancy on HOLD and he has just submitted a two thousand page outline for a docu-book about a submarine that flies and shoots atom bomb paint balls out of it's torpedo tubes. Now that's a writer.

Maybe that is why I like writing short stories and articles and essays for Stickmanbangkok.com. I don't really want to be the head of a literary army and be unsure later about who wrote what. Years ago I received an invitation to send in short stories to a new Thailand travel book that was being put together. They had already published a book on Vietnam and now they were putting together a book on Thailand. I sent in five stories to the 'creative editor' and three were accepted. Then it started. The requests for changes. I decided to play along to see where the experience would go. By the time a story was accepted it was not my writing anymore. I canceled everything. I still cling to the idea that writers should fly solo. As soon as a writer starts bragging to me about all of the people that are helping him, I stop listening. It kinda makes me wonder if when they pick up a nice Thai lady of the commercial kind on the boardwalk they tell her that in the hotel room there will be helpers. In fact, the more helpers they had in the hotel room the more of a bragging story they would have to tell.

David Halbertson in the same Norwegian bar I was recently in:

"Yes, I had fantastic sex the other day with a wonderful Thai lady named Bing. I had three helpers and I do not mind acknowledging it. I believe in full disclosure storytelling. Their names were Farmby Wickwire of Ottawa, Canada; Clem Snotdoodle of Sydney, Australia; and Mongo Park of Manchester, England. And as an aside, do any of you fellows know how I can get in touch with Stickman?"

And so, at the end of my writing career for Stickmanbangkok I would also like to make some acknowledgements: but not dozens, or hundreds, or to institutions, or to some God, or to cats, or to the long suffering, incredibly understanding wife; just two—two acknowledgements after ten years of writing.

First, I would like to acknowledge myself. My self. Me. I was always trustworthy, loyal, helpful, friendly, courteous, kind, and cheerful. My taste and ideas were seamlessly brilliant, my mental health stable, my personal demeanor interesting and fun. I'm an interesting guy and I could not have done it without me. I salute me. I acknowledge me, and I thank me. How much less rewarding and interesting would my writing have been without me? Other writers lose mental stability and sometimes commit suicide. Some writers get writer's block. Not me. I salute a winner. Me.

Second, I would like to acknowledge Stickman as my publisher. Except for a few instances where he flashed off the road, displaying ego and opinion (I must have had 10 mini-heart attacks and strokes); it has been a pretty smooth writer-publisher ride. And what was smooth about it? Why does he deserve an acknowledgement at the end of my career?

Simple. He published what I wrote. Either through indifference, or policy, or appreciation; he published the words that I sent to him. This writer dream is so at odds with writer reality that most writers have just given up. They have been so polluted and disappointed that they do not even dream the dream anymore. They do not even endorse the dream. Editors raping writers they consider non-noteworthy reality. They hope to get raped themselves.

With Stickman of Stickmanbangkok.com my writing went up the way I wrote it. I know because I reviewed every word and punctuation mark. There were sometimes some issues with formatting and the computer program changing things, but that stuff got mostly fixed. I got to live a writer's dream. I had ideas. I committed them to text. The text got published the way I wrote it. No writer dream is greater than that writer dream. Thank-you Stickman.

In addition to myself and Mr. Stickman, I want to thank some participants who made contributions. It was always my dream that readers would take my writing into their hearts and share their lives with me. I received many emails over the years from gentlemen with names like:

Clod Puddentrot, retired honorary colonel fourth Calcutta lancers.
Plonbern Dingo, string theorist—Church of Dana usher until the incident.
Strang Boots, boomerang athlete and linguist.
Ivana Humpalot, Russian lover and fan.
Clyde Foopnoggle, Anal Discharge-on-Tyne, England.
Baron Karl Freiherr von Finkelstroop Bremerschnitzelheimer of the Cloppenburg, Germany Bremerschnitzelheimers.
Picklip Snodgrass, Christchurch, New Zealand—pretends to know Stickman. Asks me questions about him.
Francois Poopdoogle, Marseilles, France (FTF)—tried to sell me perfume (oh, excuse me: men's cologne) in every social media contact.
Quimby Fotherton, Cows Udder, Ireland—9 applications to the Dana Fan Club.
Dexter Manparts, Edmonton, Canada (he named his son Manly).
Mr. Stondule Heathcliff Glompus of the Glasgow, Scotland Glompuses.
and
Flopnut Bumrash of Muddy Boots, New Guinea.

These are examples. There were thousands. These are not the names of people who contributed to my writing, these are the names of people that contributed to my life after the writing was done. A different, and in my opinion, neglected category. Writers penning prefaces to reprints never mention this aspect of being a writer. Snobs. They conveniently forget to mention humans who have contributed in a positive way to their lives. Where is this Acknowledgment section?

Come on, are we supposed to believe that Fyodor Dostoyevsky never got any emails from readers regarding his novels Crime and Punishment and The Brothers Karamazov? Emails and Twitter messages and Facebook feedback that enriched his life? What do I look like? Stupid? And Milton? He never had his life enriched by reader responses to Paradise Lost and Paradise Regained? Milton (I call him Milt) did not receive any meaningful back-and- forth regarding his work on Facebook? Of course they did, they just do not want to mention it. Snobs. And Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John of the Bible never had any responses to their writing appear on social media? Makes you think, doesn't it? Again, and to iterate and repeat and redundify; what do I look like—an idiot? I think we all know the answer to that.

I'm no snob and I gladly acknowledge reader contributions that came in to me after the text was made public. I received reader feedback and I appreciated it. The above partial list is just an example of the worldwide attention I received and I happily acknowledge it. Death threats? Abuse? Ignorance of stunning aspect? It all counted. All part of the writer post-published text big equation: Including legions of young, politically correct western white women with bras made of hemp, shoes made of used condoms, and backpacks woven from the menstrual rags of famous feminist writers. Have they responded to my writing and contacted me? Yes they have and I am a better person for it. I am a sponge for criticism and simply adore having my faults pointed out. That is the kind of author acknowledging that ought to be done and I do not mind doing it. Once again I seem to be on the crest of the writer wave selflessly producing literary photons of cut crystal clarity pinpricking the curtain of time.

Thailand Tombstone—Retirement Redux

Here Lies Dana
Stickmanbangkok.com Writer
2003—2013

Friend of the cruiser,
Champion of the 500 baht note.
He'll be missed by his friends,
And remembered for what he wrote.

He's said what he said.
There's nothing new.
It's sayonara time,
A Dana fan boo hoo.

Every literary patch
Has writer grave yards.
He's headed there now
To lay down with other bards.

Time calls us all.
The aged and the young, the short and the tall.
The heart slows it's beat,
And youth is replaced with shuffling feet.

Birds tire of flapping,
And fish tire of finning.
Life is eventually wrapping.
Every day can not be winning.

He's done enough.
He's had his say.
Some writer days were tough,
But mostly it was play.

He's on the path to Godhead status:
A serious life and serious fun.
His text is going to become stardust someday:
His life and times recorded—his work done.

Well Sticksters, Dana haters, and sick twisted fans; I made it to Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes—Part 400 and I'm flippin' breathless. The Smithsonian Museum here in Washington, D. C. called and wants to have me sign paperwork that will allow them to claim my brain for science when I die. They want to know what is wrong with me. Imagine what I could have done if there was a Viagra for writers. Can't even imagine it. Anyway, 400 submissions is enough. Stick a fork in me, I'm done; and you can contact Stickman for retirement party information.

This is my last submission. I am now retired from writing for the Stickmanbangkok.com site. I thought I had retired at Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes—Part 77 and specifically wrote that submission as a swan song; and I again thought I had retired at Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes—Part 100 and found the notion of retiring once reaching the mythic number 100 very appealing. We will call those errors of judgement. I'd rather call them youthful mistakes but that train left the station a long time ago. I think I also retired at Part 150—kind of a blur. Anyway, a mean spirited Washington Squaronian has mentioned that I have retired more times than Sinatra and a friend of mine in California has a $100 bet with a Mexican tranny (Question: where is a Mexican tranny going to get $100?) that I will start writing again. When I hear these kinds of small minded comments it is cosmic sigh time. Recently I was conference call chatting with Coleridge and Dickens and they related that they had had the same trouble with the unappreciative and the unfriendly but they just soldiered on.

"Write when you are rich,
and write when you are poor.
Write when you are confident,
and write when you are not so sure.
But just keep on writing."
—I.D.H.

Anyway, no one is going to make any money off this $100 Mexican tranny bet and this Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes—Part 400 is absolutely and incontrovertibly without chance of doubt or hesitation or debate my last submission.

I am through writing for the Stickmanbangkok.com site. This submission is Numero Lasto. That's it. Finito. El Endo. I am Done O. I Quito. Don't Even Think About It O. I Don't Care If You Point A Gun At Me O. I'm bushwhacked. Done in. Fractured. Spent. Pooped. DTTK (Dead To The Keyboard). Too Tired To Shit—To Weak To Fart. That's All Folks. To all of you who thought I was the greatest living writer in the history of the English language—good luck to you. You others can burn and twist in the fires of hell for eternity. OK, forget that last bit. I guess I am tired. So so tired.

It's time for someone else to grab the story reins and give the literary horse a kick in the ribs: slide down the narrative embankment squeezing your groin muscles until you think they'll tear, and ford the cold roiling rushing river while your four legged pal fights for footing on tumbling slime covered rocks. Then the wheeze and the push and the shout and the prayer as you reach the other side only to see another embankment of mud and rocks and rewriting nightmares, grammatical mysteries, and plot point problems.

Sound easy? Sound like fun? Think you can do it? OK, now do it 400 times. You have to write from the heart, and you have to write from experience, and you can never lie. Heck, I can't even do that in my own life. Anyway, I'm tired pardners. There are no circumstances, eventualities, impulses, fat money contracts, occurrences, emotions, pleadings, legal threats, proceedings, facts, inducements, contingencies, or random influences of the universe that can ever get me to write another submission for Stickmanbangkok.com. For some of you that means it is time to party. Consider it a gift from me. Who loves you baby? Dana does.

And that includes Mort of the beach boulevard in Pattaya from 2005. Sorry Mort, your tight tight tight belly button and your flat flat flat brown stomach make my penis orifice pull and tear with Bunsen burnered pipette pain but even you are not enough to get me to write one more submission for Stickmabangkok. Leaning over the stainless steel balcony rail of the fourth floor terrace pool at the A. A. Hotel on the corner of Beach road and Soi 13/0 in Pattaya and seeing you in the early morning sun standing on the curb fills me with pleasure and hope beyond measure. Normally I would crawl over glass with my ass on fire to get to you; but even that is not enough to get me to sit down at the keyboard one more time and type the words Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes— Part 401. For the rest of my life the number 400 will have special meaning. It will be the marker of my freedom. The last dying ember has gone cold, the sky is without shooting stars, and my brain can not send any more messages to my fingers. I'm making this public personal pronouncement with my hand on top of a stack of bar chits, and used Viagra pill punch cards. It does not get any more definite than that.

I am scheduled for surgery tomorrow at Massachusetts General Hospital here in Boston. By now I should get a frequent patient discount at that place. The last time I was delivered in an ambulance the nurse looked down and said: You again.

Anyway, I am going to have all of my fingers amputated so that I can not even think of doing any more submissions. It's called the Writerium Guillotine Digitus (WGD) operation. Funny story: a writer friend of mine had this finger removal operation about 7 years ago and almost immediately started pecking away at the keyboard with his toes. I had to listen to him bewail his addiction to writing and mention that he might have to have his toes amputated.

Yeah, but you'll still be able to peck and slam the keyboard with your dick.—I said.

Wait a minute. That's not funny.

Anyway, I don't think I'm that sort; I just need a little medical attention to get my life a little more balanced. I'll miss the emails detailing how I am scum of the earth who should be kept from breeding, but other than that high note; I think just kickin' back and not writing will be a pleasure.

And if you do not find this submission appealing do not bother to email me because even as I type these words I am starting to shut the whole operation down. Trannies in electric blue short plastic dresses, and midgets in school girl uniforms, and pool table whore sharks in stiletto heels with chalk holsters are already tearing the place apart. Accountants, and proofreaders, and research staff, and interns, and expat experts, and stringers, and office machine maintenance people, and support staff, and lawyers, and computer people have already received their last pay checks. The office cat has bailed out, soi dogs are boosting themselves in the windows, and the roaches are starting to appear from their hiding places. The air conditioning is shut down, the fan blades have stopped moving, and the phones are fast becoming plastic relics of a past I will never return to. In an hour I am going to take the mouse and the printer and the monitor and the cube and the manuals and the speakers and the keyboard and the files out to a jungle clearing on Ko Larn and pump shotgun blast after shotgun blast into the pile until the barrel burns my hands, there is a ringing in my ears, my laughter has turned into a hyena screech, and I lose control of my bladder. Finit.

I know what some of you cynics are thinking:

"Ah Dana, we've heard all of this retirement talk before. And just when we get our hopes up, just when we think a stake has finally been driven into the heart of this submissions monster, just when we imagine it is safe to cordon off Soi 6 in Pattaya and have an all night party—you send in another submission the next week. Please, we are begging you—honor this retirement; we need to get back to normal lives instead of going from week to week waiting for your submissions like a yaa baa addict watching the Burma border for a mule train."

OK, let me tell you why this retirement is inviolable this time. No, better yet: let me show you. Have Noi and her teddy bear co-pilot fly you over to my Federalist style mansion in Louisburg Square here on Beacon Hill in Boston. Her space buster dolphin shaped plane of melted flip flops and soldered plutonium ingots goes 18,000 miles per second. It will take you about ... oh, there you are outside my window now. Can you see me? No? I'm right here in front of the Delft tiled fireplace looking at you. Tonight I am burning Taiwanese camphor wood, Irish peat, and tsunami longtail boat kindling. Anyway, can you see me now? No? You are looking right at me.

Do you know why you are looking right at me and yet you can not see me? It is because you do not recognize me. When I first started writing for Stickmanbangkok.com I was young and strong and hansum and sleek. But there have been some changes.

My soul and my physique and my mind have been mortar and pestled by the inhuman load of having to submit submissions to Stickmanbangkok.com every week. Look again through the wavy purple imported English glass mullion panes in the bow front window. Do you see the monster with his flipper feet up on the bamboo coffee table? Do you see the scaled beaked visage with the greenish hue? Can you see the fingers that have webbed and turned into claws? Can you see how the ermine collared red Chinese silk nightgown hangs from my narrow shoulders like a funeral shroud? Can you see the outline of a large oblate shell shape under the shroud? That's me you are looking at.

The unrelenting unbending inflexible weekly ticking time bomb of mind destroying stress involved in starting with a blank sheet of paper every Monday and producing a masterpiece by the end of every week for Stickmanbangkok.com has visited upon me the horror of reverse mutant evolution. I have regressed and become a hideous hopeless green hued, scaled, beaked sea turtle of a man. Don't pity me. It's my lot. I wanted to write. This is what I got. Like Icarus on wings of wax I flew too high. I've run my race. Now I sit in my red silk Chinese nightgown with my flipper feet up on the bamboo coffee table and wait to die. My words will outlive me. They are stardust bound. But it's a heavy price. On the one scale genius and art; on the other scale a life now bereft and alone in a house without a sound.

I have become a monster. A night person. I can only go out at night because if I wander from my mansion in the daytime I scare the kids and excite the dogs. I am hideous. Ever seen a sea turtle that could touch his pecker with his flippers? Well, I can't either. Be careful for what you wish for. I wanted to write but I paid a price. Offered again I might think twice. All that remains of my former self are the memories. Writing for Stickmanbangkok.com has ruined my life. I have become a human sea turtle. Scaled and green and beaked and carrying a heavy shell that makes a mockery of the closet full of custom made clothes from Mr. Ambassador, the Indian tailor in Bangkok. I hope you are all happy. I gave and I gave and I gave and this is what I got. I hope you are thrilled. So this is why there will not be any more submissions after this one. This is why, Mr. Smarty-Pants Cynic, there will not be any more submissions next week or any other week. So go ahead and have your block party on Soi 6 in Pattaya. I hope the girls dance on the table tops, and the dogs snap at sparklers, and the toilets explode from M-80's. Don't look for me. I won't be there.

I'll be sitting in my red bricked mansion,
Perched on my sea turtle ass.
Watching the covering night fall
Through the purple wavy glass.

Don't think of me.
Don't give it a thought.
This is my life.
It's what I bought.

You can't calculate life.
Can't predict what will be.
You've got you,
And I've got me.

There, night's fallen:
I can flipper my sea turtle self outside.
Stare up at the stars:
Cry out—and cry in—and confide.

It was a bumpy road,
But mostly fun.
The pleasure of addiction,
Now my race is run.

See you around the boardwalk everybody,
Talking to Ming and Ding and Sing and Dah,
Remember, don't forget;
Stay Away From Fa.

This is my last gasp; article, essay, story,
or rant.
Stickmanbangkok.com is a memory.
More writing I can't.

I can see the palms
and feel the sun;
I love you every reader,
Every one.

But love is not blind,
And I'm not your Pa.
Remember, don't forget;
Stay Away From Fa.

She's my morning wake-up
On the boardwalk at nine.
She's my Thai smile, and hug, and laugh:
She's mine.

We're both getting older,
Shuffling and slow;
Stuck on each other,
And 500 baht dough.

We are your future
When your race is run.
No more writing,
Just palms and sky and sun.

See you around the boardwalk everybody,
Looking for smiles;
Shuffling or walking,
Doing the miles.

See you around the boardwalk everybody,
Talking to Bing or Bang or Kang or Kah.
Remember, don't forget;
Stay Away From Fa.

Appendix 1: Correspondence with Dean Barrett 2006 to 2011

1/3/2006

Hello Mr. Barrett—

I have a problem (well, actually two problems—I'll get to that) and I wonder if you could help me.

1. The first problem is that I am a dumbass.

2. The second problem is that I have a problem with short term memory. Well, not really. If I had short term memory I sure would not have a problem with that. I'd be delighted. Problem is I don't have any short term memory.

So to the point. People by the tens of thousands have been recommending your site to me. Words like edifying and entertaining are bandied about in goggle-eyed wonder like shuttle cocks at summer camp. Frankly I'm not really a joiner and like minded chanting usually has me looking for the Exits but I had been persuaded. Your site would be good and fun for me.

However, OK, here is the problem. When I pull up the site the first thing I see is ARGAIV'S DIARY—And if you haven't noticed that Argaiv is Viagra spelled backwards get your dumbass off my site.'

Well, I hadn't noticed that Argaiv was Viagra spelled backwards so I got off the site. I don't need to be told twice that I am a dumbass and I try to be cooperative. I'm no troublemaker. Now here is where the problem with short term memory comes in.

Not forgetting the heartfelt admonitions of tens of thousands of site enthusiasts I tried to access the site again. No ploblum dude. The site popped right up and again the first thing I saw was 'ARGAIV'S DIARY—And if you haven't noticed that Argaiv is

Viagra spelled backwards get your dumbass off my site.' Well, I hadn't noticed and because of short term memory insufficiency I also hadn't remembered. Anyway, push didn't have to get to shove—I got off the site immediately.

OK, this has been going on now for a couple of hours. I simply can't access the site because I can't get past this 'dumbass' roadblock. Any advice? I would remind you that having a problem with short term memory is an affliction, not a disease. I deserve the same respect that men with two giant penises deserve. If allowed to access your repository of living Shakespeare I will not infect anyone and I promise not to enthuse about the site to anyone.

Anxiously Awaiting,
Dana

P.S. What is Viagra?

Dear Dana,

Blessed be the hour when your many friends recommended my site to you. I dare not walk in their jade footsteps. The glory of their family names blinds me. The- well, enough of the traditional Chinese dynastic pleasantries; let's cut to the chase. If I may, I would like to answer your second question first, i.e., What is Viagra. Well, as you have said, I say on my site that Argaiv is Viagra spelled backward. So doesn't it stand to reason that therefore, as cogito ergo sum and as E=ATM2, that if Argaiv is Viagra spelled backward then Viagra is Argaiv spelled forward. Simple Taksinian logic. It's OK to be a dumbass, Dana, but don't be a numbnuts at the same time (nothing personal).

Now, as for your first question, that is a puzzlement but I think I have the solution. Although I have yet to see any emerge, you probably have some basic common sense, right? So why don't you ask a friend to go into the site for you and your friend can shout out the titles of various items of interest on the Welcome Page. Then he can click into the ones you like for you and you take it from there. Or he could simply scroll down past the Argaiv's Diary section on the Welcome Page and you could then search on your own. Or, if all else fails, you could let me know the exact day and time you will be going into my site and I can change the message to read: "And if you haven't noticed that Argaiv is Viagra spelled backwards get your dumbass off my site unless your name is Dana."

I really hope this works for you and I am sincerely glad you brought this point to my attention because it may be that a lot of dumbasses with minuscule memories like you are going to other Thailand nightlife columns because they have the same problem with my site that you have. Anyway, Dana, your letter is certainly a classic, and ranks right up there with the biblical classic, Paul's Letter to the Epistles.

15/8/2006

Sa Wa Dee Khrap Hansum Man Kuhn Barr (if that is your real name)—

1. Regarding Mr. Spillane—his book covers (clever pulp marketing) and book titles (clever pulp marketing) also helped move merchandise. Currently I am reading Perchance to Dream by Robert Parker. More of the tough guy talk and very fast pace. A signature ending to every chapter keeps you going. Great literature? No, but fun. And at about 250 full pages a fast run-off for the publisher and the author (hell, I've got Stick submissions almost that long).

2. Regarding the pic of the Barr related T-shirt: my own T-shirt project has been on the back burner for a couple of years. Thinking of my face on the front and on the back with the letters

GLWITHOTU* under the face.* Greatest Living Writer In The History Of The Universe.

3. Regarding the Angelwitch: I never go in there. Too crowded and the girls are wearing outfits. Boring. Reminds me of an overrated tourist trap in Havana in the late 50's.

4. Regarding Chinese spies: "It's not fair to horny men."—this I believe is a complete 100% misreading of how men's penises get into women. Men are innocent cherubs and women are spawn of the Devil. We have nothing to do with it and should not be held accountable.

5. Regarding the soon-to-be literary blockbuster Dragon Slayer that will have some Vietnam specific allusions: I have stopped writing anything that relates to Vietnam in ANY way because men who have been to Vietnam simply cannot get past the fact that the author has not been to Vietnam (when bullets were flying) so the literary merit of the writing never gets a fair shake. Best to consider moving the action to some non controversial geography like west Greenland or northwestern Hudson's Bay, etc.

Dana

Dear Dana,

Always a joy in my otherwise mindnumbingly boring and lackluster days and nights in Bangkok to see a letter from you in my mailbox. My Thai neighbors always know when I have received a letter from you as they hear me pounding the walls and stamping the floors in paradisiacal bliss.

And many thanks for your advice about not writing on Vietnam but I was in Vietnam during 1968 when I flew from Bangkok to be reassigned to Taipei and had to stop at Saigon's Airport for four hours. You would be amazed at the heroism I displayed crammed into those four hours but I am far too modest to mention it. Nor do I ask for sympathy or special consideration of any kind simply because I lived for years in a Bangkok which had yet to import go go dancing. Hardship duty it was, lad.

Finally, you mention that you find Angelwitch boring. Does that even include the act where the girls on stage (including Noy) are dressed as nuns and sing "Fuck you" over and over again wearing dildos underneath their habits? Even I - president of DBB (Degenerates Beyond Borders) could not have come up with that one. And if Noy wearing a dildo under a nun's habit doesn't do anything at all for you, check your pulse; you may have just died.

1/10/2006

Hello Mr. Barrett (if that is your real name Mr. Communist Hong Kong for 17 years)

1. The Larry McMurtry book I couldn't get past 4 pages in—must have been me.

2. What ever happened to the Dave the Rave column on the net—can not find it?

The group photo of the girls in The Big Mango is a deal killer—bunch of peasants and dragons. Jesus Mary and Joseph I hate to play the 'I Remember When' card but I remember when the girls were short and petite and feminine. Now they look as if they are saving their baht to go to Heavy Equipment Operator school in Pai Crap Mung Yat.

You must have a special deal going in the Angelwitch bar of BKK that has you roped off and placed on a box or something—too fxxxing crowded and noisy for me.

Paul of Stickmanbangkok.com a Thai themed farang site on the internet (you may have heard of it if you can ever get out of Soi Cowboy) had mentioned that some of his submissions are actually by famous living authors who post under pseudonyms. How about coming clean on this MBFA and tell me which ones were yours so that I can read them. I have already gotten Paul Theroux and Samuel Beckett and Stephen King to come clean on their submissions so why you act like a man and step up to the bar and spill.

Dana

Dear Dana,

Well, once again, a few kind words from Khun Dana whom I thought said wasn't going to write anymore, ever again. Anyway, what Larry McMurtry book? I didn't mention any. As for Dave the Rave, you'd have to ask Dave the Rave himself what happened to his column; just check in with him at Angelwitch. OK, to each his own, I thought several of the girls at The Big Mango were dolls, so maybe it is just that my photography didn't do them justice. Nope, no deal with Angelwitch, they are not even offering vouchers on my site. I used to write musical theater in New York and I just happen to think they have the best shows in Thailand (I wouldn't know about the ladyboy shows, so please do critique them if that is your thing). And, of course, like most men in Bangkok, I am in love with Noy and the twins and a few others at Angelwitch as well. (Noy gave me a hug the other night and I haven't showered since.)

Nope, never wrote a letter to Stick but did win the contest there twice. Not sure how it is that Samuel Beckett came clean to you about his writing to Stickman under a pseudonym as he died a while back (Beckett not Stick). Are you a clairvoyant?

Always the highlight of my boring week to receive a letter from you, Dana, but have you noticed how I display your letters in 10 point type and mine in 12 point type, subtly suggesting, perhaps, my opinion is more important than yours? One of the great benefits of having one's own website. Oh, by the way, I lived in Hong Kong for 17 years while it was still a British colony; never lived there under the commies; so no communist me. Cheers and go slow with whatever it is you're on.

15/11/2006

Hello Mr. Barr

I consider myself to be fetish free. I am much too educated and too worldly and too superior to find engaging something trivial. OK, there is the issue of a woman's legs going into the tops of cowboy boots. Electrifying. And there is of course the issue of strappy high heel shoes just peaking out of the bottoms of jeans. Again, electrifying. But these are not fetishes because their universal appeal is similar to a law of physics.

However, girl bands. Girl bands where the girls do any kind of shuffle or dance step just make me shake. And of course just when you think you have plumbed the outermost reaches of the sexual universe—there is the issue of katoey girl bands. Sweet Jesus on a cracker just stick a fork in me I'm done.

Some one should do a picture book or a novel that gives these subjects their due. Someone talented and clever and hansum and ... know anyone?

Dana

Ah, khun Dana,

I see you have come down from your latest high and are back in the world once again. As we used to say in Thailand in the old days, never dance with the mate if you can dance with the captain. No, wait, I'm getting mixed up; that was a saying of tall ship sailors in the days of the windjammers. I meant to say we were both of us born under the gun and educated on the bowsprit. Purser rigged and parish damned! No wait, that's from the tall ship sailor days too. Damn! That's what I get for spending years researching Hangman's Point: I can't talk normal anymore. I like the female legs in boots part but beyond that you leave me a bit befuddled: I didn't know there were katoey girl bands. What would their band names be: Half and Half? The Changeovers? The GRS Girls (gender reassignment surgery girls)? The Silicones?

Man, we have come a long, looong way from Benny Goodman, I can tell you that. "Sweet Jesus on a cracker." I like that expression. You wouldn't be a southern boy, now, would yah? In fact, I shall use that very expression next time an entertainment provider names her price. "You pay me two thousand baht." What!? Sweet Jesus on a cracker! you outa you' mind, girl!" Except that to the Thai ear "cracker" would sound a bit like "pecker" and I don't want to sound irreligious, if you see where I'm coming from. How bout "sweet Mohammad on a marshmallow"? How bout, oh, shit, I gotta cut down on drinking black Russians.

Anyway, although I don't know katoey bands from diddly-squat, I do get the Erotic Writer's newsletter which among other gems says: "Browsing the lesbian erotica, I noticed another highly focused collection, DARK ANGELS: LESBIAN VAMPIRE EROTICA, that sounds extremely — juicy." So maybe somebody can start a lesbian vampire band if it hasn't occurred already. And did you know the erotic newsletter has a special "Smutter's Lounge"? Some people know how to build a site!

1/12/2006

Sweet Jesus on a cracker—another wonderful column and I just adore the pictures of the girls you post. They always look happy and natural and happy and natural and happy. It's not true what everyone says about you and I do the best I can one mean rumor at a time to stem the tide. You're not a bad man; you're just drawn that way.

Dana

Thank you, Dana,

I'm glad you like the pictures of entertainment providers. I now have newfound confidence in my work. With you on my side who can be against me?

15/12/2006

Greetings Oh Mighty Deanster—

It is traditional amongst the smart set to costume the compliment with a lead-in like "Well, I hate to say it; however" ... "but I'm a bigger, more sycophantic manfan than that and I do not mind stating personally and on a public forum that your DeanBarrettThailand website is one of or maybe the best site of it's kind. It's strength is diversity. Diversity of subject matter and diversity of the visuals. There are some other fine websites that also do well in this category BUT THEY ARE EATERS OF DOG AND ... sorry, lost my composure; anyway I like your site quite a lot.

One of the things your site does particularly well is treat Thai females with respect. Thailand is a sovereign nation of sixty-four million proud people whose hearts beat with the same hopes and dreams as anyone else (well, probably not; but I had a chardonnay and a gin and tonic on the flight into Boston). They deserve to be treated respectfully. Your latest column that featured the couple David and Fon was an example of this and of course their successful cross cultural mating rekindled in me and I imagine many other farang men the dream of happiness and acceptance and love Thai style ...! Anyway, I love your website. You are clearly an almost saint-like alpha male who has found his metier (fxxx the French). I couldn't find my metier if I was let loose in a factory that said DANA METIER FACTORY.

The only fly in the ointment is that your wonderful website only comes out twice per month instead of weekly or daily. Come on man—don't be a flippin' tool. You know we want it. You know we need it. You know we'll beg for it. You know we would crawl across a Polo Lounge stage with our asses on fire to get to it—so why not give us a daily or a weekly column? I mean, and if I can be perfectly candid; what kind of a jackass are you? If your dying mother needed blood plasma infusions daily or weekly would you limit her to only twice per month treatments of elemental life force plasma? You know, I think you would. That's the kind of big time, royalty check spending, 'too good for the rest of us' famous author jerk you are. Monster. I hope you burn and twist in the fires of hell for eternity.

Dana

Dana,

You keep complimenting me like this and folks will think I paid you to write your letters. I have no doubt that I will burn and twist in the fires of hell but I hope not for all eternity. That sounds like a long time and I specialize in short times.

15/1/2007

We are desperately in need of more pictures of Fon here in Boston. You are too busy keeping the Fons of the Kingdom to yourself in a giant Deanarium Stud Farm outside of Dean Buri where they gambol about in innocence and little else. Well, the secret is out and I have people scouring the country and we are going to find this little hide-a-way. Your 'Fon-is-only-for-me' days are over. So ask not for who the bell tolls, the bell ...! OK, forgot the last part but you get the point.

Dana

15/2/2007

Hello Mr. Deanbarr—

Again the site is late. My God man, don't you have people? People you can yell at to get this giant airship untethered twice a month? You know, it is not just the content that we wait for that is an issue here—when the site is late we worry about your health ... OK, it is just the content (and more pictures of Fon) that we wait for.

Dana

The site is not late; people are in different time zones and for sure, Dana, my friend, you are in a very different time zone. But, OK, I will see if Fon will agree to a few more pictures. If so, I'll put them up next time. As they say, specien for you.

15/03/2007

Attn: Mr. Dean,

"Great news! It's official! I thought it might never happen but it did! Yesterday my novel set in China, Hangman's Point, hit the New York Times Best Seller list! Yes, friends, yesterday is the day I cut out the NYTimes best seller list from the NYTimes newspaper, pasted it on my bedroom wall, then threw a copy of my book at it. On the second try the book hit the best seller list!" Here at Dana Central this is known as a gin-and-tonic joke. Droll Mr. Dean ... very droll.

An excellent column once again and once again like a weakening brainless salmon swimming upstream you post through public expostulations the conundrum I hear from all who have met you—"I don't know how he does it. I have met him and I do not know how he does it." Congratulations—you are a mystery and an enigma and a brainless salmon. I salute you. Time for a gin-and-tonic.

A Fan, Dana Central

A brainless salmon? Dana, that's the nicest thing anybody ever called me since my basic training days at Ft. Dix. Are you in fact an ex-basic training sgt?

1/5/2007

Hello Mr. Bigshot Bookwriter—

OK, it is not May 1st yet and technically the next installment of your website is not due yet. It is currently April 29th here in Boston which means it must be almost May 1st in Bangkok. Don't mess with me on this—I can read a colander as well as the next parole violator. So here is my question: WOULD IT KILL YOU ... ? Would it kill you to put the damned next installment up a little early? I hate to go off on this but you know this website thing of yours is not exactly measuring out plutonium for nuclear stuff ya know? It's probably already done and edited now and you are just sitting around jackin' us off. We learned about guys like you in prison socialagist class. Sickopaths. That's you.

And we want to see more pictures of Fon. Especially tasteful pictures where she is putting something up on a high shelf, or leaning over outside touching frogs or something.

A Fan

Hmmm.

Why do I suddenly feel like John Lennon in front of the Dakota Building as Mark Chapman approached? But, hey, I love fans. And I love to accommodate fans. Even fans in Baked Bean Burg. But if I put the column up ahead of time then it wouldn't be fair to the others so I would have to keep notifying people of an earlier time for the column and keep moving it up to accommodate you which would eventually mean the column would be one month early with the news, ahead of Stick and Dave and all the rest. (Simple integregal, interlapable physics. See Hawkings & Dawkins Delusional Physics in the Age of YouTube & American Idol & Two O'clock Bar Closings.) How fair would that be?

15/3/2008

Hello Dean Barrett (if that is your real name):

In the past I have referred to you as a publisher's errand boy, a failed penmanship teacher, the little ant that couldn't, a compelling case for writer's block as a good thing, and of course a sipper rather than a drinker. I now take back four of those five things as a way of saying thank-you from the bottom of my heart for the pictures of Fon.

She is not a woman but an angel that has been sent down from heaven to give me life. However, you monster (oh yeah, forgot that one), do you really expect the Mensa quality brainiacs who constitute your readers to believe that she only gave you two pictures? TWO? Sweet Jesus on a cracker man how dumb do you think we are? TWO PICTURES?? I'll bet she gave you a hundred pictures which means we get to stare at two of them, and you have the other ninety-eight pictures under your covers.

You are sick. How can you even look at yourself. You are sick and a monster and one of the other five things above. Of course the way to inch your way up the spiral of Nirvana would be to send me the other ninety eight pictures. I enclose my mailing address. Come on you pencil neck novel writing play thrashing website date challenged (this went up around March the 2nd in Boston) dweeb—do the right thing and send me the other pics of Fon.

A Fan Whose Identity You Will Never Guess

You are right, Dana,

I cannot guess your identity, but a letter from you always makes my day (longer). True, I do have more pictures of Fon and from time to time, once I have finished having my way with them, I shall post them for your enjoyment. As for the date of the column, when I go up on the 1st here, it should be a day (12 hours) behind in Boston, not ahead. Could it be that somewhere deep inside your limbic system you are on your own timeframe and that what you believe to be the sustained narrative constituting your own identity is actually a non-sequential distorted version of reality? Just a thought.

Love & Kisses.

15/4/2008

1. "Could it be that somewhere deep inside your limbic system you are on your own timeframe and that what you believe to be the sustained narrative constituting your own identity is actually a non-sequential distorted version of reality? Just a thought."

Yes, and it is a good thought. Guess I am one of the lucky ones. Now, if you through obfuscating and stalling; when can I look for those pictures of Fon to be arriving? If I had 98 pictures of Fon I would send them to you; how does THAT make you feel? Monster.

2. Regarding the Chinese version of Buddhism allowing them to touch money: what a joke. When don't the Chinese touch money? Try and stop them.

3. Regarding your enthusiasms for the girl photos in After Dark magazine: I am going with charity on this one. You have to burble and drool like all authors faced with time and content urgency issues but this is just ridiculous. These are HORRIBLE

BORING UNSEXY WHITE SKINNED girls that no man is going to get on a plane for. Obviously the crack investigators at After Dark magazine have figured that the Thai and the Japanese market is the way to go. Fools.

Personally I would pay ten times the cover price for a magazine full of Isaan wonders with feet shaped like canoe paddles, dark skin, and please no women over 4'10" tall. Think Fon only a foot to a foot and a half shorter with wider feet. Yes, I am an aficionado with my thumb on the objective reality pulse when it comes to Thai female beauty. The fact that you are shilling for this magazine and taking payments is not really the interesting part; the interesting part is that I know the money you are receiving is being spent on Isaan wonders.

Regards,

A Fan Whose Identity You Will Never Guess

Ah, a letter from Dana,

What more proof could one need that there is indeed a God somewhere looking to make my life more ... pleasant? Well, I cannot agree that the women in After Dark magazine are boring, etc., because I find them sexy as hell and encourage the publisher to send me more. And, alas, I get no kickbacks, baksheeh, cumshaw, under-the-table handouts for running photos of sexy women from them or elsewhere; I just like pretty women.

My only deal with magazines is that if they use my material I would like them to run a cover of one of my books somewhere in their rag on the off-chance that someone somewhere might be interested in actually buying one of my books - a revolutionary thought, I know. But - believe it or not - we agree absolutely on the superior beauty of Essarn women which is why in my photobook The Girls of Thailand, I placed a Korat construction worker on the cover. q.v. (does that mean "which see"? - I forgot).

By the way, the book came out in 1980 and is long out of print so this is not a cleverly disguised ad for the book. But I think you will agree that the charm and beauty of this construction worker is the essence of what we desire in a female. Of course, if she had come to Bangkok today, she'd most likely be working at BarBar or Demonia as a dom, as Mistress Bricklayer or some such title. (More fun chastising wayward farang men than piling up bricks in the hot sun, methinks.)

My, my, times do change, don't they?

1/5/2008

Greetings Deanbarr (if that is your real name):

Nice to see you back. I hate it when you take a publishing date off as you did the first two weeks of April. Not because I enjoy your column, but because it is always helpful to have your column as a baseline by which to judge other columns. Every Everest needs a base camp.

I know the reason you took time off was probably because of some obligations and responsibilities to family members and … wait a minute: let's all grab the reins here. Do I, Mr. A Fan Whose Identity You Will Never Guess, ever take off time from offering suggestions and reactions to webmasters on the Internet? The answer is "NO" Mr. Chang Beer Breath and maybe there is a lesson there for you.

You can live the life you have been living with it's class and morals and style and emotional richness and family pleasures; or, you can live a life of misery, and privation, and spasmodic crying in the night, and bankrupt morals like me. I am sure you will make the right choice and we will never have to go through two weeks again without your base camp pap to give us guidance.

Now, on another subject: to wit—the column content. Not to put too fine a point on it the twice a week recitation of beer prices and elephant photos is wearing a little thin for an International playboy like myself. So, I have some suggestions to 'punch up' the twice a month literary splurge.

1. You naked in front of one of the Soi Cowboy elephants with the 20 baht of bamboo tied to your ...

2. You getting caught on Bangkokeyes.com spray painting 'Boges' car and telling him it is 'art' and 'free expression'.

3. You posing at the entrance to the NEP as a Christian missionary and getting the crap beat out of you by the midget tout and the midget Go Go girl.

4. Photographic evidence of the last twenty years of paternity suit court cases that have been filed against you in the Kingdom.

5. A five minute video of you in bed with ninety pictures of Fon. This would be 'P' rated—P for pitiful (send me the pictures and regain your dignity).

6. You at the new airport dressed as a Hari Krishna and handing out copies of your books (donations accepted).

7. A photo of you actually in the act of writing. Presently no photo exists on the Internet. I'm not saying you really did not write the books with your name on the front cover ... I'm just sayin'.

8. A complete review of health drinks and health drink prices instead of the locations and prices of Black Russians and Pink Laplanders and Green Rastas. OK, this seemed like a good idea when I first started typing it. Not so sure now.

9. Photos of you washing and waxing the cars of all other website administrators who say nice things about your books. I think it is time to come clean on this. Everyone has known this for about

ten years. We love you, we pity you. Come on big boy—it is photo time. Make your humiliation part of the cure. Denial is not just a river in Egypt.

10. And finally, a public confession and a public contract between you and me that you will stop calling me at all hours of the day and the night with your personal problems. I just have not got the time.

Sincerely yours,

A Fan Whose Identity You Will Never Guess

Ah, so good to hear from Dana.

I always worry that they might take his writing privileges away. Dana, lad, I know not what substance you are smoking but I sure wish you would share it. Or, as we used to say in the late '60's, don't Bogart that joint; pass it over to me; cause you been hangin' on to it; and I sure could use a hit. I would certainly pose naked with the soi Cowboy elephants but I wouldn't want to put the elephants' manhood to shame. If you need the number of a good detox center let me know. True, some website administrators say nice things about my books and some seem to hate the thought of my very existence.

I do notice an interesting phenomenon: the ones who say nice things use their real names; the ones who say nasty things use pseudonyms. While it is true I was once a proud owner of a Smith & Wesson revolver in New York, and can very rarely be provoked, I regard myself as a peaceful man and firm believer that anyone can have any opinion about me they like. But I don't use pseudonyms when writing to newspapers or websites, etc., so why do others? I promise you, khun Dana, I don't bite. Pass that word on to your fellow inmates, would you?

15/5/2008

Hello Mr. Always Late and You Know Who You Are:

OK, I did not want to go down this road but I am only human and I have cracked. Once again the column is late. It is almost the fifteenth of the month in Boston which means in Bangkok it must be around the sixteenth or the seventeenth or the eighteenth of the same month (celestial navigation was my hobby so you ain't foolin' me Somchai Barrett). So the column is late again and not by incompetence but by design. Incompetence could not so unerringly make the column late every month for nigh on eleven years. It is by design. I know the work of the Devil when I see it and I see it here.

I have consulted the United Nations and the International House of Pancakes and the League of Nations and the IMS (International Monger Society) and the Black Russians and the Pink Ladies and Boss Hogg and Trink and the front desk clerk at the Mothership with the silver bracelets up to her elbows and this is what has been decided:

From now on you must bring the column out one day early and then one day earlier than that every month until you have made up your lateness deficit. Fair is fair and this way you will be making up for your indifference and your devil ways to your loyal leadership; and you will be working on your karma account, and you will be … look you little jolly scribbler; just bring the column out early and even earlier every month until we notify you to stop.

And we want more pictures of Fon. Boy when it comes to pictures of Fon you are a dribbler instead of a shooter. Must be your age. We know you have boxes full of them. Let us see them.

Sincerely yours,

A Fan Whose Name You Will Never Guess

Ah, yes, I think I do understand your problem, Khun Dana.

You see, my column comes out on the 15th here in LOS, usually in the afternoon. Which would mean that your Eastern Standard Time would have it at one day early or on time. It could not possibly be late where you are. But, as I said, I think now, in light of your recent letters, I understand your problem. You see, you obviously exist outside the normal space-time continuum which the rest of us inhabit and therefore, being inside your own personal space-time continuum, your sense of time and space does not always coincide with that of others. You have, undoubtedly, heard suggestions to this effect by those in the medical profession, perhaps.

Is it possible you were at some time a member of Scientology? Because I discern a certain similar mindset when I look at the smile on the face of Tom Cruise and when I read one of your letters. A kind of eerie transcendence manifests itself and One Step Beyond music begins to play as when one's network of neural fibers misfires. But I shall certainly endeavor to pick up the pace, as it were, and get the column out a bit earlier. And, indeed, I shall see if we cannot round up more pictures of the lovely Fon. But give me time. And space.

15/6/2008

"Winning the war against Muslim fanatics will take a long time and be hard-fought but it can and will be won."

A nice thought and optimism sells; but there is not a scintilla of evidence that the Muslims are not going to win. Nothing is more popular than Fascism (for both the oppressor and the oppressed), nothing is more effective than violence, and costuming primal desires in religion is always a winner.

And not to put too fine a point on it; the Muslims have the oil. Don't think they do not know this. They hold a lot of aces and they are willing to die for their 'ideas'. If I was a betting man I would put my money on the Muslims in the next two hundred years. Want to make a lot of amoral money? Bet on things that include the Muslims gaining territory and political influence.

It would not surprise me in the next two hundred years for Thais and Thai culture and Buddhism in Thailand to be wiped out as the Muslim scourge pours north out of Malaysia. They are already killing schoolteachers and monks and police in the south with impunity. Thailand lacks the will to kill them one by one and nothing else will stop the cancer from growing. I am not criticizing Thailand for lacking the will to hunt them down one by one and kill them. No country has evidenced this kind of political and practical will.

So … the result? The Muslims are on the move and history is penciling them in as future emperors. Think this is far fetched? Just hyperbole? Read history. Nice peoples and nice people do not always win. Often nice guys finish last—dead last. In the United States the Muslims are 100% uncompromising on all issues. It is their way or the highway. So they often get what they want. It is simply easier in the short term to give in to the whiner than to fight the fight that should be fought. This is how insidious groups and individuals get power.

You look around after a couple of decades of inattention and you are surprised to find that they now control the school boards, and have high officials in the police department, and they are influencing how school books are written, and they are school teachers in the lower grades where young minds can be diverted for life, and they have high profile jobs like newsreader and lawyer and judge and banker and college admissions counselor and High School principal, etc.

My money is on history. And history tells me the Muslims look like the future. Just seems like an uninteresting group of fanatics to you? Do the research. Add up the numbers. There are a lot of them and they breed like roaches. They have numbers and oil and belief. Looks like three aces to me. How many aces does that leave for the West? Do the math.

Dana

Dana,

I could not agree more with you. As long as the West has leaders who are politically correct and afraid to criticize religions, especially fanatical brotherhood-religions like Islam, there is no guarantee at all that Western values will prevail over Islamic fanaticism. The only hope is that more and more people are waking up and are willing to fight back. But it is as you say: Muslims are quietly inserting themselves on school boards, and people are even self-censoring books and schoolbooks before they are criticized. And the population gains of Islam are impressive, especially as European and Japanese rates plunge. And of course there is the masochistic streak in Westerners who want to blame themselves for whatever horrors Islam carries out. Partly because they do not know the bloody history of Islam.

But for those who do, and those who have suffered greatly from Islamic fanaticism, such as Hindus, fighting back is the only way. Already in Europe and England politicians are kowtowing to Muslims in their districts to win votes. In other words, for short term personal gains they will allow more and more inroads for Muslim fanatics. I love Chinese history and culture and would like to get back to it but I have learned that fighting against Islamic fanaticism is extremely important so I spend a lot of time at it. I wish more people would.

1/7/2008

Attn: Mr. deanbarr (as if …) —

OK, it has come to this: this is absolutely the last time I am going to pee in this pool. To wit: it is the 16th in Boston which means it must be at least the 18th in Bangkok and there is no up-to-date issue of Deanbarrettthailand.com on my computer screen (not that I care!I really don't care—I'm just sayin').

So what is this all about if I don't care? Standards. Standards, and the United Nations, and the International Center of Weights and Measures in Washington, D.C. To wit: I am going to nominate to the above organizations that your complete indifference to all that is good and sacred and human be considered the baseline for monsters.

Your continual late postings of this website will become a scientific and social measuring rod of all that is the worst in humanity and the downward spiral of evolution that we are now experiencing. I hope you are happy. You will become famous and immortal for all of the wrong reasons. Monster (as if you care).

A Fan Who You Will Never Guess The Identity Of: ANAD

Well, Dana,

I don't mind being famous and immortal for all the wrong reasons. That sounds like the perfect recipe for selling lots of books. And if you calm down, take your medicine, and be sure to use clean needles, I think I can promise you new pictures of Fon very soon.

15/8/2008

Attn: Mr. Deanbarr (as if that is your real name)

Not to put too fine a point on it: in a previous edition of your Deanbarrettthailand.com website you promised more pictures of

Fon. More pictures of Fon did not appear in the next edition of your website. A promise is a contract and a promise broken is a contract broken; not only with me but with all of your readers. Eureka. We are now in class action suit territory nimrod.

This kind of legal slam dunk barely deserves my legal firm's time so I am having my butler's barrister start the paperwork. We intend to sue you in 190 countries plus the Vatican for non delivery of goods and services promised; to wit—pictures of Fon.

Go ahead website Wille; laugh like a demented hyena in the African night. The last laugh will be on you as the United Nations and the Vatican and the Council of Churches and the Dana Fan Club and the South Pattaya boulevard cruisers turn on you.

How can we make this ugliness go away? Simple. You have my address and you have pictures of Fon. Do the right thing or the Pope is going to be on you like a dog on a bone. You've had a good ride but the honeymoon is over. Put the pictures in an unmarked manilla packing envelope and make sure each picture is protected by a vellum separator. I'd ask you to wipe off your finger prints and other assorted scums as a courtesy but I know who I am talking to. Just send the pictures of Fon. Or else.

A Fan You Will Never Guess

Congratulations Khun Dana,

This may be the first time you have made a valid point. But spare me your wrath and save it for the French because Fon and her husband were to stay with me on their way to Europe and France made it so difficult for her visa that they dropped the idea for now. So as a result they remain in Burriram and I have no way to photograph the lovely Fon. But, rest assured, if they do manage to get a visa and come to Bangkok, you shall certainly have your wishes and fantasies fulfilled, erotic though they may be.

1/9/2008

I lost my computer in a lightning storm three weeks ago so today I tried to locate HA on the library computer but you have been filtered out. So has Davetheravebangkok.com.

Dana

Dana,

The librarians in your library obviously have no class or taste! DB

15/9/2008

Attn: Mr. Barr

Farangdingdong.com has been one of my favorite sites for years. One would think that the obvious would be the big attraction. Possibly. But I can not help but be charmed by the faces of the women. So happy and so young. If I see a happy face on a woman in Boston I assume she just won a sex harassment suit against a man.

Dana

Dana,

Well said!

1/10/2008

Hello Mr. Dean

As you know the Boston Public Library has blocked your website. Well, I know people who know people and I have found out that the reason for this is because you do not meet their high standards for ethics and this all has to do with certain Fon pictures being promised and not delivered. You may think that in your ivory writer's tower over the Rajah tailor shop on Soi 4 that people do not know what you are all about but believe me when I tell you, "They know."

In short, the Boston Public Library knows a Fonspiracy when they see one and they have taken action. Please do the right thing or I am afraid this blocking action in the States will be followed up with angry reference librarians tracking you down.

A Fan Who You Will Never Guess

Dana,

Banned in Boston!? I finally made it! And, lucky you, Fon is going to appear on a book cover in a new book coming out soon written by Jesse Gump. She will be on a beach in a pasin, topless facing away into the sunset. Your prayers have been answered!

15/10/2008

Attn: Mr. Barr Who Doesn't Care About The Little Guy Anymore (if that is your real name):

"And, lucky you, Fon is going to appear on a book cover in a new book coming out soon written by Jesse Gump."

So now I have to spend money to get a pic of Fon? Sweet Jesus on a cracker man do the tentacles of your publishing empire and greed admit of no shame? What happened to the dreams and ideals of writer youth that just wanted to write a good declarative sentence and bring smiles to readers' faces? Now you are part of a giant International Dean Barrett megalopolis of petrochemicals, and movie production, and China mainland bridge building, and panty research, and 'Oh Yes' — now pics of Fon.

So I just give up. There will be no more pics of Fon in my life. It is time to move on. My only regret is that I do not live on the fifteenth floor. The fall would kill me.

From A Reader You Will Never Guess

Alas, Dana is upset!

(Probably behavior displacement because he can only seduce 55-year-old Palin-type hockey moms in Boston bars who lecture him on how men living in Thailand chasing after succulent young Thai women are “socially inept” and “afraid of accomplished older women” and blah, blah, blah.) But Khun Dana, you needn’t spend a bloody satang to see Fon on the cover because I will be putting Jesse’s cover up on a future column when the book is out! So you jumped to the wrong conclusion, Mein Herr.

If you have read my columns by now you should know I have little interest in money and far more interest in lovely Asian women. I would say that has been my Achilles’s heel but not sure I can spell “Achilles” so I won’t. Anyway, I hope you continue to have illuminating conversations with America’s hockey moms and you have a good day in Boston. As the governor of the fairly large igloo called Alaska probably said, “Dang it, God created American men to be with American women like it says in the constitution and the Bible so both sexes can shoot moose from helicopters and fire a few rounds off toward Russia while praising the Lord.” P.S. What about the 14th floor? That might work.

1/11/2008

Attn: Mr. Deanbarrettthailand.com (as if …)

I send this missive in the spirit of a loving child to a goofy parent. Just a reminder that the end of the month is coming up which means that the beginning of another month is also nigh and you have a responsibility to post the November column on time.

As you know in the past your interpretation of when the month starts has been variously on the 2nd and the 3rd and the … you know what I am talking about.

Please try to grab the reins of responsibility and post on time this month. The correctional facility I am currently in requires that I reserve recreational room TV time in advance and they are not disposed to hearing any goofy excuses from faraway places.

A Fan You Will Never Guess

Ah, Great cheering and celebration is heard about the town upon receiving the news that khun Dana did not dispose of himself by leaping off a tall building, after all.

Yes, I think you will find this column up on time as I have to dash off to Pattaya for a cultural weekend; hence, it might even be up slightly ahead of time. At least the correctional facility allows you to read this column which shows leniency and good sense. A word of advice: watch your back when you bend down to pick up the soap. And to quote the final words on the edicts of the great Ch'ing Dynasty emperors: "Tremble and Obey."

15/2/2009

Hello Mr. Barrett

Thank-you for the pics of Fon and the photo essay on her and her husband's farm in Buriram. Just wonderful. Next time you post pics like the recent pics of Fon and the farm perhaps you could put numbers on each pic so that we could make comments about them?

Dana,

Glad you liked the pictures. I would love to put numbers on each picture but I just don't have the time. This website already eats into the time I have for writing novels as it is. I trust Boston is getting over the horrible winter.

15/8/2009

Attn: Mr. Barrett (as if that is your real name)

Just a short military style missive to tell you that I will not be looking at any pictures of Fon in the future. I know that is redundant wordsmithing but you get the point dweeb boy. Go ahead: stuff and choke and inundate and plaster your web site with pictures of Fon—I am not going to look at them. Send the same pics to my Internet address and once again: I will not look at them.

A Fan Whose Identity You Will Never Guess

If you live long enough, Dana, cloning will be possible and maybe Dave will sell you a clone of Fon. Good idea, huh?

1/12/2009

Attn: Mr. Barrett,

Well, I guess I am glad you are back from your latest trip but it is all getting a bit wearing. Between your trips (website down) and Mike's trips at Thailandstories.com (website down) and Dave-the-Rave's trips (website down), finding up-to-date entertainment/information on the Internet is like trying to find an old lady's breasts by poking at her shirt with chopsticks. And of course the reasons given for all of these trips is some personal family thing. How lame. I don't have any personal family life so why should you? It is time to face up to your website administrator responsibilities and recognize the fact that the readers come first. Please, no more trips and no more bleating about personal issues. It is all about us (or is it we).

Helpfully yours,
A Fan You Will Never Guess

Could it be, that in addition to having the capability to write acerbic, humorous, sardonic, supercilious letters, khun Dana is actually a mind-reader as well?

Because this is precisely the question I have been grappling with. At the end of 2009 this column will have gone on for 5 years. A long time for a column. And fun as it is to write the column, it definitely eats into my novel writing time. Also, in the first three years, I never missed a column, during the second year only one, and during this year I missed three. No more "personal family thing" though as they have all passed away but I will be traveling a lot in the new year and also writing books more on China than on Thailand, so I tentatively decided to give the column a rest.

But now I realize khun Dana - stranded and forlorn in snow-bound Boston - would be crushed. And so I have decided in 2010 to go to a once-a-month column; every first of the month, a new column and of course a new contest. After three or four months, I should be able to tell if that is working well. I also hope to do more videos and add more background information to the website and this should free up some time. So thanks again, khun Dana, for your perspicuity and keen insight and "helpfully yours" advice.

15/12/2009

Attn: Dean Barrett (as if that is your real name you are not fooling anyone) —

Well, thank-you for putting another nail in my coffin of misery. Apparently, there is no joyful heart you can not tear asunder. To wit: in your last column you stated that you are considering going from a twice per month schedule to a monthly schedule and you mentioned my name. I am now getting emails like the following:

Dear Dana Thanks for ruining my life. Apparently Dean Barrett is going to go from every two weeks to once a month (maybe) for his column and you had something to do with it. If you ever visit Godthab, Greenland look me up. I will have the dogs tear you to pieces.

Fogir Danielson Bragnar

Etc ...! I have, conservatively, received approximately 4000 emails like this. There are now places on Earth I can not visit without imperiling my life. I guess some big time published authors don't care who they hurt. It's all about you. Monster.

Dana (and that's my real name not some made up name)

Khun Dana (real name),

Life is not fair, as JFK said (presumably before he was shot). I thought I had made it quite clear that it was especially fear for your wellbeing that I decided to continue doing any columns at all. But, we both know, there are dudballs who just don't get it; mean-spirited types who just like to cause trouble by deliberately twisting what is being said. Please send me the 4,000 e-mails and I will tell each and every writer of those nasty messages the truth: that Khun Dana is a force for good (well, that is, assuming that the continuance of this column is a "good" thing - a large assumption indeed). Best wishes to you and other Bostonians for the Holidays.

1/3/2010

Hello Dean

Thank-you (and my dog Rufus thanks you) for posting those pictures of Fon posing in her new house in February's column. Someone held one of the pictures out a window here in Boston so that I could see it and I came in from the ledge.

Only one thing: what's with the guy in the picture with her? Come on Dean, grab the reins: haven't you heard of cropping or photoshop? So close and then you fell down before breaking the tape at the finish line.

Anyway, thank-you for saving my life. Below are some future Fon picture ideas:

1. Fon on top of a step ladder reaching up really really high to get something off a top shelf.

2. Fon vacuuming in black open toe high heels with those black straps that wrap around the calf. These black straps that wrap around the legs of Thai females give me stabbing pains in the backs of my eyes but I am willing to accept the torture.

3. Fon making soup and turning to smile over her shoulder.

Sincerely yours, AFOF (A Friend Of Fon)

Dear AFOF,

Hang on until 1 April column when I think I can promise you all new and exciting pictures of khun Fon!

1/4/2010

Attn: Mr. Barrett

Imagine my surprise, shock, and awe to find your March column up on Sunday February 28th. You've got a lot of early postings yet to go to make up for grieviously cavalier attitudes in the past regarding late appearances of the column; but I like the new direction.

Also, thank-you (and my dog Rufus thanks you) for posting a picture of Fon. You have to use your powers for good rather than evil; and once again, this picture shows a nice direction.

A Fan You Will Never Guess (AFYWNG)

Hi Dean,

You are right about one thing you mentioned in your last column, there are actually plenty of punters like myself who are successfully (and happily, oddly enough) married to Thai women and with their kids in tow.

I saw a bunch of that when I was living in Lake Tahoe the last two years. Dang hooked into the bamboo telegraph up there and we met plenty of Thai/Farang families there (of all places). I think there are a lot of jaded punters who don't realize you can find love and happiness with Thai ladies, provided one doesn't try to fit it into the Western (anti-male) model that has become all the rage in Amerika these days.

As a friend constantly reminds me, "Bill, enjoy for what it is, not for what it isn't." In other words, there ain't no white picket fence, and there probably never was.

Bill R.

Hello Mr. Dean,

Regarding the stories about check bin abuses: I have never had a single problem. Why? Because I have never run a tab. I pay for each drink at the time I order. I have never ever run a tab in a Thai bar. My father traveled the world for Raytheon and for the Pentagon. His advice to his son was 'Trust Nobody'. Good old Dad.

Sincerely yours, Dana, CEO Dana Enterprises

Hi Dean,

Finally got around to reading your March column.

I see that you spent some time on Soi Suan Plu recently. I suspect that others may have answered your questions on the buildings with the gothic façade you spotted from the balcony of the Somerset Suan Plu (which used to called the Park Suan Plu), but just in case, those are townhouses. If you walk past the Somerset, before you get to the Bangkok Bank, you can see the gated soi.

I lived in the Park Suan Plu for well over a year back in 2001/2 on the same side your buddy apparently was staying on. Those townhouses have been renovated considerably since that time. They used to run down quite a bit, but someone has spent the money to fix them up. Have no idea what the rent or sale for, though I suspect the rent would run close to 100k a month for the bigger ones.

Also the tree you featured is an interesting storey. When we first moved to the Park Suan Plu, that was just a normal tree, but I well remember when it became the shrine you saw. This happened in late 2001 I think, the storey is a woman was walking past it when a voice spoke to hear telling her what lucky numbers to pick. Of course, she won and proceeded to tell all her friends, etc, etc. Within the month, there were people lining up to make offerings. For a while, twice a month (guess which days) there sometime would be a hundred or more people gathered at any one time. Over time, the large gatherings have diminished, but there are still enough followers that keep it will decorated. Enjoy the column, too bad you went to monthly, but I understand the time issue.

Robert G.

Hi Dean,

'The Stick' pointed out the following issue during his March 14th submission —

This concept of coyote girls - that is girls who can really dance but who are not usually available - dancing in gogo bars is one that raises my eyebrows. Putting pretty girls into the environment with a cannot touch policy seems crazy. Worst of all, this concept seems to have caught in on in a number of venues and seems to be the way things are going. Maybe one day you won't even be able to barfine in the bars!

Good point, eh? chok dee! Craig-Ben

Absolutely agree.

Mojos is OK; it is a one off and fairly professional. But I hate to see this spread to Cowboy! The so-called coyote dancing on Cowboy is basically go go dancing with different outfits. Some are available at ridiculous prices; others not available at all. Let Cowboy be Cowboy!

Cheers, Dean

1/5/2010

Attn: Editor Deanbarrettthailand.com

Subject: Fon(s)

Last month (April 2010) Dean posted more pictures of Fon. More pictures? Yes, more pictures—Dean has previously featured Fon who lives with her farang husband David in Huairat. He goes to visit them and then we get to see more pics of Fon.

So, what code have I cracked? Just this—in picture after picture Fon can look amazingly different. In some pictures she looks young and innocent, and in other pictures she looks mature and all knowing. In some pictures she looks tall, and in other pictures she looks short. In some pictures she looks like a domestic goddess you would expect to be stirring soup or folding laundry, and in other pics she looks like an upscale urban princess who has never washed a dirty dish. In some pictures she looks like a woman who has never seen a camera, and in other pictures she toys with the camera like an international super model. It seems there are many Fons. Believe me when I tell you that this is true. I have printed out every picture and taken them over to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in Cambridge so that I can look at them with their enhanced electron microscope (EEM).

How can this be? How can one woman look so amazingly different, and yet the same, in so many pictures? Research ensued. Scientists were enrolled. Money was raised. International committees engaged. Satellite photos taken. Geologists expert in plate tectonics questioned. Results? It seems that the Huairat area has an unknown geologic anomaly: to wit—a hidden Shangri-la valley two miles long and a thousand feet deep that no one knows about. The sheer walled French Oceanic valley sides are rich in verdure that surrounds a flower bedecked meadow of rich loamic soil and green grass. And what do satellite photos show on this meadow floor?

Fons. Hundreds of them. Like wild horses with long black flowing manes, tight stomachs, and taut muscled legs; Fons of every beautiful kind are running, and trotting, and cantoring, and galloping, and gamboling, and leaning against meadow and pasture fences with the hooded and happy sexy eyes of the world's premier femme fatales. How can this be? Stay tuned, because I have cracked the code (warning: you better sit down).

David, Fon's husband, is breeding Fons. He is not replicating them, he is breeding them. Hence all the wonderful varieties of Fons. Using himself as the breeding stallion he is producing Fons of every kind, and size, and exciting dream. Hence my puzzlement at first when I spotted pictures taken by Dean Barrett that looked so different from each other. I have cracked the code. David is breeding Fons the way a horse breeder produces beautiful horses. Deep in an Earthly Eden protected from polluting influences he is ... well, just try to imagine what is going on.

No need to envy David. His time on Earth is so far outside the norm of male existence that envy is irrelevant. This man is a God on Earth, a colossus of testosterone and male luck beyond measure. One Fon in my life I can barely imagine and calculate;

but to look out the window and see hundreds of Fons is heart stopping in concept. David, I am not worthy—I am not qualified to crawl in your shadow.

How can you find this Thai Eden of gamboling Fons? You can't, unless you can access military satelllites. But isn't it great to know that such a place exists? Hundreds of young fertile beautiful Fons stretching and striding and posing in the sun. Some of them can even cook, and David never sleeps alone—like I said, you can't dream a dream this big.

Fon, I love you. Everyone of you. I know I'll never ride you with my hands buried in your mane, and I know I'll never wake up in your valley; but knowing the Thai sun warms your skin makes me very happy. Fon, I love you; every one of you. And David? What of him? Don't get me started. Why him instead of me? God, life is so unfair. I mean, just look at this guy in the pictures. How did this happen? How come he got the tap on the shoulder from life? Why him? Why not me?

And another thing … h, just forget it. It's always another guy instead of me. Oh well, at least I can still dream. Dream of all the Fons rolling on their backs in a hidden sun dappled valley filled with laughter and the high pitched sounds of innocense and fated futures of acceptance and happiness and love. Happy happy Fons.

If I ever got an invitation to visit this valley I probably would not go. I know my limits. Hence the importance of Dean posting pics of Fon and Fons on his website. Dean, we need more pictures of Fon. And if David ever decides to start a company selling Fon T-shirts, and Fon coffee cups, and Fon hats, and Fon calenders, and Fon rugs, and Fon mudflaps for trucks, and … well, just let me know; I'll be an investor. I see the future and it is Fon running for the president of Thailand and Thailand being renamed Fonland. Fonland. A place on Earth with Fons everywhere.

Sweet Jesus on a cracker—wouldn't that be wonderful?

1/5/2011

Hello Dean, I can't locate the archived Monthlys. I am trying to retrieve:

1. 15 Jan - 31 Jan, 2007
2. 1 Mar- 15 Mar, 2007
3. 1 Mar - 15 Mar, 2008
4. 1 Feb - 15 Feb, 2009
5. 1 April, 2010

Dana

Nice, try, Dana, but I recognize those dates as the columns in which khun Fon appeared. Checkmate. (Stay off the Provigal and Ritalin and Gancha for a day or two and see how that works for you.)

Appendix 2: It All Started When … by Frank Visakay 23/1/2006

This story takes place a long time ago when we were all 'nubies' for sure and the rest, as they say, is history.

It was freezing in Boston and the American was delighted to feel the warm breeze as he walked to the bus stop. Today was his first day in Thailand, having arrived late last night. He had wanted to come here for quite some time and was looking forward to visiting his friend from New Zealand who was teaching English at a local language school. The teacher had settled in comfortably with a sweet Thai girl and the American was on his way to have dinner with them.

He carried written instructions. Take the number eleven bus on Sukhumvit Road, pass the Democracy Monument, Khao San Road, then over the Pinklao Bridge, get off at the second stop and turn left down the first small 'soi,' which was explained as a tiny street. It would be easy to find. Soi Phet ran alongside of the Union Hill Pharmacy. The sidewalks were a mess, full of holes. You really had to do some pothole research as you walked along.

The English teacher lived in an older building but it had a security guard who called up before anyone could enter. The American took the elevator up to the fifteenth floor and found their apartment. Sai greeted him at the door and he removed his shoes. He knew that much, at least. He saw that there were four place settings on the bamboo floor mat instead of three.

The Kiwi handed the American a drink. 'Sang-thip and soda-good local rum.

Sai's girlfriend is coming. You're going to like her. She has a great personality.'

Warning bells screamed in his head. Sounds like the kiss of death when they say that. It means that the girl is plain looking or down right ugly. Probably fat. If she does have a cute face, it's going to be the size of a basketball. I should have another drink, he thought, or two more - even better. He had heard so much about the girls in Thailand and now was going to get stuck on his first night out.

The three of them sat down to wait; sitting on red cushions by the mat where there was quite a spread laid out. There was a whole fish, crabs, shrimp, salad and rice. Little bowls of condiments, fish sauce, hot sauce, filled every space.

'You really don't want to get involved in the bar scene here,' said Sai. 'You never know what might happen.'

What a night this was turning out to be. Sai was starting to sound like his Aunt Helen, who occasionally attempted to fix him up with a date. They all invariably looked like someone that Aunt Helen would go out with.

The visitor had his back to the door when the bell rang. Sai opened the door and he turned slightly and saw the black high heel shoes first. Then the legs- unbelievably beautiful, long legs. They went all the way up to a black leather miniskirt. Above that was a bare waist as flat and smooth as a tabletop. A short white tank top completed the outfit. She had full red lips and silky black hair. But it was the stunning smile that did it. He wondered if Colgate knew about her -or the shampoo people. She looked as if she shook her head, her long hair would float around in slow motion like in the commercials.

'You must be Dana. I'm Jasmine.'

She looked directly at him and smiled. She was dazzling. Her smile reached out to him, enveloped him, flowed over him, holding him captive as sure as if he were in a Star Trek episode or on the crazy space ship ride that he often imagined.

Captain Kirk. Phasers on full power. Zap!

Dana couldn't speak. He stopped breathing.

'Sorry I'm late. You must be hungry, let's eat.'

Jasmine sat down beside him. Sai made more drinks. The food was delicious.

Jasmine peeled a shrimp, leaned over and placed it in his mouth. He could see her cleavage; her breasts were round and full and strained to burst out of their confinement. Dana couldn't take his eyes off her.

She laughed. 'The shrimp is the only thing on the menu tonight.' She smiled at him. It was a knowing smile, a confident and wise smile. This girl could read his mind. He had known her forever.

Dinner flew by. It was time to leave. He walked her to the elevator. She stood close to him. She was as tall as he was. His heart was pounding. He put his hands on her waist. Their lips met. They kissed softly at first, then harder. The elevator reached the lobby. The doors opened for a minute and then closed. They were still kissing.

'I have to see you again,' Dana said as he walked with his arm around her to the street.

She gave him her phone number. She reached up and kissed him again. He held her close and her hair fell against his face. He could inhale her scent and feel the softness of her cheek against his.

The fragrance of the small ivory colored necklace of fresh flowers around her neck wafted the aroma of Jasmine into his nose seeming to numb his brain.

‘I have to tell you something- something that Stick does not know. I have a secret,’ she said softly in his ear. ‘I’m Katoey,’

‘What’s that?’

‘I’ll explain over dinner tomorrow, if you call me.’

She climbed into the cab, her skirt riding even higher on her hips, showing off her long shapely legs.

Katoey? Dana didn’t care what province she came from or what religion she was.

Two things were certain for sure.

All he knew was that he could not wait until tomorrow and that he would really be sad to leave here and be back InAmerica.

Appendix 3: Foster Foskin's Adventures in Thailand by Marc Holt 19/1/2007

A few beers later I was still tryin' ter figure out what ter do when I looked up as a strange apparition slid onto a stool opposite me. Actually, he didn't exactly slide-.'e had ter climb up 'e was so short. It wasn't easy because the pink satin shirt kept making 'im slide back down. It was only when one of the servin' shielas came up behind 'im and grabbed 'is nuts that 'e got up there pretty fast!

'E ordered a beer and sat nursin' it for a bit before 'e spoke. I looked 'im over. He had a lived-in face with short sandy hair and intelligent eyes. Yer can tell a lot about a bloke if yer know what ter look for. This bloke looked like 'e knew what was goin' on and how ter enjoy life. The laugh lines around 'is eyes were a dead giveaway fer a start.

"You got troubles buddy?" he drawled. He stretched 'is vowels, so 'e sounded a bit like a pommie, but I could tell 'e was a Yank.

"Ah, nothin' yer can 'elp with thanks mate. I'm Foster Foskin. Who are you?" I said extendin' me hand. His grip was firm, which was another point in his favor.

"I'm Dana from Boston. I'd guess you are on holiday, right?"

I nodded. "And you've met a girl and fallen in love, right?"

"Yeah."

"Bar girl?"

"Nah. I met 'er on a bus from Chiang Mai. She's a law professor at a university here. That's what makes it so bloody difficult. If she was a bar girl I wouldn't be worried about it. Plenty of them ter go around."

"Yes, I see your problem."

Right then, I had ter go point Percy at the porcelain, so I got up off me stool and asked a waitress where to go. She said as she pointed, "Ova there. I take help you, yes?"

"Yeah, that would be good love," I retorted, "the doctor told me not to lift any heavy weights."

I left Dana laughin' as I made me way ter the pisser. I got there, lined up and started sprayin' as instructed. There was a sign on the wall that said, "We aim to please. YOU aim too, please!"

Well, I did. I aimed at the floor, the ceilin' and the bulkhead. Hit them all. No sense in doin' half a bloody job is there?

By the time I got back Dana had set up a couple more beers. Just then I spotted Bluey walkin' down the road lookin' like he was a man on a mission. I called 'im over and introduced 'im to Dana.

We ordered one more beer fer him and settled down ter some steady drinkin'. I had ter admit, I took a likin' to this Yank. His taste in clothes was atrocious. I mean, who wears a pink satin shirt topped by a blue polka dot bow tie, with purple braces holdin' up a pair of red trousers? I wasn't sure if he was a poofter at first, but when 'e started rattlin' on about the shielas in Bangkok I got the feelin' 'e knew what 'e was talkin about.

After a bit of small talk Dana pulled out a deck of cards and spread 'em across the table top. A dangerous move that. Bluey is always a bit unsteady and has been known to clear a table with one sweep of 'is hand while 'es talkin'. Must be a bit of Ayetalian in 'im there somewhere, I reckon. Y'know there's only one way to shut an Ayetalian up? Tie 'is bloody hands together!

Dana shuffled the deck and then told me ter pick five cards from the fan he'd made and place them face down on the table. I grabbed 'em from different places and did as he told me. He picked up the first one and laid it face up. The queen of hearts. He grinned and said, “That’s your woman buddy.”

Then he picked up the next one, the king of spades. “That’s you. Looks like you get into a bit of trouble now and again.” I nodded. Bastard got that one right, didn’t he?

The others were number cards and he laid them either side of the two picture cards.

Some of the shielas servin’ table had seen what was goin’ on and drifted over ter watch. Dana pointed at a five of hearts and said, “You are having some doubts about your new girlfriend. You could go either way right now, since the 5 is the midway card.

I nodded, not sayin’ anythin’. Since I hadn’t really told him anythin’ about me worries, he was doin’ pretty well so far.

“The seven of diamonds means you are very lucky, but that’s tempered by the 3 of clubs here, so you need to be careful to think carefully before makin’ any decisions.”

“Yer got that right mate. Not bad. Where’d yer learn that?”

But I got no answer because suddenly he was swamped with sheilas wantin’ him to tell their fortunes too. He chose the prettiest one and got her ter pick some cards. When ‘e laid them down he said, “You are going to meet a handsome man and sleep with him tonight. He will shower you with much money.”

Her eyes widened and she got all excited. I guess it doesn’t take much fer these shielas. They only have ter hear the words ‘handsome man’ and ‘money’ and they get all wet.

Dana turned to me and asked, “Do you happen to play golf?”

“Oh shit! Do we play golf? Bluey and me scored a few holes in one on our last game, didn’t we mate?”

Bluey just looked at me with a big grin and nodded. He knew I was settin' Dana up fer the sucker bait. But Dana beat me to it and said, "Well, I've been thinking about organizing a charity golf game down in Pattaya. Would you guys be interested in joining?"

Without thinkin' I said, "Only if yer name it after me, mate."

So that's how I got dragged into the Foster Foskin Pro-Am Golf Invitational to be held in Pattaya. That sounded like a bonzer idea. I reckon another round with me little black beauty could be just what the doctor ordered. But before that Bluey and me were goin' to sample some more delights of the big city. And I still had ter figure out what ter do about Nok. With me excitement at meetin' Oy again that probably wasn't a good omen, was it? But we'll just 'ave ter wait and see. I still had a few more days in town ter spend some time with 'er. Plenty of time ter make a decision.

Now Khao San road's a funny place
Yer'll see it all if yer stick around
A couple of Mossad blokes, scowlin' faced
An ancient hippie, not yet in the ground

Over there yer'll see a pair of Euro lovers
One is German; she's got hairy armpits
The other is French, a big fat mama
With no bra and a pair of huge floppy tits

Khao San road, yeah Khao San road
Yer'll never see anythin' like Khao San road

The hippies are still comin' 'ere
All these years off the hippy road
They're all stoned, but not on beer
Hash, grass, ecstasy, takin' dope a la mode

Their hair is long, and their eyes are red
They stink the place up pretty bad
I think they sleep six to a bed
But not fer the sex, which is pretty sad

No shielas fer these poor lost souls
A smoke of dope and a plate of rice
They never see our Nana waterin' holes
The bar girls there wouldn't look at 'em twice

With tattered clothes, and sunburned skin
Yer gotta wonder, eh? Where the hell's the fun?
They don't eat much. That's why they're thin
Roll another number, let's toke another one

Khao San road, yeah Khao San road
Yer'll never see anythin' like Khao San road

Bluey, Dana and me, we're here slummin'
We found a boardin' house with a meager bed
No air, no curtains, and some bloody awful plumbin'
At the price it ain't so bad, s'about all that can be said

We sit around and drink our beers
Watch the scene that's passin' by
Are those two dykes, or maybe queers?
Who knows if one's a shiela? Perhaps she's bi

Look! Here come's a bunch of Thais
I wonder what they're doin' here? Are they
High-class bitches lookin' for low class guys
Or maybe they've come ter watch the gays

Khao San road, yeah Khao San road
Yer'll never see anythin' like Khao San road

No matter what yer come ter Khao San for
Yer'll find it all: The hippies and the hi-so's
So c'mon and join us. It'll never be a bore
It's fun, it's sad, an more than a bit on the nose

"Crikey Bluey, see if yer can bludge a couple of cigarettes, will yer mate? I need ter stick the bloody filters up me nose. This place is really on the nose. The stink in 'ere is enough to melt the paint orf the walls!"

We were sittin' in a little hole-in-the-wall restaurant on Khao San road. After all the excitement we'd generated around Sukhumvit we thought it might be time ter lay low a bit. Yer can't get much lower than Khao San, that's fer bloody sure.

Seated at tables all around us was the weirdest assortment of people yer ever likely ter see. Over there were a couple of seedy lookin' characters with 3-day beards, dirty shirts and stringy hair hunched over beers. They were talkin' quietly and intensely to each other, arguin' over a book lying' on the table between 'em. I'd bet me left nut they were Israelis. They 'ad that look of desperate paranoia, as if an Ay-rab was gonna burst in and bomb 'em any minute. I looked around a bit meself, just ter be sure. But all was quiet. I'm not paranoid, but it doesn't hurt to check anyway, eh?

At the next table was some bloke with dirty long blonde hair and big coke-bottle glasses, lookin' smart enough to have more degrees than a thermometer. He was hangin' onto the hand of a good lookin' blond shiela tellin' her fortune. She was dressed in a long gypsy dress, a white blouse decorated with spangles and what looked like astral symbols. Dunno what she was smokin', but she had a big grin on her face as the bloke intoned, "You vill meet a tall, handsome man. He vill take you away from all this. He vill be a bit rough around the etches, but he has a good heart und he vill treat you vell." And so on. I'd 'eard it all before. Actually, me new mate Dana said much the same ter the shielas over on Sukhumvit soi 4.

Of course Dana was with us. He had come when we announced we were going somewhere a little quieter so we could plan the upcoming golf tournament. As Bluey and me had already played a game at Phoenix we knew a bit more about the place than Dana did. When we started plannin' this caper I'd called up the club captain and explained what we wanted ter organize. So we now had a date in a week's time. Plenty of time ter get our plans in place, issue the invitations, and have some more fun in Thailand.

We were discussing whether ter order another beer when this lanky bloke sits down at our table. He was about six feet four in his socks, had a thatch of dirty blond hair, and wild staring eyes. But he had a big grin on his face so we figured he was a friendly native.

"Hey you guys! My names Kevin. How are you?"

"G'day mate. Nice ter meet yer. This is Bluey, Dana, and I'm Foster Foskin."

We shook hands and I was pleased ter note that the bastard didn't make any cracks about me last name. He told us that he was originally from Guam where his father was a US government official of some sort. He wouldn't say much about that, but he was obviously in a party mood and we started ter catch it from him.

"So what are you guys doing over here at Khao San road?" He asked.

I was just about ter answer him when me phone rang, so I left it ter Bluey ter do the honors.

“Hello darling. Where are you?” I grinned. It was the wondrous Miss Nok.

“G’day love. We’re over at Khao San road layin’ low. Just sittin’ around a beer and discussing a golf tournament we’re organizing.” At that moment Kevin got up from the table saying he would be back in a minute. I turned me attention back ter Nok.

“Would you like me to go and see you, Foster?” She asked. Is the Pope bloody catholic? I told her where we were and she said she’d be over in a flash as she was in Silom road at the moment. “I’ll be there soon, Foster. I miss you very much.” Crikey, her bloody grammar was good.

I hung up and was just about ter talk ter Dana when the phone rang again. It was the Professor. “I say, Foster my good chap, I seem to be in a bit of bother again. Would it be possible for me to go and see you?”

I sighed. The Professor was in trouble again. “Sure, Professor. Come on over. I was going to talk to yer anyway to ask yer to join our golf tournament.”

“Oh, I say! That sounds super. Where can we meet?”

So I gave him instructions and we hung up. At that moment Kevin came back to the table bearing a plate of chocolate he put down in front of us. “Here you guys. Here’s some magic Guam chocolate. Guaranteed to make you feel good.”

I looked. It was obviously home made. But I’m a sucker for anythin’ sweet so I tucked in. Bluey had a couple of blocks, Dana grabbed a handful, and Kevin downed a couple too. It had an interesting taste. Not too sweet, with an almost ‘earthy’ tang to it that was quite pleasant. There seemed to be some chewy bits in there too. The chocolate melted in me mouth. Delicious! I reached out ter get a couple more pieces but Kevin grabbed me hand and said, "Better let that settle first, Foster. Like I said, this is magic chocolate and you won't feel the full benefit for about twenty minutes."

I cocked an eyebrow and asked, "Just what is in that stuff, mate?"

Kevin laughed and said, "Well, there's some special Lebanese blond hash, a bit of ecstasy, and a few good Thai heads all mixed up in it. We'll all be flying in about 20 minutes!"

I shook me head. "Do yer mean ter say yer just slipped us some drugs?"

Kevin sat back grinnin' like a bloody Cheshire cat. "And what will these things do, Kevin?" I asked.

"Ah, don't sweat it buddy. You'll love it. Just sit back and enjoy the ride."

Well, I've done a few things in me life so I thought why not? Meanwhile, a couple more beers wouldn't go amiss so I ordered another round and we started discussing the golf tournament.

About twenty minutes later I started to feel weightless. Me feet felt like they were wrapped in cotton wool, and I grabbed hold of the table to make sure I didn't float upwards. This was gettin' interesting.

Just then, in walks Nok, and did she ever look beautiful. I waved her over and stood up ter give her a seat. I sat down again. Whew! That was strange. I felt about ten feet tall and growin' when I stood up!

I said, "Yer'll have to grab yer own chair love. I'm feelin' a bit too woozy to stand up right now."

Nok looked at me strangely. But she found a chair and joined us. "What have you been drinking, Foster?"

Well, love, it's nothing to worry about. I'm really happy ter see yer. It looks like being an interesting night. Here, have a couple of chocolates.

Her eyes lit up and she took two pieces. "Oh Foster, how did you know I love chocolate?"

Well, if she thought she liked chocolate now, just wait until she'd eaten that. I didn't let on until she'd swallowed them. She looked a bit surprised, but then she grinned and said, "I will follow you anywhere Foster."

Strewth! How could yer not love a shiela like that?

At that moment Dana stood up and started howling like a male cat in heat. He roared and ran through the tables ter sit down with two of the most beautiful shielas I had ever seen in me life. I mean, they were perfect. Flawless skin, impeccable clothes, tall, elegant. What the hell were they doin' slummin' at Khao San road?

But I had more immediate concerns. Nok was cuddling up to me. How could I ignore her?

Just then the Professor walked in looking myopically through his new glasses as he searched for us in the crowd. He spotted me cocky's hat and made a beeline for us. Along the way he bumbled into chairs and tables, almost knockin' over a few beers amid a stream of apologies, but he made it safely and plonked himself down next ter Bluey.

"G'day mate. 'Owareyer, orright?" I asked.

He blinked and looked at me. "Er, what did you say Foster old chap?"

"I asked how yer are yer bloody galah. Yer look a bit upset. Let me order yer a gin and tonic and yer can tell us all about it."

I waved to the waitress, ordered another round and a G&T for the Prof, and then turned back to the task at hand. “Here, Professor, have a couple of chocolates. They’ll calm you down and give yer time ter get yer thoughts in disorder.”

He looked at them thoughtfully, obviously torn. But finally he reached out and took one. “I’m trying to lose some weight old chap. But I’ll have one to be sociable.”

I said, “Have another one Prof. Yer need it. You’ll feel much better with a bit of chocolate in yer system. It’s rumored ter be very beneficial fer the nerves.”

So he took another one, popped them all into his mouth and a look of bliss appeared on his face. “I say! These taste rather good, what? Do you mind if I have another?”

“Sure, why not?” I could see he needed some help to relax, and these chocolates were definitely doing that ter me.

He took the last two and sat back chewin’ on them happily. Just then our beers arrived and we toasted each other, and then another toast to the success of the golf tournament. Crikey! It was getting’ hard ter concentrate on the plannin’. I looked around. Dana was still over at the other table chatting animatedly. One shiela had ‘er hand snuggled down somewhere below his belt. Maybe that explained the cheshire cat grin.

I turned back to Nok and asked her how she was feelin’. “Oh, I’m feeling very good thank you darling. In fact, I feel very, very good. Can we go dancing somewhere?”

Well, I gotta admit, I was feelin’ pretty frisky meself, so I said to Kevin, Bluey and the Professor, “Sorry boys, this first meetin’ of the Foster Foskin Pro-Am Golf Tournament is adjourned to a more salubrious time. Let’s go dancin’!”

We downed our beers, stood up and made our way through the maze of tables to where Dana was. He introduced us to his new friends. “Everyone (giggle, giggle), this is May and Ling. May and Ling, this is everybody you ever need to know!”

The girls smiled and gave us a beautiful wai. May lisped in a deep voice, “Nice to meet you.”

Strewth! What had Dana got himself into? He obviously hadn’t twigged yet that these were a couple of shims. Or had he? Yer never know with blokes like ‘im. Anyway, I grabbed ‘im by the elbow, said goodbye to the shims, and steered him out the door before he realized what was goin’ on. I looked down. Crikey. He’d cracked a fat so big ‘is bloody trousers were bulgin’ like he had a rampant goanna in there.

“C’mon mate. We’re goin’ dancin’. And yer’d better put that away before we get there. Yer might not get through the bloody door!”

He was in such a state that he just grinned happily and let me lead ‘im down the road. “Does anybody know where ter find a bloody disco around here?” I asked. I must of used me stentorian voice because half a dozen hippies grinned and pointed up the road, tellin’ us ter go to the Blue Duck.

We squeezed our way through the crowds, me with Dana giggling all the way in one hand, and Nok jumpin’ up and down in me other hand. I was hard put ter stand up straight meself, but we made it to the disco and trooped in.

The beat hit us and before we even got to a table Nok and Dana took orf fer the dance floor. I watched ‘em go feelin’ a bit lost. But not fer long. This gorgeous waitress took us in hand and plonked us down at a large table with a plush sofa wrapped around it.

We ordered drinks and then I turned to the Professor. "Now, me old mate. Why don't yer tell me what's troublin' yer?"

He stared at me for a few moments, lookin' like a stunned mullet. Then he shook his head and said, "Do you know old chap, I can't think of what the trouble could be. I feel so good that any problems I might have had just don't seem important any more. With that, he held up his beer, and shouted, "Whooeee!"

Well, no point in belaboring the point. I fell back into the velvet softness of the sofa and let the music waft through me body. I dunno how much time passed, but when I became aware again Nok was sittin' beside me, all cuddled up and lookin' very snug. She fitted perfectly. The Professor had snagged a beaut lookin' shiela from somewhere. Kevin was gone, probably dancin'. Bluey was curled up with a beer and a reasonable lookin' shiela. She wasn't no beauty queen, but I wouldn't toss 'er out of bed ter get to youse. Dana had two good lookin' shielas hangin' off him too. The whole team was havin' a good time, but I had a naggin' feelin' inside me. Somethin' just didn't feel right. Call it that old Foster insight if yer will, but I had a feelin' we had ter get out of there immediately. I get these feelin's sometimes, as yer know. I've learned ter listen to them, and this one was really shoutin' at me.

"C'mon me old mateys, it's time ter get out of here." There were howls of protest from everyone. "It's only midnight!" They said, but I insisted.

I paid the bill, gathered everyone up and we trooped outside. I led the way back to our guest house and we sat out on the veranda skullin' a couple more beers and suckin' on a joint. Nok was givin' me the old glad-eye, so I knew it was time fer bed.

We said our good nights and headed upstairs to the best night of bliss yer could ever imagine. Nok and me did the most amazing things together that night, makin' soft tender love one minute, and then bangin' each other like a loose tin roof in a hurricane the next. Strewth! What a night! We finally ran out of steam about the time the sun was comin' up. We hadn't stopped makin' love once in all that time. And all the time my feelin's fer Nok were growin'. I dunno if it was the magic chocolate, or whether it had just amplified what was already in our hearts, but we were both very much in love. And that couldn't be a bad thing, could it?

By the time we woke up about midday we were feelin' pretty bushed. They say a bout of sex is equivalent ter runnin' the one minute mile. I reckon I set a new world record about 10 times last night.

We had a long leisurely shower together and then headed down fer breakfast, where Bluey was already nursin' his first beer of the day. The Professor was there too, with a bonzer dark little darlin' sittin' on his lap lookin' like she'd just won the lottery. Obviously the magic chocolate had improved his performance too. We sat down and Bluey threw the paper to me.

"DISCO IN KHAO SAN ROAD RAIDED. OVER 200 ARRESTED FOR DRUGS!" The headline screamed. No wonder me bloody instincts were twitchin' last night. I read the story, and it appeared that a squad of police turned up at the Blue Duck about an hour after we'd left, and raided the place. They conducted urine tests and nabbed all those people fer drugs. I bet that wouldn't do the tourism business much good. Maybe it was time ter get back ter civilization down in Pattaya.

Just then Dana staggered downstairs trailin' his two shielas. "Hey mate. I reckon it's time ter go back ter Pattaya. Things are getting' a bit hot around here. Read this." I said, handin' him the paper.

Stone the crows! We're back in Pattaya no more than ten minutes and we're attacked by a bunch of Neanderthal shielas in Soi Post Office outside a coupla BJ bars. We finally made it safely to our hotel on beach road, dropped out gear in our rooms, and headed for the poolside to hoist a few tinnies.

Nok, Bluey, Dana and me settled into the comfortable loungers and relaxed. We'd had a grim couple of days up in Bangkok. What, with Bluey gettin' tossed out of the Eden, all of us gettin' drugged, and then fleein' down to Pattaya again in a decrepit taxi that broke down three times on the way, we were all pretty knackered.

I was oglin' the shielas around the swimmin' pool when Dana awakened from me carnal reveries.

"Foster, have you ever been married?"

"Yeah, Dana, I been married a coupla times."

"What happened? Why did you get divorced?"

"Well, you know what it's like. Everythin's hunky dory at first, but then after the kids come along things start ter slide, an' before yer know it yer wake up one mornin' and ask yerself 'Why?' The wife never stops naggin' yer. She's always too bloody tired for a bit of fun in the sack. And anyway, she's let 'erself go so bad yer couldn't get it up if yer tried. D'ya know why divorce is so expensive, Dana?"

"Sure, because the law sides with the women."

"Nah!" I said, "It's expensive because it's worth it."

Just then, me phone rang. "H-h-h-ello, Foreskin. Is that you?"

Oh crikey! It was the professor again. "G'day Prof. What's up?"

"I say old chap, I seem to be in a spot of bother again. D'you think you could possibly help me out?"

This was gettin' ter be a habit with 'im, but I couldn't leave the poor old bugger in the lurch, could I? No tellin' what might happen. "What's the problem then Prof?"

"Well, I'm calling from Cambodia, y'see, and I have only just managed to escape from some long haired genocidal twats."

"Er, yer mean yer were caught up in some shiela's hairy genitals?" I asked.

"No, no, no, old chap. I mean I was mistaken for the French ambassador to Cambodia and I was kidnapped by a bunch of long-haired Rouge Khmer."

I knew the old bugger was tryin' it on. There isn't no bloody Khmer Rouge anymore, so I told 'im, "Prof, yer 'avin me on! Get yer tweedy arse down 'ere to Pattaya asap so that we can get ready fer the golf tournament. We're all down 'ere lolling' around the pool tryin' ter figure out how ter get organized. With yer own abilities thrown in I'm sure we'll get it orf the ground soon."

"What! You mean to say you have been using it so much it's actually dragging on the ground now?"

"Er, Prof, I dunno what yer talkin' about. But whaddaya say? Can yer get down 'ere toot sweet?"

"Oh, please Foreskin, if you promise not to speak French to me ever again I will come forthwith."

"Prof. I don't care how many times yer come. Get orf them bloody shielas, get yer grundies back on, and slip down 'ere faster than a bloody dunny rat up a drainpipe. We'll make sure yer don't 'ave any more trouble with them bastards after yer get 'ere."

"All I need, Foreskin, is directions to wherever you are so that I may seek refuge from the madmen chasing me all over the dashed countryside." I gave him directions to the hotel and we hung up.

Bluey lifted a quizzical eyebrow. "That was the bloody Prof again. Looks like 'es in more trouble than Flash Gordon, so I told 'im ter come and join us so we can plan the tournament. He'll be here soon, I reckon."

Then I looked hard at Bluey. There was something wrong with 'im. I couldn't quite put me finger on it at first. Then I looked at his hands. They were empty!

"Where's yer beer mate?" I asked.

"I've decided ter dry out a bit Fos. Me run in with that bloody Frog at the Eden has really got me worried. They was all over me. That would never have happened if I was sober. Maybe it's time ter cut back and get me 'ead tergether. Anyway, with all the work we're about to embark on, I reckon a clear head will come in handy, eh mate?"

Well! The 'old battler still 'ad it in 'im ter surprise me. I couldn't remember the last time I'd seen Bluey sober. This would be interestin'.

Nok woke up from 'er snooze, looked around blearily and called a waiter over to order some food. I dunno 'ow these Thai shielas do it. They stash the food in all day long and still look beaut.

"C'mon yer lazy bludgers," I told Dana and Bluey, "it's time ter get this bloody golf tournament orf the ground. I reckon the first order of business is to find a bunch of shielas to make the place look good and carry the players if they imbibe too much amber encouragement." Dana and Bluey nodded their noggins like a coupla bloody dashboard dolls.

"Yeah, good idea mate." Bluey piped up. "I've been meanin' ter check out the shielas down 'ere again. Maybe I'll get lucky like you and score a keeper."

Well, if old Bluey was dryin' out there might be some hope 'ed find someone after all. Only one way ter find out. We waited fer Nok ter finish her noshin' and then we all trooped up the road ter the nearest beer bars. It was already dark, so there should be plenty of shielas around this early.

Cripes! No matter where yer go in Pattaya there's a bloody beer bar. We ensconced ourselves at one with lots of pretty girls and Dana went into his recruiting spiel. We wanted ter hire at least 50 girls fer the day, so we'd have to do some serious drinkin' before we found 'em all. It wasn't goin' ter be easy though. We ran into trouble straight away at the first place. Dana started the ball rollin', "Mamasan, I want to take all your girls out of the bar for one day. Can we negotiate a price?"

"What for you want all my girls? You think you big man? Maybe you go look inna mirror little man. You so short you have to stand on toes to eat my pussy!" She cackled like a bloody galah at her own wit.

Ooops! Yer never make fun of a short man's height, or 'e really will get on 'is bloody high horse. Dana slammed 'is beer down on the counter, threw a red note at the old bag, and marched orf up the road fumin'. We all downed our own beers as fast as we could and scrambled after him.

"Hey! Calm down me old mate." I said as I caught up to him. "The old bag was just 'avin' a go at yer. She didn't mean it, mate."

But 'e wasn't havin' it at all. He started swingin' his arms all over the place while 'e ranted on about the bloody stupid old moll. The next thing ya know 'es swamped with bloody shielas. I mean they came racin' at 'im from everywhere!

I couldn't figure it out. Was 'e wearin' that bloody Axe deodorant I'd seen advertised on the telly? They was all over 'im like a bunch of flies at an Eyetie weddin'. Do yer know why they always put a can of garbage near the front pew at an Italian weddin'? I keeps the flies away from the bride.

But Dana is a real trooper and he started negotiatin' with all the shielas. Pretty soon prices were agreed and they were all booked ter turn up fer the tournament. We moved slowly down the beach road pickin' up more shielas as we went. By the time we got ter Walking Street we had more than sixty shielas lined up for the tournament. We were in like Flynn.

The crowd of shielas thinned out as we went into one of the beer bar areas. Me throat was dryer than a dingo's dong in a drought, so we ordered a round and started slurpin' down the suds. I turned to Dana and asked, "How'd yer get those shielas all over yer so easily? What's yer bloody secret?"

He gave me a sly smile and told me how he had devised a semaphore system with the girls on beach road. He said after we arrived from Bangkok he was feelin' too lazy ter walk down ter pick up shielas all the time, so he worked out a system of hand signals and taught it to them instead. Now, all he has ter do is stand at his hotel window, wave his arms around and negotiate with the shielas for a nookie.

I understood now. When 'e started wavin' his arms around in anger he must 'ave been givin' out a whole bunch of signals to the shielas ter come and get some. Well, it worked out pretty good. We got all we wanted signed up fer the tournament.

Bluey was lookin' a bit antsy. He hadn't been sober enough to really look at the action in Walking Street before. "Hey Bluey, why don't I show yer around a bit? I think Nok would like ter see what goes on 'ere too, wouldn't yer love?" I said turnin' me biggest smile on her. She didn't know what she was in for, but I wanted ter see how game she was. If she passed this little test I reckoned she'd be the one ter stick with for good.

"Oh Foster (at last she'd figured out me right name), I will follow you anywhere." She gushed.

"Well, no need ter follow me everywhere, love, but I appreciate the thought. C'mon, let's get out of 'ere before Dana starts swingin' again."

Dana gave me a wry look, but he downed his beer and we headed out ter see what mischief we could get up to. The crowd was a bit thin tonight, but there were still quite a few interesting characters around. The crippled flower seller was there wheelin' himself around with a huge smile on 'is face as usual. I bought a bunch of roses from 'im fer Nok, and we headed on down the street. The usual gaggle of katoeys was sashaying up and down trolling for unsuspecting tourists. Cute little shielas in school girl uniform held up signs outside go-go bars, shoutin', "Happy hour all night. Beer only 80 Baht!" Business as usual.

We hadn't gone far when Dana pointed up a side soi. "Why don't we see what's up there, Fos? I've found going off the beaten track sometimes garners some sweet rewards."

Well, why not? We trooped up the soi and came to an interesting lookin' place called "What's Up". What attracted me eye was the pictures beside the door of shielas having a bath together. "That's the place fer us, I reckon mates." And we charged in.

Talk about a skin fest. There was shielas runnin' around all over the place stark naked, drippin' suds all over the place. Yeah, this was fer us!

We ordered beers all round. I told the waitress ter leave it in the bottles. No tellin' how big the head would be in a glass if some of these shielas started sheddin' suds.

Nok sat down with eyes as wide as saucers. She'd obviously never seen anythin' like it before. There were a couple of baths sunk into the floor, showers in the corners. Shielas were hunkered down in the baths cleanin' and scrubbin' each other in huge swirls of suds. Nok turned around towards the bar and was confronted by a suds covered shiela squattin' down in front of her. "You like clean me?" she asked. Nok was a bit reluctant at first, but she took the proffered sponge and started dabbin' the shiela's legs.

The shiela stood up, turned her back on us, and then bent down with legs wide apart. "You clean everything, OK?" she said lookin' at us upside down between her legs. Well, Nok wasn't too sure about that, so I took 'er hand and helped 'er move up the legs to the sweet spot. We gave it a good old polish and then scrubbed the other leg clean too.

The next thing I know she's gettin' all excited! She undoes me fly, fumbles around for a few seconds, and then brings old Percy out. She grabs hold of him and starts gently swabbin' him clean. Strewth, this is a turn up fer the books! What fun.

Bluey had snagged a real good lookin' shiela and he was doin' the ablutions for her. He only had a small piece of soap, but 'e managed ter hold onto it while he cleaned up the shiela's center stage. Meanwhile, I had ter stop Nok. She was really gettin' into the game, givin' old Percy the best wash 'es had in ages. One of the girls in the bar came over and started rubbin' herself all over Nok, leavin' wet trails down 'er white jeans. Whooee! What a turn on.

We stayed there for a couple of beers, but Dana wasn't lookin' too happy. He hadn't snagged a shiela yet. I suppose the blue polka dot silk shirt, the dinky red floppy bow tie, green braces, and tight purple moleskin trousers had the shielas thinkin' he leaned in another direction. If only they knew. The old cocksman was single minded when it came to his pussy.

“Hey Dana!” I shouted through the music. “Do yer want ter go somewhere else?”

He nodded and signaled for the bill. He might not have been enjoyin’ himself but at least he was generous enough to take care of the whole tab. I was beginnin’ ter like him more.

We staggered out of the bar and started walking back the way we’d come. I spotted a really beautiful white woman walkin’ towards us. That was a rare sight. Just then a big gorilla walked up and took her arm. Russian, I thought to meself. The bloke was built like a brick shithouse, no neck, and hair cut about one eighth of an inch all over his skull. Tattoos squirmed down his arms. Yer can’t miss these blokes. He had ter be Russian mafia. How else would he pull a stunning shiela like that?

We were opposite the Marine Disco when Dana perked up. “Let’s go over there, Foster. Looks like there’s a lot of ‘beaut shielas’ hanging around beside the escalator.”

“Jenny Star Bar” the sign said over the door. I hoped there were a few stars in there for Dana and Bluey. They both looked like they could do with some TLC tonight.

Willing hands grabbed hold of us as we approached, and a bunch of beautiful shielas led us into the dark confines. The bloody place was a bit dim, but we sidled up to the bar where we could at least see the label on the beers we ordered.

Bluey looked like ‘ed just won the lottery. Three tall angels were feedin’ him beer and pattin’ him down to make sure all his bits were in place. Dana only managed ter sit down long enough ter grab his beer when four stunners dragged him up the back to a dark alcove with a comfortable lookin’ lounge. The last I saw of him he was sprawled out on his back covered in writhing flesh. His legs were kickin’ up in the air and we heard a loud squeal.

"Nice to see Dana havin' some fun." I said to Nok. "And Bluey is about ter go down fer the count too. Or maybe one of the shielas is goin' down on him. What say we move over to that comfortable lookin' lounge chair and enjoy our beers, eh?" She nodded and we got up and snuggled in close once we sat down. I was definitely gonna keep this one.

The squeals from the back were gettin' louder, and Dana's feet were jerkin' up and down like a puppet on a string. I looked down the back. Strewth! He was havin' a good time.

Then suddenly one of his shielas flies backwards. He was strugglin' ter stand up, pushin' the shielas away as he got to 'is feet. "Are yer alright, mate?" I asked.

"These are trannies Foster. They used to have dicks!" he cried.

I looked at Bluey, who had bolted up straight, his eyes bulging from his head. One tranny was still attached to his groin. It wouldn't do ter get 'er upset until 'e disengaged himself. He pushed gently at the head and finally the tranny let go and looked up.

I yelled out, "No Bluey!" But it was too late. Bluey swung a beauty that cracked hard on the cocksucker's jaw and laid I'm out fer the count. The fight was on. I grabbed Nok and hurried 'er outside first. "You wait 'ere love, I'll be out in a minute."

I plunged back into the bar and pushed me way through the throbbin' crowd, and I mean throbbin' There was bloody cocks hangin' out everywhere. Not all of the trannies had been to silicon heaven yet, despite the wide range of big knockers.

I managed ter grab hold of Dana as he crawled through the legs of the angry milling shims. I gave him a good shove and he hurtled out the door.

Next, I reached through the windmilling fists and deflected a roundhouse headed fer Bluey's head just in time. He lowered his head and with a wild yell charged at the blockading bodies. They fell all over the place and Bluey and me made a beeline for the door. We got out just in time. The cops were on their way in. Nok had called them. Bluey and me tried to look innocent as we passed. As soon as the cops went inside we hightailed it up the street and kept right on goin'. No way did we want any more trouble.

We slowed down as we neared the police box at the mouth of Walking Street and sauntered casually past the Marine beer bars towards the beach promenade. Dana was a mess. His bow tie was hangin' down, his braces were floppin' around his knees, and suspicious lookin' stains marred 'is moleskins from knee to groin. I didn't even want to think about what caused them.

As we strolled beside the beach shielas kept calling out, "Hello hansum man. I go with you?" Both me mates soon got the look. You know. Man on a mission. So Nok and me hung back a bit ter give 'em room. We'd gone about 500 yards when these two beaut lookin' shielas caught their eye. Got mine too. They were real cute. I reckoned they were twins from the look of it. Both dressed the same, both had short black hair, brown eyes-well yer get the picture. They were Asian twins. How else can you describe them?

The boys hung around chattin' to the twins fer about five minutes while Nok and me sat on the sea wall takin' in the scenery. What a place! Wall-ter-wall shielas bein' hunted by blokes of all shapes, ages, and sizes. There was even a couple of blokes in wheel chairs being wheeled around by the most accommodatin' nurses yer'll ever meet. One thing's fer sure. Youse'll never die of boredom in Pattaya.

Finally, the boys had come to an arrangement with the twins and we all jumped into a Baht bus to head back to the hotel. Before we went to our rooms I reminded them that we still had some work ter do tomorrow. We had ter find a printer to make a bunch of posters, forms, and flyers. Then we had ter go to the Phoenix and make arrangements fer refreshments, caddies, carts, and a registration table for the players. But the boys weren't too interested. I reckon Dana pole vaulted up the stairs to 'is room. His twin was gonna get it all night, that was fer sure. Just as well the Professor wasn't here. Him and Dana might have got into a pissing contest ter see who could stay rampant the longest. Knowin' the Professor, I reckon he woulda won.

Jeez! No wonder Bluey and me really needed ter ease up on the drinkin'. I found out terday that I missed a couple of days in between arrivin' back in Bangkok and gettin' drugged at Khao San road. It all came about when Nok asked me what I had been doin' after we came back from Chiang Mai.

"Whaddaya mean, love? You were with me most of the time ...!weren't ya?" I asked doubtfully.

She shook her head and told me that I 'ad 'disappeared' fer a couple of days and she was distinctly suspicious that I had slunk orf to a hotel with another shiela at first. Then she told me she had found the stub of an air ticket in one of me daks pockets for a place called Nong Kai. I scratched me head ponderin' where that came from.

Then it started to come to me bit by bit. I remembered that the Prof had invited me up ter his weddin'. Bluey and me had jumped on a plane and arrived at this dinky little airport somewhere. We were greeted by another one of the Prof's mates, Cummings, and taken to a van filled with bloody journos. They told us why they were out in this neck of the woods. It seems the Prof was a bit of a hero because he rescued the French ambassador from certain death in Cambodia.

We bumped along dirt tracks headin' deep into the countryside. By the time we arrived where the Prof was gettin' married we'd drunk all the beer in the van, had a few pit stops or maybe we should call them piss stops. One of the journos decided ter wander over to a wallowin' buffalo ter get some pictures, but he was so drunk he ended up wallowin' with the animal instead. I reckoned they made a handsome couple, meself.

There's always plenty of booze at a weddin'. Bluey and me scored a coupla cases of that bloody great Chang beer and that's about all we remember.

The Prof got married and then burned down the bloody village while we slept. By the time we came to, Bluey and me were on a plane back ter Bangkok with all the journos. I seem ter recall we wound up in Soi Nana where Bluey and me sobered up a bit by drinkin' Thai whisky instead. That bloody stuff is enough ter sober anyone up. Mind you, it doesn't give yer a hangover if yer squeeze a bit of lemon into the whisky. I drink it with Coke, and Bluey prefers soda. We were soon feelin' almost normal again.

Just as well, because the Prof needed bailin' out of the Bangkok Hilton by then. No wonder I lost track. We'd been bouncin' all over the bloody country ever since we arrived. I reckoned it was time ter dry out a bit, at least until this golf game is over.

So 'ere we are, back in Pattaya again gettin' ready fer the game. We'd woken early. Early fer us anyway. It was almost 11. Pattaya doesn't start stirrin' until at least 10 in the mornin' and most shielas lie in until midday or later if they aren't having a mornin' glory. So the only people around were the hotel staff and a few bleary-eyed blokes like us who must have missed out last night. Either that or they only had time fer a quickie this mornin'.

Nok dragged me over ter the Apex Hotel buffet breakfast. What a spread! The tables were groanin' with food, and me head was groanin' right along with them. Talk about a headache. I reckon one of them bloody trannies must of caught the side of me head in the melee.

Dana and Bluey staggered in a few minutes later and we all sat squintin' at each other across the table while we slowly returned to the land of the livin'. Five cups of coffee and I was almost human again. I sat there swearin' ter lay off the booze fer the day.

After breakfast Dana went orf ter find a printer. He was in charge of gettin' the posters and flyers printed up. Bluey was makin' a list of all the people to invite to the game. And I made an appointment ter appear on the local cable channel to announce the game.

Just as we were gettin' sorted out the Professor arrived with 'is new bride.

"G'day there Prof. How's things? Take a seat and I'll get yer a cup of coffee."

They dropped exhausted into their seats and I called the waitress over to fill up their coffee cups.

"So tell me, Prof, what were ya doin' in Cambodia again?"

"A dastardly mistake old chap. I thought one had to fly to Pattaya, so I went out to the airport to catch a plane here. While there I was accosted by a taxi driver who insisted Pattaya had no airport. We had a bit of a discussion about that. He was so insistent that I finally agreed to go with him in his taxi. I wasn't exactly sure about anything by then, and this chap was dressed in such sartorial splendor that I thought he might know where to take us."

"So, what are yer talkin' about here mate? Who's this Startoral Splindler?

"Eh? Not who, but what, old chap. He and his brother both had long hair. They were wearing Hawiian shirts in the most garish reds and yellows, and their shorts were obviously more suited to beachcombing than taxi driving. But they coaxed us into their taxi and then we drove for hours."

"And they took yer to Cambodia?"

Well, no, actually. We ended up in a place called Chantaburi. But when I called you, I saw a street sign pointing to Cambodia. A frightful mix-up, I'm afraid. When I called, my wife and I were in a quandary. She kept insisting we take another taxi to Pattaya, and I thought we should take the plane back to Thailand first. That was when I called you. I'll tell you what old chap. These Thai women can be downright forceful when they want to be. Thankfully, I let her bundle us into a taxi and here we are at last."

Bloody hell! Trust the Prof ter get in a mess again. But at least he and his wife was here, just in time ter help us get organized. I suggested they both go over to the bar and join Bluey phonin' up the list of people we'd chosen to invite ter the tournament.

Many phone calls later we were doin' pretty well after a couple of hours. We had more than a dozen blokes who were up fer a game. I ordered another orange juice for me, but Bluey said he couldn't last another hour without a beer.

Just then, this little bloke who'd been sittin' on the other side of the bar got up and sidled up beside me. He was short, with a nervous air about 'im. "Excuthe me," he lisped in a pommie accent, "I couldn't help overhear your phone callth. Are you organithing a golf tournament?"

"Yeah, that's right. What about it?" I growled.

"I wath wondering if it might be pothible if I were to join you. I've never played with men before."

That last statement got me wonderin' what 'e had played with before. I'll tell yer what, lookin' at the little weasel, I reckoned the best he could do was play with little boys, or maybe little girls. He had the look of a pervert about him. I wouldn't let 'im put 'is hand in my pockets ter get some sweeties, I can tell yer. So I says, "Well mate, this game is by invitation only and I'll have ter ask Bluey over there. What's yer name?"

"I'm John Galt." And he held out a limp hand. I grabbed it and gave him a good strong handshake. It was like grippin' a wet noodle, which is what I began ter suspect this bloke was. He didn't look like he was anywhere near capable of stoppin' the world.

"Hey, Bluey, do we have a John Galt on our list?" I asked, givin' him a nod and a wink.

Bluey got the message. "No mate. No John Galt here. Besides, we've filled all the teams for the tournament already. No room for more."

I turned to the little weasel and gave a shrug. Then an amazing transformation overtook him. His face scrunched up and I thought at first he was goin' ter cry. Then it turned red and he started screamin' at me like a demented chook with its head chopped off.

"If you don't let me play, I'll tell everyone you are organizing the tournament so that you can make money from the players!" he cried petulantly. "I'll make a website and call it "NotFosterFoskin.com" where I will post stories telling the truth about you. Everyone will know you are not a real golf player. I've been investigating you. You are a fraud and a liar. You will regret it if you don't let me in to play. It's not right you should make money like this!" he finished in a hysterical scream.

Well, Bluey and me looked at each other and Bluey shrugged. He knew what was comin' next, and he was right. I hauled off and biffed the weasel hard between the eyes. He dropped to the floor out cold. We got up and left him there. I reckoned that would stop the little bugger. How wrong I was. But I'll tell yer more about that later on.

By now, we were almost ready for the tournament to start in a coupla days. I had ter get ready fer me TV interview on the evenin' news. That should make an impact, I reckoned. And then all we had ter do was coordinate the deliveries, and make sure the shielas got there before the fun started. We had a tough job ahead termorrer. We'd have ter go back to all them bars and make sure the shielas are still up for the fun.

Next, let the game begin! The boys all turn up, but who wins? Keep reading for the exciting results.

We've worked and slogged and slaved so bloody hard
Ter set up this golf game, ter get it on the cards
The trophy, the shielas, the carts, and the booze
The players are ready to win. None of em's gonna lose

Dana's ready in all his sartorial slendor
Bluey's even foregone his usual boozy bender
The Stickman writers are gathered, bleary eyed
Ter play a game of golf, four on a side

The sun is up, the game is on
So come on mates, bring it on

Wall to wall Foster Girls are waiting
The caddies will know if you are fakin'
The carts are loaded up with beer
No sober bastards allowed up here

Let's tee off now and and start the game
Who is gonna put who to shame?
Will it be Dana, or Korski, Foster or Frank
It's gonna be fun, and yer can take that to the bank!

I opened a bleary eye wonderin' what the hell was goin' on. A telephone was ringin' somewhere, but I couldn't see anythin' at all. Had the booze finally blinded me? I tried liftin' me head, but I couldn't move. Even breathin' was a problem. It felt like I was in a bloody enclosed mine. Despite this, I gotta tell yer there was a piquant perfume waftin' past me nostrils from somewhere.

Just then, bright light flooded in on me and I looked up ter see Nok's smilin' face beamin' down at me. "You like sleeping on my pussy, Foster? Is it a comfortable pillow for you?" I guess that was a rhetoricicacal ... ah what the heck, you know what sorta question I mean. She pulled me up to her face and give me a big smooch. Then she tossed me out of bed.

I squinted at the clock. It said 5.30. Crikey! We'd missed the bloody tournament and slept all day!

"Oh shit, love. What happened? Did someone give us knockout drops or somethin' last night? How come we slept all day?"

"What are you talking about Foster dear? It's 5.30 in the morning. We have to hurry and go to the golf course. First tee-off is at 6.30."

I groaned. So this is what it's like wakin' up in the middle of the night. What would make any sane man get up before sunrise ter go and hit a bloody little ball around a park? But Nok was already in the shower and what I saw there as she bent over ter pick up the soap had me in there quicker than Flash Gordon!

She soaped me up, I touched her up, and she slapped me hand. “None of that now you naughty boy! We have to get out to the Phoenix.”

Thirty minutes later we pulls up outside the clubhouse and there’s a crowd of men, women and midgets hangin’ around. Nok and me get out of the taxi and tell the driver to go and wait for us in the car park. We’d need him ter get home after the game.

As Nok and me moved through the crowd they started chanting “Yay, Foster! Yay, Foster!”

I didn’t know what was goin’ on, but Dana steps forward and announces that I’ll be givin’ a 20,000 Baht prize ter the winner today. Hmmm, first I knew of this, but Dana explained that all the players reckoned there should be some money incentive, as well as the usual silver cup. So he’d announced the prize. Since our application fees more than covered the amount, I figured it was a good way to give back any left over money.

As the contestants had so rightly pointed out, there was no guarantee any of them would finish anyway, what with all the shielas linin’ the fairways. But a cash prize would give them the incentive to try. At the very least, the winner won’t have ter pay fer any nookie time he takes in the rough.

We all moved down ter the first tee. A caterer had set up a tent with a couple of kegs, and the boys were already downin’ a few pre-game coldies. I joined ‘em and then we got down ter business.

I asked all the players ter come to the sign up desk first, and then called fer the game marshals ter step forward.

“I’m Bob4You from Hawaii, and this is Casanundra.” They said by way of introduction. We shook hands and I gave them a list of rules that Dana and me had cooked up the day before.

Tournament Rules

1. Players must sink their ball at each hole before moving on to the next hole. (Well, that was a given, but we reckoned some blokes might be so preoccupied by the off-fairway activities that they might ferget)

2. Players may play with the caddies, but they should keep it private. The rough is highly recommended.

3. The Foster Girls, all dressed in their regulation red, yellow, and white mini-outfits, are fair game in the rough, but not on the fairways or greens. We don’t want golf balls falling into the wrong holes. What you do with your own balls is your business.

4. No littering. Ask your shiela for the special plastic bags they have been issued and she will dump any used condoms in the next rubbish bin.

5. The winner will be the bloke hitting the least strokes by the end of the game. This does not apply to strokes played away from the fairways or greens.

6. All players will start with a handicap of 4 shielas and must play at least 3 of them before the last hole. Failure to do so will result in disqualification.

7. No wheelies or racing your golf buggy. We are on a golf course. Comport yourself with dignity and decorum gentlemen!

That was it. We didn’t want to lay down too many rules, and we reckoned these covered just about any eventuality.

We had issued our Foster Girls uniforms to the shielas when they arrived, so we had a beaut lookin’ bunch of easily recognizable shielas to deliver beer and recreation along the way. Just in case someone brought his wife we didn't want any mistakes bein' made. I hear a golf club necklace can be a bit uncomfortable.

The marshals took up their positions at the first tee and called for the first team to take their places. Just then, a godawful screeching arose from the hill shielding us from the clubhouse. We all turned to look at the apparition approaching us. It was Dana dressed in full Scottish regalia; bright red tartan kilt, a huge sporran sporting what looked like long rabbits tails, a flouncy shirt under a black short jacket with silver buttons, a long tartan sash hangin' over his shoulder and behind him, with a Tam on his head. Under his arm was tucked a set of bagpipes, the source of the terrible squealing.

Surrounding Dana were 10 of the most exquisite lookin' katoeys cavorting around him, swinging golf clubs on high and strewing rose petals from golden baskets. They were dressed in red mini-kilts to match their hero. Skimpy pink tank tops, knee high silver boots, and pink boas completed their ensembles.

In front, half a dozen dwarves in forest green were scurrying around like demented little trolls. I didn't know what they was doin' at first, but as they got closer I could see they was beatin' the grass flat so that the Great Dane … er … I mean Dana wouldn't hurt his delicate feet as he walked. Not that there was any chance of that! His Scottish brogues had 4-inch nails protruding from the soles. At each step, he had ter stop, extract his shoe from the ground, and then take the next step forward.

The whole procession inched towards us. Dana finally arrived and the wailing sound stopped at last. We all breathed a sigh of relief as he took his place at the first tee with his team.

His four consisted of BKKSW, known more fondly as Rimbo. He was sort of a cross between Rambo and a bimbo who chattered too much.

Then there was Korski. There was obviously no love lost between Rimbo and Korski. They almost came to blows even before they had their balls in place. Making up the fourth, Frank Visakay reached into his golf bag and pulled out an AK-47. "Oh! Sorry fellas. I brought one along in case we get ambushed along the way."

"Frank," I said, " you are only going to get ambushed by the fabulous Foster Girls. You'll get more use out of your trouser snake than that bloody great phallic symbol, I reckon."

Dana led off. By now he'd doffed his flowing tartan sash, moved the sporran around to the back after taking a ball from it, and one of his trusty acolytes was holding his bagpipes. I'm not sure what the other one in front of him was holding, but maybe he thought Dana kept another set of bagpipes up his kilt.

Unfazed by these fondling attentions, Dana sunk his tee into the turf, lined up his shot, and wiggled his bum. The air was rent with heavy breathing as the katoeys all feasted their eyes on his luscious derrier. Bob4You fixed a withering eye on them and they shut up.

Dana swung hard, and there was a satisfying thwack. His ball sailed high into the air and dropped onto the head of one of the katoeys standing about 30 feet in front of him. The ball rolled down the dazed duffer's body and came to rest at his feet, where Dana would have to take his next shot.

Frank was next. He approached his tee like a man on a mission. He'd applied green and burnt orange streaks to his face, making it difficult to see him against the green backdrop. But he gave an almighty swing as if he wanted to murder the ball, and it flew fast and true to drop close to its target.

Casanundra had to step between Rimbo and Korski and beat on their knees to get them to stop fighting. Cas couldn't reach much higher than their knees, although if he'd let fly an uppercut I reckon there would be no little Rimbos or Korskis in the future. But Rimbo finally broke off fighting long enough to send his ball on a long, flying arc toward the first tee. It dribbled into a sand trap, and he turned on Korski again, blaming him for his bad luck.

Korski was just about to slug him one when Bob beat Rimbo back with a baseball bat and Korski took his shot. His ball landed right next to Rimbo's. Things were getting interesting already.

The game was on!

The next four stepped up to the tee after waiting for Dana to hit his ball far enough ahead that we wouldn't bounce one off his noggin when we started. The Professor, Union Hill, Lookpapa and me were all rarin' ter go. No dillydallying around for us. We stepped up, gave our balls a solid hit, and then strode off in the wake of the first four.

Behind us, Almost Anonymous, Nonthaburi Sean, Steve the Idiot, and Sick Water Buffalo got ready for their turn. I wasn't sure if they would make it far, though. The Foster Girls were already exhibiting some of their many charms and I could see the players were seriously considering a few side bets with them in the rough.

Other teams were lining up to start their games and the spectators were strung all along the fairway. It didn't matter where they were, they were sure to see fun and games going on.

We were about halfway to the second tee when disaster struck. Dana had hit his ball up ahead of us, but he'd been facing the wrong way and he'd managed to deck Lookpapa on the head, knocking him out. A bunch of Foster Girls picked Look up and hurried him off to the first aid tent for treatment. I noticed him give me a huge wink as he was carried off. It looked like he was angling for some dedicated treatment instead of finishing the game.

We needed another player to join us, so I sent one of the Foster Girls back to the starting line ter find the Stickman. I told 'er he'd be easy ter spot. He'd be the bloke with the biggest stick, and I wasn't talkin' about his golf stick. She promised to make a thorough search of all the men's trousers and bring him to us as soon as she found him.

Just then, I was accosted by a loud hiss from the rough to my right. I couldn't see anyone at first, but then a wizened little head peered out from behind a tree and I spotted the creep I'd met a couple of days ago. I recognized the face, but couldn't quite pick the nose ... I mean the name. Then it came to me. I always make a mental picture of something about each person I meet to remind me of their name in future. This bloke didn't look like he had the muscles to move the earth. From the look on the face of the shiela standin' beside him, it didn't look like he'd moved her world much lately either. Not that he should have. She didn't look much older than twelve.

"Foster, Foster, can I play now?" he sniffed heavily, just like I'd seen a few cokeheads do. Perhaps that explained his manic attitude. "You need another player or you'll be disqualified, won't you?"

Jeez! This bloke just wouldn't give up, would he? But I wasn't havin' any more of John Galt, thank you very much. You only get one chance with Foster, and he'd blown it when he threw the bloody girly tantrum the other day.

Reachin' into me golf bag I pulled out me favorite rope, gave it a good swing and lassoed the bugger. He came kickin' and screamin' like a bloody woman who had just missed a bargain at a bag sale as I reeled him in.

"Let me go, you long streak of Aussie shit! I'll get you for thith!" and so on he squealed. I just ignored him until he was in reach. Then I trussed him up like a heifer and pulled him over to the nearest solid tree. A coupla minutes later he was bound firmly. He wouldn't be botherin' us any more today.

Just then, a couple of Foster Girls walked past as we walked away. Then I heard a high pitched squeal. I turned back to find out what was goin' on.

The girls had pulled out a large pair of scissors and they were cutting off his clothes. Crikey! I ran back and told them there was no need to castrate the bastard! He probably didn't have any balls anyway.

By the time I reached him, more girls had gathered around and they were all laughing their heads off and pointing at his shriveled member. Well! He'd never make it as a member in any club with that!

I walked away to continue our game, leaving him to the tender mercies of the Foster Girls. I reckoned they would take good care of the little bugger.

It was a slow game. The players kept dashin' off into the rough with the Foster Girls. There'd be no need cut the weeds in there for a few weeks. The place would be flattened better'n if a cyclone had hit it.

As we started to play the 18th hole the Professor did it again. Up to now he'd been playing a decent game and our scores were tied.

We were just outside the clubhouse. Not long now and we'd be up in the comfortable restaurant overlooking the course quaffing a few coldies and bullshitting about our wonderful games.

The Prof lined up his shot beautifully, taking his time to stop and sight down his stick a few times at the distant flag. When he figured he was finally ready he addressed the ball and swung strongly. I dunno what happened. Maybe he had sweaty hands or somethin'. The next thing you know, his club is soaring up in the air while his ball remains on the tee.

We watched the club turning end over end as it headed straight for the clubhouse. It hit the roof and the unthinkable happened. Who knows what starts these things? First one tile started sliding down the roof, followed by another, and another. In just a few seconds the whole roof was sliding down to the ground. As that happened, something must of got dislodged in the structure. First one wall cracked and it slowly fell outwards, dragging interior walls with it as it headed for the ground.

As we watched in horror, the other walls followed and within two minutes the whole building was demolished! Only a few bits of the original walls remained upright, and even they didn't look too solid.

Stunned, the Professor and me looked at each other and then we started laughing. I mean, having just witnessed how solid Thai construction methods are, what else could we do? The crowd of players, girls, and others gathering around us also started laughing, until the whole place was awash with people pissing themselves all over the place.

Then the enormity of what had happened hit me. The bloody club committee wasn't going to be too pleased with this!

I turned to everyone and shouted, “Run!”

There was a moment’s shocked silence, and then they started running. The katoeys were mincing as fast as their high heels would take them through the trees to the car park. The players gathered up their clubs, gave them to a caddy and told them to run as fast as their little legs would carry them to the car park. The dwarves went screaming through the undergrowth. Foster Girls lifted their skirts high, harin’ up the fairway and across the rough where they’d just recently been so busy.

The whole place became a moving river of people running in one direction with only one thought in mind: To get the hell out of there before the stunned management came looking for the culprits.

Out of breath, Nok, Bluey, Dana and me arrived at the taxi, woke up the driver, and piled in however we could. Legs and arms were still hangin’ out of the car as our voices yelled, “Bai! Bai lao lao!”

We were makin’ good time down the exit road when I heard a faint yell in the distance. I looked over towards the fairway and spotted John Galt still tied to his tree screaming like a demented demon.

I pointed him out to everyone and we all broke out into laughs again. We were all imagining how he would explain this one to the irate owners of the golf club. Then I had a fiendish idea. I turned to Nok and told her to call the TV crew that had come out to film the tournament.

“Tell them to get over to the 2nd tee and film what happens when Galt is discovered,” I yelled.

That night, the whole of Pattaya erupted into laughter during the evening news when they showed the naked Galt tied to a tree with his eyes popping out of his head, screaming obscenities that even Bluey had never heard before. In true Thai fashion, the golf course owners were holding him responsible for the whole mess, since he was the only one there. I don't think he'll be bothering anyone else for a long time. I hope he likes his anal sex. I reckon he's going to be gettin' a lot of that where he's goin'.

Foster, Foster! Help me. My public hates me, or loves me, or maybe both. I don't know what to do. Am I to continue writing for these cretins? Perhaps they are genii (or is that geniuses?) instead.

Look, this is what happened. I started writing sappy stories about real people. I showed some real humility and bared my soul. My stories about the Ironing girl and Noi (my wife) have seriously upset people.

I know I tell you I don't care. But I do. I really do. My ego is as tender as anyone's. I bruise easily. My tomatoes bruise easily. Sweet Jesus on a cracker! My women bruise easily, but at least they ask me to do it for them.

The point is, and I'm getting to it slowly but surely, is that I've transgressed. My readers can't understand what I am writing. I've gone from raving loony to tender hearted gentleman (well almost) with just a few words penned in a weak moment. They can't understand it.

I keep telling them, Read the words, Read the words. But do they listen? Do they read?

No!

Instead, they write nasty things about me in online forums.

"Is Dana losing it? Nah! How can you lose what you never had?"

"Dana has had too many trannies. He's got his knickers in a knot and his brain in breadcrumbs!"

"Was that Dana I just read? Or was it a simulacra?"

"Oh Dana! You have just blown my mind. Put it back in my pants for now, will you?"

I'll be hounded out of Stickman. Never allowed to haunt those hallowed halls again. Oh, woe is me.

Foster, you have to help me. Put me in a Tuk-Tuk and send me to NEP where I can regain my equilibrium, or at least take some Librium or pabulum, or opium. My head is spinning out of control. I need some LSD, some TLC, some DRM, or maybe a What can I do?

Your humble scribe and fellow fumbler, Dana.

Jeez, Dana. Sit down first and stop turnin' in circles. No wonder yer bloody dizzy.

I can understand yer dilemma. It must be hard ter be a bloody genius and go unappreciated. Never mind mate. Yer could always try what all the great artists have done throughout history. They died and then became ragingly famous.

Of course, this might not work fer you mate. It is a bit of a permanent condition and I reckon yer just aren't ready ter become that famous yet, are yer?

Besides, yer haven't reached 200 Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes yet mate. Give yerself a goal like that and stick ter it. Yer can't give up just now. And remember, mate, critics are just blokes who can't do anythin' constructive.

Put yer head between yer knees, take a few deep breaths, and watch what yer put in yer mouth before yer start writing!

Dear Doctor Foskin, I hope you don't mind me calling you Doctor. You are indeed a great healer. Remember when I called you up not long ago and asked if the new bump on my nose was anything to worry about?

You recommended that I try an abrasive to get it off.

Well, good news! I took your advice and it worked.

It wasn't easy. Finding good abrasive material is difficult, but I finally found some up on Soi 6 in Pattaya. The abrasive was cut to just the right height. My assistant was most helpful. She moved the abrasive at just the right speed to achieve the desired effect.

I highly recommend your technique oh Great Healer Foster. But next time, perhaps you could prescribe some perfumed soap as well? The abrasive material left a definite aroma around my nose that took several vigorous washes to eliminate.

Thankfully yours, The Schnozzer

Good ter hear yer schnozzle is back ter normal mate. There's nothin' more distractin' than an unusual growth on the nose. Glad yer found the perfect way ter get it orf. Next time, I recommend yer use an abrasive that hasn't been used before. That will take care of the bad smell. Usin' one that's washed dozens of tools is bound ter pong a bit mate.

Dear Foster, as a churchman, and a moral, upright citizen, I really must protest at the unseemly advice you sometimes dispense. Imagine telling someone to use cunnilingus to rid themselves of a bump on the nose! This is outrageous. You are promoting bad morals and I loudly protest.

Cardinal Bentam Low, Boston

Ah, I see yer come from the same place as me old mate Dana. Yer might remember him. He was the bloke who said, "Abstinence makes the Church grow fondlers."

Appendix 4: “Dana—The Interview” by Steve Weldon 23/12/2012

Steve: Dana, there are few names associated with the Thailand expatriate more recognized and/or controversial than yours. Bernard Trink comes to mind, Stick seems to slowly moving into his receding shoes, and then there’s the prolific and sometimes gifted writer who everyone gets to know through their stories or in the case of Phet (another exceptional expatriate writer) the saga of their personal lives.

Considering this, it seems we get to know Dana as we would any shock jock, you writing is sometimes wild, sometimes provoking, other times you write visions our minds eyes cannot help but develop and many find those visions disturbing. But what I like is when you write a single piece that six different people would swear means something different to each of them. Can you tell us what you’re really trying to do?

Dana: Well, I guess the primary thing I am trying to do is have fun. To entertain.

It varies. If it is an essay then it is more about presenting a view or being informational. I write fiction, nonfiction, faction, essays, point-of-view, song lyrics, poetry, science and science fiction, autobiography, one act plays, criticism, etc. So what ‘I am trying to do’ varies according to the form. But regardless of the form or the intent if I am not having fun writing it, it does not get written. Approximately 500 of my efforts appear on the host website Stickmanbangkok.com under the franchise name Thai Thoughts and Anecdotes. Much diversity of content.

Perhaps I am like a word photographer open to any idea within the Thailand arena.

I do not get paid or receive stringer or columnist directives from publishers. So, I am only writing when I want to write, and what I want to write. This tends to weight the motivation heavily towards having fun. There is no plan. Ideas burst into my head like asteroids, I write them out word for word in my head, and then the race is on to get to a keyboard before it all disappears. If I can get to a keyboard fast enough you will see me smiling. I am not writing at the keyboard. I am simply transcribing what has already been written in my head. I used to be able to write about 4500 words in my head, now it is more like 3000 words. There has been some mental slippage. Still, once transcribed, there is very little editing and almost no rewriting. The way it is transcribed is 95% the way it gets sent in. I find the mechanics of writing easy. You can't do this with novella or novel length stuff but with short stories or very short essays or stories it is fun to be able to just bang them out. I can't think of a photography analogy to this.

If I were a photographer I probably would not work this way. I would probably get seduced by the wonderful post-production things that can be done. If you are walking down the sidewalk and you see a one hundred dollar bill you are going to lean over and pick it up. Modern photography now has so many astonishing things that the photographer can do that it is hard to imagine a picture taker limiting themselves for some philosophic reason.

Steve: Who is Dana? Tell us where you grew up, what kind of family life you enjoyed, about Dana the student as you made your way through the system. Were you a gifted student or average? Who were your best friends? Were you a 'cool kid' in high school or a nerd? Please give us a picture of who Dana was through the first 20 years of your life. Your hopes and dreams?

Dana: I have had two lives. As a child I was an introvert and then something happened and as an adult I became an extrovert. Something like a mental-personality pole shift. I do not believe this is normal and I have had to struggle with not being normal. I have never been a bonder or a joiner or a believer, and I struggle with garden variety relationships and social interactions. I have never been the employee who wanted to win the contest, or get recognition, or earn a promotion. Mostly I just wish everyone would pay attention to my contract with society. I'll leave you alone and I would very much like you to leave me alone.

Additionally, I am quick to anger or disgust or criticism or ... none of this is good and I have to constantly monitor myself in public. My dreams are not dreams of inclusion or acceptance. They are dreams of domination or power or violence. I'm the jerk on the Internet who has to be told not to use all caps for everything. Early in my Internet career I had to learn that emails of energy and focus do not always transcribe well.

Some of these issues could have been solved with my own website and I was encouraged to do so by readers, but it was not fated to be. My computer skills still hover near zero after thirty years. I only started listening to music videos on the computer last year, and all of my writing is sent in to the Internet publishers via email format. They don't like this but they tolerate it. It is all I know how to do. Additional writer complications derive from the fact that I do not have a computer. I use computers at the Boston Public Library, Massachusetts General Hospital, and a store that rents computer time. I suppose a measure of my compulsion to write is that somehow it all gets done. However, all of these computer locations have different bewildering programs. Maybe I have learned to write fast to lessen the frustration.

Maybe this means that due to personality I would be well suited to be a combat zone photographer. I don't know. I think about it. One of the potentially attractive things about combat zone photography (or 'high risk to the humans' photography, volcanos, etc.) is that the picture taker hobbyist of his youth might have graduated to the "philosophic notion of doxastic commitment, a class of beliefs that go beyond talk, and to which we are committed enough to take personal risks." (Taleb). Does this mean that I respect more and expect higher standards from the 'at risk' photographer than from a laboratory or studio photographer? Well, that seems kind of unfair; but I do think about it. Not long ago the site administrator did some work in southern Thailand where there is currently a lot of violence due to Malaysian incursions over the border. Did this heightened awareness of his own mortality help or hinder his photography skills? I don't remember him mentioning this.

Constantly having to dumb down my presentation skill sets on the Internet in my writing is an enduring frustration. There are two kinds of people: seducers and hitters. I am a hitter. Not the best personality type for day-to-day stuff, but if you can learn to control the internal fires and explosions and poisons you can have an awful lot of fun writing. Writing is a solitary selfish act. You get to direct your fingers and your mind to hit the keys on the keyboard that you want to hit. What could be more fun? All that hitting. Yes, all that hitting. I can't think of something similar in the 'taking of a picture'. Is there anything similar to this in photography? I don't know.

Steve: Would you share your major in college and if you ended up working in that field? And if so, did you stay there or move on? You're in your sixth decade on this fine Earth, where was Dana from the start of his second decade until now?

Dana: Originally my major at the University of Michigan was Naval Architecture and Marine Engineering but this was in the Sixties and the Engineering students were wearing black peg leg pants and Bomb Hanoi buttons. This was a social non-compute for me so I transferred to the Art History department and majored in Art History. This was the right move. I have had a lifetime interest in the fine arts and in aesthetics and in art history. I make art decisions or think art thoughts every single day.

As an introvert I painted, and charcoal sketched, and pencil sketched, and pastel chalk sketched up until age 12. Then the hormones hit and I became a different person. I lost the ability to draw. Nobody I have ever told this story to believes it, but there you are.

All I have is my life and my stories. Anyway, goodbye fine arts; hello art appreciation. Thank God there was a bridge. If I could will my life, I would be a painter. My mind is choked with all of the ideas that every other human has but I think about art continually. If I was a photographer would I think about photography constantly? Photography seems static to me. Writing and painting seem dynamic. It is hard for me to imagine that photography would seize and please my mind the way that writing and art do. Maybe I am mistaken.

If I get a Buddhist second chance and come back as some kind of human maybe I will get to find out about some of this stuff.

Steve: Now that we know who you are and where you came from and something about your educational background ... what makes Dana live and breathe ... where during this time did you first start writing? Tell us about this experience and any other related experiences you feel shaped you as a writer?

Dana: I have been a carnivorous and indiscriminate reader since my teenage years. My parents had a ‘reading before bed’ plan so that the children would be literate and attracted to reading. It worked.

Writing came later. I think this was a good thing. I am suspicious of the very young writers. I believe you benefit from reading a couple of billion words first. Your brain osmotically learns what works and how things should be done. For instance you learn that is is not ‘athalete’, it is ‘athlete’. It is not ‘stairoids’, it is ‘steroids’. Etc. There is no substitute for reading before you start writing. There is no substitute for living before you start writing either. My opinions.

Has anyone ever said this about photography? I have never heard this opinion. Maybe in the beginning the camera’s toy-like attraction allows for less seriousness and lower standards. It is hard to treat writing or painting as toys. You have to be pretty geared up.

Anyway, I started writing by inventing plays and sending them to friends as fun gifts. The family members would be the characters in the plays and some family interest or in-joke would be the content. This type of format forces you to be focused and economical. You have to accomplish a lot with very few words. I strongly believe that economy and speed are necessary skills for writing. Particularly speed. If you cannot write fast I will probably not respect you. The ‘great writers’ who take years and years to laboriously hand write perfectly crafted sentences on dozens of yellow note pads are not my people. Show me a columnist at the front turning out gripping prose surrounded by falling shells. That person I want to meet. I suppose there is a name for this kind of photographer. I don’t know what it is.

I violate or disagree with many 'how to write' theories. Writing or composing (essays) is storytelling. If you do not have a story to tell you should not be sitting at a desk. First the story, then you sit down. And what is great writing? There are many definitions but one definition I owe to a feminist who emailed me and said that she found everything about my character and my content disgusting but she could not stop reading. If your writing skill trumps someone's politically correct or otherwise prejudices then you have done some successful text presenting. I confess to sometimes writing provocative pieces to see if I could accomplish this.

Writers would have more fun if they would set challenges for themselves. Few do. Do photographers set challenges for themselves that look to the outsider like pointless artifices but help with focus and concentration? For example: instead of loading up the car to go to the zoo to take pictures of animals; how about placing limits or restrictions. You are only going to take pictures of birds and you are only going to take pictures of birds with blue feathers. And when you have taken all of the pictures of birds with blue feathers that are available you will go home. Treat the experience as if you have signed a contract.

And finally, back to speed. If I was teaching a writing course there would be speed exercises. If you can not write skillfully and quickly there is something missing. Maybe you should find another hobby. Part of my technique is that once I start writing a story or an essay I do not get up or stop until I have got all of the words down. I do not look up grammer rules, or spelling issues, or get involved in formatting decisions, or rewrites, or call a friend for advice or ... anything; those things are not writing. Those are things that are done after the writing is done. They come under the categories of proofreading and editing and sometimes rewriting.

If you are constantly stopping and starting I do not know what you think you are doing, but you are not writing; you are playing at writing. Same with photography. Examine your behavior. Are you driven to capture an image because of an external-internal drive (compulsion): or are you just playing? I think because of all the gearhead choices available to photographers there is a danger that this will hold the photographer back. Maybe everybody should start out by building their own pinhole camera and assembling a scrapbook of pinhole pictures. Remember, it is mind control, and then breath control, and then you squeeze the trigger.

Maybe military snipers would make excellent photographers. And maybe female military snipers would make the very best photographers. They have more patience and more control over their breathing. Maybe just before being discharged or retired from military service female snipers should be given civilian courses in professional industrial contract photography. Just ramblin'.

Anyway, and in my opinion, when you finally decide to look through the view finder that is all that you should be doing. Stop being a hobbyist and focus your mind. Ten year old girls can do this. You can do this. Be a photographer. To translate my writer opinions to photography: I am not an enthusiast of the person with a camera just wandering around looking for a picture opportunity. I know this sounds kind of needlessly rigorous, but I don't think you should leave the house or load up the car unless you have a plan. Be professional.

Try to 'write the photo in your head' before you take off the lens cap. There are some fabulous photos on BangkokImages.com. I do not believe these were impulse shots by someone just wandering around looking for 'something to take a picture of". First the picture was taken in the photographer's head, and then he tried to figure out how to do it technically. There are successful writers who say that they just sit down in front of a blank monitor and wait for the words to come. Photographers will also tell this story. They are locked and loaded and just waiting for inspiration. It works for them.

It is not something that works for me. For me it is first the story, first the image, first the idea; then the follow-through.

Steve: Where have you traveled and did your travels inspire your writing? When did you first come to Thailand and how long did it take upon your arrival before you realized the first lesson you taught me about writing in Thailand "Thailand has a minimum of one great story a day if you do nothing else but keep your eyes and ears open!" Please tell us how this all relates in your mind?

Dana: In terms of writing, Thailand for me was like finding paradise.

I believe there are many writers with skill that we never hear from because they have not found their special content. I believe that every human has a particular content that is the ideal cross on the graph of their writing skills and their interests. Most people with writing skill never find this cross on the graph in their lifetime. I went to Thailand many years ago on a whim and blundered into the content and the place that was made for me as a writer. It was like a dam burst. Writer's paradise. For me Thailand is a bottomless well of content. A 'story-a-day' place. Not a blog or journal entry a day, a story or essay. For others ... maybe not.

But for me as a writer, Thailand is just gold. I have been writing about the Kingdom for ten years now almost seven days a week and there is no diminution in my interest. This cannot be credited to me. Somebody just decided to gift me. God bless them or him or her or it for giving me so much happiness in the last ten years. I believe the same exact thing can be said about photography. Until you find your special content that lights you up you are just playing. Not a bad thing, but can what you are doing even be classed as photography? I guess so but my enthusiasm is only luke warm for this idea.

As for what inspires my writing: I believe my lifetime interest in aesthetics (art) directly benefits my ability to write. I do not 'see' the way most people see. I see more. My eyes and my brain take in more data. I am constantly surprised at what people do not see or observe. Maybe my lifetime social isolation makes me a better observer and ponderer. I believe this to be so, but like all beliefs; I can not prove it. Anyway, ask someone to tell you what color the cactus is and they will tell you that it is green. The artistic eye will see many other colors, all working together to produce the image that is produced in your brain. Artists see more detail. I think that my visual ability to see more is also reflected in my writer's ability to identify things that can be focused on from the point-of-view of text description.

In my opinion, a writer ought to be able to extemporarily produce one thousand words on anything. Anything. And fast. He (or she) ought to have the ability to translate ideas into text with ease. If he can not do this he is not a writer. He lacks the skill set required to use words to present ideas.

We are not talking rocket science here. You either can write, or you can not write. I have no patience with the 'writer' who states that he spent five hours writing and got two good sentences. Nonsense. Not comfortable with this idea? Research newspaper and magazine columnists. They produce according to directive or personal idea according to schedules and corporate parameters. They are writers. As a photographer why not make a game of this? Write up a fake contract between you and a made-up boss or customer. Now go out and capture the images required.

Maybe the best/worst example of this is so-called 'glamour' photography. A.k.a. taking pictures of pretty girls. If you are a male photographer you might find settng limits on your behavior a useful thing. I do not personally find glamour photography that engaging but as a male I can easily imagine some issues between the photographers hormones and the final image. Remember, it is mind control, and then breath control, and then you squeeze the trigger. If you cannot do this; cancel the session. Above all, be respectful to the lady.

Back to artistic behavior and setting limits and controlling impulse: you get the same idea in photography only more often in reverse. Are you the picture taker that takes fifty pictures of a rose and then cherry picks the best one? That pic is then offered up as an example of yourself as a photographer? How is this different than just throwing the dice? I would hold myself to a higher standard. I know this is a standard professional modus operandi but ... well, we cannot do that in writing or in painting. In writing or painting we only get one chance.

I do not write fifty versions of a story and then submit those fifty stories to a publisher and say 'pick one'. I do not expect you to get fifty great photos out of fifty shots but maybe you should not be doing quite so much bragging either. You took fifty pictures. The easiest example of this that comes to mind is the fool dancing around a naked woman going through rolls of film. And of course let us add rock and roll music and big posters from the movie Blow-Up. Maybe this is just me. Maybe I am just not suited for this kind of photography. Maybe I am only suited to be in a studio taking an industrial picture of a piece of Chinese jade. Just the camera and the jade and my mind. Come to think of it, that sounds a lot like writing.

At any rate, when ten years ago the dam burst and I started in on my Thailand writing there was no plan or agenda. Just compulsion and smiling. Over time certain points-of-view and writer tricks were repeated. Also, over time, recurring characters became a cast of characters; helpful and fun in building a body of work.

Can skillful writing be taught? If the student is a motivated student the mechanics can be taught. That is usually called business writing. Can creative writing be taught? I do not think so. The already creative writer can be instructed on better ways to format and present; but what goes on in his or her brain is original and un-teachable. A good example is photography. A photography student can be taught many important things regarding capturing and manipulating final images. But if they cannot 'see' the picture opportunity in the first place nothing can be done.

In spite of a lifetime interest in aesthetics I have no photographer's eye. This seems very counterintuitive and I have never been really successful in explaining this to someone else, but there it is. I have limits. For me to get involved in photography as an art form would be a waste of time. I respect photography and photographers but I never think about it. I probably have the I.Q. to learn all of the photography mechanicals and techniques and tricks and procedures, but if you are not thinking about it all the time; you are not a photographer. My opinion.

Steve: Who inspires you? Who are your heroes?

Dana: Heroes? Humans who inspire me? Too many to list. I am an easy admirer. I think to have heroes is to be alert to the extraordinary world around us filled with extraordinary people. I am easily captured by heroic people, regardless of gender, age, interest, or anything else. Just get my attention with excellence. In man country the name H.W. Tilman comes up. Intelligent, risk attracted, courageous, educated, a great writer, and an example of evolution at it's best. H.W. Tilman was an adventurer, mountain climber, author of very dry wit, sailor, and many times decorated military man. He would be quoting Greek and Latin and French and ancient authors as he climbed to the summit. My guy.

Photography inspirers? Well, I am not the right person to ask because of my lay person status but if we stick to just the image without regard to character or personal history or anything else; I vote for O. Winston Link: a cult classic photographer of trains. The images please as your brain processes what the eyes send, but they also radiate intelligence. You can see in each photo that there were selection processes. Give a dog a camera and you are not going to get these images.

Most of my heroes are solitary strugglers or people skillful at solitary pursuits. I appreciate team or group activities but I am less inclined to dream about participating unless I am the boss. And you do not have to be a doer for me to worship you. I love dreamers also.

I'm a great companion in a bar. I will listen to your dream. I may end up adding you to my list of heroes. I had a dream after college.

I dreamed of building a boat and sailing to the Caribbean. I kept a list of all the people who said I could not do it. When I finally made it to the Virgin Islands I sent all of these dream killers postcards. The postcards were to remind them of the value of inspiration.

What would I get involved in if I had to do heroic things in photography? Well I am attracted to the idea of big things and big ideas. Huge heavy cumbersone equipment on the backs of uncooperative burros heading up to a canyon rim for a sunrise shot would be my idea of something worth doing. Big dreams. Big failures. And maybe, maybe every now and then; something heroic. Maybe something inspirational for someone else.

Steve: What kind of pictures do you think you would take if God put a camera in your hands and forced you to take pictures?

Dana: Well, without regard to content, which is the most trivial part of the question; I am a big believer in the project mentality. In photography this means themes and shows. I would take pictures around themes (mountain wild flowers, amateur telescope star shots, time-lapse landscapes, etc.) and then campaign hard to get showings in art galleries. This ratchets up the degree of difficulty.

All other pictures are just record pics or hobby pics. I would delegate those pictures to someone else in the family. I would find post-production work interesting but probably more on the presentation side such as cropping and matting and framing. I would not get involved too much in 'creative' photography (look how the rose tint of the second exposure matches the red gums around the monkey's teeth). Just me.

I think too much time is wasted by beginning students with equipment choices, tricks, and wanna-be activity. If you can not step outside and point to north and south and east and west; then you probably don't think of the sun's location in the sky when you take a picture either. Time would be better spent by beginning photographers taking classes from experienced photographers on how to 'see' a photo opportunity.

You do not ski without beginner instruction, and you do not sail without beginner instruction, and you do not fly a plane without beginner instruction. Photography is not any different. But ask a photography enthusiast of two years duration who their favorite teachers were and what do you think you are going to get for an answer? First the basics.

Steve: One last question and then I will let you get back to the Dana Fan Club and outraging feminists. To wit: in keeping with your lifetime interests in art and aesthetics, do you feel photography is an art form?

Dana: Well, that is the first and only question to be asked at a mixed forum of photographers and non-photographers, or even more lethally; photographers and artists. Everybody should probably be searched for weapons first.

I have traveled the road from contemptuous to conflicted to charitable. I was contemptuous of the idea that photography was an art form for most of my adult life. In the last five years I have become conflicted and then charitable towards the idea. I guess better late than never. I am willing to state that some photographs are works of art. However, it is a belief I would not like to have to defend. One defintion of art is that art brings 'order out of chaos'. How exactly does a photograph do this?

I believe photography's strength works against it being considered an art form. What photography is good at is high-resolution reproductions of reality. And performing too many creative tricks can make photos look gimmicky. But maybe the real problem is with the question or the assumption. Photography is what it is. It should not have to defend itself. Just be. Or not. I am even conflicted about this opinion.

Still, I think it might be fun to have some major gallery painting vs. photograph toe-to-toe showings. Example: one of the most famous paintings is "Where Do We Come From? What Are We? Where Are We Going?" by Gauguin. This four and a half foot by twelve foot painting totally dominates a gallery wall at the Museum of Art in Boston. Lost or wandering or weary or skeptical museum patrons step into the gallery and are simply riveted, transfixed by the power of this image. Art comes alive for them again. They forget their aching feet. And 99% of them bring nothing to the viewing experience that can help them. It is them against the painting, in most cases an unequal but enjoyable relationship.

The huge painting is beautiful, incomprehensible, spooky, and hypnotic. When is the last time you heard a photo described with those four words? In addition, the painting gives you nothing. You are on your own. It is all on you. You have to be equal to the painting. You do not have to fall in love, but you should at least leave with respect.

Photos never seem to me to be this demanding.

Anyway, here is my idea; take a wonderful photo like Steve's picture of Angkor Wat and blow it up into a four and half foot by twelve foot image. Now mount it on the wall that opposes Gauguin's "Where Do We Come From?"

What Are We? Where Are We Going? Listening to the museum patrons as they view and mentally deal with the two images would be fun. Has this been done before? Not to my knowledge. And of course it would be doubly fun to have a painting and an opposing photo that duplicated the same image. To those of you that feel this exercise would be irrelevant because of 'apples and oranges' I would plead that we are trying to have fun.

Anyway, I have traveled from contemptuous to conflicted to charitable on the subject of photos as art. I can even state without fear of a brain aneurysm that there are representational photos that qualify as works of art. Some of the classic cult train photos of O. Winston Link qualify in my opinion. Of course the ultimate test would be straight on technically restricted representational photos. Could any of them qualify due to extraordinary photography as works of art? I believe so. In other words, is it possible for without gimmick or post-production exercise photos to be works-of-art?

The consensus is Yes. Photo historians will point to very early pictures devoid of technical artifice that charm with primitiveness and lack of pretension. By luck or intention, it does not matter; we agree that some of these early images have transported themselves across the line from reproduction to art. Early National Geographic style travel shots, early maritime ship and shore shots, famous landscape photographers we could all name, the United States Indian recorder Edward S. Curtis, etc; photos can sometimes transcend themselves and become something greater. Sometimes we even all agree, a rare occurance. Art. But what of today with it's precision and it's precision and it's precision? Can today's photographers achieve art with today's equipment that so excels at hi-resolution reproduction of reality? I vote Yes. Why? Because I believe I have seen it.

Not too many years ago a photographer went to an Indian gathering here in the Untited States. He set up a studio. Interested Indians sat for photo portraits and those photos became a book. A book of technical mastery and astonishing images of reality that I had never seen before. No tricks, or 3-D stuff, or holographic sleight-of-eye; just reality reproduced by a modern camera held by a skilled photographer. Works of art? My opinion is Yes, or at least I would be a good listener if someone was trying to sell me on the idea. So, is this a good thing, this new found knowledge of mine? I guess but I would not want to be the wanna-be portrait artist following in this photographer's footsteps. The standards are very very high.

Art is a funny thing. It is not necessarily friendly. Would I want to go back in time and meet some of history's greatest writers? I'm not sure. The idea makes me kind of nervous. Maybe I don't have the strength required to confront a creator. Maybe my mission in my life is to be an appreciator. That's OK. I am what I am, and it is what it is. And ..."Gee, look at that: what a great photograph."

I must say that I consider the subject of photography and works-of-art to be exhausting. I think I will sit down and take a rest. Please give me some credit. I have traveled from contemptuous to conflicted to charitable. I think that is all that I will be able to accomplish in this lifetime.

Steve: Fascinating! I could listen to you talk about art all day long. Not necessarily because you know more than anyone else, but because I can sense a rare conviction in your words and approach to art. Thank you very much for this interview. Like most readers I've read your work for years and have always been curious about what makes you tick. Thank you for your body of work, this interview, and I'm already looking forward to next week's story. Thank you Dana. Until next time.

Appendix 5: False Testimonials From Devoted Readers and Admirers

BKK Steve: Dana is more intriguing than Howard Hughes, more fascinating than David Copperfield, and more misunderstood than Dick Cheney.

BKKSW: Will Dana show up in thigh-high purple 4" heels wearing a green miniskirt and matching halter, or will he look like Wolf Blitzer on CNN?

Blackest Bart: That man Dana is a genius, eh?

Capkazoo: Dana chop katoey mak mak. Be afraid, be very afraid. If you value ever seeing Fa, Nit, Nut, Ning, Nong or any of your favorite puying you better start writing again soon.

Caveman: Dana is a closet religionist, please pray that his mental health improves. With Dana being 63 inches tall and hardly an imposing figure, I doubt that he is capable of using intimidation to get girls to comply with his requests. Despite his colorful, eccentric nature, I believe Dana to be moral. He might be a hundred weird things, but he's not a bad guy.

Chiang Mai Kelly: Dana is cheap because he lives in a box on Beach Road. Dana does cheap women and persons who look like women. He isn't civilized; if he was civilized he would like Boston. Mamasans always let me know when Dana is in town so I can avoid being trampled by his hoard of adoring admirers.

Fah Katoey: I love Dana, he's smarter than anyone, he's so educated, he makes his point of view, he's always full of bullshit, he's the all mightee. Dana is my hero.

Feminist: Everything about Dana's character and content is disgusting. I cannot stop reading.

Frank Visakay: That's Dana in America—the best undercover man we've got.

Guwan Dteen: Dana doesn't eat puppies, doesn't kill tigers for their penises, and supports underprivileged kids. And one thing that Dana definitely is not is Politically Correct.

Herman: Dana is a smart man. He knows all about Thailand and has great advice on how to fuck bargirls and ladyboys and everything else. Dana is a good man and he makes me laugh. Anybody who disagrees is full of shit and stupid.

Homo Erectus: Dana is an author, with great wit, style and grace. The money is in the shower rod, under the carpet and in the cushion. Time to find a partner to participate in some X-rated pushin' and pullin'.

Jimmy: Good old Dana. Good warm-heated, generous-to-a-fault Dana. The original ugly American. Hate him or loathe, him, there's no getting away from him. He calls a spade a spade even when it's an implement for shoveling earth. We should all be following Dana's example.

Johnny Smith: Judging from the quality and subject matter of his submissions it is obvious to me that the gentleman and scholar known as Dana is an intelligent and learned man. I hope I get to work and live half the life he has had.

Just Khun John: Dana's writing is witty, sharp, and a good humorous read with high impact. When he is at his best, his writing is a fast-read like a good novel.

Korski: Dana claims that he is shagging two or three girls a day and then resting at night. Given the way he blurs the line between fiction and non-fiction and is often full of exaggeration I think this claim is questionable. Dana surely knows that data is the core of all good science and behind all good arguments.

Mark Byrne: Dana's idea of a perfect vacation seems to involve transsexuals, prostitutes and pouring scorn on local traditions. Potential sex tourists read about Dana's adventures and rush over here to follow his example.

Papa John: There must be a lot of guys like Dana; the difference is that they don't broadcast it, a matter of guts, or balls.

Pattaya Gary: As a tribute to my hero, Dana—don't overpay!

Peccadillo: My money goes on Dana in a dog fight.

Phet: Dana is the most genuinely observant and witty guy (if slightly unstable) I have read for years. A little known fact is the encouragement he gives to other writers; he has written to me every time I submit one of my modest ramblings and always with positive or helpful comments.

Professor: Dana's weekly columns always intrigued me, while at the same time I confess to usually not being able to understand what his point was.

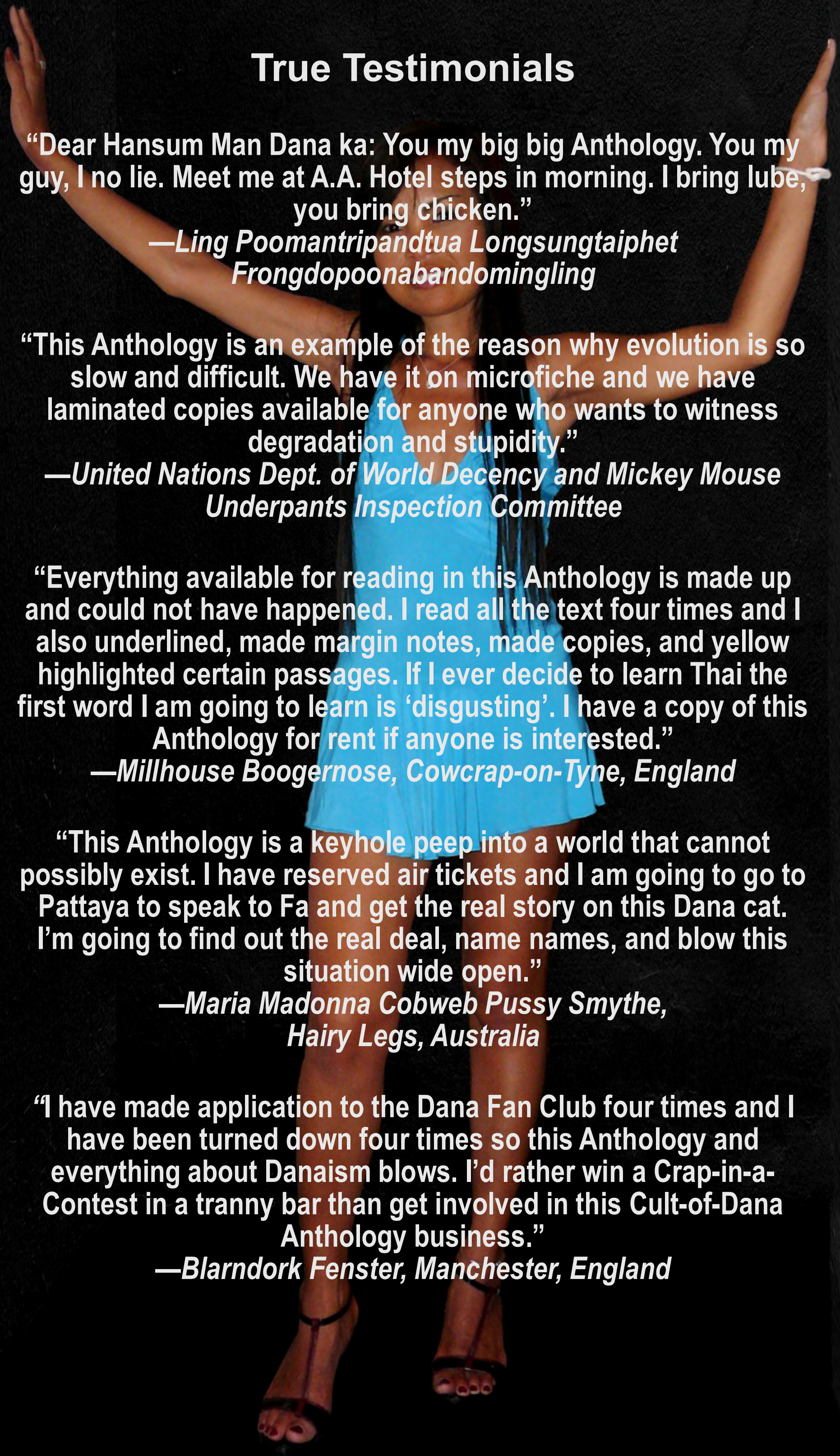
Sawadee: My hat is off to someone like Dana who can not only write fiction, but create extraordinary worlds with seeming effortlessness. What would we do without him?

Soi Hair Of The Dog: Dana is a writer par excellence; a legend and unique. He is like marmite—you love him or hate him.

Stickman: Dana's contribution is unparalleled. Dana's writing is so unique and original I don't know what to say. Dana is a clever fellow and those who follow his advice will do just fine.

Tommaso: What will Brother Dana write about should he decide to come out of his self-imposed retirement?

Virgin Territories: Dana is probably just the type of man I could murder without as much as a second thought.



True Testimonials

"Dear Hansum Man Dana ka: You my big big Anthology. You my guy, I no lie. Meet me at A.A. Hotel steps in morning. I bring lube, you bring chicken."
—Ling Poomantripandtua Longsungtaiphet Frongdopoonabandomingling

"This Anthology is an example of the reason why evolution is so slow and difficult. We have it on microfiche and we have laminated copies available for anyone who wants to witness degradation and stupidity."
—United Nations Dept. of World Decency and Mickey Mouse Underpants Inspection Committee

"Everything available for reading in this Anthology is made up and could not have happened. I read all the text four times and I also underlined, made margin notes, made copies, and yellow highlighted certain passages. If I ever decide to learn Thai the first word I am going to learn is 'disgusting'. I have a copy of this Anthology for rent if anyone is interested."
—Millhouse Boogernose, Cowcrap-on-Tyne, England

"This Anthology is a keyhole peep into a world that cannot possibly exist. I have reserved air tickets and I am going to go to Pattaya to speak to Fa and get the real story on this Dana cat. I'm going to find out the real deal, name names, and blow this situation wide open."
—Maria Madonna Cobweb Pussy Smythe,
Hairy Legs, Australia

"I have made application to the Dana Fan Club four times and I have been turned down four times so this Anthology and everything about Danaism blows. I'd rather win a Crap-in-a-Contest in a tranny bar than get involved in this Cult-of-Dana Anthology business."
—Blarndork Fenster, Manchester, England